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A
Complete Edition
of the
Poets
of
GREAT BRITAIN.

Volume the Third.

Containing
Drayton Carew & Suckling.



LONDON:

*Printed for John & Arthur Arch, 23 Gracechurch Street.
and for Bell & Bradfute and I Mundell & C^o Edinburgh.*



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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQ.

Containing his

POLY-OLBION,
BARONS WARS,
ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES,
BATTLE OF AGINCOURT,
ELEGIES,

LEGENDS,
IDEAS,
NYMPHIDIA,
QUEST OF CYNTHIA,
SONNETS,

U. C. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

DRAYTON, sweet ancient bard, his ALBION sung
With their own praise, her echoing vallies rung,
His bounding Muse o'er every mountain rode,
And every river warbled where he flow'd.

KIRKPATRICK'S SEA-PIECE.

George Taylor
EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE,

Anno 1793.



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1953

THE LIFE OF DRAYTON.

An imperfect edition of his collected works was printed in folio 1748; and a more complete one 4 vol. 8vo, 1753. They are now for the first time received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The character of Drayton among his contemporaries was that of an elegant poet, and a modest and amiable man. The testimonies of Jonson, Drummond, Selden, Sir William Alexander, Browne and Sandys, are unquestionable authorities in his favour.

Jonson in his "conversation with Drummond" says, that Michael Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, had he performed what he promised, to write the deeds of all the worthies, had been excellent. Drummond says "his *Poly-Olbion* is one of the smoothest poems I have seen in English; poetical and well prosecuted. There are some pieces in him I dare compare with the best transmarine poems; the 7th song pleaseth me much; the 12th is excellent; the 13th also; the *discourse of hunting* passeth with any poet." Meres, in his "Wit's Treasury," pronounces the following eulogium upon him. "As Aulus Persius Flaccus is reputed among all writers to be of an honest life and upright conversation; so Michael Drayton (*quem toties bonoris & amaris causa nominis*) among schollers, souldiers, poets, and all sorts of people, is helde for a man of vertuous disposition, honest conversation, and well governed carriage, which is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times, when there is nothing but rogerie in villanous man; and when cheating and craftines is counted the cleaneft wit and the soundest wisdom." Winstanley is very lavish in displaying the great extent of his fame: "He had drunk as deep a draught at Helicon as any in his time: for fame and renown in poetry he is not much inferior, if not equal to Spenser: his *England's Heroical Epistles*, generally liked and received, entitling him unto the appellation of the *English Ovid*."

His reputation in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. stood on much the same level with that of Cowley in the two succeeding reigns; but it has declined considerably since that period.

The modern testimonies to his merit are few, when compared with those of the last century, and by no means equal to his desert. Most readers, either discouraged at his voluminousness, or from an unlucky perverseness or fastidiousness of taste, content themselves with superficially skimming him over, without going deep enough to be real judges of his excellence.

The *Poly-Olbion*, his greatest performance, is one of the most singular and original works this country has produced. The information contained in it is in general so accurate, that it is quoted as an authority by Hearne, Wood, and Nicholson. His perpetual allusions to obsolete traditions, remote events, remarkable facts and personages, together with his curious genealogies of rivers, and his taste for natural history, have contributed to render his work very valuable to the antiquary.

To many just objections it is most certainly liable; his verse of twelve syllables, though generally harmonious, is antiquated and unsuitable to the dignity and importance of his subject, and his continual personification of woods, mountains, and rivers, are tedious, and must be read rather for information than pleasure.

His *Barons Wars* are not liable to the same objections, the measure is more judiciously chosen; and though they frequently want the elevation of thought which is essential to poetry, the numbers are harmonious, and in some stanzas scarce inferior to the finest passages in Spenser.

The subject, it may be thought, is too extensive, and the province of the historian too far transgressed upon; in order to be introduced to good incident and reflection, one must toil through dry facts, listen with patience to the development of uncertain primary causes; and, at last, perhaps, be obliged to have recourse to a prose explanation in the notes.

In his *Legends* and *Heroical Epistles*, both the time and the events are properly limited; the attention is gratified, but not fatiated. He is in general, however, happier in the choice than the execution of his subjects; yet some of his imitations of Ovid are more in the spirit of a poet than several of the English translations of him.

His *Nymphidia: the Court of Fayrie*, seems to have been the greatest effort of his imagination, and is the most generally admired of his works. It is a most pleasing effort of a sportive fancy. The charm, in particular, is ludicrously whimsical; the component parts are put together with great propriety. It is a fine prelude to the witches Cauldron in Macbeth, and only exceeded by the stronger genius of Shakspeare.

His *Ideas* expresses much fancy and poetry.

His *Sonnets* possess, in a high degree, those distinctions which have been esteemed the most delicate improvements in English versification, and are scarce inferior to the best compositions of that kind in our language. His *Divine Poems* contain some sublime images.

"He possessed" says Mr. Headley, "a very considerable fertility of mind, which enabled him to distinguish himself in almost every species of poetry, from a trifling sonnet to a long topographical poem. If he any where sinks below himself, it is in his attempt at Satire. The goodness of his heart seems to have produced in him that confused kind of honest indignation which deprived him of the powers of discrimination; he therefore lost the opportunities of seizing on those nice allusions, situations and traits of character, by which vice and folly are rendered odious and contemptible."

"He wanted neither fire nor imagination, and possessed great command of his abilities. He has written no masques; his personifications of the passions are few; and that allegorical vein which the popularity of Spenser's works may fairly be supposed to have rendered fashionable, and which overruns our earlier poetry, but seldom occurs in him. While his contemporary Jonson peopled his pages with the heathen mythology, and gave our language new idioms, by the introduction of Latinisms, Drayton adopted a style, that with a few exceptions, the present age may peruse without difficulty, and not unfrequently mistake for its own offspring. In a most pedantic æra he was unaffected, and seldom exhibits his learning at the expence of his judgment."

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

Cear'd was the thunder of those drums which
wak'd

Th' affrighted French, their miseries to view,
At Edward's name which to that hour still quak'd,
Their salique tables to the ground who threw;
Yet were the English courages not slak'd,
But the same bows and the same blades they drew,
With the same arms those weapons to ad-
vance,
Which lately lopt the fleur-de-liz of France.

Henry the Fifth, that man made out of fire,
Th' imperial wreath plac'd on his princely brow,
His lion's courage stands not to enquire
Which way old Henry came by it; or how
At Pomfret-castle Richard should expire:
What's that to him? he hath the garland now;
Let (a) Bullingbrook beware how he it wan,
For (b) Monmouth means to keep it if he can.

That glorious day, which his great father got
Upon the Percyes (calling to their aid
The valiant Douglas, that Herculean Scot)
When for his crown at Shrewsbury they play'd,
Had quite dishearten'd ev'ry other plot,
And all those tempests quietly had lay'd,
That not a cloud did to this Prince appear,
No former King had seen a sky so clear.

Yet the rich clergy felt a fearful rent
In the full bosom of their church (whilst she
A monarch's, immeasurably spent,
Less than she was, and thought she might not be)
By Wickliff and his followers: to prevent
The growth of whose opinions, and to free
That foul aspersion which on her they laid,
She her strong't wits must stir up to her aid.

When presently a parliament is call'd,
To set things steady that stood not so right,
But that thereby the poor might be intrall'd,

(a) Henry IV. so named from a town in Lincolnshire,
where he was born.
(b) Henry V. was born at Monmouth in Wales.

Vol. III.

Should they be urg'd by those that were of might;
That in his empire equity install'd,
It should continue in that perfect plight;
Wherefore to (c) Lei'ster he th' assembly draws,
There to enact those necessary laws.

It which one bill, 'mongst many, there was read,
Against the general and superfluous waste
Of temporal lands, the layety that had fed
Upon the houses of religion caste,
Which for defence might stand the realm in sted
Where it most needed, were it rightly plac'd;
Which made those church-men generally to
fear,

For all this calm, some tempest might be near.

And being right skilful, quickly they foresaw
No shallow-brains this bus'ness went about:
Therefore with cunning they must cure this flaw;
For of the King they greatly stood in doubt,
Left him to them their opposites should draw,
Some thing must be thrust in, to thrust that out:
And to this end they wisely must provide
One, this great engine clerly that could guide.

Chichley (d), who sat on Canterbury's see,
A man well spoken, gravely, stout, and wise,
The most select (then thought of that could be)
To act what all the prelacy devise;
(For well they knew, that in this bus'ness he
Would to the utmost strain his faculties;)
Him list they up with their main strength, to
prove
By some clean flight this libel (e) to remove.

His brain in labour, gladly forth would bring
Somewhat that at this needful time might fit
The sprightly humour of this youthful King,
If his invention could but light on it.
His working soul projecteth many a thing,
Until at length, out of the strength of wit,

(c) A parliament called at Leicester, A. D. 1413.
(d) Henry Chichley, who succeeded Arundel just then de-
ceased the see of Canterbury.
(e) So they termed it, as not worthy of a better title.

A

He found a war with France must be the way
To dash this bill, else threat'ning their decay.

Whilst vacant minds sat in their breasts at ease,
And the remembrance of their conquests past,
Upon their fancies doth so strongly seize,
As in their teeth their cowardice it cast,
Rehearsing to them those victorious days,
The deeds of which beyond their name should last;

That after-ages reading what was theirs,
Shall hardly think those men had any heirs.

And to this point premeditating well,
A speech (which chanc'd the very pin to cleave)
Aim'd, whatsoever the success befell,
That it no room should for a second leave,
More of this title then in hand to tell,
If so his skill him did not much deceive:
And 'gainst the King in public should appear,
Thus frames his speech to the assembly there.

"(f) Pardon by boldness, my liege sovereign
" Lord,
" Nor your dread presence let my speech offend;
" Your mild attention favourably afford,
" Which such clear vigour to my spirit shall
" lend,
" That it shall set an edge upon your sword,
" To my demand and make you to attend,
" Asking you, why men train'd to arms you
" keep,
" Your right in France yet suff'ring still to
" sleep.

" Can such a prince be in an island pent,
" And poorly thus shut up within a sea?
" When as your right includes that vast extent,
" To th' either Alps your empire forth to lay.
" Can he be English-born, and is not bent
" To follow you? Appoint you but the way,
" We'll wade if we want ships, the waves or
" climb,
" In one hand hold our swords, with th' other
" swim.

" What time controuls your brave great-grand-
" sire's claim
" To th' realm of France, from Philip nam'd the
" fair,
" Which to king Edward by his mother came,
" Queen Isabel, that Philip's only heir,
" Which this short intermission doth not main?
" But if it did, as he, so yours repair;
" That where his right in blood prevailed not,
" In spite of hell, yet by his sword he got.

" What set that conqueror, by their Salique laws,
" Those poor decrees their parliaments could
" make?
" He enter'd on the justness of his cause,

(f) The Archbishop of Canterbury's speech in this and the two following stanzas.

" To make good what he dar'd to undertake;
" And once in action, he stood not to pause,
" But in upon them like a tempest brake,
" And down their buildings with such fur
" bare,
" That they from mists dissolved were to air.

" As those brave Edwards, father and the son,
" At conquer'd Cressy with successful luck,
" Where first all France (as at one game) the
" won,
" Never two warriors such a battle struck,
" That when the bloody dismal fight was done,
" Here in one heap, there in another ruck,
" Princes and peasants lay together mixt,
" The English swords no difference knew be
" twist.

" There Lewis King of Beame was overthrown.
" With valiant Charles, of France the young
" brother;
" A dauphin, and two dukes, in pieces hewn;
" To them six earls lay slain by one another;
" There the Grand Prior of France fecht his la
" gown;
" Two archbishops the boist'rous croud dot
" smother;
" There fifteen thousand of their gentry dy'd
" With each two soldiers slaughter'd by hi
" side.

" Nor the Black Prince, at Poitiers battle, fought
" Short of his father, and himself before,
" Her king and prince, that prisoners hithe
" brought
" From forty thousand wel'ring in their gore,
" That in the world's opinion it was thought,
" France from that instant could submit n
" more:
" The marshal, and the constable, there slain
" Under the standard, in that battle ta'en.

" Nor is this claim for women to succeed
" ('Gainst which they would your right to Franc
" debar)
" A thing so new, that it so much should need
" Such opposition, as though fetcht from far.
" By Pepin this is prov'd, as by a deed,
" Deposing Cheldrick by a fatal war,
" By Blythild dar'd his title to advance,
" Daughter to Clothar, first so nam'd of France

" Hugh Capet, who from Charles of Lorai
" took
" The crown of France, that he in peace might
" reign,
" As heir to Lingard to her title stuck,
" Who was the daughter of King Charlemain:
" So holy Lewes poring on his book,
" Whom that Hugh Capet made his heir again,
" From Ermengard, his grandame, claim'd th
" crown,
" Duke Charles his daughter, wrongfully pt
" down.

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

3

"Nor think, my liege, a fitter time than this,
 "You could have found your title to advance,
 "At the full height when now the faction is,
 "I twist Burgoyne and the house of Orleans :
 "Your purpose you not possibly can miss,
 "It for my lord so luckily doth chance,
 "That whilst these two in opposition stand,
 "You may have time your army there to land.

"And if my fancy doth not overpress
 "My visual sense, methinks in every eye
 "I see such cheer, as of our good success
 "In France hereafter seems to prophesy.
 "Think not, my sovereign, my allegiance less,
 "Quoth he ; my lords, nor do you misapply
 "My words, thus long upon this subject spent,
 "Who humbly here submit to your assent."

This speech of his that powerful engine prov'd,
 Than e'er our fathers got, which rais'd us higher;
 The clergy's fear that quietly remov'd,
 And into France transfer'd our hostile fire;
 Made the English through the world belov'd,
 That durst to those so mighty things aspire;
 And gave so clear a lustre to our fame,
 That neighbouring nations trembled at our name.

When through the house, this rumor scarcely ran,
 That war with France propounded was again,
 In all th' assembly there was not a man,
 But put the project on with might and main;
 So great applause it generally wan,
 That else no bus'ness they would entertain;
 Although their honour utterly were lost,
 If this design should any way be crost.

So much men's minds now upon France were set,
 That every one doth with himself forecast,
 What might fall out this enterprise to let,
 As what again might give it wings of haste;
 And for they knew the French did still abet
 The Scot against us, which we us'd to taite,
 A question'd was, if it were fit or no,
 To conquer them e'er we to France should go.

Which Ralph then Earl of Westmorland propos'd:
 Quoth he, with Scotland let us first begin,
 By which we are upon the North inclos'd,
 And lockt with us one continent within;
 Then first let Scotland be by us dispos'd,
 And with more ease ye spacious France may win;
 Else of ourselves, e'er we our ships can clear,
 To land in France, they will invade us here.

Not so, brave Nevill, (a) Exeter replies,
 For that of one two labours were to make,
 For Scotland wholly upon France relies;
 First conquer France, and Scotland ye may take;
 'Tis the French pay, the Scot to them that ties;
 That flopt, asunder quickly ye shall shake

(a) The Duke of Exeter, the king's own uncle.

The French and Scots. To France then first,
 say I.

"First, first to France," then all the commons
 cry.

And instantly an embassy is sent
 To Charles of France, to will him to restore
 Those territories, of whose large extent
 The English kings were owners of before;
 Which if he did not, and incontinent,
 The king would set those English on his shore,
 That in despite of him, and all his might,
 Should leave their lives there, or redeem his right.

First Normandy in his demand he makes,
 With Aquitain, a duchy no less great;
 Anjou and Mayne, with Gascoyne, which he
 takes
 Clearly his own, as any English feat.
 With these proud France he first of all awakes,
 For their delivery giving power to treat:
 For well he knew, if Charles should these re-
 store,
 No King of France was ever left so poor.

The king and dauphin, to his proud demand,
 That he might see they no such matter meant,
 As a thing fitter for his youthful hand,
 A ton of Paris tennis-balls him sent,
 Better himself to make him understand,
 Deriding his ridiculous intent:
 And that was all the answer he could get;
 Which more the king doth to this conquest
 whet.

That answering, the ambassador, quoth he,
 Thanks for my balls to Charles your sovereign
 give,
 And thus assure I be and his son from me,
 I'll send him balls and rackets, if I live,
 That they such such racket shall in Paris see,
 When over line with bandies I shall drive,
 As that before the fat be fully done,
 France may (perhaps) into the hazard run.

So little doth luxurious France foresee,
 By her disdain what she upon her drew,
 (In her most bravery seeming then to be)
 The punishment that shortly should ensue:
 Which so incens'd the English king, that he
 For full revenge into that fury grew,
 That those three horrors, famine, sword, and
 fire,
 Could not suffice to satisfy his ire.

In all men's mouths now was no word but war,
 As though no thing had any other name;
 And folk would ask of them arriv'd from far,
 What forces were preparing whence they came?
 'Gainst any bus'ness 'twas a lawful bar,
 To say for France they were; and 'twas a shame
 For any man to take in hand to do
 Aught, but something that did belong thereto.

A ij

THE WORKS OF DRAYTON.

Old armours are drest up, and new are made;
Jacks are in working, and strong shirts of mail;
This scowens an old (a) Fox, that a (a) Bilboa blade;
Now shields and targets only are for sale;
Who works for war, now thriveth by his trade.
The brown bill and the battle-ax prevail;
The curious fletcher fits his well-strung bow,
And his barb'd arrow, which he sets to shew.

Tents and pavillions in the fields are pitch'd,
E'er full wrought up, their roomthincles to try;
Windows and towers with ensigns are enrich'd
With ruffling banners, that do brave the sky;
Wherewith the wearied labourer bewitch'd,
To see them thus hang waving in his eye,
His toilsome burthen from his back doth throw,
And bids them work that will, to France he'll go.

Rich saddles for the light-horse and the bard,
For to be brav'd there's not a man but plies;
Plumes, bandrolls, and caparizons prepar'd;
Whether of two, and men at arms devise,
The (b) greaves or (c) guises were the furer guard,
The (d) vambrase or the pouldron they should prize;
And where a stand of pikes plac'd close, or large,
Which way to take advantage in the charge.

One trains his horse, another trails his pike;
He with his poll-ax practiseth the fight;
The bow-man (which no country hath the like)
With his sheaf-arrow proveth by his might,
How many score off he his foe can strike,
Yet not to draw above his bosom's height.
The trumpets sound the charge and the retreat;
The bellowing drum the march again doth beat.

Cannons upon their carriage mounted are,
Whose battery France must feel upon her walls;
The engineer providing the petard,
To break the strong portcullice; and the balls
Of wild-fire, devis'd to throw from far,
To burn to ground their palaces and halls:
Some studying are the scale which they had got,
Thereby to take the level of their (e) shot.

The man in years preach'd to his youthful son
Pre's'd to this war, as they fate by the fire,
What deeds in France were by his father done,
To this attempt, to work him to aspire;
And told him there how he an ensign won,
Which many a year was hung up in the quire:
And in the battle, where he made his way,
How many Frenchmen he struck down that day.

(a) Blades accounted of the best temper.
(b) Arme: at all points.
(c) Armings for the thigh and leg.
(d) Arming for arm and shoulder.
(e) Great ordnance then but newly in use.

The good old man, with tears of joy, would tell
In Cressly field what prizes Edward play'd;
As what at Poitiers the Black Prince befall,
How like a lion he about him laid:
In deeds of arms how Audley did excel;
For their old sins how they the Frenchmen paid
How bravely Bassett did behave him there;
How Oxford charg'd the van, Warwick did rear.

And boy, quoth he, I have heard thy grandfay,
That once he did an English archer see,
Who shooting at a French twelve score away,
Quite through the body stuck him to a tree;
Upon their strengths a king his crown might lay:
Such were the men of that brave age, quoth he,
When with his ax he at his foe let drive,
Murrion and scalp down to the teeth could rive.

The scarlet judge might now set up his mule,
With neighing steeds the streets so pester'd are;
For where he went in Westminster to rule,
On his tribunal fate the man of war;
The lawyer to his chamber doth recule,
For he hath now no bus'ness at the bar;
But to make wills and testaments for those
That were for France, their substance to dispoze.

By this, the council of this war had met,
And had at large of every thing discuss'd;
And the grave clergy had with them been set,
To warrant what they undertook was just;
And as for monies, that to be no let,
They bade the king for that to them to trust:
The church to pawn would see her chalice hid,
E'er she would leave one pioneer unpaid.

From Milford haven to the mouth of Tweed,
Ships of all burthen to Southampton brought,
(For there the king the rendezvous decreed)
To bear aboard his most victorious freight;
The place from whence he with the great speed
Might land in France, of any that was thought,
And with success upon that lucky shore.
Where his great (f) grandfire landed had before.

But, for he found those vessels were too few,
That into France his army should convey,
He sent to Belgia, whose great store he knew
Might now at need supply him every way.
His bounty ample as the winds that blew,
Such barks for portage out of ev'ry bay
In Holland, Zealand, and in Flanders, brings
As spread the wide (g) Sleeve with their call vass wings.

(f) Edward the third.
(g) The sea between France and England, so called.

But first seven ships from Rochester are sent,
The narrow seas of all the French to sweep :
All men of war with scripts of mart that went,
And had command the coast of France to keep,
The coming of a navy to prevent,
And view what strength was in the bay of Diepe ;
And if they found it like to come abroad,
To do their best to fire it in the road.

The (a) Bonaventure, George, and the Expence,
Three as tall ships as e'er did cable tew ;
The Henry Royal, at her parting thence,
Like the huge (b) ruck from Gillingham that
flew :

The Antelope, the Elephant, Defence,
Bottoms as good as ever spread a clue :
All having charge, their voyage having been,
Before Southampton to take soldiers in.

Twelve merchants ships, of mighty burthen all,
New off the stocks, that had been rigg'd for Stoad,
Riding in Thames by Limehouse and Blackwall,
That ready were their merchandise to load,
Straitly commanded by the admiral,
At the same port to settle their abode ;
And each of these a pinnace at command,
To put her freight conveniently to land.

Eight goodly ships so Bristol ready made,
Which to the king they bountifully lent,
With Spanish wines which they for ballast lade,
In happy speed of his brave voyage meant,
Hoping his conquest should enlarge their trade,
And therewithall a rich and spacious tent :
And as this fleet the Severn seas doth stem,
Five more from Padstow came along with
them.

The Hare of Loo, a right good ship well known,
The year before that twice the Streights had past,
Two wealthy Spanish merchants did her own,
Who then but lately had repair'd her waste ;
For from her deck a pirate she had blown,
After a long fight, and him took at last :
And from Mounts-Bay six more, that still in
fight
Waited with her before the idle of Wight.

From Plymouth next came in the blazing star
And fiery dragon, to take in their freight,
With other four especial men of war,
That in the bay of Portugal had fought ;
And though returning from a voyage far,
Stem'd that rough sea, when at the high'st it
wrought,
With these, of Dartmouth seven good ships
there were,
The golden crescent in their tops that bear.

So I, true three ships into the navy sent,
Of which the Sampson scarce a month before

(a) The names of the king's seven ships of war.
(b) An Indian bird, so large, that she is able to carry
an elephant.

Had sprung a plank, and her main-mast had
spent,
With extreme peril that she got to shore :
With them five other out of Weymouth went,
Which by Southampton were made up a score :
With those that rode at pleasure in the bay,
And that at anchor before Portsmouth lay.

Next these, Newcastle furnisheth the fleet
With nine good hoyes, of necessary use ;
The Danish pirates valiantly that beat,
Offering to sack them as they fail'd for Sluce.
Six hulks from Hull at Humber's mouth them
meet,
Which had them oft accompany'd to (c) Pruce.
Five more from Yarmouth falling them a-
mong,
That had for fishing been prepared long.

The Cow of Harwich, never put to flight,
For hides and furs late to Muscovia bound ;
Of the same port, another nam'd the Spight,
That in her coming lately through the Sound,
After a two days still-continued fight,
Had made three Flemings run themselves a-
ground ;
With three neat fly-boats, which with them do
take
Six ships of Sandwich, up the fleet to make.

Nine ships for the nobility there went,
Of able men, the enterprise to aid,
Which to the king most liberally they lent,
At their own charge, and bountifully paid.
Northumberland and Westmorland in sent
Fourscore at arms apiece, themselves and laid
At sixscore archers each, as Suffolk shews,
Twenty tall men at arms, with forty bows.

Warwick and Stafford levied at no less
Than noble Suffolk, nor do offer more
Of men at arms, and archers which they press,
Of their own tenants, arm'd with their own
store :
Their forwardness foretells their good success
In such a war as had not been before :
And other barons, under earls that were,
Yet dar'd with them an equal charge to bear,

Darcy and Camois, zealous for the king ;
Lovell, Fitzwater, Willoughby and Rofs,
Berckley, Powis, Burrel, fast together cling ;
Seymour and St. John, for the bus'ness cloie,
Each twenty horse, and forty foot do bring
More, to nine hundred mounting in the grofs,
In those nine ships, and fifty them bestow'd,
Which with the other fall into the road.

From Holland, Zealand, and from Flanders won
By weekly pay, three-score twelve bottoms came.
From fifty upward to five hundred ton,
For ev'ry use a mariner could name,

Prussia.

A iiij

Whose glittering flags against the radiant sun,
Shew'd as the sea had all been of a flame :
For skiffs, crays, shallops, and the like, why
these
From ev'ry small creek cover'd all the seas.

The man whose way from London hap'd to lie,
By those he met might guess the general force ;
Daily encounter'd as he pass'd by,
Now with a troop of foot, and then of horse,
'To whom the people still themselves apply,
Bringing them victuals as in meek remorse ;
And still the acclamation of the peers,
Saint George for England, to your good suc-
cess.

There might a man have seen in ev'ry street,
The father bidding farewell to his son ;
Small children kneeling at their father's feet ;
The wife with her dear husband ne'er had done ;
Brother his brother with adieu to greet ;
One friend to take leave of another run ;
The maiden, with her best-belov'd to part,
Gave him her hand, who took away her
heart.

The nobler youth, the common rank above,
On their courveting courfers mounted fair,
One wore his mistress' garter, one her glove ;
And he a lock of his dear lady's hair ;
And he her colours whom he most did love.
There was not one but did some favour wear ;
And each one took it on his happy speed,
To make it famous by some knightly deed.

The clouds of dust that from the ways arose,
Which in their march the trampling troops do
rear ;
When as the sun their thickness doth oppose
In his descending, shining wondrous clear,
'To the beholder far off standing, shews
Like some besieged town that were on fire :
As though foretelling, e'er they should return,
That many a city, yet secure, must burn.

The well-rigg'd navy fall'n into the road,
For this short cut with victual fully stor'd,
The king impatient of their long abode,
Commands his army instantly aboard,
Casting to have each company bestow'd,
As then the time convenience could afford ;
The ships appointed wherein they should go,
And boats prepar'd for waftage to and fro.

To be embark'd when every band comes down,
Each in their order as they muster'd were,
Or by the difference of their armings known,
Or by their colours ; for in ensigns there,
Some wore the arms of their most antient town,
Others their own devices bear :

There was not any, but that more or less,
Something had got, that something should ex-
press.

First in the Kentish streamer was a wood,
Out of whose top an arm that held a sword,
As their right emblem ; and to make it good,
They above other only had a word,
Which was, unconquer'd, as that freest had
stood.

Suffex, the next that was to come aboard,
Bore a (d) black lion rampant, fore that bled,
With a field-arrow darted through the head.

The men of Surry, checky blue and gold,
Which for brave Warren their first earl they
wore,

In many a field that honour'd was of old.
And Hampshire next, in the same colours bore
Three lions passant, th' arms of Bevis bold,
Who through the world so famous was of yore.
A silver tower, Dorset's red banner bears :
The Cornish-men two wrestlers had for theirs.

The Devonshire band, a beacon set on fire ;
Somerfet, a virgin bathing in a spring :
Their city's arms the men of Gloucestershire,
In gold three bloody chevrons, do bring.
Wiltshire a crowned pyramid, as nigher
Than any other to march to the King ;
Berkshire a flag, under an oak that stood ;
Oxford, a white bull wading in a flood.

The muster'd men for Buckingham, are gone
Under the swan, the arms of that old town ;
The Londoners and Middlesex as one,
Are by the red cross and the dagger known.
The men of Essex, over-match'd by none,
Under quean Helen's (e) image marching down,
Suffolk, a sun half risen from the brake ;
Norfolk, a triton on a dolphin's back.

The soldiers sent from Cambridgeshire, a bay
Upon a mountain, water'd with a shower ;
Hartford, two harts that in a river play ;
Bedford's, an eagle perch'd upon a tower ;
And Huntington, a people proud as they,
Nor giving place to any for their power,
A youthful hunter with a chaplet crown'd,
In a py'd lyam leading forth his hound.

Northampton with a castle seated high,
Supported by two lions, thither came ;
The men of Rutland, to them marching nigh,
In their rich ensign bear an ermin ram ;
And Leicestershire, that on their strength rely,
A bull and mastiff (f) fighting for the game.
Lincoln a (g) ship most neatly that was limn'd,
In all her sails with flags and pennants trimm'd.

(d) An expression of king Harold's death, slain with an arrow in the head at the battle of Hattings, fighting against the Conqueror.

(e) Queen Helen, fourth wife of the cross, wife to Constantine, and daughter to king Collin, builder of Colchester in Essex.

(f) A sport more used anciently in that time than in any other.

(g) For the length it hath upon the German ocean.

Stout Warwickshire, her ancient badge the bear;
 Worcester, a pear-tree laden with the fruit;
 A golden fleece and Hereford doth wear;
 Suffolk, a (♂) hermit in his homely suit;
 Shropshire, a falcon tow'ring in the air:
 And for the shire whose surface seems most brute,
 Derby, an eagle sitting on a rook,
 A swathed infant holding in her foot.

Old Nottingham, an archer clad in green,
 Under a tree with his drawn bow that stood,
 Which in a chequer'd flag far off was seen;
 It was the picture of old Robin Hood;
 And Lancashire, not as the least I ween,
 Thro' three crowns three arrows smear'd with blood:

Cheshire, a banner very square and broad,
 Wherein a man upon a lion rode.

A flaming lance, the Yorkshire-men for them;
 As those for Durham, near again at hand,
 A mitre crowned with a diadem;
 An armed man, the men of Cumberland;
 So Westmorland, link'd with it in one stem,
 A ship that wrack'd lay fir'd upon the sand:
 Northumberland with these com'n as a brother,
 Two lions fighting, tearing one another.

Thus as themselves the Englishmen had shew'd
 Under the ensign of each sever'al shire,
 The native Welch, who no less honour ow'd
 To their own king, nor yet less valiant were,
 In one strong regiment had themselves bestow'd,
 And of the rest resumed had the rear;
 To their own quarter marching as the rest,
 As neatly arm'd, and bravely as the best.

Pembroke, a boat (i) wherein a lady stood,
 Rowing herself within a quiet bay;
 Those men of South Wales of the (♂) mixed blood,
 Had of the Welch the leading of the way.
 Carmarthen in her colours bore a rood,
 Whereon an old man lean'd himself to stay,
 At a star pointing; which of great renown,
 Was skilful Merlin, namer of that town.

Glamorgan-men, a castle great and high,
 From which, out of the battlement above,
 A flame shot up itself into the sky:
 The men of Monmouth (for the ancient love
 To that dear country, neighbouring them so
 nigh)
 Next after them in equipage that move,

Many hermits formerly lived there, it being all
 a forest.

(i) Milford haven in Pembrokeshire, one of the bravest
 harbours in the world, therefore not unsuited to ex-
 pected.

ii. Partly Dutch, partly English, partly Welch.

Three (i) crowns imperial, which supported
 were
 With three arm'd arms, in their proud ensign
 bear.

The men of Brecknock brought a warlike tent,
 Upon whose top there sat a watchful cock;
 Radnor (w), a mountain of a high ascent,
 Thereon a shepherd keeping of his flock;
 As (x) Cardigan, the next to them that went,
 Came with a mermaid sitting on a rock;
 And Merioneth bears (as these had done)
 Three dancing goats against the rising sun.

Those of Montgomery bear a prancing steed;
 Denbigh, a Neptune with his three-fork'd mace;
 Flintshire, a work-maid in her summers weed,
 With sheaf and sickle. With a warlike pace
 Those of Caernarvon (not the least in speed,
 Tho' marching last in the main army's face)
 Three golden eagles in their ensign brought,
 Under which oft brave Owen Guyneth fought.

The seas, amazed at the fearful sight
 Of arms and ensigns that aboard were brought,
 Of streamers, banners, pennons, ensigns pight
 Upon each poop and prow; and at the fraught
 So full of terror, that it hardly might
 Into a natural course again be brought,
 As the vast navy which at anchor rides,
 Proudly presumes to shoulder out the tides.

The fleet then full, and floating on the main,
 The numerous masts with their brave topmasts
 spread,
 When as the wind a little doth them strain,
 Seem like a forest bearing her proud head
 Against some rough flaw, that fore-runs a rain:
 So do they look from every lofty sted,
 Which with the surges tumbled to and fro,
 Seem even to bend, as trees are seen to do.

From every ship when as the ordnance roar,
 Of their depart that all might understand;
 When as the zealous people from the shore
 Again with fires salute them from the land;
 For so was order left with them before,
 To watch the beacons with a careful hand,
 Which being once fir'd, the people more
 less
 Should all to church, and pray for their suc-
 cess.

They shape their course into the mouth of Sein,
 That destin'd flood those navies to receive;
 Before whose fraught her France had prostrate
 lain,

(i) To express the king's birth-place and principal-
 ties.

(w), The middle of Wales, abounding with sheep on its
 mountains.

(x). Expressing the maritime situation of that shire.

As now she must this, that shall never leave,
Until the engines that it doth contain,
Into the air her heighten'd walls shall heave;
Whose stubborn turrets had refus'd to bow
To that brave nation that shall shake them
now.

Long-boats with scouts are put to land before,
Upon light mags the country to descry,
(Whilst the brave army setting is on shore)
To view what strength the enemy had nigh;
Pressing the bosom of large France so fore,
That her pale Genius in affright doth fly
To all her towns, and warns them to awake,
And for her safety up their arms to take.

At Paris, Roan, and Orleans she calls,
And at their gates with groanings doth complain:

Then cries she out, "O get up to your walls:
"The English armies are return'd again,
"Which in two battles gave those fatal falls
"At Cressy and at Poitiers, where lay slain
"Our conquer'd fathers, which with very
"fear
"Quake in their graves to feel them landed
"here."

The king of France now having understood
Of Henry's entrance (but too well improv'd)
He clearly saw that dear must be the blood
That it must cost, e'er he could be remov'd:
He sends to make his other sea-towns good,
(Never before so much it him behov'd)
In every one a garrison to lay,
Fearing fresh pow'rs from England every day.

To the high'st earth whilst awful Henry gets,
From whence strong Harfleur he might easi'st
see,
With sprightly words and thus their courage
whets:
"In yonder walls he mines of gold, quoth he;
"He's a poor slave that thinks of any debts;
"Harfleur shall pay for all, it ours shall be.
"This air of France doth like me wond'rous
"well;
"Let's burn our ships, for here we mean to
"dwell."

But through his host he first of all proclaim'd,
In pain of death, no Englishman should take
From the religious, aged, or the maim'd,
Or women, that could no resistance make:
To gain his own for that he only aim'd,
Nor would have such to suffer for his sake:
Which in the French, when they the same did
hear,
Bred of this brave king a religious fear.

His army rang'd in order sitting war,
Each with some green thing doth his murrian
crown,

With his main standard fixt upon the (e) car,
Comes the great king before th' intrenched
town,

Whilst from the walls the people gazing are,
In all their sights he sets his army down;
And for their shot he careth not a pin,
But seeks where he his battery may begin.

And into three his army doth divide,
His strong approaches on three parts to make;
Himself on th' one, Clarence on th' other side;
To York and Suffolk he the third doth take;
The mines the Duke of Gloucester doth guide:
Then caus'd his ships the river up to stake,
That none with victual should the town re-
lieve,
Should the sword fail, with famine them to
grieve.

From his pavilion, where he sat in state
Arm'd for the siege, and buckling on his shield,
Brave Henry sends his herald to the gate,
By trumpet's sound to summon them to yield,
And to accept his mercy, ere too late;
Or else to say, ere he forsook the field,
Harfleur should be but a mere heap of stones,
Her buildings buried with her owners bones.

France on this sudden put into a fright
With the sad news of Harfleur in distress,
Whose unexpected miserable plight
She on the sudden knew not to redress;
But urg'd to do the utmost that she might,
The peoples fears and clamours to suppress,
Raileth a power with all the speed she could,
Somewhat thereby to loose king Henry's hold.

The Marshal and the constable of France,
Leading those forces levied for the turn,
By which they thought their titles to advance,
And of their country endless praise to earn;
But it with them far otherwise doth chance?
For when they saw the villages to burn,
And high-tower'd Harfleur round ingirt with
fire,
They with their pow'rs to Cawdebeck re-
tire.

Like as a hind, when she her calf doth see
Lighted by chance into a lion's paws,
From which should she adventure it to free,
She must herself fill his devouring jaws,
And yet her young one still his prey must be,
(She so instructed is by nature's laws:)
With them so fares it, which must needs go
down
If they would fight, and yet must lose the
town.

(e) The king's main standard (for the ponderousness thereof) ever born upon a carriage.

(p) Now do they mount their ordnance for the day,

Their scaling-ladders rearing to the walls;
The battering-rams against the gates they lay,
Their brazen slings send in the wild-fire balls,
Bats of twigs now carry stones and clay,
And to th' assault who furiously not falls?

The spade and pick-ax working are below,
Which then unfelt, yet gave the greatest blow.

Rampiers of earth the painful pioneers raise
With the walls equal, close upon the dike;
To pass by which the soldier that assays,
On planks thrust over, one him down doth strike:
Him with a mall a second English pays;
A second French transpierc'd him with a pike;
That from the height of the imbattl'd tow'rs,
Their mixed blood ran down the walls in
show'rs.

A Frenchman back into the town doth fall,
With a sheaf-arrow shot into the head;
An Englishman, in scaling of the wall,
From the same place is by a stone struck dead,
Tumbling upon them logs of wood, and all,
That any way for their defence might stand:
The hills at hand re-echoing with the din,
Of shouts without, and fearful shrieks within.

When all at once the English men assail,
The French within all valiantly defend,
And in a first assault if any fail,
They by a second strife it to amend:
Out of the town come (a) quarries thick as hail;
As thick again their shafts the English send:

The following cannon from, both sides doth
roar

With such a noise, as makes the thunder poor.

Now upon one side you should hear a cry,
And all that quarter clouded with a smother;
The like from that against it by and by,
As though the one were echo to the other.
The King and Clarence so their turns can ply;
And valiant Glo'ster shews himself their brother,
Whose mines to the besieg'd more mischief do,
Than, with th' assaults above, the other two.

An old man sitting by the fire side,
Decrepit with extremity of age,
Stilling his little grandchild when it cry'd,
Almost distracted with the batteries rage;
Sometimes doth speak it fair, sometimes doth
chide,

As thus he seeks its mourning to assuage,
By chance a bullet doth the chimney hit,
Which falling in, doth kill both him and it.

Whilst the sad weeping mother sits her down,
To give her little new-born babe the pap,
A luckless quarry, level'd at the town,

(p) A description of the siege of Harfleur, in the nineteen following stanzas.

(a) Cross-bow arrows.

Kills the sweet baby sleeping in her lap,
That with the fright she falls into a swoon;
From which awak'd, and mad with the mishap,
As up a rampier shrieking she doth climb,
Comes a great shot, and strikes her limb from
limb.

Whilst a fort run confusedly to quench
Some palace burning, or some fired street.
Call'd from where they were fighting in the trench,
They in their way with balls of wild-fire meet,
So plagued are the miserable French,
Not above head, but also under feet;
For the fierce English vow the town to take,
Or of it soon a heap of stones to make.

Hot is the siege, the English coming on
As men so long to be kept out that scorn,
Careless of wounds, as they were made of stone,
As with their teeth the walls they would have torn:
Into a breach who quickly is not gone,
Is by the next behind him overborn;
So that they found a place that gave them way,
They never car'd what danger therein lay.

From ev'ry quarter they their course must ply,
As't pleas'd the King them to th' assault to call:
Now on the Duke of York the charge doth ly;
To Kent and Cornwall then the turn doth fall;
Then Huntingdon up to the walls they cry;
Then Suffolk, and then Exeter; which all
In their mean soldiers habits us'd to go,
Taking such part as those that own'd them do.

The men of Harfleur rough excursions make
Upon the English, watchful in their tent,
Whose courages they to their cost awake,
With many a wound, that often back them sent,
So proud a folly that durst undertake,
And in the chase pell-mell amongst them went;
For on the way such ground of them they win
That some French are shut out, some English in

Nor idly sit our men at armes the while,
Four thousand horse that ev'ry day go out,
And of the field are masters many a mile,
By putting the rebellious French to rout;
No peasants them with promises beguile,
Another bus'ness they were come about;
For him they take, his ransom must redeem,
Only French crowns the Englishmen esteem.

Whilst English Henry lastly means to try
By three vast mines the walls to overthrow,
The Frenchmen, their approaches that espy,
By countermines do meet with them below;
And as oppos'd in the works they ly,
Up the besieged the besiegers blow,
That stifled quite with powder, as with dust,
Longer to walls they found it vain to trust.

Till Gaucourt then and Tutville, that were
The town's commanders, with much peril find
The resolution that the English bear,

As how their own to yielding were inclin'd,
 Summon to parley; off'ring frankly there,
 If that aid came not by a day assign'd,
 To give the town up, might their lives stand
 free;
 As for their goods, at Henry's will to be.

And having won their conduct to the King,
 Those hardy chiefs on whom the charge had lain,
 Thither those well-fed burgesses do bring,
 What they had offer'd strongly to maintain
 In such a case, although a dang'rous thing;
 Yet they so long upon their knees remain,
 That five days respite from his grant they have
 Which was the most they for their lives durst
 crave.

The time prefixed coming to expire,
 And their relief ingloriously delay'd;
 Nothing within their sight but sword and fire,
 And bloody ensigns ev'ry where display'd;
 The English still within themselves entire;
 When all these things they seriously had weigh'd
 To Henry's mercy found that they must trust,
 For they perceiv'd their own to be unjust.

The ports are open'd, weapons laid aside,
 And from the walls th' artillery displac'd;
 The arms of England are advanc'd in pride,
 The watch-tow'r with saint George's banner
 grac'd:
 "Live England's Henry," all the people cry'd;
 Into the streets their women ran in haste
 Bearing their little children for whose sake
 They hop'd the King would the more mercy
 take.

The gates thus widen'd with the breath of war,
 Their ample entrance to the English gave;
 There was no door that then had any bar,
 For of their own not any thing they have:
 When Henry comes on his imperial car,
 To whom they kneel, their lives alone to save;
 Struck with wonder when that face they saw,
 Wherein such mercy was, with so much awe.

And first themselves the English to secure,
 Doubting what danger might be yet within,
 The strongest forts and citadel make sure,
 To shew that they could keepe as well as win;
 And though the spoils them wond'rously allure,
 To fall to pillage ere they will begin,
 They shut each passage, by which any pow'r
 Might be brought on to hinder but an hour

That conqu'ring King, which entring at the
 gate,
 Born by the prefs as in the air he swam,
 Upon the sudden lays aside his state,
 And of a lion is become a lamb;
 He is not now what he was but of late,
 But on his bare lect to the church he came,
 By his example as did all the prefs,
 To give God thanks for his first good success

And sends his herald to King Charles to say,
 That though he was thus settled on his shore,
 Yet he his arms was ready down to lay,
 His ancient right if so he would restore:
 But if the same he wilfully deny,
 To stop th' effusion of their subjects gore,
 He frankly off'reth in a single fight
 With the young Dauphin to decide his right.

Eight days at Harfleur he doth stay, to hear
 What answer back his herald him would bring:
 But when he found that he was ne'er the near,
 And that the Dauphin meaneth no such thing
 As to fight single, nor that any were
 To deal for composition from the King;
 He casts for Calais to make forth his way,
 And take such towns as in his journeys lay.

But first his bus'ness he doth so contrive
 To curb the townsmen, should they chance to stir
 Of arms and office he doth them deprive,
 And to their rooms the English doth prefer:
 Out of the ports all vagrants he doth drive,
 And therein sets his uncle Exeter:
 This done, to march he bids the thund'ring
 drums,
 To scourge proud France, when now her Con-
 queror comes.

The King and Dauphin having understood,
 How on his way this haughty Henry was
 Over the Soame, which is a dangerous flood,
 Pluckt down the bridges which might give him
 And ev'ry thing, if fit for human food, [pass]
 Caus'd to be forag'd, to a wond'rous mass;
 And more than this, his journeys to foreflow,
 He scarce one day unskirmish'd with doth go.

But on his march, in midst of all his foes,
 He like a lion keeps them all at bay;
 And when they seem him strictly to enclose,
 Yet through the thick'st he hews him out a way;
 Nor the proud Dauphin dare him to oppose,
 Though off'ring oft his army to forelay;
 Nor all the power the envious French can make
 Force him one foot his path but to forsake.

And each day as his army doth remove,
 Marching along upon Soame's marshy side,
 His men at arms on their tall horses prove
 To find some shallow, over where to ride:
 But all in vain, against the stream they strove,
 Till by the help of a laborious guide
 A ford was found to set his army o'er,
 Which never had discover'd been before.

The news divulg'd that he had waded Soame,
 And safe to shore his carriages had brought,
 Into the Dauphin's bosom struck so home,
 And on the weakness of King Charles to wrought,
 That like the troubled sea when it doth foam,
 As in a rage to beat the rocks to nought;
 So do they storm, and curse on curie they heap,
 'Gainst those which should the passages have kept

time both resident in Roan,
this assembling all the Peers,
isels now must underprop their throne
foe, which not a man but fears;
ment confident are grown,
fresh hopes each one his fellow cheers,
the English to their Calais got,
this spoil should pay a bloody shot.

hey both in solemn council sat,
and with Bretagne their allies;
they of this course, and then of that,
re him how they might devise;
they fain would do, but know not
the Duke Alanzon up doth rise,
ing silence of the King and Lords,
he English brake into these words.

unbridled youth an army led,
way were worthy of your fear,
ur nation that durst turn the head,
ie former English forces were,
: of yours your country then might
ad:
u then who longer can forbear,
to question you our valour bring,
l a council for so poor a thing

tatter'd rascals, starved so,
l through extremity of need
or scraps on dunghills as they go,
he berries of the shrubs to feed;
ith fluxes are enfeebled so,
r foul diseases that they breed,
ey their arms disabled are to sway,
heir march do leave them on the way.

ir people but a handful are,
rty thousand when to land they came,
to England daily some repair,
m Harfleur carry'd sick and lame,
spitels and the surgeons care,
l their swords on us to win them fame:
l and without stockings are the best,
lose by winter miserably oppress.

rm die upon their march abroad,
s upon their carcases to feed,
s of them upon the common road
fection likely were to breed;
own safeties see them then bestow'd,
or them this charitable deed,
our swords together let them fall,
n that day they die, be buried all."

veditive forc'd against the foe,
most of the assembly scis'd,
hich better did the English know,
little with his speeches pleas'd;
ie Duke of Berry meant to shew:
n the murmur somewhat was appeas'd,
hile their list'ning silence breaks,
in answer of Alanzon speaks.

" My Liege, quoth he, and you, my Lords and
" Peers,

" Whom this great business chiefly doth concern,
" By my experience, now so many years,
" To know the English I am not to learn;
" Nor I more feeling have of human fears
" Than fitteth manhood, nor do hope to earn
" Suffrage from any; but by zeal am won
" To speak my mind here, as the Duke hath
done.

" Th' events of war are various (as I know)
" And say, the loss upon the English light,
" Yet may a dying man give such a blow,
" As much may hinder his proud conquerors
" might;
" It is enough our puissant power to shew
" To the weak English now upon their flight,
" When want and winter strongly spur them on;
" You else but slay them that would fain be
" gone.

" I like our forces their first course should hold,
" To skirmish with them upon every flay,
" But fight by no means with them, though they
" would,
" Except they find them foraging for prey;
" So still you have them shut up in a fold,
" And still to Calais keep them in their way;
" So Fabius wearied Hannibal, so we
" May English Henry, pleased if you be.

" And of the English rid your country clean,
" If on their backs but Calais walls they win,
" Whose frontier towns you cas'ly may maintain,
" With a strong army still to keep them in;
" Then let our ships make good the mouth of
" Scin,
" And at your pleasure Harfleur you may win,
" Ere with supplies again they can invade,
" Spent in the voyage lately hither made.

" That day at Poitiers, in that bloody field,
" The sudden turn in that great battle then
" Shall ever teach me, whilst I arms can wield,
" Never to trust to multitudes of men;
" 'Twas the first day that e'er I wore a shield,
" Oh let me never see the like again!
" Where their Black Edward such a battle won,
" As to behold it might amaze the sun.

" There did I see our conquer'd fathers fall
" Before the English, on that fatal ground,
" When as to ours their number was but small,
" And with brave spirits France ne'er did more
" abound:

" Yet oft that battle into mind I call,
" Whereas of ours, one man seem'd all one wound,
" I instance this, yet humbly here submit
" Myself to fight, if you shall think it fit."

The Marshal and the Constable about
To second what this sager Duke had said,
The youthful Lords into a cry brake out

'Gainst their opinions; so that over-ſway'd,
Some ſeeming of their loyalties to doubt,
Alanzon as an oracle obey'd,
And not a French then preſent, but doth ſwear
To kill an Engliſh, if enow there were.

A herald poſted preſently away,
The King of England to the field to dare,
To bid him ceaſe his ſpoil, nor to delay
'Gainſt the French pow'r his forces, but prepare:
For that King Charles determin'd to diſplay
His bloody enſigns, and through France declare
The day and place that Henry ſhould ſet
down,
In which their battles ſhould diſpoſe the crown.

This news to Henry by the herald brought,
As one diſpaſſion'd, ſoberly quoth he, [ſought;
" Had your King pleas'd, we ſooner might have
" For now my ſoldiers much enfeebled be :
" Nor day, nor place, for battle ſhall be fought
" By Engliſh Henry ; but if he ſeek me,
" I to my utmoſt will my ſelf defend,
" And toth' Almighty's pleaſure leave the end."

The bruit of this intended battle ſpread,
The coldneſs of each ſleeping courage warms,
And in the French that daring boldneſs bred,
Like caſting bees that they ariſe in ſwarms,
Thinking the Engliſh down ſo far to tread,
As paſt that day ne'er more to riſe in arms,
T'extirp the name, if poſſible it were,
At leaſt not after to be heard of there.

As when you ſee the envious crow eſpy
Something that ſhe doth naturally deſteſt,
With open throat how ſhe doth ſqual and cry,
And from the next grove calleth in the reſt,
And they for thoſe beyond them bawling fly,
Till their foul noiſe do all the air infect :
Thus French, the French to this great battle call,
Upon their ſwords to ſee the Engliſh fall :

And to the King when ſeriously one told,
With what an hoſt he ſhould encounter'd be ;
Gam, noting well the King did him behold
In the reporting, merrily quoth he,
" My liege, I'll tell you, if I may be bold,
" We will divide this army into three ;
" One part we'll kill, the ſecond priſ'ners ſlay ;
" And for the third, we'll leave to run away."

But, for the foe came hourly in ſo faſt,
Left they his army ſhould diſorder'd take,
The King, who wiſely doth the worſt forecaſt,
His ſpeedy march doth preſently forſake,
Into ſuch form and his battalion caſt. [ſhake ;
That, do their worſt, they ſhould not eaſily
For that his ſcouts, which forag'd had the coaſt,
Bade him at hand expect a puſſant hoſt.

On which ere long the Engliſh vaward light,
Which York, of men the braveſt, doth command,
When either of them in the other's ſight,

He cauſ'd the army inſtantly to ſtand,
As though preparing for a preſent fight ;
And rideth forth from his courageous band
To view the French, whoſe numbers overſp
The troubled country on whoſe earth they t

Now were both armies got upon that ground
As on a ſtage, where they their ſtrengths muſt
Whence, from the width of many a gaping wo
There's many a ſoul into the air muſt fly.
Mean while the Engliſh, that ſome eaſe
By the advantage of a village nigh, [ſt
There ſat them down the battle to abide,
When they the place had ſtrongly fortify'd

Made drank with pride, the haughty French
Leſs than their own a multitude to view,
Nor aſk of God the victory to gain
Upon the Engliſh, waxt ſo poor and ſew,
To ſtay their ſlaughter thinking it a pain ;
And laſtly to that inſolence they grew,
Quoits, lots, and dice for Engliſhmen to c
And ſwear to pay, the battle being paſt.

For knots of cord to ev'ry town they ſend,
The captiv'd Engliſh that they caught to bi
For to perpetual ſlav'ry they intend
Thoſe that alive they on the field ſhould find
So much as that they fear'd leſt they ſhould
Too many Engliſh, wherefore they aſſign'd
Some to keep faſt thoſe ſain that would be ;
After the fight to try their arms upon.

One his bright ſharp-edg'd ſcymitar doth ſhe
Off'ring to lay a thouſand crowns (in pride)
That he two naked Engliſh at one blow,
Bound back to back, would at the waſts div
Some bett his ſword will do't, ſome others n
After the battle and they'll have it try'd.
Another waſts his blade about his head, [l
And ſhews 'em how their ham ſtrings he

They part their priſ'ners, paſſing them for c
And in their ranſom ratably accord :
To a prince of ours, a page of theirs they ſet
And a French lacquey to an Engliſh lord.
As for our gentry, them to hire they'll let,
And as good cheap as they can them afford,
Branded for ſlaves, that if they hapt to ſtr
Known by the mark, them any one migh

And caſt to make a chariot for the King,
Painted with antics and ridiculous toys,
In which they mean to Paris him to bring,
To make ſport to their madams and their b
And will have rascals rhimes of him to ſing,
Made in his mockery ; and in all theſe joys,
They bid the bells to ring, and people cr
Before the battle, France and Victory.

And to the King and Dauphin ſent away
(Who at that time reſiding were in Roan)
To be partakers of that glorious day,
Wherein the Engliſh ſhould be overthrow'n ;

using times should say,
y they forsook their own,
d that brave victory obtain,
sing'st monument remain.

Englishmen the whiles,
, and less appall'd with dread,
as some sharp'ning are the piles,
ig his barb'd arrow-head;
les some whetting are with files,
mours strongly riveted;
akes to stick into the ground,
wmen, and their horse to wound.

using this most dreadful day,
ll to jollity incline,
ig, some again to play,
king to this great design;
spend the night away:
ts, the fields with bonfires shine;
ldiers free-mens catches sing;
laughter all the camp doth ring.

ish, watchful o'er their foes,
t then drawing on so fast,
ould themselves repose,
d do take that small repast
illage willingly bestows;
their sentinels at last,
yer, and in their cabins blest,
spirits then took them to their

ncely Henry laid,
r round about him slept;
pon his helmet laid,
its his eyes long waking kept.
th he) withdraw not now thy
r Henry's sins be heapt [aid,
reflections, up the sum to make,
u may'st me utterly forsake.

wrongs to mind, Lord, do not
my father did offend; [call,
rive not thou his fall,
e caus'd his untimely end,
is be expiated all:
on me his son descend,
ody I translated have,
an honourable grave."

pond'ring, sorrow-ceasing sleep,
ue his much-troubled mind,
ealously doth creep,
rs every sense doth bind,
ry one to keep;
l, to whom God assign'd
he English, gliding down,
doth with fresh courage crown.

he gloriously displays
cry way it lies,
is their travail and repays:
he Rector of the skies

In vision warns them not to use delays,
But to the battle cheerfully to rise,
And be victorious; for that day at hand
He would amongst them for the English stand.

The dawn scarce drew the curtains of the East,
But the late wearied Englishmen awake,
And much refreshed with a little rest,
Themselves soon ready for the battle make:
Not any one but feeleth in his breast
That sprightly fire which courage bids him take;
For ere the sun next rising went to bed,
The French by them in triumph should be led.

And from their cabins ere the French arose,
(Drowned in the pleasure of the passed night,)
The English cast their battels to dispose,
Fit for the ground whereon they were to fight:
Forth that brave King courageous Henry goes,
An hour before that it was fully light,
To see if there might any place be found
To give his host advantage by the ground.

Where 'twas his hap a quickset hedge to view,
Well grown in height, and for his purpose thin;
Yet by the ditch upon whose bank it grew,
He found it to be difficult to win,
Especially if those of his were true,
Amongst the shrubs that he should set within;
By which he knew their strength of horse must
come,
If they would ever charge his vanguard home.

And of three hundred archers maketh choice,
Some to be taken out of every band,
The strongest bowmen by the general voice,
Such as beside were valiant of their hand,
And to be so employ'd as would rejoice,
Appointing them behind the hedge to stand
To shroud themselves from sight, and to be mute,
Until a signal freely bade them shoot.

The gamesome lark now got upon her wing,
As 'twere the English early to awake,
And to wide heaven her cheerful notes doth sing,
As she for them would intercession make;
Nor all the noise that from below doth spring,
Her airy walk can force her to forsake;
Of some much noted, and of others less,
But yet of all presaging good success.

The lasy French their leisure seem to take,
And in their cabins keep themselves so long,
Till flocks of ravens them with noise awake,
Over the army like a cloud that hung;
Which greater haste inforceth them to make,
When with their croaking all the country rung,
Which boded slaughter, as the most do say,
But by the French it turned was this way:

That this divining fowl well understood
Upon that place much gore was to be spill'd;
And as those birds do much delight in blood,
With human flesh would have their gorges fill'd,

So waited they upon their swords for food,
 'To feast upon the English, being kill'd;
 Then little thinking that these came indeed
 On their own mangled carcasses to feed.

When soon the French preparing for the field,
 Their armed troops are setting in array,
 Whose wondrous numbers they can hardly wield,
 The place too little whereupon they lay;
 They therefore to necessity must yield,
 And into order put them as they may,
 Whose motion sounded like to Nilus' fall,
 That the vast air was deafen'd therewithal.

The Constable and Admiral of France,
 With the grand Marshal, men of great command;
 The Dukes of Bourbon and of Orleans,
 Some for their place, some for their birth-right
 The Dauphin of Auvergne (to advance) [stand;
 His worth and honour) of a puissant hand;
 The Earl of Ewe, in war that had been bred;
 These mighty men the mighty vaward led.

The main brought forward by the Duke of Barr,
 Nevres, and Beaumont, men of special name;
 Alanzon, thought not equall'd in this war:
 With them Salines, Rous, and Grandpere came,
 Their long experience who had fetch'd from far,
 Whom this expected conquest doth enflame,
 Confisting most of cross-bows, and so great,
 As France herself it well might seem to threat.

The Duke of Brabant of high valour known,
 The Earls of Marle and Falconbridge the rear;
 To Arthur Earl of Richmond's self alone
 They leave the right wing to be guided there:
 Lewes of Bourbon, second yet to none,
 Led on the left; with him that mighty Peer
 The Earl of Vendome, who of all her men
 Large France entitled her great Master then.

The Duke of York the English vaward guides,
 Of our strong archers that consisted most,
 Which with our horse was wing'd on both the sides,
 T' affront so great and terrible an host;
 There valiant Fanhope, and there Beaumont rides,
 With Willoughby, which scower'd had the coast
 That morning early, and had seen at large
 How the foe came, that then they were to
 charge.

Henry himself, on the main battle brings,
 Nor can these legions of the French affright
 This Mars of men, the King of earthly Kings:
 Who seem'd to be much pleas'd with the sight,
 As one ordain'd t' accomplish mighty things;
 Who to the field came in such brav'ry dight,
 As to the English bodes successful luck,
 Before one stroke on either side was struck.

In warlike state the royal standard born
 Before him, as in splend'rous arms he rode,
 Whilst his courvetting courser seem'd in scorn
 To touch the earth whercon he proudly trod,

Lilies and lions quarterly adorn
 His shield, and his caparison do load:
 Upon his helm a crown with diamonds deck
 Which thro' the field their radiant fires reflect

The Duke of Gloucester near to him agen,
 T' assist his brother in that dreadful day;
 Oxford and Suffolk, both true martial men,
 Ready to keep the battle in array:
 To Exeter there was appointed then
 The rear, on which their second succours lay,
 Which were the youth, most of the noblest blood
 Under the ensigns of their name that stood.

Then of the stakes he doth the care commend
 To certain troops that active were and strong,
 Only devis'd the archers to defend,
 Pointed with iron, and of five feet long;
 To be remov'd still which way they should bet
 Where the French horse should thick'nt upon the
 throng;
 Which when the host to charge each other w
 Shew'd his great wit that first did them inve

Both armies fit, and at the point to fight,
 The French themselves assuring of the day,
 Send to the King of England (as in spight)
 To know what he would for his ransom pay.
 Who with this answer doth their scorn requite
 "I pray thee, Herald, with the French to stay,
 "And ere the day be past, I hope to see,
 "That for their ransoms they shall send to me

The French, which found how little Henry m
 Of their vain boasts, as set therewith on fire,
 Whilst each one to his ensign him betakes;
 The Constable to raise their spleen the higher,
 Thus speaks: "Brave friends, now for your gra
 "fires stakes,
 "Your country, honours, or what may inspire
 "Your souls with courage, strain up all y
 "pow'rs
 "To make this day victoriously ours.

"Forward, stout French, your valours and advan
 "By taking vengeance for our fathers slain,
 "And strongly fix the diadem of France,
 "Which to this day unsteady doth remain:
 "Now with your swords their traitours bos
 "lance,
 "And with their blood wash out that ancient sta
 "And make our earth drunk with the Engl
 "gore,
 "Which hath of ours oft forfeited before.

"Let not one live in England once to tell,
 "What of their King or of the rest became;
 "Nor to the English what in France befell,
 "But what is bruited by the general fame."
 But now the drums began so loud to yell,
 As cut off further what he would declaim:
 And Henry seeing them on so fast to make,
 Thus to his soldiers comfortably spake.

e justness of our cause,
 heir number that will weigh;
 undure purchas'd his applause,
 , the greater is our prey.
 I wade into danger's jaws,
 England this convey,
 o ransom e'er shall raise;
 er, or here end my days.

or us to subdue [more;
 number were the French no
 : twice our fathers slew
 ny as themselves before.
 g that were strange and new,
 u) came we to this shore?
 ch our fathers won renown,
 swords we'll hew yon forest

er, if in fight he take
 e in yonder army known,
 shall him, his pris'ner make,
 ou freely as his own.
 our honour at the stake,
 r be our valour shewn:
 ufe, St. George for England
 en, English; fortune guide
 ,"

with all the valiant men
 l with them present were;
 fwer instantly agen,
 oue man more than is here:
 should our praise be then;
 efs loss shall England bear;
 others we should give that deed,
 om God's own pow'ful hand

the drums and trumpets sound,
 , though with humbled eyes,
 h kneeling on the ground,
 up to the glorious skies;
 h as though they did rebound,
 diately they rise, [ient,
 shout from their throats they
 ach to stagger as they went.

pt; when Erpingham, which led
 shout had made them stand,
 thrice about his head,
 his auspicious hand,
 al through the English spread,
 large: which, as a dread com-

on, yet with a second roar,
 nch worse than they did before.

the enemy so slow,
 d faster to come on,
 : they sent out, as to shew,
 i they only stood upon;
 rvour made their rage to glow,
 at they had undergone;

Which to amend, with ensigns let at large,
 Upon the English furiously they charge.

At the full moon look how th' unwieldy tide,
 Shov'd by some tempest that from sea doth rise
 At the full height, against the ragged side
 Of some tough cliff (of a gigantic size)
 Foaming with rage impetuously doth ride;
 The angry French (in no less furious wise)
 Of men at arms upon their ready horse,
 Assail the English to dispierce their force.

When as those archers there in ambush laid,
 Having their broad-side as they came along,
 With their barb'd arrows the French horses paid,
 And in their flanks like cruel hornets stung:
 They kick and cry, of late that proudly neigh'd,
 And from their seats their armed riders stung;
 They ran together, flying from the dike,
 And make their riders one another strike.

And whilst the front of the French vanguard makes
 Upon the English, thumping them to rout,
 Their horses run upon the armed stakes,
 And being wounded, turn themselves about:
 The bit into his teeth the courser takes,
 And from his rank flies with his master out,
 Who either hurts, or is hurt of his own,
 If in the throng not both together thrown.

Tumbling on heaps, some of their horses cast
 With their four feet all up into the air,
 Under whose backs their masters breathe their last:
 Some break their reins, and thence their riders bear;
 Some with their feet stick in the stirrups fast,
 By their fierce jades and trail'd here and there;
 Entangled in their bridles, one back draws,
 And plucks the bit out of another's jaws.

With show'rs of shafts yet still the English ply
 The French so fast, upon the point of flight:
 With the main battle yet stood Henry by,
 Nor all this while had meddled in the fight;
 Upon the horses as in chase they fly,
 Arrows so thick in such abundance light, [see,
 That their broad buttocks men like butts might
 Whereat for pastime bowmen shooting be.

When soon De Linnies and Sureres haste
 To aid their friends, put to this shameful foil,
 With two light wings of horse, which had been
 Still to supply where any should recoil. [plac'd
 But yet their forces they but vainly waste,
 For being light into the general spoil,
 Great loss De Linnies shortly doth sustain,
 Yet 'scapes himself, but brave Sureres slain.

The King, who sees how well his vanguard sped,
 Sends his command that instantly it stay;
 Desiring York, so bravely that had led,
 To hold his soldiers in their first array;
 For it the conflict very much might sted
 Somewhat to fall aside, and give him way,
 Till full up to him he might bring his pow'r,
 And make the conquest complete in an hour.

Which York obeys; and up Henry comes,
When for his guidance he had got him room;
The dreadful bellowing of whose straight-brac'd
drums,

To the French sounded like the dreadful doom;
And them with such stupidity benumbs,
As tho' the earth had groaned from her womb;
For the grand slaughter ne'er began till then,
Covering the earth with multitudes of men.

Upon the French what Englishman not falls,
(By the strong bowmen beaten from their steeds)
With battle-axes, halberts, bills, and mauls?
Where, in the slaughter, every one exceeds,
Where every man his fellow forward calls,
And shews him where some great-born Frenchman
bleeds;

Whilst scalps about like broken pots herds fly,
And kill, kill, kill, the conqu'ring English cry.

Now waxed horror to the very height,
And scarce a man but wetshot went in gore;
As two together are in deadly fight,
And to death wounded as one tumbleth o'er,
This Frenchman falling, with his very weight
Doth kill another stricken down before;
As he again so falling, likewise feels
His last breath hasten'd by another's heels.

And whilst the English eagerly pursue
The fearful French, before them still that fly,
The points of bills and halberts they imbrue
In their sick bowels beaten down that ly;
No man respects how, or what blood he drew,
Nor can hear those that for their mercy cry:
Ears are damn'd up with howls and hellish
found,.
One fearful noise a fearfuller confounds.

When the courageous Constable of France,
'Th' unlucky vanguard valiantly that led,
Saw the day turn'd by this disast'rous chance,
And how the French before the English fled;
' O itay (quoth he) your ensigns yet advance,
' Once more upon the enemy make head;
' Never let France say we were vanquish'd so,
' With our backs basely turn'd upon our foe.'

Whom the (a) Chatillyon happen'd to accost,
And seeing thus the Constable dismay'd:
' Shift, noble Lord (quoth he) the day is lost,
' If the whole world upon the match were laid;
' I cannot think but that black Edward's ghost
' Assists the English, and our horse hath fray'd;
' If not, some devils they have then,
' That fight against us in the shapes of men."

' Not I, my Lord, the Constable replies;
' By my blest soul, the field I will not quit,
' Whilst two brave battles are to bring supplies,
' Neither of which one stroke have stricken yet.
' Nay (quoth Dampier) I do not this advise
' More than you self, that I do fear a whit:

(a) The Admiral.

" Spur up, my Lord, then side to side with me
" And that I fear not you shall quickly see."

They struck their rowels to the bleeding sides
Of their fierce steeds, into the air that sprung;
And as their fury at that instant guides,
They thrust themselves into the murth'ring throng
Where such bad fortune those brave Lords beside
The Admiral from off his horse was flung;
For the stern English down before them bear
All that withstand, the peasant and the peer.

Which when the noble Constable with grief
Doth this great Lord upon the ground behold,
In his account so absolute a chief, [condem'd
Whose death through France he knew would be
Like a brave knight, to yield his friend relief,
Doing as much as possibly he could,
Both horse and man is born into the main,
And from his friend not half a furlong slain.

Now Willoughby, upon his well-arm'd horse,
Into the midst of this battalions brought;
And valiant Fanhope, no whit less in force,
Himself hath hither thro' the squadron wrought;
Whereas the English, without all remorse,
(Looking like men that deeply were distraught)
Smoking with sweat, besmear'd with dust and
blood,
Cut into cantels all that them withstood.

Yet whilst thus hotly they hold up the chase
Upon the French, and had so high a hand,
The Duke of Bourbon, to make good his place,
Inforc'd his troops (with much ado) to stand:
To whom the Earl of Suffolk makes space,
Bringing a fresh, and yet-unfought-with band
Of valiant bill-men; Oxford with success
Up with his troops doth with the other press.

When in comes Orleans, quite thrust off before
By those rude crowds that from the English ran
Encouraging stout Bourbon's troops the more,
T' affront the foe that instantly began:
Fain would the Duke (if possible) restore
(Doing as much as could be done by man)
Their honour, lost by this their late defeat,
And caused only by their base retreat.

Their men at arms their lances closely lock
One in another, and come up so round;
That, by the strength and horror of the shock,
They forc'd the English to forsake their ground
Shrinking no more than they had been a rock,
Though by the shafts receiving many a wound
As they would shew, that they were none
those

That turn'd their backs so basely to their foes.

Panting for breath, his morion in his hand,
Woodhouse comes in as back the English bear:
' My Lords (quoth he) what now inforc'd to stand
' When smiling fortune offers us so fair?
' The French lie yonder like to wrecks of land,
' And you by this our glory but impair:

now, or never, your first fight maintain,
Lyon and the Constable are slain.

ever head pell-mell upon them run,
will prove the masters of the day :
and Greylock have so bravely done,
envy their glory, and dare say
I the English they the goal have won ;
it's share, or they'll bear all away." *He*
like, his ax about his head he flings,
flies away, as though his heels had wings.

ation of this youthful Knight,
sends for their retreat to make,
sforce their courage, with their might
charge with speed to undertake
ere were they so mad to fight,
instant Fanhope thus the Lords bespake :
" Look and Oxford, as brave Earls you be,
more bear up with Willoughby and me."

er methinks, I hear brave Fanhope speak,
able Oxford, thou hast thy desire :
sends of thine shall yon battalion break ;
myself, I never will retire,
er teen upon the French we wreak,
is our last enterprize expire."
like, their gauntlets each doth other give,
the charge as fast as they could drive ;

ghter seem'd to have but stay'd for breath,
the horror to ensue the more :
sds besmear'd with blood, when meager
ath
more grievously than he did before ;
ch body seem'd but as a sheath
swords in to the hilts in gore ;
sgh that instant were the end of all,
the French, or by the French to fall.

' you see a field of standing corn,
e strong wind in summer haps to blow,
I height, and ready to be shorn,
waves, how it doth come and go
and backward ; so the crowds are born,
oddy turneth in the flow ;
love all, the bills and axes play
be atoms in the sunny ray.

main blows their armours are unbrac'd,
e French before the English fled,
r brown bills their recreant backs they
le,
their shoulders their faint arms do shred :
a glave near cut off by the waist,
ins to ground with half a head ;
r stumbling falleth in his flight,
g a leg, and on his face doth light.

1, who found their force thus overthrown,
few left them ready still to rout,
est skill, and no less courage shewn,
ir safeties much began to doubt ;
; few about them of their own,
e English so impel'd about,
L

Saw that to some one they themselves must
Or else abide the fury of the field. [yield,

They put themselves on those victorious Lords,
Who led the vanguard with so good success,
Bespeaking them with honourable words,
Themselves their prisoners freely and confess ;
Who by the strength of their commanding swords
Could hardly save them from the slaught'ring
press,

By Suffolk's aid till they away were sent,
Who with a guard convey'd them to his tent.

When as their soldiers, to eschew the sack,
'Gainst their own battle bearing in their flight,
By their own French are strongly beaten back.
Left they their ranks should have disorder'd quite :
So that those men at arms go all to rack,
'Twixt their own friends and those with whom
they fight,

Wherein disorder and destruction seem'd
To strive, which should the pow'rfullest be
deem'd.

And whilst the Dauphin of Averney cries,
" Stay, men at arms, let fortune do her worst,
" And let that villain, from the field that flies,
" By babes yet to be born be ever curst :
" All under heav'n that we can hope for lies
" On this day's battle ; let me be the first
" That turn'd ye back upon your desp'rate foes,
" To save our honours, tho' our lives we lose."

To whom comes in the Earl of Ewe, which long
Had in the battle ranged here and there,
A thousand bills, a thousand bows among,
And had seen many spectacles of fear ;
And finding yet the Dauphin's spirit so strong,
By that which he had chanc'd from him to hear,
Upon the shoulder claps him, " Prince, quoth he,
" Since I must fall, O let me fall with thee."

Scarce had he spoke, but th' English them inclose,
And like to mastiffs fiercely on them flew,
Who with like courage strongly them oppose ;
When the Lord Beaumont, who their armings knew,
Their present perill to brave Suffolk shews :
Quoth he, " Lo where D'Averney are, and Ewe !
" In this small time, who since the field begun,
" Have done as much as can by men be done.

" Now slaughter cease me, if I do not grieve
" Two so brave spirits should be untimely slain ;
" Lies there no way (my Lord) them to relieve,
" And for their ransoms two such to retain ?"
" Quoth Suffolk, ' Come, we'll hazard their re-
prieve,
' And share our fortunes.' In they go amain,
And with such danger thro' the press they wade,
As of their lives but small account they made.

Yet ere they thro' the cluster'd crouds could get,
Oft down on those there trod to death that lay,
The valiant Dauphin had discharg'd his debt,
Than whom no man had braver serv'd that day

The Earl of Ewe and wondrous hard beset,
Had left all hope of life to 'scape away.

Till noble Beaumont and brave Suffolk came,
And as their pris'ner seiz'd him by his name.

Now the main battle of the French came on,
The vaward vanquish'd, quite the field doth fly,
And other helps besides this they have none,
But that their hopes do on their main rely;
And therefore now it standeth them upon
To fight it bravely, or else yield or die:

For the fierce English charge so home and fore,
As in their hands Jove's thunderbolts they bore.

The Duke of York, who since the fight begun,
Still in the top of all his troops was seen,
And things well-near beyond belief had done,
Which of his fortune made him overween
Himself so far, into the main doth run;
So that the French, which quickly got between
Him and his succours, that great chieftain
slew,

Who bravely fought whilst any breath he
drew.

The news soon brought to this courageous king,
O'erspread his face with a distemper'd fire;
Though making little shew of any thing,
Yet to the full his eyes express his ire,
More than before the Frenchmen menacing:
And he was heard thus softly to respire:

"Well, of thy blood revenged will I be,
"Or, ere one hour be past, I'll follow thee."

When as the frolick cavalry of France,
That in the head of the main battle came,
Perceiv'd the king of England to advance
To charge in person, it doth them inflame:
Each one well hoping it might be his chance
To seize upon him, which was all their aim:
Then with the bravest of the English met,
Themselves that there before the king had
set.

When the Earl of Cornwall with unusual force
Encounters Grandpre, next that came to hands,
In strength his equal, blow for blow they scorne,
Wielding their axes as they had been wands,
Till the Earl tumbles Grandpre from his horse;
Over whom straight the Count Salines stands,
And lendeth Cornwall such a blow withall,
Over the crupper that he makes him fall.

Cornwal recovers, for his arms were good,
And to Salines maketh up again,
Who chang'd such boist'rous buffets, that the
blood
Doth through the joints of their strong armour
strain,
Till Count Salines sunk down where he stood.
Blamount, who sees the Count Salines slain,
Straight copes with Cornwall beaten out of
breath,
Till Kent comes in, and rescues him from death.

Kent upon Blamount furiously doth
Who at the Earl with no less coura
And one the other with such knock
That either's ax in th' other's helm
Whilst they are wrestling, crollin
thigh,
Their axes pikes which soonest out f
They fall to ground, like in their
ther,
With their clutcht gantlets cuff
ther.

Courageous (a) Cluet grieved at the
Of his friend Blamount's unexpecte
Makes in to lend him all the aid he
Whose coming seem'd the stout
call;

Betwixt whom then began a mortal
When instantly fell in Sir Philip Ha
'Gainst him goes Rouffy, in then
Whom next Count Morville ch
man.

Their cuirates are unriveted with t
With horrid wounds their breas
slasht;

There drops a check, and there fall
And in one's face his fellow's brains
Yet still the better with the English
The earth of France with her
washt;

They fall so fast she scarce affords
That one man's trunk becomes an

When Suffolk chargeth Huntington
Over himself too wary to have been
And had neglected his fast-plighted
Upon the field, the battle to begin,
That where the one was, there t
both:

When the stout Earl of Huntington
Trust with his friends, doth th
large

To this great Earl, who dares
charge.

"My Lord (quoth he) it is not tha
"More than yourself, that so I hav
"But that I have been forced to be
"The king, whose person I attend
"And that I doubt not but to make
"Now, if occasion shall but call me
"Look round about, my Lord
"see,
"Some brave adventure worthy

"See yon proud banner of the Duke
"Methinks it wafts us, and I hear
"Where's that courageous Englishman
"Adventure but to carry me away?
"This were a thing now worthy of
"Is't true, quoth Suffolk? by this

(a) Called Cluet of Brabant

re have it." " Say'st thou so in-
 ington? Then fortune be our

the ranks then rushing in their
 me, about them so they lay;
 foot, and side is join'd to side,
 own all that stand within their

hem have no other guide,
 the multitude to sway;
 pafs, the French as to defy,
 e for England and the king, they

les, each brave English blood
 hmen for their ensigns run,
 trees within a well-grown wood,
 hievements instantly were done,
 oughly whilst that nation stood.
 an his destiny can shun?
 uffolk there is overthrown,
 much valour sundry ways had

nd English farther doth provoke,
 tion bodily were bent,
 attle instantly they broke,
 h so furiously they went;
 glish but doth scorn a stroke,
 l it not a Frenchman sent,
 ith wounds, their weapons from
 rew,
 the English fearfully them flew.

pon the rearward born
 'd that from the English fled,
 s then utterly forlorn,
 in his full bosom bled:
 quoth he) our overthrow hath
 ?
 a pris'n'r be to England led?
 e be so, yet I'll let her see,
 my carcass with her, and not

orfe upon his full career,
 courage of a valiant Knight
 ew not, or forgot to fear)
 g Henry maketh in the fight,
 him as he down doth bear,
 of Gloucester doth light,
 e youthful chivalry doth bring,
 ikes length that came before the

th strongly riveted with steel,
 ke each other they astound,
 agg'ring from each other reel,
 los'ter falleth to the ground;
 on round about doth wheel,
 nd him his last deadly wound,

In comes the king, his brother's life to save,
 And to this brave duke a fresh onset gave.

When as themselves like thunderbolts they shot
 One at the other, and the light'ning brake
 Out of their helmets, and again was not,
 Ere of their strokes the ear a sound could take,
 Betwixt them two the conflict grew so hot,
 Which those about them so amaz'd doth make,
 That they stood still, as wond'ring at the
 fight,
 And quite forgot that they themselves must
 fight.

Upon the king Alanzon prest so fore,
 That with a stroke (as he was wond'rous strong)
 He cleft the crown that on his helm he wore,
 And tore his plume, that to his heels it hung;
 Then with a second bruise'd his helm before,
 That it his forehead pitifully wrung;
 As some that saw it certainly had thought,
 The King therewith had to the ground been
 brought.

But Henry soon, Alanzon's ire to quit,
 (As now his valour lay upon the rack)
 Upon the face the duke so strongly hit,
 As in his saddle laid him on his back;
 And once perceiving that he had him split,
 Follow'd his blows, redoubling thwack on
 thwack,
 Till he had lost his stirrups, and his head
 Hung where his horse was like thereon to
 tread.

When soon two other seconding their Lord,
 His kind companions in this glorious prize,
 Hoping again the duke to have restor'd,
 If to his feet his arms would let him rise;
 On the king's helm their height of fury scor'd,
 Who like a dragon fiercely on them flies,
 And on his body slew them both whilst he
 Recovering was their aid again to be.

The king thus made the master of the fight,
 The duke calls to him as he there doth lie:
 " Henry, I'll pay my ransom, do me right,
 " I am the duke Alanzon, it is I."
 The king to save him putting all his might,
 Yet the rude soldiers with their shout and cry,
 Quite drown'd his voice, his helmet being
 shut,
 And that brave duke into small pieces cut.

Report once spread through the distracted host;
 Of their prime hope the duke Alanzon slain,
 That flower of France, on whom they trust
 most,
 They found their valour was but then in vain;
 Like men their hearts that utterly had lost,
 Who slowly fled before, now ran amain;
 Nor could a man be found but that despairs,
 Seeing the fate both of themselves and theirs.

The duke Nevers now, in this sad retreat,
 By David Gam and Morisby pursu'd,
 (Who throughly chaf'd near melted into sweat,
 And with French blood their pole-axes imbru'd)
 They seize upon him following the defeat,
 Amongst the faint and fearful multitude;
 When a contention fell between them twain,
 To whom the duke should rightfully pertain.

" I must confess thou had'st him first in chace,
 " (Quoth Morisby) but left'st him in the throng,
 " Then put I on." Quoth Gam, " hast thou the
 " face,
 " Insulting knight, to offer me this wrong?"
 Quoth Morisby, " Who shall decide the case?"
 " Let him confess to whom he doth belong."
 " Let him, quoth Gam; but if't be not to me,
 " For any right you have, he may go free."

With that courageous Morisby grew hot:
 " Were not, said he, his ransom worth a pin,
 " Now by these arms I wear, thou get'st him
 " not;
 " Or if thou do'st, thou shalt him hardly win."
 Gam, whose Welsh blood could hardly brook
 this blot,
 To bend his ax upon him doth begin:
 He his at him, till the Lord Beaumont came,
 Their rash attempt and wisely thus doth
 blame.

" Are not the French twice trebled to our
 " pow'r,
 " And fighting still, nay doubtfull yet the day?
 " Think you not these us fast enough devour,
 " But that your braves the army must dismay?
 " If aught but good befall us in this hour,
 " This be you sure, your lives for it must pay:
 " Then first the end of this day's battle see,
 " And then decide whose pris'ner he shall be."

Now Exeter with his untainted rear
 Came on, which long had labour'd to come in;
 And with the king's main battle up doth bear,
 Who still kept off till the last hour had been;
 He cries and clamours ev'ry way doth hear,
 But yet he knew not which the day should win;
 Nor asks of any what were fit to do,
 But where the French were thick'st, he falleth
 to.

The Earl of Vendome, certainly that thought
 The English fury somewhat had been staid,
 Weary with slaughter, as men over-wrought,
 Nor had been spur'd on by a second aid,
 For his own safety then more fiercely fought,
 Hoping the tempest somewhat had been laid;
 And he thereby, though suff'ring the defeat,
 Might keep his rearward whole in his re-
 treat.

On whom the Duke of Exeter then fell,
 Rear with the rear now for their valours vic;

Ours find the French their lives will dearly sell,
 And the English mean as dearly them to buy:
 The English follow, should they run through
 hell,
 And through the same the French must if they
 fly;
 When to't they go, deciding it with blows;
 With th' one side now, then with th' other's
 goes.

But the stern English with such luck and might
 (As though the fates had sworn to take their
 parts)
 Upon the French prevailing in the fight,
 With doubled hands and with redoubled hearts,
 The more in peril still the more in plight,
 'Gainst them whom fortune miserably thwarts;
 Disabled quite before the foe to stand,
 But fall like grafs before the mower's hand:

That this French earl is beaten on the field,
 His fighting soldiers round about him slain;
 And when himself a pris'ner he would yield,
 And begg'd for life, it was but all in vain;
 Their bills the English do so eas'ly wield,
 To kill the French as though it were no pain;
 For this to them was their auspicious day,
 The more the English fight, the more they
 may.

When now the Marshal Boucequall, which long
 Had through the battle waded ev'ry way,
 Oft hazarded the murder'd troops among,
 Encouraging them to abide the day;
 Finding the army that he thought so strong,
 Before the English faintly to dismay,
 Brings on the wings which of the rest re-
 main'd,
 With which the battle stoutly he maintain'd.

Till old Sir Thomas Erpingham at last
 With those three hundred archers cometh in,
 Which laid in ambush not three hours yet past,
 Had the defeat of the French army been;
 With these that noble soldier maketh haste,
 Left other from him should the honour win;
 Who, as before, now stretch their well-worn
 strings
 At the French horse, then coming in the
 wings.

The foil with slaughter ev'ry where they load,
 Whilst the French stoutly to the English stood;
 The drops from either's empty'd veins then
 flow'd,
 Where it was lately firm, had made a flood:
 But heav'n that day to the brave English ow'd;
 The sun that rose in water, set in blood;
 Nothing but horror to be look'd for there,
 And the stout Marshal vainly doth but fear.

His horse sore wounded, whilst he went aside
 To take another still that doth attend,
 A shaft which some too lucky hand doth guide,

Piercing his gorget, brought him to his end ;
Which when the proud Lord Falconbridge
 spy'd,
Thinking from thence to bear away his friend,
 Struck from his horse with many a mortal
 wound,
Is by the English nailed to the ground.

The marshal's death so much doth them affright,
That down their weapons instantly they lay,
And better yet to fit them for their flight,
Their weightier arms they wholly cast away ;
Their hearts so heavy, makes their heels so
 light.

That there was no intreating them to stay ;
O'er hedge and ditch distractedly they take,
And happiest he that greatest haste could
 make.

When Vadarnont now in the conflict met
With valiant Brabant, whose high valour shewn
That day, did many a blunted courage whet,
Ere long before that from the field had flown :
Quod Vadarnont, " See how we are beset,
" To death like to be trodden by our own !
" My lord of Brabant, what is to be done ?
" See how the French before the English run !"

" Why let them run, and never turn the head,
Quoth the brave duke, ' until their hateful
 breath
' Forlake their bodies, and so far have fled,
' That France be not disparag'd by their death :
' Who trusts to cowards ne'er is better sped.
' Be he accurst with such that holdeth faith ;
' Saughter consume the recreants as they flie,
' Branded with shame so basely may they die.

" Ignoble French, your fainting cow'dice craves
" The dreadful curse of your own mother earth,
" Hard'ning her breast, not to allow you graves,
" Be she so much ashamed of your birth :
" May he be curst that one of you but saves ;
" And be in France hereafter such a dearth
" Of courage, that men from their wits it fear,
" A drum or trumpet when they hap to hear.

" From Burgundy brought I the force I had,
" To fight for them that ten from one do slay ;
" It splits my breast, O that I could be mad !
" To vex these slaves who would not dare to die ?
" In all this army is there not a lad,
" Th' ignoble French for cowards that dare
 cry ?
" If scarce one found, then let me be that
 one,
" The English army that oppos'd alone."

This said, he puts his horse upon his speed,
And in like light'ning on the English flew,
Where many a mother's son he made to bleed,
Whilst him with much astonishment they view ;
Where having acted many a knight-like deed,
Him and his horse they all to pieces hew :

Yet he that day more lasting glory wan,
Except Alanzon, than did any man.

When as report to great King Henry came,
Of a vast rout which from the battle fled,
(Amongst the French most men of special name)
By the stout English fiercely followed ;
Had for their safety (much though to their
 shame)
Got in their flight into so strong a sted,
So fortify'd by nature (as 'twas thought)
They might not thence, but with much blood,
 be brought.

An aged rampier with huge ruins heapt,
Which serv'd for shot 'gainst those that should as-
 sail,
Whose narrow entrance they with cross-bows
 kept,
Whose sharpen'd quarries came in show'rs like
 hail.
Quoth the brave king, " First let the field be
 swept,
" And with the rest we well enough shall deal."
Which though some heard, and so shut up their
 car,
Yet relish'd not with many soldiers there.

Some that themselves by ransoms would en-
 rich,
To make their prey of peasants yet despise,
Felt, as they thought, their bloody palms to itch,
To be in action for their wealthy prize ;
Others, whom only glory doth bewitch,
Rather than life would to this enterprise ;
Most men seem'd willing, yet not any one
 Would put himself this great exploit upon.

Which Woodhouse hearing, merrily thus spake,
One that right well knew both his worth and
 wit :
" A dangerous thing it is to undertake
" A fort, where soldiers are defending it ;
" Perhaps they sleep, and if they should awake,
" With stones, or with their shafts they may us
 hit,
" And in our conquest whilst so well we fare,
" It were meer folly ; but I see none dare."

Which Gant o'erhearing, being near at hand :
" Not dare ! quoth he, and angerly doth frown ;
" I tell thee, Woodhouse, some in presence stand,
" Dare prop the sun if it were falling down ;
" Dare grasp the bolt from thunder in his hand,
" And through a cannon leap into a town ;
" I tell thee, a resolved man may do
" Things that thy thoughts yet never mounted
 to."

" I know that resolution may do much,"
Woodhouse replies ; " but who could act my
 thought,
" With his proud head the pole might easily
 touch.

"And Gam," quoth he, "though bravely thou
 "hast fought,
 "Yet not the fame thou hast attain'd to such,
 "But that behind as great is to be bought,
 "And yonder 'tis; then, Gam, come up with
 "me,
 "Where soon the king our courages shall see.

'Agreed,' quoth Gam; and up their troops they
 call,
 Hand over head and on the French they ran,
 And to the fight courageously they fall,
 When on both sides the slaughter soon began.
 Fortune a while indifferent is to all,
 These what they may, and those do what they
 can;

(a) Woodhouse and Gam upon each other vic,
 By arms their manhood desp'rately to try.

To climb the fort the light-arm'd English strive,
 And some by trees there growing to ascend;
 The French with sluits let at the English drive,
 Themselves with shields the Englishmen defend,
 And fain the fort down with their hands would
 rive;

Thus either side their utmost pow'r extend,
 Till valiant Gam sore wounded, drawn aside
 By his own soldiers, shortly after dy'd.

Then take they up the bodies of the slain,
 Which for their targets outs before them bear,
 And with a fresh assault come on again;
 Scarce in the field yet such a fight as there:
 Cross bows and long bows at it are amain,
 Until the French, their massacre that fear,
 Of the fierce English a cessation crave,
 Off'ring to yield, so they their lives would
 save.

Lewis of Bourbon, in the furious heat
 Of this great battle, having made some stay,
 Who with the left wing suffer'd a defeat
 In the beginning of this luckless day,
 Finding the English fleeing their retreat,
 And that much hope upon his valour lay;
 Fearing lest he might undergo some shame,
 That were unworthy of the Bourbon name,

Hath gather'd up some scatter'd troops of horse,
 That in the field stood doubtful what to do.
 Though with much toil, which he doth reip-
 force

With some small pow'r that he doth add thereto,
 Proclaiming still the English had the worse;
 And now at last, with him if they would go,
 He dares assure them victory; if not,
 The greatest shame that ever soldiers get.

And being wise, so Bourbon to beguile
 The French preparing instantly to fly,
 Procures a soldier, by a secret wile,
 To come in swiftly, and to crave supply,

(a) For this service done by Woodhouse, there was an ad-
 dition of honour given him; which was a hand holding a
 club, with the words *Brave Port*, which is born by the fa-
 mily of the Woodhouse of Horroik to this day.

That if with courage they would fight a while,
 It certain was the English all should die;
 For that the king had offer'd them to yield,
 Finding his troops to leave him on the field.

When Arthur Earl of Richmount coming in
 With the right wing, that long stay'd out of
 fight,

Having too lately with the English been;
 But finding Bourbon bent again to fight,
 His former credit hoping yet to win
 (Which at that instant easily he might)
 Comes up close with him, and puts on as fast,
 Bravely resolv'd to fight it to the last.

And both encourag'd by the news was brought
 Of the arriving of the dauphin's power,
 Whose speedy van their rear had almost raught
 (From Agincourt discover'd from a tower)
 Which with the Norman gallantry was fraught,
 And on the suddain coming like a shower,
 Would bring a deluge on the English host,
 Whilst yet they stood their victory to boast.

And on they come, as doth a rolling tide
 Forc'd by a wind, that shoves it forth so fast,
 Till it choak up some channel side to side,
 And the craz'd banks doth down before it cast,
 Hoping the English would not them abide,
 Or would be so amated at their haste,
 That should they fail to rout them at their will,
 Yet of their blood the fields should drink their
 fill.

When as the English, whose o'er-weary'd arms
 Were with long slaughter lately waxed sore,
 These unexpected and so fierce alarms
 To their first strength do instantly restore,
 And like a stove their stiffen'd sinews warm
 To act as bravely as they did before;
 And the proud French so stoutly to oppose,
 Scorning to yield one foot despite of blows.

The fight is fearful; for stout Bourbon brings
 His fresher forces on with such a shock,
 That they were like to cut the archers strings
 Ere they their arrows handsomely could neck:
 The French, like engines that were made with
 strings,

Themselves so fast into the English lock,
 That th' one was like the other down to bear,
 In wanting room to strike, they stood so near.

Till stragg'ring long, they from each other reel'd,
 Glad that themselves they so could disengage;
 And falling back upon the spacious field
 (For this last scene that is the bloody stage)
 Where they their weapons liberally could wield,
 They with such madnels execute their rage,
 As though the former fury of the day,
 To this encounter had but been a play.

Slaughter is now defect'd to the full:
 Here from their backs their batter'd armour
 fall;
 Here a flint shoulder, there a cloven skull;

There hang his eyes out beaten with a mall;
 Until the edges of their bills grow dull,
 Upon each other they so spend their gall.
 Wild shouts and clamours all the air do fill;
 The French cry *tuens*, and the English *till*.

The Duke of Barr, in this vast spoil, by chance
 With the Lord St. John on the field doth meet,
 Towards whom that brave duke doth himself ad-
 vance,
 Who with the like encounter him doth greet:
 This English baron and this peer of France,
 Grappling together, falling from their feet,
 With the rude crowds had both to death been
 crush'd,
 In for their safety had their friends not rush'd.

Both again rais'd, and both their soldiers shift
 To save their lives, if any way they could;
 But as the French the duke away would lift,
 Upon his arms the English taking hold
 (Men of that sort, that thought upon their thrift)
 Knowing his ransom dearly would be sold,
 Drag him away in spite of their defence,
 Which to their quarter would have born him
 thence.

Mean while brave Bourbon, from his stirring
 horse
 Call'd with an arrow, to the earth is thrown;
 By a mean soldier seized on by force,
 Hoping to have him certainly his own;
 Which this Lord holdeth better so than worse,
 Since the French fortune to that ebb is grown;
 And he perceives the soldier him doth deem
 To be a person of no mean esteem.

Berkeley and Burnell, two brave English lords,
 Flew'd with French blood, and in their valour's
 pride,
 Above their arm'd heads brandishing their swords
 As they triumphing through the army ride,
 Finding what prizes fortune here affords
 To ev'ry soldier, and more wisely ey'd
 This gallant pris'ner; by this arming see
 Of the great Bourbon family to be;

And from the soldier they his pris'ner take,
 Of which the French lord seemeth wond'rous
 fain,
 Thereby his safety more secure to make:
 Which when the soldier finds his hopes in vain,
 Rich a booty forced to forsake,
 To put himself and pris'ner out of pain,
 He on the sudden stabs him, and doth swear,
 Would th'ave his ransom, they should take it
 there.

When Ross and Morley making in amain,
 Bring the Lord Darcy up with them along,
 Whose horse had lately under him been slain,
 And they on foot found fighting in the throng,
 Those lords his friends remounting him again,
 Being a man that valiant was and strong;

They all together with a gen'ral hand
 Charge on the French, that they could find to
 stand.

And yet but vainly, as the French suppos'd;
 For th' Earl of Richmount forth such earth had
 found,

That on two sides with quick set was enclos'd
 And the way to it by a rising ground,
 By which a while the English were oppos'd
 At every charge; which else came up so round,
 As that except the passage put them by,
 The French as well might leave their arms, and
 fly.

Upon both parts it furiously is fought,
 And with such quickness riseth to that height,
 That horror need no farther to be fought,
 If only that might satisfy the sight.
 Who would have fame, full dearly here it bought,
 For it was sold by measure and by weight;
 And at one rate the price still certain stood,
 An ounce of honour cost a pound of blood.

When so it hapt, that Dampier in the van
 Meets with stout Darcy; but whilst him he press'd,
 Over and over cometh horse and man,
 Of whom the other soon himself possess'd:
 When as Savelles upon Darcy ran
 To aid Dampier; but as he him address'd,
 A halbert taking hold upon his greaves,
 Him from his saddle violently heaves.

When soon five hundred English men at arms,
 That to the French had given many a charge,
 And when they cover'd all the field with swarms,
 Yet oft that day had bravely bid them bafe;
 Now at the last, by raising fresh alarms,
 And coming up with an unusual pace,
 Made them to know, that they must run or
 yield;
 Never till now the English had the field.

Where Arthur Earl of Richmount beaten down,
 Is left (suppos'd of ev'ry one) for dead;
 But afterwards awaking from his swoon,
 By some that found him was recovered.
 So Count Du Marle was likewise overthrow'n,
 As he was turning, meaning to have fled.
 Who fights, the cold blade in his bosom feels;
 Who flies, still hears it whiffing at his heels.

Till all disfrank'd, like silly sheep they run,
 By threats nor pray'rs to be constrain'd to stay,
 For that their hearts were so extremely done,
 That fainting, oft they fall upon the way;
 Or when they might a present peril shun,
 They rush upon it by their much dismay;
 That from the English should they safely flee,
 Of their own very fear yet they should die.

Some they take pris'ners, other some they kill,
 As they affect those upon whom they fall;
 For they, as victors, may do what they will,

For who this conqu'ror to account dare call ?
 In gore the English seem their souls to swill,
 And the dejected French must suffer all ;
 Flight, cords, and slaughter, are the only three,
 To which themselves subjected they do see.

A shoolefs soldier there a man might meet
 Leading his Monsieur by the arms fast bound ;
 Another his had shackled by the feet,
 Who like a cripple shuffled on the ground ;
 Another, three or four before him beat
 Like harmful cattle driven to a pound :
 They must abide it, so the victor will,
 Who at his pleasure may or save or kill.

That brave French gallant, when the fight began,
 Whose lease of lacqueys ambled by his side,
 Himself a lacquey now most basely ran,
 Whilst a ragg'd soldier on his horse doth ride ;
 That rascal is no less than at his man,
 Who was but lately to his luggage ty'd ;
 And the French lord now court'ries to that slave,
 Who the last day his alms was like to crave.

And those few English wounded in the fight,
 They force the French to bring with them away,
 Who when they were depressed with the weight,
 Yet dar'd not once their burden down to lay :
 Those in the morn whose hopes were at their
 height,

Are fallen thus low e'er the departing day !
 With picks of halberts prickt instead of goads,
 Like tired horses lab'ring with their loads.

But as the English from the field return,
 Some of those French who when the fight began
 Forsook their friends, and hoping yet to earn
 Pardon, for that so cowardly they ran,
 Assay the English carriages to burn,
 Which to defend them scarcely had a man ;
 For that their keepers to the field were got ;
 To pick such spoils as chance should them allot.

The captains of this rascal cow'rdly rout,
 Were Isambert of Agincourt, at hand ;
 Rissant of Clunais, a dorp thereabout ;
 And for the chief in this their base command
 Was Robinett of Burnivelle, throughout
 The country known all order to withstand ;
 These, with five hundred peasants they had rais'd,
 The English tents upon an instant seiz'd.

For setting on those with the luggage left,
 A few poor fustlers with the camp that went,
 They basely sell to pillage and to theft ;
 And having rifled every booth and tent,
 Some of the silliest they of life bereft ;
 The fear of which some of the other sent
 Into the army with their sudden cries,
 Which put the King in fear of fresh supplies.

For that his soldiers tired in the fight,
 Their pris'ners more in number than they were,
 He thought it for a thing of too much weight

T' oppose fresh forces, and to guard them there.
 The Dauphin's pow'rs yet standing in their fight,
 And Bourbon's forces of the field not clear ;
 Those yearning cries that from the carriage
 came,
 His blood yet hot, more highly doth inflame :

And in his rage he instantly commands
 That every English should his pris'ner kill,
 Except some few in some great captain's hands,
 Whose ransoms might his empty'd coffers fill.
 All's one who's loose, or who is now in bonds,
 Both must one way, it is the Conqu'ror's will.
 Those who late thought small ransoms them
 might free,
 Saw only death their ransoms now must be.

Accursed French, and could it not suffice,
 That ye but now bath'd in your native gore,
 But ye must thus unfortunately rise,
 To draw more plagues upon ye than before ?
 And 'gainst yourselves more mischief to devise
 Than th' English could have ? and set wide the door
 To utter ruin, and to make an end
 Of that yourselves, which others would not
 spend ?

Their utmost rage the English now hath breath'd,
 And their proud hearts 'gan somewhat to relent ;
 Their bloody swords they quietly had sheath'd,
 And their strong bows already were unbent ;
 To careful rest their bodies they bequeath'd,
 Nor farther harm at all to you they meant ;
 And to that pains must ye them needfully put,
 To draw their knives once more your throats
 to cut ?

That French who lately by the English stood,
 And freely ask'd what ransom he should pay,
 Who somewhat cool'd and in a calmer mood,
 Agreed with him both of the sum and day,
 Now finds his flesh must be the present food
 For wolves and ravens, for the fame that slay ;
 And sees his blood on th' other's sword to flow,
 E'er his quick sense could apprehend the blow.

Whilst one is asking what the business is,
 Hearing (in French) his countryman to cry ;
 He who detains him pris'ner, answers this,
 " Monsieur, the King commands that you must
 die :
 " This is plain English." Whilst he's killing him,
 He sees another on a Frenchman lie,
 And with a pole-ax dasheth out his brains,
 Whilst he's demanding what the garboil means.

That tender heart, whose chance it was to have
 Some one that day who did much valour shew,
 Who might perhaps have had him for his slave,
 But equal lots had fate pleas'd to bestow ;
 He who his pris'ner willingly would save,
 Lastly constrain'd to give the deadly blow,
 That sends him down to everlasting sleep,
 Turning his face, full bitterly doth weep.

island French, that inwardly were well,
 e light hurts that any man might heal,
 an instant, in a minute fell,
 r own friends their deaths to them do
 many, very few could tell, [deal.
 d the English perfectly reveal
 ep'rate cause of this difast'rous hap,
 'n as thunder kill'd them with a clap.

py were those, in the very height
 reat battle that had bravely dy'd !
 their boiling bosoms, in the fight,
 the sharp steel thorough them to slide ;
 : now in a miserable plight,
 old blood this massacre abide,
 by those villains (curst alive and dead)
 rom the field the passed morning fled.

the King, to crown this glorious day,
 s his soldiers, after all this toil,
 es found that more might them dismay)
 ad French to take the gen'ral spoil,
 caps had well near stopt up ev'ry way,
 as clods they cover'd all the soil :
 anding none should any one controul,
 that catch might, but each man to his
 ale.

I to groping busily for gold,
 b about them the slain French had store ;
 d as much as well their hands can hold ;
 l but silver, him they counted poor.
 rains, and bracelets, were not to be told ;
 s these no soldiers were before.
 got a ring, would scarcely put it on,
 e therein there were some radiant stone.

rich suits the noblest French they strip,
 ve their bodies naked on the ground ;
 b one fills his knapsack, or his scrip,
 ne rare thing that on the field is found :
 is bus'ness he doth nimbly skip,
 l upon him many a cruel wound :
 where they found a French not outright
 him a pris'ner constantly retain. [slain

Who scarce a shirt had but the day before,
 Nor a whole stocking to keep out the cold,
 Hath a whole wardrobe at command in store,
 In the French fashion flaunting it in gold ;
 And in the tavern in his cups doth roar,
 Chocking his crowns ; and grows thereby so bold,
 That proudly he a captain's name assumes,
 In his gilt gorget with his toffing plumes.

Waggons and carts are laden till they crackt,
 With arms and tents there taken in the field ;
 For want of carriage, on whose tops are packt
 Ensigns, coat-armours, targets, spears, and shields :
 Nor need they convoy, fearing to be sackt,
 For all the country to King Henry yields ;
 And the poor peasant helps along to bear,
 What late the goods of his proud landlord were.

A horse well furnish'd for a present war,
 For a French crown might any where be bought ;
 But if so be that he had any fear,
 Though ne'er so small, he valu'd was at nought.
 With spoils so sated the proud English are,
 Amongst the slain that who for pillage fought,
 Except some rich caparizon he found,
 For a steel saddle would not stoop to ground.

And many a hundred beaten down that were,
 Whose wounds were mortal, others wond'rous deep,
 When as the English over-pass'd they hear,
 And no man left a watch on them to keep,
 Into the bushes and the ditches near
 Upon their weak hands and their knees do 'creep ;
 But for their hurts took air, and were undrest,
 They were found dead, and buried with the rest.

Thus when the King saw that the coast was clear'd,
 And of the French who were not slain were fled,
 Nor in the field not any then appear'd,
 That had the pow'r again to make a head :
 This Conqueror exceedingly is cheer'd,
 Thanking his God that he so well had sped ;
 And so tow'rd's Calais bravely marching on,
 Leaveth sad France her losses to bemoan.

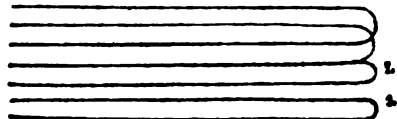
THE BARONS WARS.

PREFACE TO THE READER,

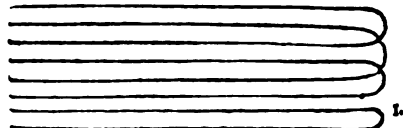
*On this Author's publishing a second and improved Edition of the Barons Wars, which
be had before called Mortimeriados.*

THAT at first I made choice of this subject, I have not as yet repented; for, if the Muse hath not much abused me, it was most worthy to have found a more worthy pen than mine own. For the *Barons Wars* (omitting the quality of those arms whereof I have not here to speak) were surely, as well for their length in continuance, as for their manifold bloodshed, and multitude of horrid accidents, fit matter for trumpet or tragedy. Therefore, as at first the dignity of the thing was the motive of the doing, so the cause of this my second greater labour was the insufficient handling of the first, which though it were more than boldness to venture on so noble a subject without leisure and competent study, either of which travail hardly affords; yet the importunity of friends made me, contrary to mine own judgment, undertake and publish it so as the world hath seen; but herein I intend not to be too exact, as if either it needed too much excuse (knowing that even as it was, it ought to have passed for better than some would suffer, who can hardly think any thing hath favour but their own, though never so unfavoury) or as if I should seem now to have exceeded myself, and failing in my hopes be kept without excuse. Grammaticallians have quarrell'd at the title of *Mortimeriados*, as if it had been a sin against Syntaxis to have inscribed it in the second case: But not their idle reproof hath made me now abstain from fronting it by the name of *Mortimer* at all, but the same better advice which hath caused

me to alter the whole; and where before the stanza was of seven lines, wherein there are two couplets, as in this figure appeareth,



the often harmony thereof softened the verse more than the majesty of the subject would permit, unless they had all been geminels, or couplets. Therefore (but not without new-fashioning the whole frame) I chose *Ariosto's* stanza, of all other the most complete and best proportioned, consisting of eight; six interwoven or alternate, and a couplet in base.



The Quadrin doth never double; or, to use a word of Heraldry, never bringeth forth Gemells: The Quinzain too soon. The Sektin hath twice in the base, but they detain not the music nor the close, as musicians term it, long enough for an Epic Poem. The stanza of seven is touched before; this of eight both holds the tune clear

through to the base of the column, which is the couplet at the foot or bottom, and closeth not but with a full satisfaction to the ear for so long detention.

Briefly, this sort of stanza hath in it majesty, perfection, and solidity, resembling the pillar which in Architecture is called the *Tuscan*, whose shaft is of six diameters, and base of two. The other reasons this place will not bear; but generally all stanzas are, in my opinion, but tyrants and torturers, when they make invention obey their number, which sometimes would otherwise scold itself; a fault that great masters in this art strive to avoid.

Concerning the division which I use in this Poem, I am not ignorant that antiquity hath used to distinguish works into Books, and every one to take the number of their order. *Homer's Iliads* and *Odyssey* indeed are distinguished by several letters of the Greek alphabet, as all the world knows, and not by the numeral letters only, which to lots are digits, and afterwards compound, the Alpha being our unit; for the Greeks had no figures nor

cyphers in their arithmetic. *Virgil's Æneis*, *Statius's Thebais*, *Silius's* work of the *Carthaginian War*, *Illyricus's Argonautics*, *Vida's Christis*, are all divided into Books. The *Italians* use Cantos, and so does our first great reformer *Spenser*. That I assume another name for the sections in this volume cannot be disgraceful, nor unavowable.

Lastly, if I have not already exceeded the length of an epistle, I am to intreat, that he who will (as any man may that will) make himself a party to this of ours, would be pleased to remember that Spartan Prince, who being found by certain ambassadors playing among his children, requested them to forbear to censure till also they had some of their own. To such I give as ample power and privilege as ever *Jus liberorum* could in *Rome*, craving back again at their hands by a regrant, the like of that which I impart; for great reason there is that they should undergo the license which themselves challenge; and suffer that in their fames which they would wrongly put upon others, according to the most indifferent law of the *Tullio*. Fare you well.

THE BARONS WARS

IN THE REIGN OF
KING EDWARD II.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

The grievous plagues, and the prodigious signs,
That this great war and slaughter do foreshew;
Th' especial cause the Baronage combines;
The Queen's strong grief, whence many troubles grow;
The time by course unto our fall inclines,
And how each country doth to battle go;
What cause to yield the Mortimers pretend,
And their commitment perfecting the end.

I.
THE bloody factions, and rebellious pride
Of a strong nation, whose unmanag'd might
Them from their natural sovereign did divide,
Their due subjection, and his lawful right,
Whom their light error loosely doth misguide,
Urg'd by loose minions tyrannous despight;
Me from the soft lays and tender loves doth
bring,
Of dreadful fights and horrid wars to sing.

II.
What hellish fury poison'd your high blood,
Or should bewitch you with accursed charms,
That by pretending of the general good,
Rashly extrudes you to tumultuous arms,
And from the safety wherein late you stood,
Reft of all taste, and feeling of your harms,
That France and Belgia with affrighted eyes,
Were sad beholders of your miseries?

III.
Th' inveterate rancour in their bosoms bred,
Who for their charter wag'd a former war,
Or through your veins this raging venom spread,
Whose next-succeeding nephews now you are,
Or that hot gore your bows in conquest shed,
Having enlarg'd your country's bounds so far,
Ensign to ensign furiously oppose,
With blades of Bilboa dealing English blows.

IV.
O! thou, the great director of my muse,
On whose free bounty all my powers depend,
Into my breast a sacred fire infuse,
Ravish my spirit this great work t'attend;
Let the still night my labour'd lines peruse,
That when my poems gain their wished end,
They whose sad eyes shall read this tragic scene,
In my weak hand, shall see thy might and
glory.

V.

What care would plot, dissensions quickly cross,
Which like an earthquake rends the tott'ring state,
By which abroad we bear a public loss,
Betray'd at home by means of private hate;
Whilst us these strange calamities do toils;
(The daily nurse of mutinous debate)

Confusion still our country's peace confounds
No help at hand, and mortal all our wounds.

VI.

Thou Church then swelling in thy mightiness,
Tending the care and safety of the soul;
O arise not factions flowing in excess,
That with thy members should'st their grief con-
-in thee rest pow'r this outrage to repress; (dole);
Which might thy zeal and sanctity enroll;
Come thou in pureness meekly with the word,
Lay not thy hand to the unhallow'd sword.

VII.

Meek thirsting War, arising first from Hell,
And in progression seizing on this life,
Where it before near forty years did dwell,
And with pollution horribly defile,
By which so many a worthy English fell,
By our first Edward banished a while,
Transfer'd by fortune to the Scottish Meer,
To manack that, as it had ravin'd here.

VIII.

Where hovering still with insuspicious wings
About the verge of these distemper'd climes,
Returning now, new error hither brings,
To stir us up to these disastrous crimes,
Weak'neth our power by oft diminishings,
And taking hold on these unsettled times,
Feeding our frailty sensually at length,
Crack'd the stiff nerves that knit our ancient
-strength.

IX.

What frightful vision, at the first approach,
With violent madness struck that desp'rate age,
So many sundry miseries abroad,
Giving full speed to their unbridled rage,
That did our ancient liberty encroach,
And in these strong conspiracies engage
The worthiest blood, the subjects loss to bring,
By unnatural wrongs unto their natural king.

X.

When in the North, whilst horror yet was young,
These dangerous seasons swiftly coming on,
Whilst o'er our heads portentous meteors hung,
And in the skies stern comets brightly shone,
Frigidous births oft intermixt among,
Such as before to times had been unknown,
In bloody issues forth the earth doth break,
Weeping for us, whose woes it could not speak.

XI.

When, by the rankness of contagious air,
A mortal Plague invadeth man and beast,
Which soon disperseth and raging every where
In doubt the same too quickly should have ceas'd,
Move to confirm the certainty of fear
By cruel Famine helplessly increas'd;
As though the heavens, in their remorseful doom,
Took these best-lov'd from worse days to come.

XII.

The level course that we propose to go,
Now to th' intent you may more plainly see,
And that we every circumstance may shew,
The state of things, and truly what they be,
And with what skill or project we bestow,
As our occurrences happen in degree;
From these portents we now divert our view,
To bring to birth the horrors that ensue.

XIII.

The calling back of banish'd Gaveston,
'Gainst which the Barons were to Longshanks
-sworn,
That insolent lascivious minion,
A sovereign's blemish, and a country's scorn,
The signories and great promotion,
Him in his lawless courtes to suborn,
Stirs up that hateful and outrageous strife,
That cost e'er long so many an English life.

XIV.

O worthy Lacy! had'st thou spar'd that breadth,
Which shortly after nature thee deny'd,
To Lancaster deliver'd at thy death,
To whom thy only daughter was affy'd,
That this stern war too quickly publisheth,
To aid the Barons 'gainst that minion's pride,
Thy carldoms, lands, and titles of renown,
Had not so soon return'd unto the crown.

XV.

The lordships Bruce unto the Spensers past,
Crossing the Barons vehement desire,
As from Jove's hand that fearful lightning cast,
When fifty towns lay spent in envious fire,
Alas! too vain and prodigal a waste,
The strong effects of their conceived ire;
Urging the weak King with a violent hand,
T'abjure those false Lords from the troubled land.

XVI.

When the fair Queen (a), that progressing in Kent,
Lastly deny'd her entrance into (b) Leeds,
Whom Badlesmere unkindly doth prevent,
Who 'gainst his Sovereign in this course proceeds
As adding farther to this discontent,
One of the springs which this great mischief feeds,
Heaping on rage and horror more and more,
To thrust on that which went too fast before.

XVII.

Which more and more a kingly rage increas'd,
Mov'd with the wrongs of Gaveston degraded,
Which had so long been settled in his breast,
That all his powers it wholly had invaded,
Giving the Spensers an assured rest,
By whom his reasons chiefly are persuaded.
By whose lewd counsels he is only led
To leave his true Queen, and his lawful bed.

XVIII.

That now herself, who while she stood in grace,
Apply'd her powers these discords to appease,
When yet confusion had not fully place,
Nor former times so dangerous as these,
A party now in their afflicted case,
A willing hand to his destruction lays;

(a) Isabel,

(b) Leeds castle.

That time, whose soft palm heals the wound of
war,

May cure the sore, but never close the scar.

XX.

In all this heat his greatness first began
The serious subject of our sadder vein,
Brave Mortimer, that ever-marchless man,
Of the old Heroes great and godlike strain;
For whom invention doing best it can,
His weight of honour hardly can sustain,
Bearing his name immortaliz'd and high,
When he in earth unnumber'd times shall lie.

XXI.

That uncle now whose name this nephew bare,
The only comfort of the woful Queen)
Who from his cradle held him as his care,
In whom the hope of that great name was seen,
For this young Lord now wisely doth prepare,
Whilst yet this deep heart-goring wound is green,
And on this fair advantage firmly wrought,
To place him highly in her princely thought.

XXII.

At whose deliberate and unusual birth,
The heavens were said to council to retire,
And in aspects of happiness and mirth,
Breath'd him a spirit insatiably t'aspire,
That took no mixture of the pond'rous earth,
But all compres'd of clear ascending fire,
So well made up, that such an one as he,
Jove, in a man, like Mortimer would be.

XXIII.

The temper of that nobler-moving part,
With such rare pureness rectify'd his blood,
Raising the powers of his resolved heart,
Too proud to be lock'd up within a flood,
That no misfortune possibly could thwart
Which from the native greatness where it stood,
Even by the virtue of a piercing eye,
Shew'd that his pitch was boundless as the sky.

XXIV.

Worthy the grand-child of so great a Lord,
Who whilst first Edward fortunately reign'd,
Re-edify'd great Arthur's ancient board;
The seat of goodly Kennelworth ordain'd,
The order of old Knighthood there restor'd,
To which an hundred duly appertain'd,
With all the grace and beauties of a court,
As best became that brave and martial sport.

XXV.

The heart-swoln Lords, with fury set on fire,
Who Edward's wrongs to vengeance still provoke,
With Lancaster and Hartford now conspire
No more to bear the Spencers servile yoke.
And thus whilst all a mutual change desire,
The ancient bonds of their allegiance broke,
Resolv'd with blood their liberty to buy,
And in this quarrel vow'd to live and die.

XXVI.

What privilege hath our free birth, say they,
Or in our blood what virtue doth remain,
To each lascivious minion made a prey,
That us and our nobility disdain,
Whilst they triumphant boast of our decay?
Nay, these spirits we do not now retain,

That were our fathers, or by fate we fall
Both from their greatness, liberty, and all.

XXVII.

Honour, dejected that from that sovereign state
From whence at first it challenged a being,
Now prostitute to infamy and hate,
As with itself in all things disagreeing,
So out of order, disproportionate,
From her fair course preposterously flying;
Whilst others as themselves, and only we
Are not held those we would but seem to be.

XXVIII.

Then to what end hath our great conquest serv'd,
Those acts achieved by the Norman sword,
Our charters, patents, or our deeds reserv'd,
Our offices and titles to record,
The crests that on our monuments are carv'd,
If they to us no greater good afford?

Thus do they murmur ev'ry one apart

With many a vext soul, many a griev'd heart.

XXIX.

Thus while the Queen to depth of sorrow throws,
Wherein she walks her flow'r of youth away,
Beyond belief, to all but heaven unknown,
This quick'ning spark, where yet it bury'd lay,
By the sharp breath of despairate faction blown,
Converts her long night to the wished day,
Her woful winter of misfortune cheering,
As the dark world at the bright sun's appearing.

XXX.

Yet ill perplex'd amid these hard extremes,
All means depress'd her safety to prefer,
Depriv'd of those late comfortable beams,
Whose want might make her the more eas'd err,
Her hopes relinquish'd like deceitful dreams,
Which in her breast such sundry passions stir,

Where struggling which each other should con-
troul,

Work strange confusion in her troubled soul.

XXXI.

That now disabled of all sovereign state,
That to her graces rightly did belong,
To be rejected, and repudiate,
So true a lady, goodly, fair and young,
Which with more fervour still doth intimate
Her too-deep settled and inveterate wrong;
What wisdom would, a woman's will denies,
With arguments of her indignities.

XXXII.

When to effect the angry fates pursue
In heaven's high court, that long time did depend,
When these full mischiefs to a ripeness grew,
And now the harvest hall'ning in the end,
And all these lines into one centre drew,
Which way so e'er they seemingly extend;
All these together in proportion laid,
Each breath of hope a gale of certain aid.

XXXIII.

Now is the time when Mortimer doth enter,
Of great employment in this tragic act,
His youth and courage boldly bid him venture,
And tell him still how strongly he was back'd;
And at this instant in due season sent her,
When the strait course to her desire is track'd.

out upon more certainty doth stay)
rect, what though a dangerous way.

xxxiii.

dful comet drew her wond'ring eye,
w began his golden head to rear,
rious fixure in so fair a sky
e beholder with a chilly fear,
region elevate and high,
e form wherein it did appear,
most skilful seriously divine,
w'd a kingdom shortly to decline.

xxxiv.

ecoyling at the Spensers power,
heck'd with their intemp'rate pride,
stant Barons wavering every hour,
e encounter of this boisterous tide,
y might their livelihood devour
ot those that skilfully could guide;
m suspicion craftily retires,
s, in shew, of what the most desires.

xxxv.

ng grief, as one that knew not ill,
e rule the greatness of her mind,
t perfect rectores of her will,
e usual weakness of her kind;
is storm, immoveable and still,
t drift the wisest wife to find;
ill she know what (yet) these factions
cant,
pleas'd eye to sooth sad discontent.

xxxvi.

suspicion cunningly to heal,
er looks humility she bears,
t way with mightiness to deal,
religion's habit wears;
no time her grievance to reveal,
t who takes a lion by the ears:
new the Queen, exempl'd by the wife;
ust they learn who rightly temporize.

xxxvii.

op Torleton, learned't in the land,
xt of politics to preach,
e long studying, well did understand,
method could as aptly teach;
prelate of a potent hand,
the man that could go beyond his reach:
sbtile tutor Isabel hath taught,
r points than ever England fought.

xxxviii.

rich no longer limits can contain,
eaks forth into a public flame,
pp'd occasion better to regain,
their purpose things so fitly frame,
r discern'd visibly and plain,
eason boldly dare itself proclaim,
g aside all secular disguise,
with proud legions furiously arise.

xxxix.

n lately in her ebbs that sank,
forlorn leaves th' uncover'd sands,
full tides, luxurious, high and rank,
her pride t' invade the neighb'ring lands,
her limits, cov'ring all her banks,
ing the proud hills with her watry hands,

As tho' she meant her empery to have,
Where e'en but lately she beheld her grave.

xl.

Through all the land, from places far and near,
Led to the field as fortune lots their side
(With th' ancient weapons us'd in war to bear)
As those directed whom they chose their guide;
Or else perhaps as they affected were,
Or as by friendship, or by duty ty'd;
Sway'd by the strength and motion of their blood,
No cause examin'd, be it bad or good.

xli.

From Norfolk and the countries of the East
That with the pike must skilfully could fight;
Then those of Kent, unconquer'd of the rest,
That to this day maintain their ancient right;
For courage no whit second to the best,
The Cornish-men, most active, bold and light
Those near the plain, the pole-axe best that wield,
And claim for theirs the vaward of the field.

xlii.

The noble Welsh, of th' ancient British race;
From Lancashire men famous for their bows;
The men of Cheshire, chiefest for their place,
Of bone so big, as only made for blows,
Which for their faith are had in special grace,
And have been ever fearful to their foes;
The Northern then in feuds so deadly fell,
That for their spear and horsemanship excell.

xliii.

All that for use experience could espy,
Such as in fens and marsh-lands us'd to trade,
The doubtful fords and passages to try,
With stilts and lope-staves that do aptliest wade,
Most fit for scouts and curreers, to descry;
Those from the mines with pick-axe and with
spade,
For pioneers best, that for entrenching are,
Men chiefly needful in the use of war.

xliv.

O noble nation, furnished with arms,
So full of spirit, as almost match'd by none!
Had heaven but blest thee to foresee thy harms,
And as thy valiant nephews did, have gone
Roan, Orleans, Paris, shaking with alarms,
As the bright sun thy glory then had shone;
To other realms thou had'st transferr'd this
chance,
Nor had your sons been first that conquer'd
France.

xlv.

And thus on all hands setting up their rest,
And all make forward for this mighty day,
Where every one prepares to do his best,
When at the stake their lives and fortunes lay,
No cross event their purposes to wrest,
Being now on in so direct a way: [game,
Yet whilst they play this strange and doubtful
The Queen stands off, and secretly gives aim.

xlvi.

But Mortimer his foot had scarcely set
Into the road where Fortune had to deal,
But she, dispos'd his forward course to let,
Her lewd condition quickly doth reveal,

Glory to her vain deity to get
By him, whose strange birth bare her ominous seal :
Taking occasion from that very hour
In him to prove and manifest her pow'r.

XLVII.

As when we see the early-rising sun
With his bright beams to emulate our sight ;
But when his course yet newly is begun,
The hum'rous fogs deprive us of his light,
Till through the clouds he his clear forehead run,
Climbing the noon-tide in his glorious height :
His clear-beginning Fortune cloudeth thus,
To make his mid-day great and glorious.

XLVIII.

The King, discreetly that considered
The space of earth whereon the Barons stand,
As what the powers to them contributed,
Then being himself but partner of his land ;
Of the small strength and army that he led
'Gainst them which did so great a pow'r command,
Wisely about him doth begin to look :
Great was the task which now he undertook.

XLIX.

And warn'd by danger to misdoubt the work,
In equal scales whilst either's fortunes hung,
He must perform the utmost that he durst,
Or undergo intolerable wrong :
As good to stir, as after be inforc'd ;
To stop the source whence all these mischiefs sprung,
He with the Marchers thinks best to begin,
Which first must lose, e'er he could hope to win.

L.

The Mortimers being men of greatest might,
Whose name was dreadful, and commanded far,
Sturdy to manage, of a haughty spirit,
Strongly ally'd, much follow'd, popular,
On whom if he but happily could light,
He hop'd more eas'ly to conclude the war :
Which he intendeth speedily to try,
To quit that first which most stood in his eye.

LI.

For which he expeditiously provided
That part of land into his power to get,
Which, if made good, might keep his foes divided
Their combination cunningly to let ;
Which should they join, would be so strongly sided,
Two mighty hosts together safely met,
The face of war would look so stern and great,
As it might threat to heave him from his seat.

LII.

Wherefore the King from London setteth forth
With a full army, furnish'd of the best,
Accompany'd with men of special worth,
Which to this war his promises had prest.
Great Lancaster was lord of all the North,
The Mortimers were masters of the West,
He tow'rds mid England makes the way 'twixt
either,
Which they must cross e'er they could come
together.

LIII.

Strongly invigiled with delightful hope,
Stoutly t' affront and shoulder with debate,
Knowing to meet with a resolved troop,

That came prepar'd with courage and with hate,
Whose stubborn crests if he inforc'd to stoop,
It him behoves to tempt some pow'rful fate,
And through stern guards of swords and hostile
fire

Make way to peace, or shamefully retire.

LIV.

When now the Marchers well upon their way,
(Expecting those that them supplies should bring
Which had too long abus'd them by delay)
Were suddenly encounter'd by the King ;
They then perceive that dilatory stay
To be the causer of their ruining,

When at their bosoms black Destruction stood,
With open jaws, prepared for their blood.

LV.

And by the shifting of th' inconstant wind,
Seeing what weather they were like to meet,
Which even at first so awkwardly they find,
Before they could give sea-room to their fleet,
Clean from their course, and cast so far behind,
And yet in peril every hour to split,
Some unknown harbour suddenly must sound,
Or run their fortunes desprately on ground.

LVI.

The elder Peer, grave, politic, and wise,
Which had all dangers absolutely scann'd,
Finding high time his nephew to advise,
Since now their state stood on this desprate hand,
And from this mischief many more to rise,
Which his experience made him understand :
" Nephew," saith he, " 'tis but in vain to strive,
" Counsel must help our safety to contrive.

LVII.

" The downright peril present in our eye,
" Not to be shunn'd, we see what it assures ;
" Think then what weight upon our fall doth
" lye,
" And what our being this design procures :
" As to our friends what good may grow thereby,
" Prove, which the test of reason best endures :
" For who observes strict policy's true laws,
" Shifts his proceeding to the varying cause.

LVIII.

" To hazard fight with the imperial powers,
" Will our small troops undoubtedly appall ;
" Then this our war us wilfully devours,
" Yielding our selves ; yet thus we lose not all,
" We leave our friends this smaller force of ours,
" Reserv'd for them, though haplesly we fall :
" That weakness ever hath a glorious hand,
" That falls itself to make the cause to stand.

LIX.

" 'Twixt unexpected and so dang'rous ills,
" That saft, wherein we smallest peril see,
" Which to make choice of reason justly wills,
" And it doth best with policy agree :
" The idle vulgar breath it nothing skills,
" 'Tis sound discretion must our pilot be.
" He that doth still the fairest means prefer.
" Answers opinion, howsoe'er he err.

LX.

" And to the world's eye seeming yet so strong,
" By our descending willingly from hence,

- " 'Twill shew we were provoked by our wrong,
- " Not having other finifter pretence :
- " This force left off that doth to us belong,
- " Will in opinion lessen our offence :
- " Men are not ever incident to loss,
- " When Fortune seems them frowardly to cross.

LXI.

- " Nor give we envy absolute excess,
- " To search so far our subtilties to find ;
- " There's nearer means this mischief to redress,
- " And make successful what is yet behind.
- " Let's not ourselves of all hope dispossest,
- " Fortune is ever variously inclin'd :
- " A small advantage in th' affairs of Kings,
- " Outdoes a slight means to compass mighty
- " things."

LXII.

This speech so caught his nephew's pliant youth,
(Who his grave Eam did ever much respect)
Proceeding from integrity and truth :
Well could he counsel, well could he direct
With strong persuasions, which he still pursu'd ;
Which in a short time shew'd by the effect,
A wife man's counsel, by a secret fate,
Seeming from reason, yet proves fortunate.

LXIII.

To which the King they gravely do invite,
By the most strict and ceremonious way ;
No circumstance omitted, nor no rite
That might give colour to their new essay,
Or that applause might publicly excite.
To which the King doth willingly obey :
Who, like themselves, in seeing danger near,
Rather accepts a doubt, than certain fear.

LXIV.

Which he receives in preface of his good,
To his success auspiciously apply'd,

Vol. III.

Which somewhat cool'd his much-distemper'd blood,

E'er he their force in doubtful arms had try'd ;
And whilst they thus in his protection stood,
At his disposing wholly to abide,
He first in safety doth dismiss their power,
Then sends them both his prisoners to the Tower.

LXV.

O all-preparing Providence Divine !
In thy large book what secrets are enroll'd ?
What sundry helps doth thy great pow'r assign,
To prop the course which thou intend'st to hold ?
What mortal sense is able to define
Thy mysteries, thy counsels manifold ?
It is thy wisdom, strangely that extends
Obscure proceedings to apparent ends.

LXVI.

This was the means by which the Fates dispose
More dreadful plagues upon that age, to bring
Utter confusion on the heads of those
That were before the Barons ruining ;
With the subversion of the public's foes,
The murder of the miserable King :
And that which 'came catastrophe to all,
Great Mortimer's inevitable fall.

LXVII.

This to these troubles lends a little breath,
As the first pause to hearten this affair,
And for a while defers oft-threat'ning death,
Whilst each their breach by leisure would repair,
And as a bound their fury limiteth.
But in this manner whilst things strangely fare,
Horror beyond all wonted bounds doth swell,
As the next Canto fearfully shall tell.

C

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

At *Burton bridge* the puissant pow'rs are met;
The form and order of the doubtful fight,
Whereas the King the victory doth get,
And the proud Barons are inforc'd to flight;
When they again towards *Borough* forward set,
Where they by him were vanquished outright:
Lastly, the laws do execute their power
On those which there the sword did not devour.

I.
THIS chance of war, that suddenly had swept
So large a share from their selected store,
Which for their help they carefully had kept,
That to their aid might still have added more,
By this ill luck into their army crept,
Made them much weaker than they were before:
So that the Barons reinforc'd their bands,
Finding their hearts to stand in need of hands.

II.
For deadly hate, so long and deeply rooted,
Could not abide to hear the name of peace,
So that discretion but a little bootied
'Gainst that, thereby which only did increase:
For the least grief by malice was promoted,
Anger set on, beginning to surcease;
So that all counsel much their ears offended,
But what to spoil and sad invasion tended.

III.
All up in action for the public cause,
Scarcely the mean'st, but he a party stood
Tax'd by the letter of the cens'ring laws
In his estate, if failing of his blood;
And who was free'st, intangled by some clause,
Which to their fury gives continual food:
For where Confusion once hath gotten hold,
Till all fall flat, it hardly is controul'd.

IV.
And now by night, when as pale leaden sleep
Upon their eye-lids heavily did dwell,
And step by step on every sense did creep,
Mischief, that black inhabitant of Hell,
Which never fails continual watch to keep,
(Fearful to think, a horrid thing to tell!)
Enter'd the place whereas those warlike Lords
Lay mail'd in armour, girt with ireful swords.

v.

She, with a sharp sight, and a meagre look,
Was always prying where she might do ill,
In which the fiend continual pleasure took,
(Her starved body Plenty could not fill)
Searching in every corner, every nook;
With winged feet, too swift to work her will,
Furnish'd with deadly instrument she went
Of ev'ry sort, to wound where so she meant.

vi.

Having a vial fill'd with baneful wrath,
(Brought from Cocytus by that cursed sprite)
Which in her pale hand purposely she hath,
And drops the poison upon every wight :
For to each one she knew the ready path,
Though in the midst and dead time of the night :
Whose strength too soon invadeth every Peer,
Not one escap'd her that she cometh near.

vii.

That the next morning breaking in the East,
With a much-troubled and affrighted mind,
Each whom this venom lately did infect,
The strong effect in their swol'n stomachs find ;
Now doth the poison boil in every breast,
To sad destruction ev'ry one's inclin'd ;
Rumours of spoil through ev'ry ear do fly,
And threat'ning fury sits in ev'ry eye.

viii.

This done, in haste she to King Edward hies,
Who late grown proud upon his good success,
His time to feasts and wantonness applies,
And with crown'd cups his sorrows doth suppress,
Upon his fortune wholly that relies ;
And in the bosom of his courtly press
Ventureth the hap of this victorious day,
While the sick Land in sorrow pines away.

ix.

Thither she comes, and in a minion's shape
She getteth near the person of the King ;
And as he tastes the liquor of the grape,
Into the cup her poison she doth wring :
Not the least drop untainted doth escape,
For to that purpose she her store did bring :
Whose strong commixture as the sequel try'd,
Fill'd his hot veins with arrogance and pride.

x.

Thus having both such courage and such might,
As to so great a business did belong,
Neither yet think by their unnatural fight
What the republic suffer'd them among :
For misty error so deludes their sight,
(Which still betwixt them and clear reason hung)
And their opinions in such sort abus'd,
As that their fault can never be excus'd.

xi.

Now our Minerva puts on dreadful arms,
Further to wade into this bloody war,
And from her slumber waken'd with alarms,
Riseth to sing of many a massacre,
Of gloomy magic, and benumbing charms,
Of many a deep wound, many a fearful fear :
For that low sock wherein she us'd to tread,
Marching in graves, a helmet on her head.

xii.

Whilst thus vain hope doth these false Lords de-
lude,
Who having drawn their forces to a head,
They their full purpose seriously pursu'd,
By Lancaster and valiant Hertford led,
Their long proceeding lastly to conclude ;
Whilst now to meet both armies hotly sped,
The Barons taking Burton in their way,
Till they could hear where Edward's army lay.

xiii.

To which report too suddenly bewray'd
Their manner of encamping, and the place,
Their present strength, and their expected aid,
As what might most avail them in this case.
The speedy march th' imperial power had made,
Had brought them soon within a little space :
For still the King conducted had his force,
Which way he heard the Barons bent their course.

xiv.

Upon the East, from bushy Needwood's side,
There riseth up an easy-climbing hill,
At whose fair foot the silver Trent doth glide,
And the slow air with her soft murmuring fill,
Which with the store of liberal brooks supply'd,
Th' insatiate meads continually doth swill,
Over whose stream a bridge of wondrous strength
Leads on from Burton to that hill in length.

xv.

Upon the mount the King his tentage fixt,
And in the town the Barons lay in light,
When as the Trent was risen so betwixt,
That for a while prelong'd th' unnatural fight,
With many waters that itself had mixt,
To stay their fury doing all it might.
Things which portage both good and ill there be,
Which Heav'n for either we, but will not let us see.

xvi.

The heaven ev'n mourning o'er our heads doth sit,
Grieving to see the times so out of course,
Looking on them who never look at it,
And in mere pity melteth with remorse ;
Longer from tears that could not stay a whit,
Whose influence on every lower source,
From the swoln fluxure of the clouds, doth shake
A rank imposthume upon every lake.

xvii.

O warlike nation, hold thy conqu'ring hand,
Ev'n senseless things do warn thee yet to pause ;
The mother-soil, on whom thou arm'd dost stand,
Which should restrain thee by all natural laws,
Canst thou (unkind !) inviolate that band ?
Nay, heav'n and earth are angry with the cause :
Yet stay thy foot in mischief's ugly gate ;
Ill comes too soon, repentance oft too late.

xviii.

Oh, can the clouds weep over thy decay,
Yet not one drop fall from thy droughty eyes ?
Seest thou the snare, and wilt not shun the way,
Nor yet be warn'd by passed miseries ?
'Tis yet but early in this dismal day,
Let late experience learn thee to be wise.
An ill foreseen may eas'ly be prevented ;
But hap'd, unhelp'd, tho' ne'er enough lamented.

XIX.

Cannot the Scot of your late slaughter boast?
 And are yet scarce healed of the sore?
 Is't not enough ye have already lost,
 But your own madness must needs make it more?
 Will ye seek safety in some foreign coast?
 Your wives and children pitied ye before;
 But when your own bloods your own swords
 imbrue,
 Who pities them who should have pitied you?

XX.

The neighb'ring groves are spoiled of their trees,
 For boats and timber to assuage the flood,
 (Where men are lab'ring as 'twere summer-bees,
 Some hollowing trunks, some binding heaps of
 wood;
 Some on their breasts, some working on their
 knees,)
 To win the bank whereon the Barons stood;
 Which o'er the current they by strength must
 tew,
 To shed that blood which many an age shall rue.

XXI.

Some sharp their swords, some right their morions
 set:
 Their greaves and pouldrons others rivet fast;
 The archers now their bearded arrows whet,
 Whilst everywhere the clam'rous drums are brac'd;
 Some taking view where they sure ground might
 get;
 Not one, but some advantage doth forecast:
 With ranks and files each plain and meadow
 swarms,
 As all the land were clad in angry arms.

XXII.

The crests and badges of each noble name,
 Against their owners rudely seem to stand,
 As angry for th' achievements whence they came,
 That to their fathers gave that generous brand.
 O ye unworthy of your ancient fame,
 Against yourselves to lift your conqu'ring hand,
 Since foreign swords your height could not abate,
 By your own pride yourselves to ruinat!

XXIII.

Upon his surcoat valiant Nevil bore
 A silver saltire upon martial red;
 A lady's sleeve high-spirited Hastings wore;
 Ferriers his tabard with rich verry spread,
 Well known in many a warlike match before.
 A raven fat on Corbet's armed head;
 And Culpepper in silver arms enrail'd,
 Bare thereupon a bloody bend engrail'd

XXIV.

The noble Piercy, in this dreadful day,
 With a bright crescent in his guidon came:
 In his white cornet Verdoun doth display
 A fret of gules, priz'd in this mortal game,
 That had been seen in many a doubtful fray,
 His lance's pennons stained with the same.
 The angry horse chaf'd with the stubborn bit,
 With his hard hoof the earth in fury smit.

XXV.

I could the sum of Stafford's arming shew,
 What colours Ross and Courtney did unfold;
 Great Warren's blazon I could let you know,

And all the glorious circumstance have told,
 Nam'd every ensign as they flood a-row;
 But oh, dear Mufe, too soon thou art controul'd!
 For in remembrance of their evil speed,
 My pen, for ink, warm drops of blood doth shed.

XXVI.

On the King's part th' imperial standard's pitch'd,
 With all the hatchments of the English crown.
 Great Lancaster (with no less power enrich'd)
 Sets the same leopards in his colours down.
 O, if ye be not frantic or bewitch'd,
 Yet do but see that on yourselves you frown:
 A little note of difference is in all, [fall?
 How can the same stand, when the same doth

XXVII.

Behold the eagles, lions, talbots, bears,
 The badges of your famous ancestries;
 Shall those brave marks by their inglorious heirs
 Stand thus oppos'd against their families?
 More ancient arms no Christian nation bears,
 Relics unworthy of their progenies:
 Those beasts ye bear do in their kind agree,
 O that than beasts more savage men should be!

XXVIII.

And whilst the King doth in sad council sit,
 How he might best the other bank recover,
 See how misfortune still her time can fit!
 Such as were sent the country to discover,
 (As up and down from place to place they sit)
 Had found a ford to pass their forces over.
 Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
 Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow.

XXIX.

When Edward fearing Lancaster's supplies,
 Proud Richmond, Surry, and great Pembroke sent,
 On whose success he mightily relies,
 Under whose conduct half his army went,
 The nearest way, conducted by the spies;
 And he himself, and Edmond Earl of Kent,
 Upon the hill in sight of Burton lay,
 Watching to take advantage of the day.

XXX.

Stay Surry, stay, thou may'st too soon be gone;
 Pause till this heat be somewhat overpast;
 Full little know'st thou whither thou dost run;
 Richmond and Pembroke, never make such haste,
 Ye do but strive to bring more horror on.
 Never seek sorrow, for it comes too fast:
 Why strive ye thus to pass this fatal flood,
 To fetch but wounds, and shed your nearest
 blood?

XXXI.

Great Lancaster, yet sheath thy angry sword,
 On Edward's arms whose edge thou should'st not
 set,
 Thy nat'ral kinsman and thy sov'reign Lord,
 Both from the loins of our Plantagenet:
 Call yet to mind my once-engaged word:
 Canst thou thy oath to Longthorns thus forget?
 Men should perform, before all other things,
 The serious vows they make to God and kings.

XXXII.

The winds were hush'd, no little breath doth blow,
 Which seems fate still as tho' they list'ning stood;
 With trampling crowds the very earth doth blow,

no' the smoke the sun appear'd like blood.
rich the shout, and with the dreadful shew,
rds of beasts ran bellowing to the wood,
a drums and trumpets to the charge did
found,
they would shake the gross clouds to the
ground.

XXXIII.

As then charging with their pow'r of horse,
a signal when they should begin,
a view of the imperial force,
at that time assay'd the bridge to win;
made the Barons change their former course,
at the present danger they were in;
when the sudden had they not forecast,
at last day that hour had been the last.

XXXIV.

From the hill the King's main pow'r came
down,
and Aquarius to their valiant guide,
ascender and Hartford from the town
forth upon the other side;
first peer, the Crown against the crown,
as assails, the Barons munify'd:
and red crosses upon both sides doth fly;
sorge the King, St. George the Barons cry.

XXXV.

an exhalation hot and dry,
at the air-bred misty vapours thrown,
his lightning forth outrageously,
the thick clouds with the thunder-stone,
sery splinters through the thin air fly,
at the horror heaven and earth doth groan:
the like clamour and confused Oh,
at dread shock the desperate armies go.

XXXVI.

Eight men see the famous English bows,
with our foes we wanted to subdue,
at sharp arrows in the face of those,
at before victoriously them drew;
at their aim, and troubled in the loose,
all-wing'd weapons mourning as they flew,
at from the bow-string impotent and slack,
the archers they would fain turn back.

XXXVII.

he remnant of Troy's ancient stock,
in blows as smiths on anvils strike,
ing together in the fearful shock,
kill the strong encount'reth with the like,
ch as ruthless as the harden'd rock)
with the spear, the brown bill, or the
like,
as the wings or battles came together,
fortune gave advantage yet to either.

XXXVIII.

atter'd helms, with ev'ry envious blow,
atter'd plumes fly loosely here and there,
ebolder like to flakes of snow,
ry light breath on its wings doth bear,
had sense and feeling of our woe:
as affrighted with the sudden fear,
back, now forward such strange windings
take,
ough uncertain which way they should
take.

XXXIX.

Slaughter alike invadeth either host,
Whilst still the battle strongly doth abide,
Which ev'ry where runs raking through the coast,
As't pleas'd outrageous fury it to guide;
Yet not suffic'd where tyrannizing most:
So that their wounds, like mouths, by gaping wide,
Made as they meant to call for present death,
Had they but tongues, their deepness gives them
breath.

XL.

Here lies a heap half slain, and partly drown'd,
Gaping for breath amongst the slimy seggs;
And there a fort laid in a deadly fswound,
Trode with the press into the mud and dregs;
Others lie bleeding on the firmer ground,
Hurt in the bodies, maim'd of arms and legs:
One sticks his foe, his scalp another cuts;
One's feet's intangled in another's guts.

XLI.

One his assailing enemy beguiles,
As from the bridge he fearfully doth fall,
Crush'd with his weight upon the stakes and piles:
Some in their gore upon the pavement sprall;
Our native blood our native earth defiles,
And dire destruction overwhelmeth all.

Such hideous shrieks the bedlam soldiers breath,
As the damn'd spirits had howled from beneath.

XLII.

The faction still defying Edward's might,
Edmond of Woodstock, with the men of Kent
Charging afresh, renew the doubtful fight
Upon the Barons, languishing and spent,
Bringing new matter for a tragic fight;
Forth against whom their skilful warriors went,
Bravely to end what bravely did begin:
Their noblest spirits will quickly lose or win.

XLIII.

As before Troy bright Thetis' god like son,
Talbot himself in this fierce conflict bare;
Mowbray in fight him matchless honour won;
Clifford for life seem'd little but to care;
Audley and Elmsbridge peril scorn to shun;
Gifford seem'd danger to her teeth to dare:
Nor Badlesmere gave back to Edward's power,
As though they strove whom death should first
devour.

XLIV.

I'll not commend thee Mountfort, nor thee Teis,
Else your high valour much might justly merit;
Nor, Denvil, dare I whisper of thy praise;
Nor, Willington, will I applaud thy spirit,
Your facts forbid that I your fame should raise:
Nor, Damory, thy due may'st thou inherit;
Your bays must be your well-deserved blame,
For your ill actions quench my sacred flame.

XLV.

O had you fashion'd your great deeds by them,
Who summon'd Acon with an English drum;
Or theirs before, that to Jerusalem
Went with the gen'ral power of Christendom:
Then had ye caught Fame's richest diadem,
As they who fought to free the Saviour's tomb,
And, like them, had immortaliz'd your names,
Where now my song can be but of your shame.

C iiij

XLVI.

O age inglorious, arms untimely borne,
When that approved and victorious shield
Must in this civil massacre be torne,
Bruis'd with the blows of many a foreign field !
And more, in this sad overthrow be worn
By those in flight inforc'd it up to yield !

For which since then, the stones for very
dread,
Again rough storms cold drops for tears do
shed.

XLVII.

When soon king Edward's faint and wav'ring
friends,
Which had this while stood doubtfully to pause,
When they perceive that Destiny intends
That his success shall justify his cause,
Each in himself fresh courage apprehends,
(For Victory both fear and friendship draws)
And smile on him on whom they late did
frown,
All lend their hands to hew the conquer'd
down.

XLVIII.

That scarce a man, which Edward late did lack
Whilst the proud Barons bare an upright face,
But (when they saw that they had turn'd their
back)
Joins with the king to prosecute their chace,
The baronage so headlong goes to wrack :
In the just trial of so near a case,
Inforc'd to prove the fortune of the coast,
The day at Burton that had clearly lost.

XLIX.

And to the aid of the victorious king
(Which more and more gave vigour to his hope,
With good success him still encouraging,
And to his actions lent a larger scope)
Sir Andrew Herckley happily doth bring
On their light-horse a valiant northern troop,
Arm'd but too aptly and with too much speed,
Most to do harm, when least thereof was
need.

L.

When still the barons, making forth their way
Through places best for their advantage known,
Retain their army bodied as they may,
By their defeat far weaker that was grown :
In their best skill devising day by day
To offend th' assailant, and defend their own ;
Of their mis-haps the utmost to endure,
If nothing else their safety might assure.

LI.

In their sad sight, with fury follow'd thus,
Tracing the North through many a tiresome
streight,
And forc'd through many a passage perillous,
To Borough-bridge, led by their luckless fate :
Bridges should seem to barons ominous,
For there they lastly were precipitate ;
Which place the mark of their mis-haunce doth
bear,
For since that time grafs never prosper'd
there.

LII.

Where for new bloodshed they new battles
rang'd,
And take new breath, to make destruction new :
Chang'd is their ground, but yet their fate un-
chang'd,
Which too directly still doth them pursue ;
Nor are they and their miseries estrang'd
To their estates though they mere strangers
grew :
The only hope whereon they do depend,
With courage is to consummate their end.

LIII.

Like as a herd of over-heated deer,
By hot-spurr'd hunters labour'd to be caught,
With hies and hounds recover'd ev'ry where,
When as they find their speed avails them
nought,
Upon the toils run headlong without fear,
With noise of hounds and halloos as distraught :
E'en so the Barons, in this desprate case,
Turn upon those which lately did them chace.

LIV.

Ensign beards ensign, sword 'gainst sword doth
shake,
Drum brawls with drum, as rank doth rank op-
pose,
There's not a man that care of life doth take,
But death in earnest to his bus'ness goes,
A gen'ral havock as of all to make,
And with destruction doth them all inclose,
Dealing itself impartially to all,
Friend by his friend, as foe by foe, doth fall.

LV.

Yet the brave Barons, whilst they do respire,
(In spite of Fortune, as they stood prepar'd)
With courage charge, with comelines retire,
Make good their ground, and then relieve their
guard,
Withstand the enterer, then pursue the slier,
New form their battle, shifting ev'ry ward.
As your high skill were but your quarrel
good,
O noble spirits, how dear had been your
blood !

LVI.

That well-arm'd band ambitious Herckley led,
Of which the Barons never dreamt before,
Then greatly stood king Edward's pow'r is
stead,
And in the fight assail'd the enemy sore :
O day most fatal, and most full of dread !
Never can time thy ruinous waste restore :
Which with his strength though he attempt to
do.
Well may he strive for, and yet fail of too.

LVII.

Pale death beyond his wonted bounds doth
swell,
Carving proud flesh in cantels out at large ;
As leaves in autumn, so the bodies fell
Under sharp steel at ev'ry boist'rous charge :
Oh, what sad pen can their destruction tell,
Where scalps lay beaten like the batter'd targe !

every one he claimeth as his right,
 e lack it was not to escape by flight.

LXIII.

warlike ensigns waving in the field,
 lately seem'd to brave th' imbattel'd
 oe,
 not able their own weight to wield,
 fly tops to the base dust do bow;
 s a helmet, and there lies a shield;
 lid Fate those ancient arms bestow,
 h as a quarry on the soil'd earth lay,
 on by Conquest, as a glorious prey.

LIX.

noble Bohun, that most princely peer,
 l much honour'd, and of high desert,
 his nation none as he so dear,
 he bridge with a resolved heart,
 his soldiers, which retiring were,
 irst two planks slain through his lower
 art:

ancaster, not destin'd there to die,
 a, reserv'd to further misery.

LX.

tragic scene some Muse vouchsafe to
 sing:
 five earldoms who then liv'd possess'd,
 er, son, and uncle to a king,
 four, friends, and with abundance blest:
 ould man think, or could devise the
 thing,
 it seem'd wanting to his worldly rest?
 a this earth what's free from Fortune's
 pow'r?

an age got, is lost in half an hour.

LXI.

w themselves in sanctuaries hide,
 though they have the mercy of the
 place,
 their bodies so unsanctify'd,
 their souls can hardly hope for grace;
 they in fear and penury abide
 dead life, which length'neth but a
 pace:
 stands without, whilst horror still with-
 in
 ngs their shame, yet pard'neth not their
 sin.

LXII.

s death then contented with the dead,
 revenge as though it were deny'd,
 it might have that accomplished,
 itself in nothing satisfy'd;
 th delays no longer to be fed,
 nown torment further doth provide,
 dead men should in misery remain,
 ake the living die with greater pain.

LXIII.

reign cities of this woful isle,
 dis wreaths, and your most sad attire,
 : yourselves to build the funeral-pile,
 ar pale hands to this execrable fire,
 th and comfort from your streets exile,
 with the groans of men when they ex-
 pire:

The noblest blood approaching to be shed,
 That ever dropt from any of your dead.

LXIV.

When Thomas earl of Lancaster, that late
 Th' rebellious Barons trait'rously retain'd,
 As the chief agent in this great debate,
 Was for the same (e'er many days) arraign'd
 'Gainst whom at Pomfret they articulate,
 (To whom those treasons chiefly appertain'd;)
 Whose proofs apparent, so well, nay, ill
 sped,
 As from his shoulders rest his rev'rend head.

LXV.

Yet, Lancaster, it is not thy lost breath
 That can assure the safety of the crown,
 Or that can make a covenant with death,
 To warrant Edward what he thinks his own;
 But he must pay the forfeit of his faith,
 When they shall rise which he hath trodden
 down.

All's not a man's that is from others rackt,
 And other agents other ways do act.

LXVI.

Nor was it long, but in that fatal place,
 The way to death where Lancaster had led,
 But many other, in the self-same case,
 Him in like manner sadly followed.
 London, would thou had'st had thy former
 grace,
 As thou art first, most blood that thou had'st
 shed,
 By other cities not exceeded far,
 Whose streets devour the remnant of that
 war.

LXVII.

O parents ruthless and hert-renting sight!
 To see that son that your soft bosoms fed,
 His mother's joy, his father's sole delight,
 That with much cost, yet with more care was
 bred:
 O spectacle, ev'n able to affright
 A senseless thing, and terrify the dead!
 His dear, dear blood upon the cold earth
 pour'd,
 His quarter'd corse of crows and kites de-
 vour'd.

LXVIII.

But 'tis not you that here complain alone,
 Or to yourselves this fearful portion share;
 Here's strange and choice variety of moan,
 Poor orphans tears with widows mixed are,
 With many friends sigh, many maidens groan:
 So innocent, so simply pure and rare,
 As nature, which till then had silence kept,
 Near burst with sorrow, bitterly had wept.

LXIX.

O bloody age! had not these things been done,
 I had not now, in these more calmer times,
 Into the search of those past troubles run;
 Nor had my virgin unpolluted rhimes
 Alter'd the course wherein they first begun,
 To sing these horrid and unnatural crimes:
 My lays had still been of Ida's bow'r,
 Of my dear Ancor, or her loved Stowre.

LXX.

Nor other subject than your self had chose,
 Your birth, your virtues, and your high respects,
 Whose bounties oft have nourish'd my repose;
 You, whom my Muse ingeniously elects,
 Denying earth your brave thoughts to enclose,
 Maugre the Momists and Satyric sects:
 That whilst my verse to after-times is sung,
 You may live with me, and be honour'd long.

LXXI.

But greater things my subject hath in store,
 Still to her task my armed Muse to keep,
 And offers her occasion as before,
 Whereon she may in mournful verses weep:
 And as a ship being gotten near the shore,
 By aukward winds redriven to the deep;
 So is the Muse from whence she came of late,
 Into the bus nets of a troubled state.

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

By sleepy potions that the Queen ordains,
Lord Mortimer escapes out of the tower ;
And by false flights, and many subtle trains,
She gets to France, to raise a foreign power.
The French king leaves his sister : need constrains
The Queen to Hainault in a happy hour :
Edward her son to Philip is affy'd,
They for invasion instantly provide.

I.

Scarcely had these passed miseries an end,
But other troubles instantly began ;
As mischief doth new matter apprehend,
By things that still irregularly ran :
For farther yet their fury doth extend,
All was not yielded that king Edward wan ;
And some there were in corners that did lie,
Which o'er his actions had a watchful eye.

II.

When as the king (whilst things thus fairly went)
Who by this happy victory grew strong,
Summon'd at York a solemn parliament
To uphold his right, and help the Spensers
wrong,
(In all affairs to establish his intent)
Whence more and more his minions greatness
sprung,

Whose counsels still in ev'ry bus'ness crost
Th' enraged Queen, in all misfortunes tost.

III.

When as the eld'st, a man extremely hated,
(Whom all that time the king could not prefer,
Until he had the barons pride abated)
That parliament made earl of Winchester,
As Herckley earl of Carlisle he created :
And likewise Baldock he made chancellor ;
One whom the king had for his purpose
wrought,
A man, as subtle, so corrupt and naught.

IV.

When as mishaps (that seldom come alone)
Thick in the necks of one another fell,
The Scot began a new invasion,
And France did thence the English pow'rs ex-
pell,

The Irish set the English pale upon,
At home the Commons ev'ry day rebell;
Mischief on mischief, curse doth follow curse;
One ill scarce past, but after comes a worse.

v.

For Mortimer that wind most fitly blew,
Troubling their eyes, which otherwise might
see;

Whilst the wise Queen, who all advantage
knew,

Was closely casting how to set him free;
And did the plot so seriously pursue,
Till she had found the means how it should be,
Against opinion and imperious might,
To work her own ends through the jaws of
spite.

vi.

And to that purpose she a potion made,
In operation of that pois'ning power,
That it the spirits could presently invade,
And quite dis-fence the senses in an hour,
With such cold numbness, as it might persuade,
That very death the patient did devour
For certain hours, and sealed up the eyes
Gainst all that art could possibly devise.

vii.

In which, she plantane and cold lettuce had,
The water-lilly from the marshy ground,
With the wan poppy, and the nightshade sad,
And the short moss that on the trees is found,
The pois'ning henbane, and the mandrake drad,
With cypres-flowers that with the rest were
pown'd;

The brain of cranes amongst the rest she takes,
Mix'd with the blood of dormice and of snakes.

viii.

Thus, like Medea, fate she in her cell,
Which she had circled with her potent charms,
From thence all hind'rance clearly to expell;
Then her with magic instruments she arms,
And to her bus'ness instantly she fell:
A Vestal fire she lights, wherewith she warms
The mixed juices, from those simples wrung,
To make the med'cine wonderfully strong.

ix.

The sundry fears that from her fact might rise,
Men may suppose, her trembling hand might
slay,

Had she consider'd of the enterprise,
To think what peril in th' attempt there lay;
Knowing besides, that there were secret spies
Set by her foes to watch her ev'ry way:

But when that sex leave virtue to esteem,
Those greatly err, which think them what
they seem.

x.

Their plighted faith they at their pleasure leave;
Their love is cold, but hot as fire their hate;
On whom they smile, they surely those deceive,
In their desires they be insatiate;
Them of their will there's nothing can bereave;
Their anger hath no bound, revenge no date;
They lay by fear, when they at ruin aim;
They shun not sin, as little weigh they shame.

xi.

The elder of the Mortimers this while,
That their sure friends so many sundry ways,
By fight, by execution, by exile,
Had seen cut off, then finished his days:
Which (though with grief) doth somewhat re-
concile

The younger's thoughts, and lends his cares some
ease:

Which oft his heart, oft troubled had his
head,
For the dear safety of his uncle dead.

xii.

But there was more did on his death depend,
Than Heav'n was pleas'd the foolish world should
know;

And why the Fates thus hasten on his end,
Thereby intending stranger plagues to shew.
Brave Lord, in vain thy breath thou didst not
spend,

From thy corruption greater conflicts grow;
Which began soon and fruitfully to spring,
New kinds of vengeance on that age to bring.

xiii.

As heart could wish, when ev'ry thing was fit,
The Queen attends her potion's power to prove;
Their steadfast friends their best assisting it,
Their trusty servants seal up all in love:
And Mortimer, his valour and his wit
Then must express, whom most it doth behove:
Each place made sure, where guides and horses
lay,

And where the ship that was for his con-
vey.

xiv.

When as his birth-day he had yearly kept,
And us'd that day those of the Tower to feed;
And on the Warders other bounties heapt,
For his advantage he that day decreed:
Which did suspicion clearly intercept,
And much avail'd him at that time of need:
When after cates, their thirst at last to quench,
He mix'd their liquor with that sleepy drench.

xv.

Which soon each sense doth with dead coldness
seize,

When he, which knew the keepers of each
ward,

Out of their pockets quickly took the keys,
His corded ladders readily prepar'd;
And stealing forth through dark and secret
ways,

(Not then to learn his compass by the card)
To win the walls courageously doth go,
Which look'd as scorning to be master'd so.

xvi.

They soundly sleep, whilst his quick sp'rits
wake,

Expos'd to peril in the high'st extremes,
Alcides' labours as to undertake,
O'er walls, o'er gates, through watches, and
through streams,

By which his own way he himself must make;
And let them tell king Edward of their dream.

For e'er they came out of their brain-sick
trance,
He made no doubt to be arriv'd in France.

XVII.

The fullen night had her black curtain spread,
Low'ring that day had tarried up so long,
And that the morrow might lie long abed,
She all the heav'n with dusky clouds had hung :
Cynthia pluck'd in her newly-horned head
Away to West, and under earth she flung,
As she had long'd to certify the Sun,
What in his absence in our world was done.

XVIII.

The lesser lights, like sentinels in war,
Behind the clouds stood privily to pry,
As though unseen they subt'ly strove from far,
Of his escape the manner to decry.
Hid was each wand'ring as each fixed star,
As they had held a council in the sky,
And had concluded with that present night,
That not a star should once give any light.

XIX.

In a flow silence all the shores are hush'd,
Only the scritch-owl sounded to th' assault,
And his with a troubled murmur rustl'd,
As if consulting, and would hide the fault;
And as his foot the sand or gravel crush'd,
There was a little whisp'ring in the vault,
Mov'd by his treading, softly as he went,
Which seem'd to say, it further'd his intent.

XX.

While that wife Queen, whom care yet restless
keeps,
For happy speed to heaven held up her hands,
With worlds of hopes and fears together heapt.
In her full bosom, list'ning as she stands,
She sigh'd and pray'd, and sigh'd again and
wept,
She sees him how he climbs, how swims, how
hurdles :
Though absent, present in desires they be ;
Our soul much farther than our eyes can see.

XXI.

The small clouds issuing from his lips, the faith,
Lab'ring so fast as he the ladder clame,
Should purge the air of pestilence and death ;
And as from heav'n that filch'd Promethean
flame,
The sweetness so, and virtue of his breath,
New creatures in the element should frame :
And to what part it had the hap to stray,
There should it make another milky way.

XXII.

Again'd the top, whilst spent, he paus'd to
blow,
She saw how round he cast his longing eyes,
The earth to greet him gently from below,
How greatly he was favour'd of the skies :
She saw him mark the way he was to go,
And tow'rd her palace how he turn'd his eyes ;
From the wall's height, as when he down did
side,
She heard him cry, " Now Fortune be my
" guide."

XXIII.

As he descended, so did she descend,
As she would hold him that he should not fall,
On whom alone her safety did depend :
But when some doubt did her deep thoughts ap-
pall,
Distractedly she did her hands extend
For speedy help, and earnestly did call
Softly again, if death to him should hap.
She begg'd of heav'n his grave might be her
lap.

XXIV.

To shew him favour she intreats the air,
For him she begg'd the mercy of the wind,
For him she kneel'd before the night with pray'r,
For him herself she to the earth inclin'd :
For him his tides beseeching Thames to spare,
And to command his billows to be kind ;
And tells the flood, if he her Love would
quit,
No flood of her should honour'd be but it.

XXV.

But when she thought she saw him swim a-
long,
Doubting the stream was taken with his love,
She fear'd the drops that on his tresses hung,
And that each wave which most should woo him
strove,
To his clear body that so closely clung,
Which when before him with his breast he
drove,
Pallid with grief, she turn'd away her face,
Jealous that he the waters should embrace.

XXVI.

That angry lion having slip'd his chain,
As in a fever, made king Edward quake ;
Who knew, before he could be caught again,
Dear was the blood that his strong thirst must
slake :
He found much labour had been spent in vain,
And must be forc'd a farther course to take,
Perceiving tempests rising in the wind,
Of which too late too truly he divin'd.

XXVII.

By his escape that adverse part grown proud,
On each hand working for a second war,
And in their councils nothing was allow'd,
But what might be a motive to some jar ;
And though their plots were carried in a cloud,
From the discerning of the popular,
The wiser yet, whose judgments farther
raught,
Eas'ly perceive how things about were brought.

XXVIII.

Those secret fires, by envious faction blown,
Blake out in France which cover'd long had
lain ;
King Charles from Edward challenging his own,
First Guien, next Pontieu, and then Aquitain,
To each of which he made his title known,
Nor from their seizure longer would abstain :
The cause thereof lay out of most men's view,
Which tho' fools found not, wise men quickly
knew.

XXX.

Their projects hitting (many a day in hand)
That to their purpose prosperously had thriv'd,
The base whereon a mighty frame must stand,
By all their cunning that had been contriv'd;
Finding their actions were so thoroughly mann'd,
Their fainting hopes were wond'rouly reviv'd,

They made no doubt to see in little time
The full of that, which then was in the
prime.

XXXI.

The king much troubled with the French affair,
Which, as a shapeless and unwieldy mass;
Wholly employ'd the utmost of his care
To Charles of France his embassy to pass,
For which it much behov'd him to prepare,
Before the war too deeply settled was:

Which when they found, they likewise cast a-
bout

As they would go, to make him send them
out.

XXXII.

Which when they came in council to debate,
And to the depth had seriously discuss'd,
Finding how nearly it concern'd the state,
To stay a war both dang'rous and unjust;
That weighty bus'ness to negotiate,
They must find one of special worth and trust:
Where ev'ry Lord his censure freely pass'd,
Of whom he lik'd, the Bishop was the last.

XXXIII.

Torlton, whose tongue men's ears in chains could
tie,

And like Jove's fearful thunder-bolt could pierce,
In which there more authority did lie,
Than in those words the Sibyls did rehearse,
Whose sentence was so absolute and high,
As had the power a judgment to reverse:

For the wise Queen, with all his might did
stand,

To lay that charge on her well-guiding hand.

XXXIII.

Urging what credit she the cause might bring,
Impartial 'twixt a husband and a brother,
A queen in person betwixt king and king;
And more than that, to shew herself a mother,
There for her son his right establishing,
Which did as much concern them as the other:
Which colour serv'd to work in this extreme,
That of which then the king did never dream.

XXXIV.

Torlton, was this thy spiritual pretence?
Would God thy thoughts had been spiritual,
Or less persuasive thy great eloquence:
But oh! thy actions were too temporal,
Thy knowledge had too much preeminence,
Thy reason subtle, and sophistical.

But all's not true that supposition saith,
Nor have the mightiest arguments most
faith.

XXXV.

Nor did the Bishop those his learned lack,
As well of power, as policy and wit,
That were prepar'd his great design to back,

And could amend where aught he did omit:
For with such cunning they had made their pack,
That it went hard, if that they should not hit;
That the fair Queen to France with speed must go,
Hard had he ply'd, that had persuaded so.

XXXVI.

When she, well fitted both of wind and tide,
And saw the coast was ev'ry way so clear,
As a wise woman she her bus'ness ply'd,
Whilst things went current, and well carry'd were,
Herself and her's to get aboard she hy'd.
As one whose fortune made her still to fear:
Knowing those times so variously inclin'd,
And ev'ry toy soon alt'ring Edward's mind.

XXXVII.

Her followers such, as merely friendless stood,
Sunk and dejected by the Spencers pride,
Who bore the taints of treason in their blood,
And for revenge would leave no ways untry'd,
Whose means were bad, but yet their minds were
good,

When now at hand they had their help deny'd;
Nor were they wanting mischief to invent,
To work their wills, and further her intent.

XXXVIII.

Whilst Mortimer (that all this while hath lain
From our fair court) by Fortune strangely cast,
In France was struggling how he might regain
That which before in England he had lost,
And all good means doth gladly entertain,
No jot dismay'd in all those tempests tost,

Nor his great mind could so be overthrown,
All men his friends, all countries were his own.

XXXIX.

Then, Muse (transported by thy former zeal,
Led in thy progress where his fortune lies)
To thy sure aid I seriously appeal;
To shew him fully, without fain'd disguise,
The ancient Heroes then I shall reveal,
And in their patterns I shall be precise,
When in my verse, transparent, neat and clear,
They shall in his pure character appear.

XL.

He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whose rich soul the Virtues well did suit,
In whom so mix'd the Elements all lay,
That none to one could sov'raignty impute,
As all did govern, yet all did obey:
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seem'd, when Nature him began,
She meant to shew all that might be in man,

XLI.

So thoroughly season'd, and so rightly set,
That in the level of the clearest eye,
Time never touch'd him with deforming fret,
Nor had the power to warp him but awry;
Whom in his course no cross could ever let,
His elevation fixed was so high, [doth prove,
That those rough storms, whose rage the world
Never taught him, who fate them far above.

XLII.

Which the Queen saw, who had a seeing spirit,
For she had mark'd the largeness of his mind,
And with much judgment look'd into his merit,

Above the usual compass of her kind,
His grandfire's greatness rightly to inherit;
When as the ages in their course inclin'd.
And the world, weak with time, began to bow
To the poor baseness that it rests at now.

XLIII.

He weighs not wealth, nor yet his Wigmore left,
Left needful heaps as things of nothing stand,
That was not his that man could take by theft,
He was a Lord, if he had sea or land,
And thought him rich of those who was not rest.
Man, of all creatures, hath an upright hand,
And by the stars is only taught to know,
That as they progress heav'n, he earth should do.

XLIV.

Wherefore wise nature, from this face of ground;
Lest the deep taught men to find the way,
That in the floods her treasure might be found,
To make him search for what she there did lay;
And that her secrets he might thoroughly sound,
She gave him courage as her only key,
That of all creatures as the worthiest, he
Her glory there and wondrous works should see.

XLV.

Let wretched wordlings sweat for mud and earth,
While glowing bosoms lick the recreant stones,
Such passions cark for plenty and for dearth,
Fame cover looks upon those prostrate drones;
The brave mind is allotted in the birth,
To manage Empires from the state of thrones,
Fighting e'er fortune, when the stern'st appears,
Which scorneth fight, and jeereth at our tears.

XLVI.

But when report (as with a trembling wing)
Told the entrance of his list'ning ear,
With news of ships sent out the Queen to bring,
For her at Sandwich which then waiting were,
He fairly thought he heard the angels sing,
And the whole frame of heav'n make up the
 quire,
That his full soul was smother'd with excess,
Her ample joys unable to express.

XLVII.

Quoth he, slide billows smoothly for her sake
Whose sight can make your aged Nereus young,
For her fair passage even alleys make,
And as the soft winds wait her sails along,
Steak ev'ry little dimple of the lake;
Sweet Sirens, and be ready with your song;
Though 'tis not Venus that doth pass that way,
Yet is as fair as she born on the sea.

XLVIII.

Ye scaly creatures, gaze upon her eye,
And never after with your kind make war;
O steal the accents from her lips that lie,
Which like the tunes of the celestial are,
And them to your sick amorous thoughts apply,
Campe'd with which Arion's did but jar:
Wrap them in air, and when black tempests rage,
Use them as charms the rough seas to assuage.

XLIX.

France, send t' attend her with full shoals of oars,
With which her fleet may ev'ry way be ply'd;
And when she landeth on thy blessed shores,

And the vast navy doth at anchor ride,
For her departure when the wild sea roars,
Ship mount to heaven, and there be stillify'd:
Next Jason's Argo, on the burnish'd throne,
Assume thyself a constellation.

L.

Queen Isabel then landing with delight,
Had what rich France could lend her for her ease;
And as she pass'd, no town but did invite
Her with some shew, her appetite to please:
But Mortimer once coming in her sight,
His shape and features did her fancy seize;
When she, that knew how her fit time to take
Thus she her most-lov'd Mortimer bespake:

LI.

"O Mortimer, sweet Mortimer, quoth she,
"What angry power did first the means devise,
"To separate Queen Isabel and thee,
"Whom (to despise) love yet together ties?
"But if thou think'st the fault was made by me,
"For a just penance to my longing eyes,
"Though guiltless they, this be to them assign'd,
"To gaze upon thee till they leave me blind.

LII.

"My dear, dear heart, thought I to see thee thus,
"When first in court thou didst my favour wear,
"When we have watch'd lest any noted us,
"Whilst our looks us'd love's messages to bear,
"And we by signs sent many a secret burs,
"An exile then, thought I to see thee here?
"But what could'st thou be then, but now thou
 "art;
"Though banish'd England, yet not from my
 "heart.

LIII.

"That fate which did thy franchisement enforce,
"And from the depth of danger set thee free,
"Still regular and constant in that course,
"Made me this strait and even path to thee,
"Of our affections as it took remorse;
"Our birth-fix'd stars so luckily agree,
"Whose revolution seriously directs
"Our like proceedings to the like effects.

LIV.

"Only wise counsel hath contriv'd this thing,
"For which we wish'd so many a woful day,
"Of which the clear and perfect managing
"Is that strong prop, whereon our hopes may
 "stay:
"Which in itself th' authority doth bring,
"That weak opinion hath not power to sway,
"Confuting those, whose sightless judgments
 "lie
"In the thick rank with ev'ry common wit.

LV.

"Then since th' assay our good success assures,
"And we her fav'rites lean on fortune's breast,
"That ev'ry hour new comfort us procures,
"Of these her blessings let us choose the best;
"And whilst the day of our good hap endures,
"Let's take the bounteous benefits of rest:
"Let's fear no storm before we feel a show'r
"My son a King, two kingdoms help my
 "dow'r.

The only way to win his brother's might,
Against the king to back her in her right.

LXXXII.

Who had an ear, not fill'd with his report,
To whom the soldiers of that time did throng,
The pattern to all other of his sort,
Well learn'd in what to honour did belong,
With that brave queen long trained up in court,
And constantly confirm'd in her wrong :
Besides all this, cross'd by the adverse part,
In things that fate too near to his great heart.

LXXXIII.

Sufficient motives to invite distress,
To apprehend so excellent a mean,
(Against those ills that did so strongly press)
Whereon the queen her weak estate might lean,
And at that season, though it were the less,
Yet for a while it might her want sustain ;
Until th' approaching of more prosperous days,
Her drooping hopes to their first height might
raise.

LXXXIV.

When they at large had leisure to debate,
Where welcome look'd with a well-pleased face,
From those dishonours she received late,
For there she wanted no obsequious grace,
Under the guidance of a gentler fate,
All bounteous offers freely they embrace ;
And to conclude, all ceremonies past,
The prince affixes fair Philip at the last.

LXXXV.

All covenants betwixt them surely seal'd,
Each to the other lastingly to bind,
Nothing but done with equity and zeal,
And suiting well with Hainault's mighty mind,
Which to them all did much content reveal ;
The ease the queen was thereby like to find,
The comfort coming to the lovely bride,
Prince Edward pleas'd, and joy on every side.

THE BARONS WARS.

B O O K IV.

The Argument.

The queen in Hainault mighty friends doth win,
In Harwich haven safely is arriv'd
Garboils in England more and more begin,
King Edward of his safety is depriv'd,
Flieth to Wales, at Neath received in,
Whilst many plots against him are contriv'd;
Lastly betray'd, the Spensers and his friends
Are put to death, with which this Canto ends.

I.

Now seven times Phoebus had his welked wain
Upon the top of Cancer's tropic set,
And seven times in his descent again,
His fiery wheels had with the fishes wet,
In the occurrents of King Edward's reign,
Since mischief did these miseries beget;
Which through more strange varieties had run,
Than he that while celestial signs had done.

II.

Whilst our ill-thriving in those Scottish broils,
Their strength and courage greatly did advance,
In a small time made wealthy by our spoils;
And we much weaken'd by our wars in France,
Were well near quite dishearten'd by our foils:
But as these things the Muse must only glance,
And Hertkley's treasons haste to bring to view,
Her serious subject sooner to pursue.

VOL. III.

III.

When Robert Bruce with his brave Scottish band,
By other inroads on the borders made,
Had well-near wasted all Northumberland,
Whose towns he level with the earth had laid;
And finding none his pow'r there to withstand,
On the north part of spacious Yorkshire prey'd,
Bearing away with pride his pillage got,
As fate to him did our last fall allot.

IV.

For which that Herekley by his Sov'raign sent,
'T' intreat a needful, though dishonour'd peace,
Under the colour of a true intent,
Kindled the war, in a fair way to cease,
And with King Robert did a course invent,
His homage due to Edward to release:
Beside, their faith they each to other plight,
In peace and war to join with all their might.

D

v.

Yet more, King Robert (things being carried
so)

His sister to that treach'rous earl affy'd,
Which made too plain and evident a shew
Of what before his trust did closely hide :
But the cause found from whence this league
should grow,

By such as near into their actions pry'd,
Discover'd treasons, which not quickly crost,
Had shed more blood than all the wars had
cost.

vi.

Whether the king's weak counsels causes are,
That ev'ry thing so badly falleth out,
Or that the earl did of our state despair,
When nothing prosper'd that was gone about,
And therefore careless how the English fare,
I'll not dispute, but leave it as a doubt ;
Or some vain title his ambition lackt,
But something hatcht this treasonable act.

vii.

Which once revealed to the jealous king,
The apprehension of that trait'rous peer
He left to the lord Lucy's managing,
(One whose prov'd faith he had held ever dear)
By whose brave carriage in so hard a thing,
He did well worthy of his trust appear ;
Who in his castle, carelessly defended,
That crafty Carlel closely apprehended.

viii.

For which, e'er long, to his just trial led
In all the robes besitting his degree,
Where Scroop, chief justice in that dang'rous
stead,

Commission had his lawful judge to be ;
And on the proofs of his indictment read,
His treasons all so easily might see :

Which soon themselves so plainly did express,
As might assure them of his ill success.

ix.

His stile and titles to the king restor'd,
Noted with names of infamy and scorn,
And next disarm'd of his knightly sword,
On which before his fealty he had sworn,
Then, by a varlet of his spurs discurr'd,
His coat of arms before him raz'd and torn ;
And to the hurdle lastly he was sent
To a trait'rous death, that trait'rously had
meant.

x.

Whereon the king a parliament procur'd,
To fix some things, whose fall he else might fear ;
Whereby he hop'd the queen to have abjur'd,
His son, and such as their adjutors were :
But those, of whom himself he most assur'd,
What they had seem'd, the same did not appear ;
When he soon found he had his purpose mist,
For there were those that durst his power resist.

xi.

For Hereford, in parliament accus'd
Of sundry treasons, wherein he was caught
By such his courses strictly as perus'd,
Whereby subversion of the realm was sought,

4

His holy habit and his trust abus'd ;
Who, to his answer when he should be brought,
Was by the clergy (in the king's despight)
Seiz'd under colour of the church's right.

xii.

When some, the fav'ers of this fatal war,
Whom this example did more sharply whet,
Those for the cause that then imprison'd were,
Boldly attempt at liberty to set ;
Whose purpose frustrate by their enemies care,
New garboils doth continually beget,
Bidding the king with care to look about,
Those secret fires so hourly breaking out.

xiii.

And th' Earl of Kent, who was by Edward
plac'd

As the great gen'ral of his force in Guen,
Was in his absence here at home disgrac'd,
And frustrated both of supplies and coin,
By such lewd persons to maintain their waste,
As from his treasures ceas'd not to purloin :
Nor could the king be mov'd, so careless still
Both of his own loss and his brother's ill.

xiv.

Whose discontent too quickly being found,
By such as all advantages did wait,
Who still apply'd strong cor'sives to the wound,
And by their tricks and intricate deceit,
Hinder'd those means that hap'ly might re-
dound

That fast-aring mischief to defeat :

Till Edmund's wrongs were to that ripe
grown,

That they had made him absolute their own.

xv.

With all his faithful followers in those wars,
Men well experienc'd and of worthiest parts,
Who for their pay received only scars,
Whilst the inglorious had their due deserts ;
And minions hate of other hope debars,
Which vex'd them deeply to the very hearts,
That to their gen'ral for revenge they cry,
Joining with Beaumont, giving him supply.

xvi.

These great commanders, and with them com-
bine

The Lord Focelles, Sarce and Boyseers,
Dambretticourt, the young and valiant Hein,
Estotivyle, Comines, and Villeers ;
The valiant knights, Sir Michael de la Lyne,
Sir Robert Baliol, Boswit, and Sceneers ;

Men of great skill, whom spoil and glory
warms,

Such as indeed were dedicate to arms.

xvii.

Leading three thousand muster'd men in pay,
Of French, Scots, Alman, Swisser, and the Dutch,
Of native English, fled beyond the sea,
Whose number near amounted to as much,
Which long had look'd, nay, waited for the
day,

Whom their revenge did but too nearly touch :
Besides, friends ready to receive them in,
And new commotions ev'ry day begin.

XVIII.

Whilst the wife queen, from England day by day,
Of all those doings that had certain word,
Whose friends much blam'd her over-long de-
lay,

When as the time such stays did afford,
Duch for her passage presently purvey,
Bearing provision ev'ry hour aboard;
Ships of all burthens rigg'd and manned are,
Fit for invasion, to transport a war.

XIX.

When she for England fairly setting forth,
Spreading her proud sails on the wat'ry plain,
Steereth her course directly to the North,
With her young Edward Duke of Aquitain,
With other three of special name and worth,
(The destin'd scourges of King Edward's reign)
Her brother Beaumont, and the Earl of Kent,
With Mortimer, that mighty malcontent.

XX.

For Harwich road a fore-wind fiercely blows,
But blew too fast, to kindle such a fire,
Whilst with full sail and the stiff tide she goes;
It should have turn'd, and forc'd her to retire,
The fleet it drove was fraught with our woes;
But seas and winds do Edward's wrack conspire:
For when just Heaven to chastise us is bent,
All things convert to our due punishment.

XXI.

The coasts were kept with a continual ward,
The beacons watch'd her coming to descry;
Had but the love of subjects been his guard,
'T had been t' effect that he did fortify:
But whilst he stood against his foes prepar'd,
He was betray'd by his home-enemy.
Small help by this he was but like to win;
Flaming war out, he lockt destruction in.

XXII.

When Henry, brother to that luckless prince,
The first great mover of that civil strife;
Thomas, whom law but lately did convince,
That had at Pomfret left his wretched life:
That Henry, in whose bosom ever since
Revenge lay covered, watching for relief,
Like fire in some fat min'ral of the earth,
Finding a fit vent, gives her fury birth.

XXIII.

And being Earl-Marshal, great upon that coast,
With bells and bonfires welcomes her ashore;
And by his office gath'ring up an host,
Shew'd the great spleen that he to Edward bore,
Nor of the same abash'd at all to boast;
The clergy's power in readiness before,
And on their friends a tax as freely laid,
To raise munition for their present aid.

XXIV.

And to confusion all their powers expose,
On the rent bosom of the land, which long
War, like the sea, on each side did inclose,
A war from our own home-diffusions sprung,
In little time which to that greatness rose,
As made us loath'd our neighb'ring states among:
But this invasion, that they hither brought,
More mischief far than all the former wrought.

XXV.

Besides, this innovation in the state
Lent their great action such a violent hand,
When it so boldly durst insinuate
On the cold faintness of th' infeebled land;
That being arm'd with all the power of fate,
Finding a way so openly to stand
To their intendment, might, if followed well,
Regain that height, from whence they lately
fell.

XXVI.

Their strengths together in this mean time met,
All helps and hurts by war's best counsels weigh'd,
As what might further, what their course might
let,
As their reliefs conveniently they laid,
As where they hop'd security to get,
Whereon at work their fortunes might be stay'd:
So fully furnish'd, as themselves desir'd,
Of what the action needfully requir'd.

XXVII.

When at St. Edmund's they a while repose,
To rest themselves and their sea-beaten force,
Better to learn the manner of their foes,
To th' end not idly to direct their course;
And seeing daily how their army grows,
To take a full view of their foot and horse:
With much discretion managing the war,
To let the world know what to do they dare.

XXVIII.

When as the king of their proceedings heard,
And of the routs that daily to them run:
But little strength to London then prepar'd,
Where he had hop'd most favour to have won:
He left the city to the watchful guard
Of his approv'd, most trusted Stapleton;
To John of Eltham, his dear son, the Tow'r,
And goes himself tow'rd's Wales, to raise him
pow'r.

XXIX.

Yet whilst his name doth any hope admit,
He made proclaim, in pain of goods and life,
Or who would have a subject's benefit,
Should bend themselves against his son and wife,
And deth all slaughterers gen'rally acquit,
Committed on the movers of this strife;
As who could bring in Mortimer's proud
head,
Should freely take th' revenues of the dead.

XXX.

Which was encounter'd by the queen's edict,
By publishing the justness of her cause,
That she proceeded in a course so strict,
'T' uphold their ancient liberties and laws:
And that on Edward she did nought inflict
For private hate, or popular applause;
Only the Spencers to account to bring,
Whose wicked counsels had abus'd the king.

XXXI.

Which ballast the multitude, that stood
As a bark beaten betwixt wind and tide,
By winds expos'd, opposed by the flood,
Nought therein left, to land the same to guide:
Dij

Thus floated they in their unconstant mood,
Till that the weakness of King Edward's side
Suffer'd a seizure of itself at last,
Which to the queen a free advantage cast.

XXXII.

Thus Edward left his England to his foes,
Whom danger did to recreant flight debase,
As far from hope, as he was near his woes,
Depriv'd of princely sov'raignty and grace,
Yet still grew less, the farther that he goes,
His safety soon suspecting ev'ry place:

No help at home, nor succour seen abroad,
His mind wants rest, his body saie abode.

XXXIII.

One scarce to him his sad discourse had done,
Of Hainault's pow'r, and what the queen intends;

But whilst he speaks, another hath begun:
A third then takes it, where the second ends,
And tells what rumours through the countries

run,

Of those new foes, of those revolted friends:
Strait came a fourth, in post that thither sped,
With news of foes come in, of friends out-fled.

XXXIV.

What plagues did Edward for himself prepare?
Forfaken king, O whither did'st thou flee!
Changing the clime, thou could'st not change thy

care;

Thou fled'st thy foes, but follow'dst misery.
Those evil lucks in numbers many are,
That to thy footsteps do themselves apply;
And still thy conscience, corrosiv'd with grief,
Thou but pursu'st thyself, both robb'd and

thief.

XXXV.

Who seeking succour offer'd next at hand,
At last for Wales he takes him to the seas,
And seeing Lundy, that so fair did stand,
Thither would steer, to give his sorrows ease;
That little model of his greater land,
As in a dream, his fancy seem'd to please:
For fain he would be king (yet) of an isle,
Although his empire bounded in a mile.

XXXVI.

But when he thought to strike his prosp'rous sail,
As under lee, past danger of the flood,
A sudden storm of mixed sleet and hail
Not suffer'd him to rule that piece of wood.
(What doth his labour, what his toil avail,
That is by the celestial pow'rs withstood?)
And all his hopes him vainly doth delude,
By God and men incessantly pursu'd.

XXXVII.

In that black tempest long turmoil'd and tost
Quite from his course, and well he knew not

where,

'Mongst rocks and sands, in danger to be lost,
Not in more peril, than he was in fear;
At length perceiving he was near some coast,
And that the weather somewhat 'gan to clear,
He found 'twas Wales; and by the mountains

tall,

That part thereof which we Glamorgan call.

3

XXXVIII.

In Neath, a castle next at hand, and strong
Where he commandeth entrance with his
The Earl of Glo'ster, worker of much woe
His Chancellor Baldock, which much evil
Reding his Marshal, other friends among;
Where closely hid, though not from Envy
The Muse a little leaveth them to dwell
And of great slaughter shapes herself to

XXXIX.

Now lighter humour leave me, and be gone:
Your passion poor yields matter much too
To write those plagues that then were common
Doth ask a pen of ebony and the night.
If there be ghosts, their murder that baw
Let them approach me, and in piteous plig
Howl, and about me with black tapers
To lend a sad light to my sadder hand.

XL.

Each line shall lead to some one weeping
And ev'ry cadence as a tort'ed cry,
Till they force tears in such excess to flow,
That they surround the circle of each eye
Then whilst these sad calamities I shew,
All loose affections stand ye idly by,
Destin'd again to dip my pen in gore,
For the sad'st tale that time did e'er dep

XLI.

New sorts of plagues were threaten'd to the
The raging ocean past his bounds did rise,
Strange apparitions, and prodigious birth,
Unheard-of sickness and calamities,
More unaccustomed and unlook'd-for dear
New sorts of meteors gazing from the skies
As what before had small or nothing been
And only then their plagues did but beg

XLII.

And whilst the queen did in this course press
The land lay open to all offer'd ill:
The lawless exile did return with speed,
Not to defend his country, but to kill.
Then were the prisons dissolutely freed,
Both field and town with wretchedness to fill
London, as thou wast author of such shau
Even so wast thou most plagued with the

XLIII.

Whose giddy commons, merciless and rude,
Let loose to mischief on that dismal day,
Their hands in blood of Edward's friends
bru'd;

Which in their madness having made away,
Th' implacable, the monstrous multitude,
On his Lieutenant Stapleton did prey;
Who dragg'd by them o'er many a loath

heap,

Beheaded was before the cross in Cheap.

XLIV.

Here first she read, upon her ruin'd wall,
Her sad destruction, which was but too nigh
Upon her gates was character'd her fall,
In mangled bodies her anatomy,
Which for her errors did that reck'ning call
As might have wrought tears from her ri

eye;

the thick air dimn'd her hateful sight,
 ildings were on fire, to give her light.

XLV.

men serv'd for ink, her paper stones,
 to write her murder, incest, rape;
 her pens, a heap of dead men's bones,
 each letter in some monstrous shape;
 her accents, sad departing groans:
 to time no desp'rate act should 'scape,
 with pride again should be o'ergone,
 & that book, and sadly look thereon.

XLVI.

er girl, spoil'd of her virgin shame,
 at sin no ravisher was shent:
 ay ink, more black was her defame,
 revenge, scarce any to lament;
 ould be done to remedy the same,
 > late those mischiefs to prevent:
 t those horrors she did idly strive,
 & herself to be devour'd alive.

XLVII.

s redress, and ravishment remorse,
 ould be found to whom she could com-
 lain;
 ing out against th' adult'rer's force,
 uts untimely did return in vain;
 & she griev'd, her misery the worse:
 her this help there did remain,
 oil'd of fame, was prodigal of breath,
 ade her life clear by her resolute death.

XLVIII.

that world men did the want complain,
 ey might have been buried, when they
 y'd;
 ildren safely in their cradles lain,
 ew married have enjoy'd his bride,
 some bounds ill could itself contain;
 kneel'd by his father's death-bed side,
 ving wrong'd, the dead no right could
 ave,
 uther saw his son to want a grave.

XLIX.

s too late those courses to recal,
 ve external nor internal fear;
 adly sounds, by their continual fall,
 nsfusion in each deafen'd ear.
 l times this was the worst of all,
 garboils that did love to hear;
 our attire, and wounds were all our
 ood,
 ed the most with rapine and with blood.

L.

us age, of whom it should be said,
 these mischiefs should abound in thee!
 these sins should to thy charge be laid,
 calumnious nor vile action free!
 & Time us with those ills upbraid,
 & what hath been, argue what may be,
 fashioning so a habit in the mind,
 & us alone the haters of our kind!

LI.

ful Heav'n, in whose most sov'reign reign
 pure bodies move in harmony,
 in an inviolable chain

Together link'd; so ty'd in unity,
 That they therein continually remain,
 Sway'd in one certain course eternally:
 Why his true motion keepeth every star,
 Yet, what they govern, so irregular?

LII.

But in the course of this unnatural war,
 Muse, say from whence this height of mischief
 grew,

That in so short time spread itself so far,
 From whence so sundry bloodsheds did ensue,
 The cause, I pray thee, faithfully declare.
 What, men religious, was the fault in you?
 Which, resty grown with your much pow'r,
 withdraw

Your stiffen'd necks from th' yoke of civil awe?

LIII.

No wonder though the people grew profane,
 When churchmen's lives gave laymen leave to
 fall,

And did their former humbleness disdain;
 The shirt of hair turn'd coat of costly pall,
 The holy ephod made a cloak for gain:
 What done with cunning, was canonical,
 And blind promotion shunn'd that dang'rous
 road,
 Which the old prophets diligently trode.

LIV.

Hence 'twas, that God so slightly was ador'd;
 That rock remov'd, whereon our faith was
 grounded,

Conscience esteem'd but as an idle word,
 And being weak, by vain opinions wounded:
 Professors lives did little fruit afford,
 And in her sects religion lay confounded;
 Most sacred things were merchandise become,
 None talk'd of texts, but prophesying dumb.

LV.

The church then rich, and with such pride possess'd
 Was like the poison of infectious air,
 That having found a way into the breast,
 Is not prescrib'd, nor long time stays it there,
 But through the organs seizeth on the rest,
 The rank contagion spreading ev'ry where;
 So, from that evil by the church begun,
 The commonwealth was lastly over run.

LVI.

When craft crept in, to cancel wholesome laws,
 Which fast'ning once on the defective weal,
 Where doubts should cease, they rose in ev'ry
 clause,
 And made them hurt, which first were made to
 heal.

One evil still another forward draws:
 For when disorder doth so far prevail,
 That conscience is cast off as out of use,
 Right is the cloak of wrong, and all abuse.

LVII.

Mean while the king thus keeping in his hold,
 (In that his poor imprison'd liberty,
 Living a death in hunger, want, and cold,
 Almost beyond imagin'd misery)
 By hateful treason secretly was sold,
 Through keys deliver'd to the enemy.

For when th' oppress'd is once up to the chin
Quite over head all help to thrust him in.

LVIII.

The dire disaster of that captiv'd king,
So surely seiz'd on by the adverse part,
(To his few friends sad matter menacing)
Struck with pale terror ev'ry willing heart,
Their expectation clean discouraging,
Him no evasion left whereby to start;

And the black cloud, which greatliest did them
fear,

Rose where their hopes once brightest did ap-
pear.

LIX.

For first, their envy with unusual force
Fell on the Spencers, from whose only hate
The war first sprung; who found their lawless
course

Drew to an end, confined by their fate:
Of whom there was not any took remorse,
But as pernicious cankers of the state,
The father first to Bristol being led,
Was drawn to death, then hang'd and quar-
ter'd.

LX.

When as the heir to Winchester then dead,
The lot e'er long to his son Glo'ster fell:
Riding the Marshal the like way was led,
And after him the Earl of Arundel,
To pay the forfeit of a reverend head:
Then Muchelden, and with him Daniel;
These following him in his lascivious ways,
Then wept before him to his fatal days.

LXI.

Like some large pillar of a lordly height,
On whose proud top some huge frame doth de-
pend,
By time disabled to uphold the weight,

And that with age his back begins to bend,
Shrinks to his first seat, and in piteous plight
The lesser props with his sad load doth spend;
So far'd it with King Edward, crushing all
That had stood near him, in his violent fall.

LXII.

The state whereon these princes proudly lean,
Whose high ascent men trembling still behold,
From whence oft times with insolent disdain
The kneeling subject hears himself controul'd,
Their earthly weakness truly doth explain,
Promoting whom they please, not whom they
should;

When as their fall shews how they foully
err'd,

Procur'd by those whom fondly they prefer'd.

LXIII.

For when that men of merit go ungrac'd,
And by her patrons ignorance held in,
And parasites in good men's rooms are plac'd,
Only to sooth the highest in their sin,
From those whose skill and knowledge is de-
bas'd,

There many strange enormities begin.

For great wits forged into factions tools,
Prove great men (oft) to be the greatest fools.

LXIV.

But why so vainly time do I bestow,
The base abuse of this vile world to chide?
Whose blinded judgment ev'ry hour doth shew
What folly weak mortality doth guide.
Wife was that man which laugh'd at human woe;
My subject still more sorrow doth provide,
And these designs more matter still do breed,
To hasten that which quickly must succeed.

• THE BARONS WARS

BOOK V.

The Argument.

Th' imprison'd King his sceptre doth forsake,
To quit himself of what he was accus'd :
His foes him from the Earl of *Leicester* take,
Who their commission fain would have refus'd :
His torturers a mock'ry of him make,
And basely and reproachfully abus'd,
By secret ways to *Berkeley* he is led,
And there in prison lastly murdered,

L
The wretched King unnaturally betray'd,
By too much trusting to his native land,
From Neath in Walls to Kenelworth convey'd
By the Earl of *Leicester* with a mighty band ;
Some few his favourers, quickly over-weigh'd :
When straight there went a parliament in hand,
To ratify the general intent,
For resignation of his government.

II.
Fall'n through his frailty and intemperate will,
That with his fortune it so weakly far'd,
To undergo that unexpected ill,
For his deserved punishment prepar'd ;
Past measure, as those miseries to fill
To him allotted as his just reward :
All arm'd with malice, either less or more,
To strike at him who struck at all before,

III.
It being a thing the commons still did crave,
The Barons thereto resolutely bent,
Such happy helps on ev'ry side to have,
To forward that their forcible intent,
So perfect speed to their great action gave,
Establish'd by the general consent :
On Edward that such miseries did bring,
As never were inflicted on a King.

IV.
Earls, Bishops, Barons, and the Abbots all,
Each in due order, as became their state,
By Heralds placed in the Castle hall ;
The Burgesses for places corporate,
(Whom the great bus'ness at that time did call)
For the Cinque ports the Barons convocate,
With the shire Knights for the whole body sent
Both for the south and for the north of Trent.

v.

When Edward, cloathed mournfully in black,
Was forth before the great assembly brought,
A doleful hearse upon a dead man's back,
Whose heavy looks exprest his heavy thought,
In which there did no part of sorrow lack;
True grief needs not feign'd action to be taught:
His funeral solemniz'd in his cheer,
His eyes the mourners, and his legs the bear.

vi.

Torlton, as one select to that intent,
The best experienc'd in that great affair,
A man grave, subtle, stout, and eloquent,
First with fair speech th' assembly doth prepare;
Then with a grace austere and eminent,
Doth his abuse effectually declare,
Winning each sad eye to a reverend fear,
To due attention drawing every ear.

vii.

Urging th' exactions raised by the King,
With whose full plenty he his minions fed,
Him and his subjects still impoverishing;
And the much blood he lavishly had shed,
A desolation on the land to bring:
As under him, how ill all bus'ness sped;
The loss in war, sustained through his blame,
A lasting scandal to the English name,

viii.

Withall, proceeding with the future good
That they thereby did happily intend,
And with what upright policy it stood,
No other hopes their fortunes to amend;
The resignation to his proper blood,
That might the action lawfully defend;
The present want, that will'd it to be so,
Whose imposition they might not forego.

ix.

Much more he spake; but fain would I be short,
To this intent a speech delivering:
Nor may I be too curious to report
What toucheth the deposing of a King:
Wherefore I warn thee, Muse, not to exhort
The after-times to this forbidden thing,
By reasons for it by the Bishop laid,
Or from my feeling what he might have said.

x.

The grave delivery of whose vehement speech,
Grac'd with a dauntless uncontracted brow,
Th' assembly with severity did teach,
Each word of his authentic to allow,
That in the bus'ness there could be no breach,
Each thereto bound by a peculiar vow;
Which they in public gen'rally protest,
Calling the King to consummate the rest,

xi.

Whose fair cheeks cover'd with pale sheets of shame
Near in a swoon he his first scene began,
Wherein his passions did such postures frame,
As ev'ry sense play'd the tragedian,
Truely to shew from whence his sorrows came,
Far from the compass of a common man:
As nature to herself had added art,
To teach despair to act a Kingly part.

xii.

O pity, didst thou live, or wert thou not?
(Mortals by such sights have to stone been turn'd)
Or, what men have been, had their seed forgot?
Or that for one, another never mourn'd?
In what so strangely were ye over-shot,
Against yourselves that your own frailty spurn'd
Or had tears then abandon'd human eyes,
That there was none to pity miseries?

xiii.

His passion calm'd, his crown he taketh to him,
With a slight view, as though he thought not on it,
As he were senseless that it should forgo him;
And then he cast a scornful eye upon it,
As he would leave it, yet would have it woo him:
Then snatching at it, loth to have foregone it,
He puts it from him; yet he would not so,
He fain would keep what fain he would forego.

xiv.

In this confused conflict in his mind,
Tears drowning sighs, and sighs repelling tears;
But when in neither that he ease could find,
And to his wrong no remedy appears,
Perceiving none to pity there inclin'd,
Besides, the time to him prefixed wears;
As then his sorrow somewhat 'gan to slake,
From his full bosom thus he them bespake.

xv.

" If first my title stedfastly were planted
" Upon a true indubitate succession,
" Confirm'd by nations, as by nature granted,
" Which lawfully deliver'd me possession;
" You must think heav'n sufficiency hath wanted,
" And so deny it power, by your oppression,
" That into question dare this boldly bring
" The awful right of an anointed King.

xvi.

" That hallowed unction by a sacred hand,
" Which once was pour'd upon this crowned head,
" And of this kingdom gave me the command,
" When it about me the rich verdure spread,
" Either my right in greater stead should stand,
" Or wherefore then was it so vainly shed?
" Whose profanation, and unrev'rend touch,
" Just Heaven hath often punish'd, always much.

xvii.

" As from the Sun, when from our sov'reign due,
" Whose virtual influence, as the source of right,
" Lends safety of your livelihood to you,
" As from our fulness taking borrow'd light;
" Which to the subject being ever true,
" Why thus impugn you by preposterous might?
" But what Heaven lent me, wisely to have used,
" It gives to him that vainly I abused.

xviii.

" Then here I do resign it to your King;
[Pausing thereat, as though his tongue offended,
With griping throws seem'd forth that word to
bring,
Sighing a full point, as he there had ended.
O how that sound his grieved heart did wring!
Which he recalling, gladly would have mended.]
" Things of small moment we can scarcely hold,
" But griefs that touch the heart are hardly told,

xx.

l, his eyes seem'd to dissolve to tears,
great storm like a show'r of rain,
ue strove to keep it from his ears,
[poke it with exceeding pain;
ipshow vile that word appears,
were within his breast again !]
aith he, "say so to the man you bear it,
us say to him that you mean shall
ear it:

x.

account his bondage from that day,
s with a diadem invested;
ring crown hath made this hair so
ay)
hose circle he is but arrested,
ontent this is no certain way;
eter cates the mean estate is scathed:
hen his proud feet scorn to touch the
old,
d's a prisoner in a gaol of gold.

xxi.

ring subjects, he but numbers care;
a with shouts the people do begin,
appose, th' applause but prayers are,
may 'scape the danger he is in,
t' adventure he so boldly dares:
inde hath multitudes of sin,
: that first doth cry God save the king,
irst man him evil news doth bring.

xxii.

own, misled in other ways,
ith deceipts, and fed with flatteries,
upleasing, wicked men to please;
more than he shall tyrannize,
in safety, being most at ease,
friend winning many enemies:
en he sitteth in his greatest state,
at behold him most, bear him most
e.

xxiii.

as he but now, that now is none,
of power, and here dejected is;
deposing he enjoys a throne,
re he natural, should not have done
sefs th' inheritance his own; ["this:
if I live, it should be none of his:
e son climbs, and thrusts the father
wn,
us the crowned goes without a crown."

xxiv.

g play'd his hard constrained part,
his reign, the day together ended,
bet through with sorrow's deadliest dart,
f none, nor look'd on, unattended,
ing with a heavy heart,
t lodging strictly recommended,
emoan his miserable plight
eaf walls, and to the darksome night.

xxv.

gs were thus disast'rously decreed,
els every day were spread,
lie'd not of the violent deed)
force should be delivered:

Whether his wrong remorse in some did breed,
That him (alas!) untimely pitied;
Who knew: or whether but devis'd by some,
To cloak his murder, afterward to come.

xxvi.

And hate at hand, which heark'ning still did
lurk,
And still suspicious Edward was not sure,
Fearing that blood with Leicester might work,
Or that him friends his name might yet procure,
Which the Queen's faction mightily did irk:
At Kenelworth, that no way could endure
His longer stay, but cast to have him laid,
Where his friends least might hope to lend him
aid.

xxvii.

Of which men as they had debated long,
Of Berkely castle they themselves bethought,
A place by nature that was wond'rous strong,
And yet far stronger eas'ly might be wrought:
Besides, it stood their chiefest friends among,
And where he was unlikelyst to be fought;
And for their men, to work what they do-
fir'd,
They knew where villains were that might be
hir'd.

xxviii.

For though the great, to cover their intent,
Seem not to know of any that are ill,
Yet want they not a devilish instrument,
Which they have ready ever at their will:
Such men these had, to mischief wholly bent,
In villany notorious for their skill,
Dishonest, desp'rate, merciless and rude,
That dar'd into damnation to intrude.

xxix.

Vile Gurney and Matrevers were the men,
Of this black scene the actors chose to be,
Whose hateful deed pollutes my maiden pen:
But, I beseech you, be not griev'd with me,
Which have these names now, that were famous
then,
Some boughs grow crooked from the straightest tree:
Yet are no way partakers of their shame;
The fault is in their fact, not in their name.

xxx.

To Kenelworth they speedily dispatch'd,
Fitted with each thing that they could desire,
At such a time as few their coming watch'd,
When of their bus'ness none was to inquire:
Well were the men and their commission match'd,
For they had their authority entire,
To take the king, his guardian to acquit,
And to bestow him where they thought it fit.

xxxi.

This crew of ribalds, villainous and nought,
With their co-agents in this damned thing,
To noble Lei'ter their commission brought,
Commanding the deliv'ry of the king;
Which (with much grief) they lastly from him
wrought;
About the castle closely hovering,
Watching a time, when silence and the night
Could with convenience privilege their flight.

XXXII.

With shameful scoffs, and barbarous disgrace,
Him on a lean ill-favour'd jade they set,
In a vile garment, beggarly and base,
Which (it should seem) they purposely did get;
So carrying him in a most wretched case,
Benumb'd and beaten with the cold and wet,
Depriv'd of all repose and natural rest,
With thirst and hunger grievously oppress'd.

XXXIII.

Yet still suspicious that he should be known,
From beard and head they shav'd away the hair,
Which was the last that he could call his own:
Never left Fortune any wight so bare,
Such tyranny on king was never shewn,
And till that time with mortals had been rare;
His comfort then did utterly deceive him,
But to his death his sorrows did not leave him.

XXXIV.

For when they had him far from all resort,
They took him down from his poor weary beast,
And on a mole-hill (for a state in court)
With puddle water him they lewdly drest,
Then with his woful miseries made sport;
And for his bason, fitting with the rest,
A rusty iron scull:—O wretched sight!
Was ever man so miserably dight?

XXXV.

His tears increas'd the water with their fall,
Like a pool rising with a sudden rain,
Which wrestled with the puddle, and withal
A troubled circle made it to retain;
His endless grief which to his mind did call,
His sighs made billows like a little main;
Water and tears contending whether should
The mastery have, the hot ones or the cold.

XXXVI.

Vile traitors, hold off your unhallow'd hands,
His brow upon it majesty still bears:
Dare you thus keep your sov'reign lord in bands?
And can your eyes behold th' anointed's tears?
Of if your fight all pity thus withstands,
Are not your hearts yet pierced through your ears?

The mind is free, whate'er afflicts the man;
A king's a king, do Fortune what she can.

XXXVII.

Dare man take that which God himself hath given?

Or mortal spill the spir't by him infus'd,
Whose pow'r is subject to the pow'r of heaven?
Wrongs pass not unreveng'd, although excus'd.
Except that thou set all at six and seven,
Rife, Majesty, when thou art thus abus'd:
Or for thy refuge which way wilt thou take,
When in this fort thou dost thy self forsake?

XXXVIII.

When in despite and mock'ry of a crown,
A wreath of grass they for his temples make:
Which when he felt, then coming from a swoon,
And that his spirits a little 'gan to wake:
"Fortune, quoth he, thou dost not always frown;
"I see thou giv'st, as well as thou dost take;
"That wanting natural covert for my brain,
"For that defect thou lend'st me this again.

XXXIX.

"To whom, just Heaven, should
"plain,
"Since it is only thou that work
"How can this body natural stre
"To suffer things so much unnat
"My cogitations labour, but in
"Tis from thy justice that I hav
"That when so many miseries
"The change of sorrow mak
"sweet."

XL.

Thus they to Berkely brought th
Which for their purpose was the p
Ye heavenly pow'rs, do ye behol
And let this deed of horror to be
That might the nation into quest
But oh, your ways with justice st
But he is hap'd into his earthly
From whence he bade the wi
well.

XLI.

They lodg'd him in a melancholic
Where through strait windows th
far,
(In which the sun did at no season
Which strengthen'd were with n
Like to a vault under some migh
Where night and day wag'd a co
Under whose floor the common
Up to the same loathsome ston

XLII.

The ominous raven often he doth
Whose croaking him of following
Begetting strange imaginary fear
With heavy echoes, like to puffin
The howling dog a doleful part
As though they chim'd his last fac
Under his cave the buzzing ser
Beating the windows with her

XLIII.

By night affrighted in his fearful
Of raging fiends and goblins that
Of falling down from steep rocks
Of deaths, of burials, and of winc
Of wand'ring helpless in far fore
Of strong temptations by seducin
Wherewith awak'd, and calling
His hollow voice doth make h

XLIV.

Then came the vision of his blood
Marching along with Lancaster's
Twenty-eight Barons, either han
Attended with the rueful mangle
That unreveng'd did all that whi
At Burton-bridge and fatal Boro
Threat'ning with frowns, an
limb,
As though that picce-meal th
him.

XLV.

And if it chanc'd that from the
The least small star through any
Straitways on heaps the throngin
As though that heaven were ang

ld lend that comfort to his eyes :
 adows glimpsing in his sight,
 is, that it might more ugly be,
 the least cranny would not let him see.

XLVI.

'affliction that they could impose
 o the utmost of their hate,
 rments yet his strength so rose,
 hat nature had conspir'd with fate;
 watchful and too wary foes,
 not still his woes to aggravate,
 r helps suspected, to prevent,
 way his life to Berkely sent.

XLVII.

end a letter fashioning,
 : words a double sense did bear ;
 d to bid them not to kill the King,
 al how vile a thing it were ;
 ointing, was another thing,
 ch him bids them not to fear :
 ght to find, the murth'ers need ne

eto too ready long before.

XLVIII.

rd hap'd a chronicle to find,
 e kings which did him there precede,
 there lodg'd forgotten had behind,
 i pass the hours, he fell to read,
 reby to recreate his mind,
 east that did sore conflicts breed :
 true sorrow once the fancy seizeth,
 we see, our misery increaseth.

XLIX.

Norman ent'ring on this isle,
 m Conqueror, first his time he plies ;
 Hastings how he did defile
 blood, and Harold did surprize ;
 ick he so could not reconcile,
 em he long did tyrannize :
 read, how the strong o'rcame the
 ;
 -times makes wrong to punish wrong.

L.

: then his eldest son abroad,
 ond seiz'd on his estate,
 steps apparently that trod,
 ose who had been conquer'd late ;
 em he laid a heavy load,
 erton'd by impartial fate :
 men's rooms for beasts he did intend,
 : forest had a beastly end.

LI.

ung'st, his brother William dead,
 rown from his usurping hand,
 deft, good Duke Robert's head,
 urned from the Holy Land :
 r was there so much diminished,
 oe not able to withstand,
 in battle, and his eyes outdone,
 , the seas left Henry not a son.

LII.

ie Empress he the sceptre leaves,
 ughter, whom (through false pretext)
 l of Bullion from the kingdom heaves,
 or's nephew, in succession next,

By which the land a stranger war receives,
 Wherewith it long was miserably vext :
 'Till Stephen failing, and his issue gone,
 The heir of Maud steps up into the throne.

LIII.

Henry the second, Maud the Empress' son,
 Of th' English kings Plantagenet the first,
 By Stephen's end a glorious reign begun ;
 But yet his greatness strangely was accus'd,
 By his son Henry's coronation :
 Which to his age much woe and sorrow caus'd,
 When his, whom he had labour'd to make great,
 Abroad his towns, at home usurp'd his seat.

LIV.

Richard, his son, him worthily succeeds,
 Who not content with what was safely ours,
 (A man whose mind fought after glorious deeds)
 Into the East transports the English pow'rs ;
 Where, with his sword while many a pagan bleeds,
 Relentless fate doth haste on his last hours,
 By one, whose fire he justly there had slain,
 With a sharp arrow shot into the brain.

LV.

Next follow'd him his faithless brother John,
 By Arthur's murder (compass'd by his might)
 His brother Geoffrey, th' Earl of Britain's son ;
 But he by poison was repay'd his spite :
 For whilst he strove to have made 'all his own,
 (For what he got by wrong, he held his right)
 And on the clergy tyrannously sed,
 Was by a monk of Swinfield poisoned.

LVI.

Henry his son, then crowned very young,
 For hate the English to the father bare,
 The son's here reigning was in question long,
 Who thought on France t' have cast the king-
 dom's care ;
 With whom the Barons, insolent and strong,
 For the old charter in commotion were :
 Which his long reign did with much care molest,
 Yet with much peace went lastly to his rest.

LVII.

Of him descends a prince, stout, just, and sage,
 (In all things happy, but in him, his son)
 In whom wise nature did herself engage,
 More than in man, in Edward to have done ;
 Whose happy reign recurr'd the former rage,
 By the large bounds he to his empire won :
 " O God !" quoth he, " had he my pattern been,
 " Heav'n! had not pour'd these plagues upon
 " my sin.

LVIII.

Turning the leaf, he found at unawares,
 What day young Edward Prince of Wales was
 born ;
 Which letters look'd like conjuring characters,
 Or to despight him they were set in scorn,
 Blotting the paper like disg'ring scars.
 " O let that name (quoth he) from books be torn,
 " Left in that place the sad displeased earth
 " Doth loath itself, as slander'd with my birth."

LIX.

" Be thence hereafter human birth exil'd,
 " Sunk to a lake, or swallow'd by the sea ;
 " And future ages asking for that child,

" Say, 'twas abortive, or 'twas stoln away :
 " And left, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
 " In thy unnumber'd hours devour that day ;
 " Let all be done that pow'r can bring to pass,
 " I'o make forgot that such a one there was."

LX.

The troubled tears then standing in his eyes,
 Through which he did upon the letters look,
 Made them to seem like roundels, that arise
 By a stone cast into a standing brook,
 Appearing to him in such various wise,
 And at one time such sundry fashions took,
 As like deluding goblins did affright,
 And with their foul shapes terrify his sight.

LXI.

And on his death-bed sits him down at last,
 His fainting spirits foreshewing danger nigh,
 When the doors forth a fearful howling cast,
 To let those in by whom he was to die :
 At whose approach, whilst there he lay aghast,
 Those ruthless villains did upon him fly ;
 Who seeing none to whom to call for aid,
 Thus to these cruel regicides he said :

LXII.

" O be not authors of so vile an act,
 " My blood on your posterity to bring,
 " Which after-time with horror shall distract,
 " When fame shall tell it, how you kill'd a king :
 " And yet more, by the manner of the fact,
 " Mortality so much astonishing,
 " That they should count their wickedness
 " Scarce sin
 " Compar'd to that which done by you hath been.

LXIII.

" And since you deadly hate me, let me live ;
 " Yea this advantage angry heaven hath left,
 " Which, except life, hath ta'en what it did give :
 " But that revenge from you should not be reft,
 " Me yet with greater misery to grieve,
 " Hath still reserv'd this from its former theft ;
 " That this, which might of all these plagues
 " Prevent me,
 " Were I depriv'd it, lasteth to torment me."

LXIV.

Thus spake this woful and distressed Lord,
 As yet his breath found passage to and fro,
 With many a short pant, many a broken word,

Many a fore groan, many a grievous tl
 Whilst him his spirit could any strengt
 To his last gasp to move them with hi
 Till over-master'd by their too mu
 His sickly heart submitted at the lei

LXV.

When 'twixt two beds they clos'd |
 coarse,
 Bafely uncovering his most secret part
 And without human pity or remorse,
 With a hot spit they thrust him to the
 O that my pen had in it but that force,
 T' express the pain ! but that surpass'd
 And that the soul must ev'n with tr
 For words want weight, nor can
 thereto.

LXVI.

When those (i' th' depth and dead t
 night)
 Poor simple people, that then dwelled
 Whom that strange noise did wond'rou
 That his last shriek did in his parting
 As pitying that most miserable wight,
 (Betwixt compassion and obedient fear
 Turn'd up their eyes, with heavine:
 Praying to heaven to give the foul g

LXVII.

Berkely, whose fair seat hath been fam
 Let thy sad echoes shriek a deadly four
 To the vast air complain his grievous
 And keep the blood that issued from h
 The tears that dropp'd from his dead
 In their black footsteps printed on the
 Thereby that all the ages that succe
 May call to mind the foulness of th

LXVIII.

When now the Genius of this woful p
 Being the guide to his affrightful gho
 With hair dishevell'd and a ghastly fac
 Shall haunt the prison where his life
 And as the den of horror and disgrace
 Let it be fearful unto all the coast,
 That those hereafter that do travel
 Never behold it but with heavy che

THE BARONS WARS.

BOOK VI.

The Argument.

Lord *Mortimer* made Earl of *March*; when he
And the fair *Queen* rule all things by their might.
The pomp wherein at *Nottingham* they be;
The cost wherewith their amorous court is dight,
Envy'd by those their hateful pride that see.
The King attempts the dreadful cave by night;
Ent'ring the castle, taketh him from thence,
And *March* at *London* dies for the offence.

I.

Now of other accidents to sing,
As fair shews of promised delight,
What to slack this melancholy string)
New occasions to our Muse excite,
Or conceit strange objects fashioning,
Our free numbers liberally invite:
After of moment much to be respected,
It by our pen be seriously directed.

II.

Now the time more cunningly redeeming,
Fraudful courses fitly to contrive,
All so'er, to bear the fairest seeming,
Which they now must diligently strive,
By all ways to gain the same esteeming,
To the world it prosperously might thrive;
As far gone on, now with the hand of might,
In this wrong to build a lasting right.

III.

The pompous synod of these earthly gods
At *Salisbury* selected by their king,
To set all even that had been at odds,
And into fashion their designs to bring,
And strongly now to settle their abodes,
That peace might after from their actions spring,
Firmly to establish what was well begun,
Under which colour mighty things were done.

IV.

When *Mortimer* pursuing his desire,
Whilst ev'ry engine had his temperate heat,
To be Earl of *March* doth suddenly aspire,
To increase the honour of his ancient seat,
That his command might be the more entire;
Who now, but only *Mortimer*, is great?
Who knew a kingdom as her lot was thrown,
Which having all, would never starve her own.

v.

Now stand they firm as those celestial poles,
 'Twixt which the stars in all their course do move,
 Whose strength this frame of government upholds,
 An argument their wisdoms to approve,
 Which way so'er the time in motion rolls,
 So perfect is the union of their love.
 For might is still most absolute alone,
 Where pow'r and fortune kindly meet in one.

vi.

Whilst Edward's homage gives a further speed
 To th' ancient foe-man to renew the war,
 Which to prevent they must have special heed,
 Matters so strangely manag'd as they are,
 Which otherwife if their neglect should breed,
 Nothing yet made, it might not easily mar;
 Which with the most, reserving their estate,
 Inforc'd to purchase at the dearest rate.

vii.

So much t' release the homage as suffic'd,
 'Mongst which that deed nam'd *Ragman*, of re-
 nown,
 By which the kings of Scotland had devis'd
 Their fealty unto the English crown,
 With other relics that were highly priz'd,
 Wars that which forc'd the greatest part to frown:
 Th' black cross of Scotland men did ominous
 deem,
 Being a relic of so high esteem.

viii.

To colour which, and to confirm the peace,
 They make a marriage 'twixt the Scot and us,
 To give more strength unto this strange release,
 Which unto all men seem'd so dangerous
 Whilst Robert's reign, and after his decease,
 The league might ever be continued thus;
 David the Prince the Lady Jane should take,
 Which 'twixt the realms a lasting bond should
 make.

ix.

When th' Earl of Kent, that being one of those
 Which in their actions had a pow'ful hand,
 Perceiving them of matters to dispose
 To the subjection of so great a land,
 Finding the inconvenience that grows
 Under the guidance of their wilful hand,
 To shake their pow'r whilst he strangely doth
 cast,
 His fatal end too violently doth haste.

x.

Which giving out his brother yet to live,
 (Long now supposed the deceased king)
 Unto his nephew might that scandal give,
 As into question might his title bring;
 Ill this report began, and worse it thrive,
 Being so foul and dangerous a thing,
 Which being the motive of intestine strife,
 The time not long e'er it bereft his life.

xi.

Whilst Edward takes what late their pow'r did
 give,
 Whose homage craves their bountiful protection,
 Which know to rule, whilst he must learn to live,
 From their experience taking his direction,

Which more and more their doubtful hopes revive
 When born to reign, yet crown'd by their elects
 Th' allegiance duly doth to him belong,
 Now makes their faction absolutely strong.

xii.

Providing for protection of the king,
 Men of most power, and noblest of the peers,
 That no distaste unto the realm might bring,
 For ripen'd judgment, or well-season'd years,
 With comeliness all matters managing:
 Yet whilst they row, 'tis Mortimer that steers.
 Well might we think the man were worse than
 blind,
 That wanted sea-roomth, and could rule the
 wind.

xiii.

To smoothe the path wherein this course was gone
 Which as a test might to their actions stand,
 And give more full possession of their own,
 In being received from a sovereign hand,
 Into their bosoms absolutely thrown,
 Both for the good and safety of the land;
 When their proceedings colour'd still with this can
 To the world's eye so fair an outside bare.

xiv.

All complement that appertain'd to state,
 By giving greatness every honour'd rite,
 To feed those eyes that did their hours await,
 And by all means to nourish their delight;
 That entertaining love, they welcome hate,
 And with free bounty equally invite.
 A prince's wealth in spending still doth spend
 Like to a brook with many fountains fed.

xv.

To Nottingham, the North's imperious eye,
 Which as a Pharos guards the goodly soil,
 And arm'd by nature danger to defy,
 There to repose him safely after toil,
 Where treason least advantage might espy,
 Closely conveys this great invaluable spoil;
 That by residing from the public fight,
 He might more freely relish his delight.

xvi.

Nine score in check attending in their court,
 Whom honour'd knighthood knits in mute
 bands,
 Men most select, of special worth and sort;
 Much might they do that have so many hands.
 Who pays not tribute to this lordly port?
 This high-rear'd castle ev'ry way commands;
 Thus like those giants, 'gainst great heav'n
 they rise,
 Which darted rocks at th' empyreal skies.

xvii.

It seems in him Fame means her pow'r to show
 And 'twixt her wings to bear him through the
 sky,
 He might more easily see the things below,
 Having above them mounted him so high,
 Unto whose will they meekly seem to bow,
 Under whose greatness meaner pow'rs do lie:
 All things concur with fair successful chance,
 To raise that man whom Fortune will advance.

XVIII.

Along the flow'r-enamell'd vales,
 Trent on pearly sands doth slide,
 he meadows telling wanton tales,
 stal limbs lasciviously in pride
 bed with the enamour'd gales)
 in turnings casts from side to side,
 she were the sweet foil to forsake,
 st herself into the German lake.

XIX.

in fair Sherwood, wildly bent to rove,
 her loose arms about the flatt'ring
 w'res,
 old shadows of her scatter'd grove,
 inter shelter, and gives Summer bow'rs,
 he stood in courtesy it strove;
 uppling the sharp northern show'rs,
 the proud castle, who by turning to
 r,
 to behold th' lascivious wood-nymph
 do her.

XX.

g retir'd so strictly to this place,
 ur fled the Princess' person draws,
 time seems their greatness to embrace,
 working and especial cause,
 ch formal ceremonious grace,
 just and necessary laws,
 the town retains his kingly seat,
 March's court the castle is replete.

XXI.

I where, in counsels to debate,
 e king conveniently is met,
 gn and magnificent in state,
 all eyes upon his greatness set,
 is honour at that costly rate,
 fame due reverence might beget,
 as the object sundry passions wrought,
 strange forms in many a wand'ring
 night.

XXII.

d ambition find the meanest stay
 portion'd and vain course to guide,
 some safety in that slippery way
 : most worldly provident do slide,
 e steep-fall threat'ning sure decay,
 a the wantonness of pride,
 ad assuming absolute pow'rs,
 beck the frail mortality' of ours.

XXIII.

pleasure sitting with excess,
 junkets tasted with delight,
 that glutton appetite suppress,
 ry dish invites a liqu'rish sight.
 g much, is his desire the less,
 ed past the compass of his might,
 mper'd stomach more than well suf-
 d,
 the surfeit lately gormandis'd.

XXIV.

some brook from th' over-moisten'd
 mud
 g waters proudly overflow'd,
 us current, should'rsth down his mound,

And from his course doth quite himself unload,
 The bord'ring meadows ev'ry where surround,
 Dispersing his own riches all abroad,
 Spending the store he was maintained by,
 Leaves his first channel desolate and dry.

XXV.

When now those few that many tears had spent,
 And long had wept on murder'd Edward's
 grave,

Mutt'ring in corners, griev'd and discontent,
 And finding some a willing ear that gave,
 Still as they durst bewraying what they meant,
 Tending his pride and greatness to deprave;
 Urging withall what some might justly do,
 If things thus born were rightly look'd into.

XXVI.

Some give it out, that March by blood to rife
 Had cut off Kent, the man might next suc-
 ceed,

And his late treasons falsely did surmise
 As a mere colour to this lawless deed;
 That his ambition only did devise,
 In time the royal family to weed,
 When in account there was but only one,
 That kept him off from stepping to the throne.

XXVII.

And those much buied in the former times,
 Then credulous that honour was his end,
 And by the hate they bare to others crimes,
 Did not his faults so carefully attend,
 Perceiving how he dissolutely climbs,
 Having thus brought his purpose to an end,
 With a severe eye now more strictly look
 Into the course that his ambition took.

XXVIII.

All fence the tree that serveth for a shade,
 Whose large-grown body doth repulse the wind,
 Until his wastful branches do invade
 The straiter plants, and them in prison bind,
 And as a tyrant to the weaker made;
 When, like a foul devourer of his kind,
 Unto his root all put their hands to hew,
 Whose roomth but hinders other that would
 grow.

XXIX.

Thus at his ease whilst he securely sate,
 And to his will these things assured were
 With a well-govern'd and contented fate,
 Never so much freed from suspicious fear,
 Well fortify'd, and in so good estate,
 As not admits of danger to be near.
 But still we see, before a sudden show'r
 The sun shines hott'ist, and hath the greatest
 pow'r.

XXX.

Within the castle hath the queen devis'd
 A chamber with choice rarities so fraught,
 As in the same she had imparadiz'd
 Almost what man by industry hath sought;
 Where with the curious pencil was compris'd
 What could with colours by the art be wrought,
 In the most sure place of the castle there,
 Which she had nam'd the Tower of Morti-
 mier.

XXXI.

An orb form with pillars small compos'd,
Which to the top like parallels do bear,
Arching the compass where they were inclos'd,
Fashioning the fair roof like the hemisphere,
In whose partitions by the lines dispos'd,
All the clear northern asterisms were
In their corporeal shapes with stars inched,
As by th' old Poets they in heav'n were placed.

XXXII.

About which lodgings, tow'nds the upper face,
Ran a fine bordure circularly led,
As equal 'twixt the high'st point and the base,
That as a zone the waist ingirdled,
'That lends the sight a breathing, or a space,
'Twixt things near view and those far over
head,

Under the which the painter's curious skill
In lively forms the goodly room did fill.

XXXIII.

Here Phoebus clipping Hyacinthus stood,
Whose life's last drops his snowy breast imbrue,
The one's tears mixed with the other's blood,
That should't be blood or tears no fight could
view,

So mix'd together in a little flood;
Yet here and there they sev'rally withdrew,
The pretty wood-nymphs chafing him with
balm,
To bring the sweet boy from this deadly
quall.

XXXIV.

With the God's lyre, his quiver, and his bow,
His golden mantle cast upon the ground,
T' expre's whose grief Art ev'n her best did
shew,

The sledge so shadow'd still seem'd to rebound,
To counterfeit the vigour of the blow,
As still to give new anguish to the wound;

The purple flower sprung from the blood that
run,
That op'neth since and clofeth with the sun.

XXXV.

By which the heifer Io, Joves's fair rape,
Gazing her new-ta'en figure in a brook,
'The water shadow'd to observe the shape
In the same form that she on it doth look.
So cunningly to cloud the wanton 'scape,
That gazing eyes the portraiture mistook,
By perspective devis'd beholding now,
'This way a maiden, that way't seem'd a
cow.

XXXVI.

Swift Mercury, like to a shepherd's boy,
Sporting with Hebe by a fountain brim,
With many a sweet glance, many an am'rous
toy,

He sprinkling drops at her, and she at him;
Wherein the painter so explain'd their joy,
As though his skill the perfect life could limn,
Upon whose brows the water hung so clear,
As through the drops the fair skin might ap-
pear.

XXXVII.

And ciffy Cynthus with a thousand birds,
Whose freckled plumes adorn his bushy crow
Under whose shadow graze the frag-
herds,
Out of whose top the fresh springs trem-
down,
Dropping like fine pearl through his sh-
beards,

With moss and climbing ivy over-grown;
The rock so lively done in ev'ry part,
As Nature could be patterned by Art.

XXXVIII.

The naked nymphs, some up and down des-
ing,

Small scatt'ring flow'rs at one another flung,
With nimble turns their limber bodies t-
ing,

Cropping the blooming branches lately spru-
(Upon the briars their colour'd mantles i-
ing)

Which on the rocks grew here and there am-
Some comb their hair, some making gar-
by,

As with delight might satisfy the eye.

XXXIX.

There comes proud Phaeton tumbling thr-
the clouds,

Cast by his palfreys that their reigns had bro-
And setting fire upon the welked shrouds,
Now through the heav'n run madding from
yoke,

The elements together thrust in crouds,
Both land and sea hid in a reeking smoke;

Drawn with such life, as some did muck
fire

To warm themselves, some frightened wit-
fire.

XL.

The river Po, that him receiving burn'd,
His seven sisters standing in degrees,
Trees into women seeming to be turn'd,
As the God's turn'd the women into trees,
Both which at once so mutually that mourn'd
Drops from their boughs, or tears fell from
eyes;

The fire seem'd to be water, water flame,
Such excellence in shewing of the same.

XLI.

Aud to this lodging did the light invent,
That it should first a lateral course reflect,
Through a short room into the window sent,
Whence it should come expressively direct,
Holding just distance to the lineament,
And should the beams proportionably project
And being thereby condensed and grave
To ev'ry figure a sure colour gave.

XLII.

In part of which, under a golden vine,
Whose broad-leav'd branches cov'ring over:
Stood a rich bed, spread with this wanton tv
Doubling themselves in their lascivious fall,
Whole rip'ned clusters seeming to decline,

Where, as among the naked Cupids spraul,
Some at the sundry-colour'd birds do shoot,
Some swarming up to pluck the purple fruit.

XLIII.

On which a tissue counterpane was cast,
Arachne's web the same did not surpass,
Wherein the story of his fortunes past
In lively pictures neatly handl'd was;
How he escap'd the Tow'r, in France how

grac'd,

With stones embroider'd, of a wond'rous mass;
About the border, in a curious fret,
Emblems, inscriptions, hieroglyphics set.

XLIV.

This star'ring sun-shine had begot the show'r,
And the black clouds with such abundance fed,
That for a wind they waited but the hour,
With force to let their fury on his head:
Which when it came, it came with such a pow'r,
As he could hardly have imagin'd.

But when men think they most in safety stand,
Their greatest peril often is at hand.

XLV.

For to that largeness they increased were,
That Edward felt March heavy on his throne,
Whose props no longer both of them could bear;
Two for one seat, that over-great were grown,
Preposterously that moved in one sphere,
And to the like predominancy prone,

That the young king down Mortimer must
cast,

If he himself would e'er hope to sit fast.

XLVI.

Who finding the necessity was such,
That w'd him still th' assault to undertake,
And yet his person it might nearly touch,
Should he too soon his sleeping pow'r awake:
Th' attempt, wherein the danger was so much,
Drove him at length a secret means to make,
Whereby he might the enterprize effect,
And hurt him most, where he did least sus-
pect.

XLVII.

Without the castle, in the earth is found
A cave, resembling sleepy Morpheus' cell,
In strange meanders winding under ground,
Where darkness seeks continually to dwell,
Which with such fear and horror doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into hell;

By architects to serve the castle made,
When as the Danes this island did invade.

XLVIII.

Now on along the cranking path doth keep,
Then by a rock turns up another way,
Rising tow'rds day, then falling tow'rds the
deep,

On a smooth level then itself doth lay,
Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,
Nor in the course keeps any certain stay;
Till in the castle, in an odd by-place,

It casts the soul mask from its dusky face.

XLIX.

By which the king, with a selected crew
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,
Vol. III.

Which he affected to the action knew,
And in revenge of Edward had not faint'd,
That to their utmost would the cause pursue,
And with those treasons that had not been taint-

ed,

Adventured the labyrinth t' assay,
To rouse the beast which kept them all at
bay.

L.

Long after Phœbus took his lab'ring team,
To his pale sister and resign'd his place,
To wash his cauples in the ocean stream,
And cool the fervour of his glowing face;
And Phœbe, scant'd of her brother's beam,
Into the West went after him apace,
Leaving black darkness to possess the sky,
To sit the time of that black tragedy.

LI.

What time by torch-light they attempt the cave,
Which at their entrance seem'd in a fright,
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'er seen any light;
Which, striving there prehemine to have,
Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight,
That each confounding other, both appear,
As darkness light, and light but darkness
were.

LII.

The craggy cliffs, which cross them as they go,
Made as their passage they would have deny'd,
And threat'ned them their journey to forefrow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
And sadly seem'd their discontent to show
To the vile hand that did them first divide;
Whose cumb'rous falls and risings seem'd to
lay,

So ill an action could not brook the day.

LIII.

And by the lights as they along were led,
Their shadows then them following at their
back,
Where like to mourners carrying forth their
dead,

And as the deed, so were they, ugly, black,
Or like to fiends that them had followed,
Pricking them on to bloodshed and to wrack;
Whilst the light look'd as it had been amaz'd
At their deformed shapes, whereon it gaz'd.

LIV.

The clatt'ring arms their masters seem'd to
chide,
As they would reason wherefore they should
wound,
And struck the cave in passing on each side,
As they were angry with the hollow ground,
That it an act so pitiless should hide;
Whose stony roof lock'd in their angry sound,
And hanging in the creeks, drew back again,
As willing them from murder to refrain.

LV.

The night wax'd old (not dreaming of these
things)

And to her chamber is the queen withdrawn,
To whom a choice musician plays and sings,

E

Whilst she sat under an estate of lawn,
In night-attire more god-like glittering,
'Than any eye had seen the cheerful dawn,
Leaning upon her most-lov'd Mortimer,
Whose voice, more than the music, pleas'd
her ear,

LVI.

Where her fair breasts at liberty were let,
Whose violet veins in branched riverets flow,
And Venus' swans and milky doves were set
Upon those swelling mounts of driven snow;
Whereon whilst Love to sport himself doth get,
He lost his way, nor back again could go,
But with those banks of beauty set about,
He wander'd still, yet never could get out.

LVII.

Her loose hair look'd like gold (O word too
babe!

Nay, more than sin, but so to name her hair)
Declining, as to kiss her fairer face,
No word is fair enough for thing so fair,
Nor ever was there epithet could grace
That, by much praising which we much impair;
And where the pen fails, pencils cannot shew
it,

Only the soul may be suppos'd to know it.

LVIII.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
The Gods pure scepters and the darts of Love,
That with their touch might make a tigre meek,
Or might great Atlas from his seat remove;
So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,
As she had worn a lilly for a glove;
As might beget life where was never none,
And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

LIX.

The fire of precious wood; the light perfume,
Which left a sweetness on each thing it shone,
As ev'ry thing did to itself assume
The scent from them, and made the same their
own:

So that the painted flowers within the room
Were sweet, as if they naturally had grown;
The light gave colours, which upon them
fell,

And to the colours the perfume gave smell.

LX.

When on those sundry pictures they devise,
And from one piece they to another run,
Commend that face, that arm, that hand, those
eyes,

Shew how that bird, how well that flow'r was
done;

Now this part shadow'd, and how that did
rise,

This top was clouded, how that trail was spun,
The landscape, mixture, and delineatings,
And in that art a thousand curious things:

LXI.

Looking upon proud Phaeton wrapt in fire,
The gentle queen did most bewail his fall;
But Mortimer commended his desire,
To lose one poor life, or to govern all:
"What though (quoth he) he madly did aspire,

"And his great mind made him proud Fortu-
"thrall?

"Yet in despite, when she her worst
"done,

"He perish'd in the chariot of the Sun."

LXII.

"Phœbus (she said) was over-forc'd by art;
"Nor could she find how that embrace co-
"be."

But Mortimer then took the painter's part:

"Why thus, bright empress, thus and th-
"(quoth he:)

"That hand doth hold his back, and this
"heart;

"Thus their arms twine, and thus their l-
"you see:

"Now are you Phœbus, Hyacinthus I;

"It were a life, thus ev'ry hour to die."

LXIII.

When, by that time, into the castle-hall
Was rudely enter'd that well-armed rout,
And they within suspecting nought at all,
Had then no guard to watch for them without
See how mischances suddenly do fall,
And steal upon us, being farth'f from doubt!
Our life's uncertain, and our death is sure,
And tow'rs most peril man is most secure.

LXIV.

Whilst youthful Nevil and brave Turrington,
To the bright queen that ever waited near,
Two with great March much credit that l-
won,

That in the lobby with the ladies were,
Staying delight, whilst time away did run,
With such discourse as women love to hear;
Charg'd on the sudden by the armed train,
Were at their entrance miserably slain.

LXV.

When, as from snow-crown'd Skidow's lo-
cliffs,
Some fleet-wing'd haggard, tow'rs her prey
hour,

Amongst the teal and moor-bred mallard drive
And th' air of all her feather'd flock doth scow-
Whilst to regain her former height she strives,
The fearful fowl all prostrate to her pow'r:

Such a sharp shriek did ring throughout t-
vauk,

Made by the women at the fierce assault.

LXVI.

Unarm'd was March (the only in his arms,
Too soft a shield to bear their boist'rous blows)
Who least of all suspected such alarms,
And to be so encounter'd by his foes,
When he was most improvident of harms.
O, had he had but weapons to his woes!
Either his valour had his life redeem'd,
Or in her fight dy'd happily esteem'd.

LXVII.

But there, about him looking for the king,
Whom he suppos'd his judgment could ex-
mifs;

Which when he found, by his imagining
Of those most perfect lineaments of his:

Quoth he, "The man that to thy crown did
" bring
" Thee, at thy hands might least have look'd for
" this;
" And in this place the least of all the rest,
" Where only sacred Solitude is blest.

LXVIII.

" Her presence frees th' offender of this ill,
" Whose godlike greatness makes the place di-
" vine;
" And canst thou, king, thus countermand her
" will,
" Who gave to thee the pow'r that now is
" thine,
" And in her arms in safety kept thee still,
" As in a most inviolated shrine?
" Yet dar'st thou irreligiously despise,
" And thus profane these sacred liberties?"

LXIX.

But ev'n as when old Ilion was surpris'd,
The Grecians issuing from the wooden horse,
Their pride and fury roughly exercis'd,
Op'ning the wide gates, letting in their force;
Putting in act what was before devis'd,
Without all human pity or remorse;
Ev'n so did they, with whose confused sound
Wards were not heard, and poor complaints
were drown'd.

LXX.

Dissolv'd to tears, she follow'd him: (O tears!
Eliz-like, turn all to tears you touch;
To weep with her, the hard wall scarce for-
bears,
The woful words she uttered were such,
As to wound th' impenetrablest ears,
Her plaints so piercing, and her grief so much:)
And to the king, when she at last could come,
Toss'd to him spake, though he to her were
dumb.

LXXI.

" Dear son," quoth she, " let not his blood be
" spilt,
" So often ventur'd to redeem thy crown.
" Is all his life can there be found that guilt?
" Think of his love, on which thou once shouldst
" frown:
" 'Twas he thy Seat that so substantial built,
" Long with his shoulder sav'd from shaking
" down;
" 'Twas he the means that first for thee did
" find,
" To pass for France, to exercise thy mind.

LXXII.

" Ev'n for the love thou bear'st to that dear
" blood,
" From which (my son) thou didst receive thy
" life,
" Play not the niggard in so small a good,
" With her to whom thy bounties should be rife,
" Begg'd on those knees at which thou oft hast
" stood:
" O, let my up-held hands appease this strife!
" Let not the breath, from this sad bosom sent,
" Without thy pity be but vainly spent."

LXXIII.

When in the tumult, with the sudden fright,
Whilft ev'ry one for safety fought about,
And none regarded to maintain the light,
Which being over-wasted, was gone out,
It being then the mid-time of the night,
Ere they could quit the castle of the rout;
The queen alone (at least, if any near,
They were her women, almost dead with
fear:)

LXXIV.

When horror, darkness, and her inward woe,
Began to work on her afflicted mind,
Upon her weakness tyrannizing so,
As they would do their utmost in their kind;
And as then those, she need no other foe,
Such pow'r her fortune had to them assign'd,
To rack her conscience (by their torture due)
Itself t' accuse of whatfo'er it knew.

LXXV.

O God! (thought she) is yet an hour scarce past,
Since that my greatness, my command more
high,
And eminency wherein I was plac'd,
Wan me respect in ev'ry humble cye?
How am I now abused! how disgrac'd!
Did ever queen in my dejection lie?
These things she ponder'd, as despair still
brought
Their sundry forms into her troubled thought.

LXXVI.

To London thus they March a pris'ner led,
Which there had oft been courted by the queen,
From whom his friends and his late follow'ers
fled,
Of many a gallant follow'd that had been,
Of which, there was not one durst shew his
head,
Much less t' abet his side, that durst be seen;
Which at his fall made them to wonder more,
Who saw the pomp wherein he liv'd before.

LX VII.

O Misery! where once thou art posselt,
Sec but how quickly thou canst alter kind,
And, like a Circe, metamorphosest
The man that hath not a most godlike mind:
The fainting spirit, O how thou canst infect!
Whose yielding frailty eas'ly thou canst find,
And by thy vicious presence, with a breath,
Gives him up fetter'd, basely fear'd, to death.

LXXVIII.

When soon the king a parliament decreed,
(Ne'er till that time sole master of his crown)
And against March doth legally proceed,
Fitted with tools to dig that mountain down,
To which both high and low took special heed:
He ne'er had fawn'd, but then he had a frown,
King Edward's blood, with both the Spencers,
call

For vengeance on him, by the voice of all.

LXXIX.

With dear Kent's death his credit next they
blot,
Then on him lay the Wards and Liveries,

E ij

Which he by craft into his hands had got,
 The sums then seized to his treasures
 Then Joan the princess marry'd to the Scot,
 The sign at Stanhope to the enemies;
 With all things ripp'd from the records of
 time,
 That any way might aggravate his crime.

LXXX.

O dire Revenge! when thou by time art rak'd
 Out of the ashes which have hid thee long,
 (Wherein thou laiddst as thou hadst quite been
 slak'd)
 And becom'st kindled with the breath of wrong,
 How soon thy hideous fury is awak'd!
 From thy poor sparks what flames are quickly
 sprung!

To waste their tops how soon dost thou as-
 pire,
 Whose weight and greatness once repress thy
 fire!

LXXXI.

And what avail'd his answer in that case?
 Which the time then did utterly distaste,
 And look'd upon him with so stern a face,
 As it his actions utterly disgrac'd:
 No friendly bosom gave him any place,
 Who was clean out of all opinion cast;
 Taking his pen, his sorrows to deceive,
 Thus of the queen he lastly took his leave.

LXXXII.

"Bright Empress, yet be pleas'd to peruse
 "The swan-like Dirges of a dying man,
 "Altho' not like the raptures of the Muse
 "In our fresh youth, when our love first began,
 "Into my breast that did the fire infuse,
 "That glorious day that I thy rich glove wan,
 "And in my course a flame of light'ning
 "beat,
 "Out of proud Hertford's high-plum'd bur-
 "gonet.

LXXXIII.

"As for your son, that hast'neth on my death,
 "Madam you know I lov'd him as mine own;
 "And when I could have grasp'd out his breath,
 "I set him eas'ly on his father's throne;
 "Which now his pow'r too quickly witnesseth,
 "Who to this height in tyranny is grown:
 "But yet, be his ingratitude forgiven,
 "As after death I wish to be in heaven.

LXXXIV.

"And for the sole rule, whereon so he stands,
 "Came bastard William but himself to shore?
 "Or had he not our father's valiant hands,
 "Who in that field our ancient ensign bore,
 "(Guarded about with our well-order'd bands)
 "Which then his leopards for their safety wore,
 "Looking at Hastings like that ominous lake,
 "From whose black depths our glorious name
 "we take?

LXXXV.

"Why fell I not from that my all-arm'd horse,
 "On which I rode before the gates of Gaunt,
 "Before the Belgic and Burgonian force,
 "There challenging their countries combatant;

3

"Cast from my seat in some robustious
 "That they of me the victory might v.
 "Why sunk I not under my batter'
 "To grace a brave foe, and renown

LXXXVI.

"Yet never serv'd I Fortune like a slav
 "Nor have, through baseness, made ho
 "less.

"In me her judgment poorly to depra
 "Nought hath she lent me that I'll no
 "Nay, int'rest for her principal I gave.
 "My mind hath suited with her migh
 "Her frowns with scorn and Mor
 "bear,

"For nothing can she do that he can

LXXXVII.

"That ne'er quails me, at which you
 "quake;

"Nor aught that's dreadful dange
 "thow,

"Through sword and fire so us'd n
 "take:

"In death what can be, that I do not
 "That I should fear a covenant to mak

"With it, which welcom'd, finisheth
 "And nothing can th' afflicted

"grieve,

"But he may pardon, who can all f

LXXXVIII.

"And thus, thou most adored in my h
 "The thoughts of whom my huml
 "doth raise,

"Lady most fair, most dear, of most c
 "Worthy of more than any mortal pra

"Condemned March thus lastly doth c
 "From the great'st emper's living in l

"Nor with my dust my honour I in

"Caesar thus dy'd, and thus dies M

LXXXIX.

When secretly he sent this letter to her
 Whose superscription was her princely
 She knew the hand, and thought it ca
 her;

With which conceit she pleas'd herself
 Than which no one thing serv'd so to u
 By feeding her with flatt'ry and with;
 To make her still more sensible of pa
 Which her sad heart was shortly to t

xc.

Using her fingers to rip up the seal,
 Which help'd to hide these ill new
 eyes,

Loth as it were such tidings to reveal,
 As might her senses suddenly surprize;
 But when her white hand did so hardly
 With the poor paper, that the wax mai
 It stuck upon her fingers bloody red
 As to portend some dear blood
 shed.

xci.

When by degrees she eas'ly doth begin,
 And as a filth plays with a baited hook,
 So softly yet the swallow'd sorrow in,
 Till she her bane into her bowels took

And then she sees th' expences of her sin,
Sadly set down in that black doomsday book,
And the dear sums that were to be defray'd,
Before the debt were absolutely paid.

XCII.

Whole hosts of sorrows her sick heart assail,
When ev'ry letter lanc'd her like a dart,
Striving against her which should most prevail,
And yet not one but prick'd her to the heart :
Where one word might another's woe bewail,
And with its neighbour seem'd to bear a part,
Each line serv'd for so true a text to her,
As in her woes would no way let her err.

XCIII.

Grief bade her look, yet soon it bade her leave,
Wherewith o'ercharg'd she neither sees nor
bears,

Her misfall'n senses soonest her deceive,
The sight shuts up her eyes, the sound her
ears,

And of her reading doth her quite bereave,
When for a fescue she doth use her tears ;

Which when some line she loosely over-past,
The drops could tell her where she left the
last.

XCIV.

Somewhat at length recov'ring of her sight,
Deeply she curs'd her sorrow-seeing eye,
And said she was deluded by the light,
Or was abus'd by the orthography,
Or some one had devised it in spight,
Pointing it false her scholarship to try.

Thus when we fondly flatter our desires,
Our best conceits do prove the greatest liars.

XCV.

Her trembling hand, as in a fever, quakes,
Wherewith the paper doth a little stir,
Which she imagines, at her sorrow shakes,
And pities it, which she thinks pities her :
Each small thing somewhat to the greater makes,
And to her humour something doth infer.

Her woe-ty'd tongue but when she once could
free,

" Sweet Mortimer, my most-lov'd Lord
" (quoth she :))

XCVI.

" For thy dear ashes be my breast the urn,
" Which as a relique I of thee will save,
" Mix'd with the tears that I for thee shall
" mourn,

" Which in this bosom shall their burial have ;
" Out of which place they never shall return,
" Nor give the honour to another grave ;

" But here, as in a temple, be preserv'd,
" Wherein thy image is most lively carv'd.

XCVII.

Then breaks she out in curling of her sou ;
But Mortimer so runneth in her mind,
As that she ended ere she had begun,
Speaking before what should have come be-
hind :

From that she to another course doth run,
To be reveng'd in some notorious kind,
By stab, or poison ; and she'll swear to both,
But for her life she could not find an oath.

XCVIII.

She pen and paper takes, and makes no doubt,
But the king's cruel dealing to discover ;
But soon forgetting what she went about,
Poor queen, she fell to scribbling to her lover :
Here she put in, and there she blotter'd out,
Her passion did so violently move her,
That turning back to read what she had writ,
She tore the paper, and condemn'd her wit.

XCIX.

But from her passion being somewhat rais'd,
Like one that lately had been in a swoond,
Or felt some strange extremity appeas'd,
That had been taken from some blow or wound,
Yet on that part it had so strongly seiz'd,
That for the same no remedy was found ;
But at the very point their life to lose,
As they their goods, she doth her grief dis-
pose.

C.

Quoth she, " King Edward as thou art my
" son,

" Leaving the world, this legacy I leave thee :
" My heart's true love, my Mortimer hath
" won,

" And yet of all he shall not so bereave thee ;
" But for this mischief to thy mother done,
" Take thou my curse, so that it may out-live
" thee,

" That as thy deed doth daily me torment,
" So may my curse thee, by my testament.

CI.

" And henceforth in this solitary place.
" Ever retiding from the public sight,
" A private life I willingly embrace,
" No more rejoycing in the obvious light,
" To consummate this too-long-ling'ring space ;
" Till death inclose me in continual night,
" Let never sleep more close my wearied
" eye,
" So, Isabel, lay thee down and die."

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES,

TO THE READER.

SEENING these Epistles are now to the world made public, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable of my private meaning, chiefly for mine own discharge, lest being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a just and universal reprehension: For,

———*Ha nuga seria ducent,
In mala derisum semel exceptumq; sinistre,*

Two points are especially therefore to be explained: first, why I entitle this work *England's Heroical Epistles*; secondly, why I have annexed notes to every Epistle's end. For the first, the title (I hope) carrieth reason in itself; for that the most and greatest persons herein were *English*: or else, that their loves were obtained in *England*. And though heroical be properly understood of Demi-gods, as of *Hercules* and *Æneas*, whose parents were said to be, the one celestial, the other mortal; yet is it also transferred to them, who for the greatness of mind come near to Gods. For to be born of a celestial incubus, is nothing else, but to have a great and mighty spirit, far above the

earthly weakness of men; in which sense *Orin* (whose imitator I partly profess to be) doth also use heroical. For the second, because the work might in truth be judged brainish, if nothing but amorous humour were handled therein, I have interwoven matters historical, which, unexplained, might defraud the mind of much content: As for example, in *Margarite's* epistle to *William de la Poole*,

My daisy flow'r, which once perfum'd the air.

Margarite in *French* signifies a *Daisy*, which for the allusion to her name this *Queen* gave for her device; and this, as others more, have seem'd to me not unworthy the explaining.

Now, though no doubt I had need to excuse other things beside, yet these most especially; the rest I overpass, to eschew tedious recital. If they be as harmlesly taken as I meant them, I shall not lastly be afraid to believe and acknowledge thee a gentle reader.

M. DRAYTON.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

ROSAMOND TO KING HENRY.

The Argument.

Henry the Second keepeth (with much care)
Lord Clifford's daughter, Rosamond the fair ;
And whilst his sons do Normandy invade,
He forc'd to France, with wond'rous cost hath made
A labyrinth in Woodstock, where unseen
His love might lodge safe from his jealous queen :
Yet when he stay'd beyond his time abroad,
Her pensive breast, his darling to unload,
In this epistle doth her grief complain ;
And his rescription tells her his again.

Thy yet thine eyes (Great Henry) may endure
These tainted lines, drawn with a hand impure,
(Which fain would blush, but fear keeps blushes
back,
And therefore suted in despairing black)
Let me for Love's sake their acceptance crave.
But that sweet name vile I profaned have ;
Punish my fault, or pity mine estate ;
Read them for love, if not for love, for hate.
If with my shame thine eyes thou fain would'st
feed,
Here let them surfeit of my shame to read.
This scribbled paper which I send to thee,
If noted rightly, doth resemble me :
As this pure ground, whereon these letters stand,
So pure was I, ere stained by thy hand ;

Ere I was blotted with this foul offence,
So clear and spotless was mine innocence :
Now, like these marks which taint this hateful
scroll,
Such the black sins which spot my leprous soul.
What by this conquest canst thou hope to
win,
Where thy best spoil is but the act of sin ?
Why on my name this slander dost thou bring,
To make my fault renowned by a king ?
" Fame never stoops to things but mean and
" poor,
" The more our greatness, our fault is the
" more ;
" Lights on the ground themselves do lessen far
" But in the air each small spark seems a star."
E. iij

Why on my woman-frailty should'st thou lay
So strong a plot mine honour to betray?
Or thy unlawful pleasure should'st thou buy,
Both with thine own shame and my infamy?
'Twas not my mind consented to this ill,
Then had I been transported by my will;
For what my body was inforc'd to do,
(Heav'n knows) my soul yet ne'er consented to:
For through mine eyes had she her liking seen,
Such as my love, such had my lover been.
"True love is simple, like his mother truth,
"Kindly affection, youth to love with youth;
"No greater cor'sive to our blooming years,
"Than the cold badge of winter-blasted hairs.
"Thy kingly power makes to withstand thy

"foes,
"But cannot keep back age, with time it
"grows:

"Though honour our ambitious sex doth please,
"Yet, in that honour, age a foul disease:
"Nature hath her free course in all, and then
"Age is alike in kings and other men."
Which all the world will to my shame impute,
That I myself did basely prostitute;
And say, that gold was fuel to the fire,
Gray hairs in youth not kindling green desire.
O no, that wicked woman wrought by thee,
My tempter was to that forbidden tree;
That subtle serpent, that seducing devil,
Which bade me taste the fruit of good and
evil:

That Circe, by whose magic I was charm'd,
And to this monstrous shape am thus trans-
form'd:

'That viperous hag, the foe to her own kind,
That devilish spirit, to damn the weaker mind,
Our frailty's plague, our sex's only curse,
Hell's deep'st damnation, the worst evil's worse.

But Henry, how canst thou affect me thus,
'T' whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapless name, with Henry's name I found
Cut in the glass with Henry's diamond;
'That glass from thence fain would I take a-
way,

But then I fear the air would me betray:
Then do I strive to wash it out with tears,
But then the same more evident appears.
Then do I cover it with my guilty hand,
Which that name's witness doth against me
stand:

Once did I sin, which memory doth cherish,
Once I offended, but I for ever perish.

"What grief can be, but time doth make it
"less?

"But infamy time never can suppress."

Sometimes, to pass the tedious irksome hours,
I climb the top of Woodstock's mounting towers,
Where in a turret secretly I lie,
To view from far such as do travel by:
Whither, methinks, all cast their eyes at me,
As through the stones my shame did make them
see;

And with such hate the harmless walls do view,
As even to death their eyes would me pursue.

The married women curse my hateful life,
Wrongs a fair queen and a virtuous wife:
The maidens wish I buried quick may die,
And from each place near my abode do flee.

(a) Well knew'st thou what a monster I would
be,

When thou didst build this labyrinth for me,
(b) Whose strange meanders turning ev'ry way,
Be like the course wherein my youth did stray:
Only a clue doth guide me out and in,
But yet still walk I circular in sin.

As in the gallery this other day,
I and my woman past the time away,
'Mongst many pictures which were hanging
by,

The silly girl at length hapt to espy
Chaste Lucrece' image, and desires to know
What she should be, herself that murder'd so?
Why, girl (quoth I) this is that Roman dame—
Not able then to tell the rest for shame,
My tongue doth mine own guiltiness betray;
With that I sent the prattling wench away,
Lest when my lisping guilty tongue should halt,
My lips might prove the index to my fault.
As that life-blood which from the heart is sent,
In beauty's field pitching his crimson tent,
In lovely sanguine futes the lily cheek,
Whilst it but for a resting place doth seek;
And changing oftentimes with sweet delight,
Converts the white to red, the red to white:
The blush with paleness for the place doth strive,
The paleness thence the blush would gladly
drive:

Thus in my breast a thousand thoughts I carry,
Which in my passion diversly do vary.

When as the sun hales tow'ards the western
shade,

And the trees shadows hath much taller made,
Forth go I to a little current near,
Which like a wanton trail creeps here and there,
Where with mine angle casting in my bait,
The little fishes (dreading the deceit)
With fearful nibbling fly th' enticing gin,
By nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things reasonless thus warn'd by nature be,
Yet I devour'd the bait was laid for me:
Thinking thereon, and breaking into groans,
The bubbling spring, which trips upon the stones,
Chides me away, lest sitting but too nigh,
I should pollute that native purity.

(c) *Rose of the World*, so doth import my name,
Shame of the World, my life hath made the same:
And to th' unchaste this name shall given be,
Of Rosamond, deriv'd from sin and me.

The Cliffords take from me that name of theirs,
Which hath been famous for so many years:
They blot my birth with hateful bastardy,
That I sprang not from their nobility;
They my alliance utterly refuse,
Nor will a scurvy pet shall their name abuse.

Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked Diana in the fountain stands,
With all her nymphs got round about to hide her,
As when Acteon had by chance espied her:

red image I no sooner view'd,
 that metamorphos'd man pursu'd
 own hounds, so by my thoughts am I,
 chase me still, which way soe'er I fly.
 ng the grass, the honey-dropping dew,
 falls in tears before my limber shoe,
 ny foot consumes in weeping still,
 ould say, Why went'st thou to this ill?
 o no place in safety can I go,
 ry thing doth give me cause of wo.
 at fair casket of such wond'rous cost,
 ent'st the night before mine honour lost,
 me was wrought, a harmless maid,
 tunc that adul't'rous God betray'd;
 strate at his feet, begging with pray'rs,
 ing her hands, her eyes (worn up with tears:
 as not an entrapping bait from thee,
 thy virtue gently warning me,
 o declare for what intent it came,
 therein should ever keep my shame.
 this casket (ill I see it now)
 ove's love, lo, turn'd into a cow;
 as she kept with Argus' hundred eyes,
 keful still be Juno's jealousies:
 is I well might have forsworn'd been,
 re clear'd myself to thy suspecting Queen,

Who with more hundred eyes attendeth me,
 Than had poor Argus single eyes to see.
 In this thou rightly imitatest Jove,
 Into a beast thou hast transform'd thy love;
 Nay, worser far (beyond their beastly kind)
 A monster both in body and in mind.

The waxen taper which I burn by night,
 With the dull vap'ry dimness mocks my sight,
 As tho' the damp, which hinders the clear flame,
 Came from my breath in that night of my shame:
 When as it look'd with a dark lowering eye,
 To see the loss of my virginity.
 And if a star but by the glass appear,
 I straight intreat it not to look in here:
 I am already hateful to the light,
 And will it too betray me to the night?

Then sith my shame so much belongs to thee,
 Rid me of that, by only murd'ring me;
 And let it justly to my charge be laid,
 That I thy person meant to have betray'd:
 'I thou shalt not need by circumstance t' accuse me;
 If I deny it, let the heavens refuse me.
 My life's a blemish, which doth cloud thy name,
 Take it away, and clear shall shine thy fame:
 Yield to my suit, if ever pity mov'd thee;
 In this shew mercy, as I ever lov'd thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Well know'st thou what a monster would I be
 When thou didst build this labyrinth for me.*
 The Cretan labyrinth a monster was inclosed,
 Minotaur, the history whereof is well
 known; but the labyrinth was framed by Dedalus
 in many intricate ways, that being entered,
 could either hardly or never return, being in
 the middle of a maze, save that it was larger, the ways
 walled in on every side, out of which Theseus
 with Ariadne's help (lending him a clue of
 thread) escaped. Some report that it was a house,
 one half beneath the ground, another
 half above; the chamber doors therein so deceitfully
 opened, and made to open so many ways, that
 it held a matter almost impossible to return.
 We have held it to have been an allegory of
 life: true it is that the comparison will
 for what liker to a labyrinth than the maze
 of life? But it is affirmed by antiquity, that there
 indeed such a building, though Dedalus, being
 applied to the workman's excellency, made
 it: for Dedalus is nothing else but in-
 ventive or artificial. Hereupon, it is used among
 ancient Poets for any thing curiously wrought.
 Theseus's labyrinth, whose ruins, together
 with her wall, being paved with square stone in
 order, and also her tower, from which the
 monster did run, are yet remaining, was altogether
 under ground, being vaults arched and walled

with brick and stone, almost inextricably wound
 one within another; by which, if at any time her
 lodging were laid about by the queen, she might
 easily avoid peril imminent, and if need be, by secret
 issues take the air abroad many furlongs round a-
 bout Woodstock in Oxfordshire, wherein it was
 situated. Thus much for Rosamonds labyrinth.

(b) *Whose strange Meanders turning ev'ry way.*
 Meander is a river in Lycia, a province of Na-
 tolia, or Asia Minor, famous for the sinuosity and
 often turning thereof, rising from certain hills in
 Meonia: hereupon are intricate turnings, by a
 transumptive and metonymical kind of speech,
 called Meanders: for this river did so strangely
 path itself, that the foot seemed to touch the head.

(c) *Rose of the world, so doth import my name;
 Shame of the world, my life hath made the
 same.*

It might be reported, how at Godstow, where
 this *Rose of the world* was sumptuously interred, a
 certain bishop, in the visitation of his diocese,
 caused the monument, which had been erected to
 her honour, utterly to be demolished; but let that
 severe chastisement of Rosamond then dead, at
 this time also be overpassed, lest she should seem
 to be the *shame of the world*.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES

HENRY TO ROSAMOND.

WHEN first the post arrived at my tent,
And brought the letters Rosamond had sent,
Think from his lips but what dear comfort came,
When in mine ear he softly breath'd thy name.
Straight I injoin'd him of thy health to tell,
Longing to hear my Rosamond did well;
With new inquiries then I cut him short,
When of the same he gladly would report,
That with the earnest haste my tongue oft trips,
Catching the words half spoke out of his lips :
This told, yet more I urge him to reveal,
To lose no time, whilst I unrip'd the seal.
The more I read, still do I err the more,
As though mistaking somewhat said before :
Missing the point, the doubtful sense is broken,
Speaking again what I before had spoken.

Still in a swoon, my heart revives and faints,
'Twixt hopes, despairs, 'twixt smiles and deep complaints.

As these sad accents sort in my desires,
Smooth calms, rough storms, sharp frost, and raging fires,
Put on with boldness, and put back with fears,
For oft thy troubles do extort my tears.
Oh, how my heart at that black line did tremble !
That blotted paper should thyself resemble !
Oh, were there paper but near half so white,
The Gods thereon their sacred laws would write,
With pens of angels wings ; and for their ink,
That heav'nly nectar, their immortal drink !
Majestic courage strives to have suppress'd
This fearful passion, stirr'd up in my breast ;
But still in vain the same I go about,
My heart must break within, or woes break out,
(a) Am I at home pursu'd with private hate.
And war comes raging to my palace-gate ?

Is meagre envy stabbing at my throne,
Treason attending when I walk alone ?
(b) And am I branded with the curse of Ror
And stand condemned by a council's doom ?
(c) And by the pride of my rebellious son,
Rich Normandy with armies overrun ?
Fatal my birth, unfortunate my life,
(d) Unkind my children, most unkind my wife,
Grief, cares, old age, suspicion too torment me
Nothing on earth to quiet or content me,
So many woes, so many plagues to find,
Sickness of body, discontent of mind ;
Hopes left, helps left, life wrong'd, joy inter'd,
Banish'd, distress'd, forsaken, and afflicted.
Of all relief hath fortune quite bereft me ?
Only my love yet to my comfort left me :
And is one beauty thought so great a thing,
To mitigate the sorrows of a king ?
Barr'd of that choice the vulgar often prove,
Have we, than they, less privilege in love ?
Is it a king the woful widow hears ?
Is it a king dries up the orphans tears ?
Is it a king regards the client's cry ?
Gives life to him, by law condemn'd to die ?
Is it his care the commonwealth that keeps,
As doth the nurse her baby whilst it sleeps ?
And that poor king of all those hopes prevent
Unheard, unhelp'd, un pity'd, un lamented ?
Yet let me be with poverty oppress'd,
Of earthly blessings robb'd and dispossest,
Let me be scorn'd, rejected, and revild,
And from my kingdom let me live exil'd,
Let the world's curse upon me still remain,
And let the last bring on the first again ;
All miseries that wretched man may wound,
Leave for my comfort only Rosamond.

swift Time his speedy course doth stay,
 command the Destinies obey;
 , that comes not from thine eyes,
 feet ev'n Mercy prostrate lies,
 feeble, rheumatic, or cold,
 true signs that I were waxed old;
 march all day in massy steel,
 arms unwieldy weight do feel;
 by night with bruise or bloody wound,
 y bed, no pillow but the ground:
 e had I lain bed rid long,
 f thine again could make me young.
 in art a power but so divine,
 e sweet-angel tongue of thine,
 enchantress, which once took such
 ng blood into old Ælon's veins,
 ves, mountains, and the moorish fen,
 more herbs than had been known to
 pow'rful potion that she makes,
 f men, of birds, of beasts, and snakes,
 needed to have gone so far,
 e souls where all those simples are;
 t from thy lips the blood more warms,
 er philters, exorcisms, and charms.
 ce hath repaired in one day,
 y years with sorrows did decay,
 fresh beauty in her flow'r to spring
 wrinkles of time's ruining.
 : hungry winter-starved earth,
 by nature labours tow'rd's her birth,
 day upon the dark world creeps,
 a forth after another peeps,
 all flow'r, whose root at last unbound,
 the frosty prison of the ground,
 the leaves unto the pow'rful noon,
 fresh colours smiles upon the sun.
 quiet care lodg'd in that breast,
 one thought of Rosamond did rest:
 nor travail, which on war attend,
 ght the long day to desired end:
 id pale fear or lean famine live,
 pe of thee did any comfort give:
 : injustice then is this of thee,
 the guiltless dost condemn for me?
 y she (by means of my offence)
 thy pureness and thy innocence:
 our wills perforce obey they must,
 k in them, whate'er in us unjust;
 we do, not them account we make,
 craves pardon for th' offender's sake:
 t to work a prince's will may merit,
 p'd impression in the gentlest spirit.
 my name that doth thee so offend,
 myself shall be mine own name's friend;
 at which thou dost only hate,
 e in my name lastly has his date:
 accurit and fatal, and dispraise it;
 a, blot it; if engraven, raze it:
 of all names 'tis a name of woe,
 ing's name, but now it is not so:
 call this is done, I know'twill grieve thee,
 where (sweet) why should I now believe
 ce?

Nor should'st thou think those eyes with envy
 lowre,

Which passing by thee gaze up to the tow'r;
 But rather praise thine own, which be so clear,
 Which from the turret like two stars appear:
 Above, the sun doth shine; beneath, thine eye,
 Mocking the heav'n, to make another sky.

The little stream which by thy tow'r doth glide,
 Where oft thou spend'st the weary ev'ning tide,
 To view thee well, his course would gladly stay,
 As loth from thee to part so soon away,
 And with salutes thyself would gladly greet,
 And offer up some small drops at thy feet;
 But finding that the envious banks restrain it,
 T' excuse itself doth in this sort complain it,
 And therefore this sad bubbling murmur keeps,
 And for thy want within the channel weeps.
 And as thou dost into the water look,
 The fish, which see thy shadow in the brook,
 Forget to feed, and all amazed lie,
 So daunted with the lustre of thine eye.

And that sweet name which thou so much dost
 wrong,

In time shall be some famous poet's song;
 And with the very sweetness of that name,
 Lions and tigers men shall learn to tame.
 The careful mother, at her pensive breast,
 With Rosamond shall bring her babe to rest;
 The little birds (by men's continual sound)
 Shall learn to speak and prattle Rosamond;
 And when in April they begin to sing,
 With Rosamond shall welcome in the spring;
 And she in whom all rarities are found,
 Shall still be said to be a Rosamond.

The little flow'rs dropping their honey'd dew,
 Which (as thou writ'st) do weep upon thy shoe,
 Not for thy fault (sweet Rosamond) do moan,
 Only lament that thou so soon art gone:
 For if thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,
 That hemlock's made far sweeter than the rose.

Of Jove or Neptune, how they did betray,
 Speak not, of Io or Amimone;
 When she, for whom Jove once became a bull,
 Compar'd with thee, had been a tawny trull;
 He a white bull, and she a whiter cow,
 Yet he nor she ne'er half so white as thou.

Long since (thou know'st) my care provided for
 To lodge thee safe from jealous Eleanor;
 The labyrinth's conveyance guides thee to
 (r) (Which only Vaughan, thou and I do know)
 If she do guard thee with an hundred eyes,
 I have an hundred subtle Mercuries,
 To watch that Argus which my love doth keep,
 Until eye after eye fall all to sleep.

And those stars which look in, but look to see,
 (Wond'ring) what star here on the earth should be;
 As oft the moon, amidst the silent night,
 Hath come to joy us with her friendly light,
 And by the curtain help'd mine eye to see,
 What envious night and darkness hid from me;
 When I have with'd that the might ever stay,
 And other worlds might still enjoy the day.

What should I say? words, tears, and sighs be
 spent,
 And want of time doth farther help prevent:

My camp resounds with fearful shocks of war,
 Yet in my breast more dang'rous conflicts are;
 Yet is my signal to the battle's sound,
 The blessed name of beauteous Rosamond.
 Accursed be that heart, that tongue, that breath,
 Should think, should speak, or whisper of thy death :

For in one smile or lowre from thy sweet eye
 Consists my life, my hope, my victory.
 Sweet Woodstock, where my Rosamond doth
 Be blest in her, in whom thy king is blest :
 For though in France a while my body be,
 My heart remains (dear paradise) in thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Am I at home pursu'd with private hate,
 And war comes raging to my palace-gate ?*

Robert Earl of Leicester, who took part with young King Henry, entered into England with an army of three thousand Flemings, and spoiled the countries of Norfolk and Suffolk, being succoured by many of the king's private enemies.

(b) *And am I branded with the curse of Rome ?*

King Henry II. the first Plantagenet, accused for the death of Thomas Becket Archbishop of Canterbury, slain in that cathedral church, was accursed by Pope Alexander, although he urged sufficient proof of his innocency in the same, and offered to take upon him any penance, so he might avoid the curse and interdiction of his realm.

(c) *And by the pride of my rebellious son,
 Rich Normandy with armies overrun.*

Henry the young king, whom King Henry had caused to be crowned in his life (as he hoped) both for his own good, and the good of his subjects, which indeed turned to his own sorrow, and the trouble of the realm : for he rebelled against him,

and raising a power by the means of Lewis I of France, and William King of Scots (who part with him) invaded Normandy.

(d) *Unkind my children, most unkind my wife*

Never was king more unfortunate than I Henry in the disobedience of his children : Henry, then Geoffry, then Richard, then J all at one time or other, first or last, unnatural rebelled against him; then the jealousy of Ele his Queen, who suspected his love to Rosam which grievous trouble the devout of those time tributed to happen to him justly for refusing to on him the government of Jerusalem, offered him by the patriarch there, which country mightily afflicted by the Sultan.

(e) *Which only Vaughan, thou and I do know*

This Vaughan was a knight, whom the I exceedingly loved, who kept the palace at Woodstock, and much of the king's jewels and treasure to whom the king committed many of his secrets and in whom he reposed such trust, that he committed his love unto his charge.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

KING JOHN TO MATILDA.

The Argument.

King John enamour'd, by all means assay'd
To win Matilda, a chaste noble maid,
The Lord Fitzwater's daughter; and to gain her,
When by his courtship he could not obtain her,
Nor by his gifts, strives (so far being in)
To get by force, what fair means could not win,
And banisheth the nearest of her blood,
Which he could think had his desires withstood:
When she to Dunmow to a nun'ry flies,
Whither he writeth, and whence she replies.

When these my letters come into thy view,
Think 'em not forc'd, or fain'd, or strange, or new,
Thou know'st no way, no means, no course ex-
empted,
Let now unsought, unprov'd, or unattempted.
All rules, regards, all secret helps of art,
What knowledge, wit, experience can impart,
And in the old world's ceremonies doated,
Good days for love, times, hours, and minutes
noted;
And where art left, love teacheth more to find,
My sighs in presence to express the mind.
Which mine eye told thine eye beauty griev'd it,
And begg'd but for one look to have reliev'd it;
And still with thine eye's motion mine eye
mov'd,
Lest ring for mercy, telling how it lov'd:
You blusht, I blusht; your cheek pale, pale was
mine;
My red, thy red, my whiteness answer'd thine;

You sigh'd, I sigh'd, we both one passion prove;
But thy sigh is for hate, my sigh for love.
If a word pass'd that insufficient were,
To help that word mine eye let forth a tear;
And if that tear did dull or senseless prove,
My heart would fetch a throb to make it move.
Oft in thy face one favour from the rest
I singled forth, that pleas'd my fancy best;
This likes me most, another likes me more,
A third exceeding both those lik'd before:
Then one, as wonder were derived thence,
Than that, whose rareness passeth excellence.
Whilst I behold thy globe-like rowling eye,
Thy lovely cheek (methinks) stands smiling by,
And tells me those are shadows and suppoles,
But bids me thither come and gather roses:
Locking on that, thy brow doth call to me,
To come to it, if wonders I will see:
Now have I done, and then thy dimpled chin
Again doth tell me newly I begin,

And bids me yet to look upon thy lip,
Lest wond'ring least, the great'st I over slip :
My gazing eye on this and this doth seize,
Which surfeits, yet cannot desire appease.
Now like I brown (O lovely brown thy hair!)
Only in brownness beauty dwelleth there.
Then love I black, thine eye-ball black as jet,
Which in a globe pure crystalline is set :
Then white; but snow, nor swan, nor ivory
please,

Then are thy teeth more whiter than all these;
In brown, in black, in pureness, and in white,
All love, all sweets, all rareness, all delight :
Thus thou, vile thief, my stol'n heart hence do'st
carry,

And now thou fly'st into a sanctuary.
Fie, peevish girl, ungrateful unto nature;
Did she to this end frame thee such a creature,
That thou her glory should'st increase thereby,
And thou alone do'st scorn society?
Why, heav'n made beauty like herself, to view,
Not to be lock'd up in a smoky mew :
A rosy-tinted feature is heav'n's gold,
Which all men joy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the world begun,
That so rare a beauty should not live a Nun :
But of this vow thou needs wilt undertake,
O were mine arms a cloister for thy sake!
Still may his pains for ever be augmented,
'This superstition idly that invented :
Ill might he thrive, who brought this custom
hither,

That holy people might not live together.
A happy time, a good world was it then,
When holy women liv'd with holy men;
But kings in this yet privileg'd may be;
I'll be a Monk, so I may live with thee.
Who would not rise to ring the morning's knell,
When thy sweet lips might be the sacring bell?
Or what is he, not willingly would fast,
That on those lips might feast his lips at last?
Who to his matins early would not rise,
'That might read by the light of thy fair eyes?
On worldly pleasures who would ever look,
'That had thy curls his beads, thy brows his
book?

Wert thou the cross, to thee who would not
creep,

And with the cross still in his arms to keep?
Sweet girl, I'll take this holy habit on me,
Of meer devotion that is come upon me;
Holy Matilda, thou the saint of mine,
I'll be thy servant, and my bed thy shrine.
When I do offer, be thy breast the altar;
And when I pray, thy mouth shall be my psalter.
The beads that we will bid, shall be sweet kisses,

Which we will number, if one pleasure miss;
And when an ave comes, to say Amen,
We will begin, and tell them o'er again :
Now all good fortune give me happy thrift,
As I should joy t' absolve thee after thrift.

But see how much I do myself beguile,
And do mistake thy meaning all this while :

Thou took'st this vow to equal my desire,
Because thou wouldst have me to be a Friar,
And that we two should comfort one another,
A holy sister and a holy brother :
Thou as a vot'ress to my love alone,
" She is most chaste that's but enjoy'd of one."
Yea, now thy true devotion do I find,
And sure, in this I much commend thy mind,
Life here thou do'st but ill example give,
And in a nun'ry thus thou shouldst not live.
Is't possible, the house that thou art in,
Should not be touch'd (though with a violent sin)
When such a she-priest comes her mass to say?
Twenty to one they all forget to pray :
Well may we wish they would their hearts o
mend,

When we be witness that their eyes offend ;
All creatures have desires, or else some lie;
Let them think so that will, so will not I.

Do'st thou not think our ancestors were wise,
That these religious cells did first devise,
As hospitals were for the fore and sick,
These for the crook'd, the halt, the stigmatic,
Lest that their seed mark'd with deformity,
Should be a blemish to posterity?
Would heav'n her beauty should be hid from
sight,

Ne'er would she thus herself adorn with light,
With sparkling lamps, nor would she paint her
throne,

But she delighteth to be gaz'd upon :
And when the golden glorious sun goes down,
Would she put on her star bestudded crown,
And in her masking suit, the spangled sky,
Come forth to bride it in her revelry,
And gave this gift to all things in creation,
That they in this should imitate her fashion.
All things that fair, that pure, that glori
ous
been,

Offers themselves of purpose to be seen.
In sinks and vaults the ugly toads do dwell;
The devils, since most ugly, they in Hell.
Our mother (earth) ne'er glories in her fruit,
Till by the sun clad in her tinsel suit;
Nor doth she ever smile him in the face,
Till in his glorious arms he her embrace :
Which proves she hath a soul, sense, and delight
Of generation's feeling appetite.

Well, hypocrite (in faith) wouldst thou confute,
What ere thy tongue say, thy heart saith no less.

Note but this one thing (if nought else
swade)

Nature of all things male and female made,
Shewing herself in our proportion plain ;
For never made she any thing in vain :
For as thou art, should any have been thus,
She would have left ensample unto us.
The turtle, that's so true and chaste in love,
Shews by her mate something the spirit do
move :

Th' Arabian bird that never is but one,
Is only chaste, because she is alone :
But had our mother nature made them two,
They would have done as doves and sparrows do

ore made a martyr in desire,
 penance lastly in the fire :
 y all be roasted quick, that be
 to nature, as is she.
 but one so young, so fair, so free,
 'd, and sought by him that now seeks
 :)
 mind, and here I undertake
 sun'ry for her only sake.
 thou tasted of those rare delights,
 each where to please great princes
 to !
 air beauty and their wits admir'd,
 y nature of your sex desir'd)
 y our trains, our pomp, our port,
 dor'd abroad, kneel'd to in court,
 ed with the cheerful cry
 y grace, and sovereign majesty :
 them that know not pleasure's price,
 , a prison and a paradise."
 ven clos'd up from the light,
 , diff'rence 'twixt the day and night ;

" Whose palate never tasted dainty cakes,
 " Thinks homely dishes princely delicacies."
 Alas, poor girl, I pity thine estate,
 That now thus long hast liv'd disconsolate !
 Why now at length yet let thy heart relent,
 And call thy father back from banishment,
 And with those princely honours here invest
 him,
 Of which fond love, not hate, hath dispossest
 him.
 Call from exile thy dear allies and friends,
 To whom the fury of my grief extends ;
 And if thou take my counsel in this case,
 I make no doubt thou shalt have better grace :
 And leave thy Dunmow, that accursed cell,
 There let black night and melancholy dwell ;
 Come to the court, where all joys shall receive
 thee,
 And till that hour, yet with my grief, I leave
 thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

He of King John to Matilda is much
 al than historical, making no mention
 he occurments of the time or state,
 sly his love to her, and the extremity
 ion, forced by his desires, rightly
 he humour of this king, as hath been
 i by the most authentical writers,
 re and disposition is trueliest discerned
 se of his love : first, jesting at the ce-

remonies of the services of those times : then
 going about by all strong and probable argu-
 ments to reduce her to pleasures and delights :
 next with promises of honour, which he thinketh
 to be the last and greatest means, and to have
 greatest power on her sex, with a promise of cal-
 ling home her friends, which he thought might
 be a great inducement to his desires.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

MATILDA TO KING JOHN.

No sooner I receiv'd thy letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they
were,

But sudden fear my bloodless veins doth fill,
As though divining of some future ill;
And in a shiv'ring extasy I stood,
A chilly coldness ran through all my blood:
Opening the packet, I shut up my rest,
And let strange cares into my quiet breast,
As though thy hard unpitying hand had sent me
Some new-devised torture to torment me.
Well had I hop'd I had been now forgot,
Cast out with those things thou remembrest not;
And that proud beauty, which enforc'd me hither,
Had with my name been perished together:
"But O (I see) our hoped good deceives us;
"But what we would forego, that seldom leaves
us."

Thy blameful lines, bespotted so with sin,
Mine eye would cleanse, ere they to read begin:
But I to wash an Indian go about,
For ill so hard set on is hard got out.
I once determin'd still to have been mute,
Only by silence to resist thy sute;
But this again did alter my intent,
For some will say, that silence doth consent:
"Desire with small encouraging grows bold,
"And hope of every little thing takes hold."

I set me down, at large to write my mind,
But now, nor pen nor paper can I find;
For still my passion is so pow'rful o'er me,
That I discern not things that stand before me:
Finding the pen, the paper, and the wax,
These at command, and now invention lacks:
This sentence serves, and that my hand out-
strikes;

That pleaseth well, and this as much mislikes.
I write, I indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I interline, I blot, correct, I note:

I hope, despair, take courage, faint, disdain,
I make, allege, I imitate, I fain:
Now thus it must be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, shame-fac'd, fearless, doubtful, timorous:
My faint hand writing when my full eye reads,
From ev'ry word strange passion still proceeds.
"O, when the soul is fett'ed once in woe,
"'Tis strange what humours it doth force
to!"

A tear doth drown a tear, sigh sigh doth smother,

This hinders that, that interrupts the other:
Th' over-watch'd weakness of the sick conceits,
Is that which makes small beauty seem so great;
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
Which crook'd, seem straight, if straight, the con-
trary:

And thus our vain imagination shews it,
As it conceives it, not as judgment knows it.
(As in a mirror, if the same be true,
Such as your likeness, justly such are you:
But as you change your self, it changeth there,
And shews you as you are, not as you were:
And with your motion doth your shadow move,
If frown or smile, such the conceit of love.)

Why tell me, is it possible the mind
A form in all deformity should find?
Within the compass of man's face, we see,
How many sorts of several favours be;
And in the chin, the nose, the brow, the eye,
The smallest difference that you can discern,
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,
Nay, oft destroys the favour of the face:
And in the world scarce two so like there are,
One with the other which if you compare,
But being set before you both together,
A judging sight doth soon distinguish either.
How woman-like a weakness is it then?
O, what strange madness so possesseth men!

use, such senseless wonders seeing,
 form, fashion, certainty, or being?
 O many die to live in anguish,
 live, if thus they should not languish:
 art yields not, and yet hope denies

lives not, and a death that dies not;
 us most, when most it speaks us fair,
 see all things, always pays with air:
 none doth our greatest grief appease,
 sorrow after little ease.

Which thy lascivious will doth crave,
 were had, thou never more couldst have;
 thou get, in getting thou dost waste it,
 it, and perish'd if thou hast it:
 thou gain'st, thou ne'er the more hast

being, yet am quite undone;
 that if that a king deprave me,
 restores, though he a kingdom gave

thou of father and of friends deprive

thou from me all that heav'n did
 me?

re claims by blood, allies, or near-

ip challenge by regard or dearest,
 an orphan ere my father die,
 dow in virginity?

idled lust the cause of all?

my flatt'ring tongue bewails my fall.
 man's grave with fained tears to fill,
 uring crocodile doth kill:

hate in shew of wholesome things,
 so the poison'd serpent stings:

off, yet lodge destruction by,

so poisons with the eye:

aid, and then to lie in wait,

in murders by deceit:

ticement sudden death to bring,

rocks th' alluring mermaids sing:

wants t' inflict the greatest woe,

most tyranny can do.

I see) the tempest thus prevails,

anchors? or what need we fail?

blust'ring winds and dreadful thun-

gape for our destruction under;

side the furious billows fly,

there sands, and dang'rous whirl-

s lie.

mean that mightiness approves?

sort do princes woo their loves?

ould better suit with majesty,

evenge and rough severity.

safety temperance doth rest,

arbour in a sovereign breast!

praiseful in the meanest men,

kings how glorious is it then?

first hither, hoping to have aid,

have mine innocence betray'd?

country both her enemy,

found to shrowd in chastity?

Each house for lust a harbour and an inn,

And ev'ry city a receipt for sin?

And all do pity beauty in distress;

If beauty chaste, then only pitiless:

Thus is she made the instrument to ill,

And unreliev'd may wander where she will.

Lascivious poets, which abuse the truth,

Which oft teach age to sin, infecting youth;

For the unchaste make trees and stones to
 mourn,

Or as they please to other shapes do turn.

Cinyra's daughter, whose incestuous mind

Made her wrong nature, and dishonour kind,

Long since by them is turn'd into a myrrh,

Whose dropping liquor ever weeps for her:

And in a fountain Bibles doth deplore

Her fault so vile and monstrous before:

Scylla, which once her father did betray,

Is now a bird (if all be true they say):

She that with Phoebus did the foul offence,

Now metamorphos'd into frankincense:

Other to flowers, to odours, and to gum,

At least, Jove's leman is a star become:

And more, they find a thousand fond excuses,

To cloud their 'scapes, and cover their abuses:

The virgin only they obscure and hide,

Whilst the unchaste by them are deify'd;

And if by them a virgin be express,

She must be rank'd ignobly with the rest.

I am not now, as when thou saw'st me last,

Time hath those features utterly defac'd,

And all those beauties which fate on my brow,

Thou wouldst not think such ever had been now:

And glad I am that time with me is done,

(c) Vowing myself religiously a Nun:

My vestal habit me contenting more,

Than all the robes adorning me before.

Had Rosamond (a recluse of our sort)

Taken our cloister, left the wanton court,

Shadowing that beauty with a holy veil,

Which she (alas!) too loosely set to sale,

She need not, like an ugly Minotaur,

Have been lock'd up from jealous File nor,

But been as famous by thy mother's wrongs,

As by thy father subject to all tongues.

"To shadow sin, might can the most pretend;

"Kings, but the conscience, all things can de-

"fend."

A stronger hand restrains our wilful pow'rs,

A will must rule above this will of ours;

Not following what our vain desires do woo,

For virtue's sake but what we only do.

And hath my father chose to live exil'd,

Before his eyes should see my youth defil'd?

(d) And, to withstand a tyrant's lewd desire,

Beheld his towns spent in revengeful fire,

Yet never touch'd with grief: so only I,

Exempt from shame, might honourably die?

And shall this jewel, which so dearly cost,

Be after all by my dishonour lost?

No, no, each reverend word, each holy tear

Of his in me too deep impression bear;

His latest farewell at his last depart,

More deeply is engraved in my heart;

Nor shall that blot by me his name shall have,
Bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave :
Better his tears to fall upon my tomb,
Than for my birth to curse my mother's womb.

(c) Though Dunmow give no refuge here at
Dunmow can give my body burial.
If all remorseless, no tear-shedding eye,
Myself will moan myself, so live, so die.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle containeth no particular points of history more than the generality of the argument layeth open : for after the banishment of the Lord Robert Fitzwater, and that Matilda was become a recluse at Dunmow (from whence this reply is imagined to be written) the king still earnestly persisting in his suit, Matilda with this chaste and constant denial, hopes yet at length to find some comfortable remedy, and to rid herself of doubts, by taking upon her this monastic habit ; and to shew that she still beareth in mind his former cruelty, bred by the impatience of his lust, she remembereth him of her father's banishment, and the lawless exile of her allies and friends.

(a) *Doſt thou of father and of friends deprive me ?*

Then complaining of her distress, that flying thither, thinking there to find relief, she seeth herself most assaulted, where she hoped to have found most safety.

(b) *Fled I first hither, hoping to have aid.*

Here thus, &c.

After again standing upon the precise point of conscience, not to cast off this habit she had taken

(c) *Vowing myself religiously a nun.*

And at last, laying open more particular miseries sustained by her father in England, burning of his castles and houses, which she veth to be for her sake ; as respecting on honour more than his native country, and his fortunes.

(d) *And to withstand a tyrant's lewd desires
Behold his towns spent in revengeful fire*

Knitting up her epistle with a great and constant resolution :

(e) *Though Dunmow give no refuge here at
Dunmow can give my body burial.*

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

QUEEN ISABEL TO MORTIMER.

The Argument.

*Fair Isabel (Edward the second's Queen,
Philip of France's daughter) for the spleen
She bare her husband, for that he affected
Lascivious minions, and her love neglected,
Drew to her favour (striving to prefer)
That valiant young Lord Roger Mortimer,
Who with the Barons rose, but wanting pow'r,
Was taken and imprison'd in the Tow'r;
But by a sleepy drink which she prepar'd,
And at a banquet given to his guard,
He makes escape : to whom to France she sends;
Who thence to her his service recommends.*

THOUGH such sweet comfort comes not now from
her,
As England's Queen hath sent to Mortimer :
In what that wants (may it my pow'r approve,
Which can bring) this shall supply with love.
Methinks affliction should not fright me so,
Nor should resume those sundry shapes of woe;
But when I vain would find the cause of this,
Thy absence shews me where my error is.
Oh when I think of thy departing hence,
Sad sorrow then possesseth ev'ry sense;
But finding thy dear blood preserv'd thereby,
And in thy life my long-wish'd liberty,
With that sweet thought my self I only please
Amidst my grief, which sometimes gives me ease:
Thus do extremest ills a joy possess,
And one woe makes another woe seem less.

That blessed night, that mild-aspected hour,
Wherein thou mad'st escape out of the Tow'r,
Shall consecrated evermore remain;
Some gentle planet in that hour did reign,
And shall be happy in the birth of men,
Which was chief lord of the ascendant then.
(a) O how I fear'd that sleepy juice I sent
Might yet want pow'r to further thine intent
Or that some unseen mystery might lurk,
Which wanting order kindly should not work?
Oft did I wish those dreadful pois'ned lees,
Which clos'd the ever-waking Dragon's eyes;
Or I had had those sense-bercaving stalks,
That grow in shady Proserpine's dark walks;
Or those black weeds on Lethe banks below,
Or lunar, that doth on Latmus flow.

Of did I fear this moist and foggy clime,
Or that the earth, wax'd barren now with time,
Should not have herbs to help me in this case,
Such as do thrive on India's parched face.

That morrow when the blessed sun did rise
And shut the lids of all heaven's lesser eyes,
Forth from my palace, by a secret stair,
(*b*) I stole to Thames, as though to take the air;
And ask'd the gentle flood as it doth glide,
If thou didst pass or perish by the tide?
If thou didst perish, I desire the stream
To lay thee softly on his silver team,
And bring thee to me to the quiet shore,
That with his tears thou might'st have some tears
more.

When suddenly doth rise a rougher gale,
With that (*methinks*) the troubled waves look
pale.

And sighing with that little gust that blows,
With this remembrance seem to knit their brows.
Even as this sudden passion doth affright me,
The cheerful sun breaks from a cloud to light me;
'Then doth the bottom evident appear,
As it would shew me that thou wast not there:
When as the water flowing where I stand,
Doth seem to tell me, thou art safe on land.

(*c*) Did Bulloin once a festival prepare,
For England, Almain, Sicil, and Navarre?
When France envy'd those buildings (only blest)
Grac'd with the orgies of my bridal feast,
That English Edward should refuse my bed,
For that lascivious shameless Ganymede?

(*d*) And in my place, upon his regal throne,
'To set that girl-boy, wanton Gaveston?

Between the feature of my face and his,
My glass assures me no such difference is.

(*e*) That a foul witch's ba?ard should thereby
Be thought more worthy of his love than I.

What doth avail us to be princes heirs,
When we can boast, our birth is only their's?
When base dissembling flatterers shall deceive us
Of all that our great ancestors did leave us;

(*f*) And of our princely jewels, and our dow'rs,
Let us enjoy the least of what is ours?

When minions heads must wear our monarchs
crowns,

To rise up dunghills with our famous towns?
Those beggars-brats, wrapt in our rich perfumes,
Their buzzard wings imp'd with our eagles plumes,

(*g*) And match'd with the brave issue of our blood,
Ally the kingdom to their cravand blood.

Did Lonthanks purchase with his conqu'ring
hand

(*h*) Albania, Gascoin, Cambria, Ireland,
'That young Carnarvon (his unhappy son)

(*i*) Should give away all that his father won,
'To back a stranger, proudly bearing down

The brave allies and branches of the crown?

(*k*) And did great Edward on his death-bed give
This charge to them which afterwards should live,
That that proud Gascoin banished the land,
No more should trade upon the English sand?

And have these great Lords in the quarrel stood,
And seal'd his last will with their dearest blood?

(*l*) That after all this fearful massacre,
The fall of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaster,
Another faithless favourite should arise,
To cloud the sun of our Nobilities

(*m*) And glory'd I in Gaveston's great fall,
'That now a Spencer should succeed in all?
And that his ashes should another breed,
Which in his place and empire should succeed?
That wanting one a kingdom's wealth to spend
Of what that left this now shall make an end?
'To waste all that our father won before,
Nor leave our son a sword to conquer more?

Thus, but in vain, we fondly do resist,
"Where pow'r can do (ev'n) all things as it list
"And of our right with tyrants to debate,

"Length them means to weaken our estate.
Whilst parliaments must remedy their wrongs,
And we must wait for what to us belongs;
Our wealth but fuel to their fond excess,
And all our fasts must feast their wantonness,

Think'st thou our wrongs then insufficient are
To move our brother to religious war?

(*n*) And if they were, yet Edward doth detain
Homage for Poictou, Guien, and Aquitain:
And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce;
Thus all occur to put back all excuse.

The sister's wrong, join'd with the brother's right
Methinks might urge him in this cause to fight.

Be all those people senseless of our harms,
Which for our country oft have manag'd arms!
Is the brave Norman's courage quite forgot?

Have the bold Britains lost the use of shot?
The big-bon'd Almans, and stout Brabanders,

Their warlike pikes and sharp-edg'd scimeters?
Or do the Picards let their cross-bows lie,
Once like the Centaurs of old Thessaly?

Or if a valiant leader be their lack,
Where thou art present, who shall beat them back?

I do conjure thee by what is most dear,
By that great name of famous Mortimer,

(*o*) By ancient Wigmore's honourable crest,
The tombs where all thy famous grandfathers rest,

Or if than these what more may thee approve,
Ev'n by those vows of thy unfained love;

In all thou can'st to stir the Christian King,
By foreign arms some comfort yet to bring,

To curb the pow'r of traitors that rebel
Against the right of princely label.

Vain witless woman! why should I desire
To add more heat to thy immortal fire?

To urge thee by the violence of hate,
To shake the pillars of thine own estate,

When whatsoever we intend to do,
Our most misfortune ever fortheth to;

And nothing else remains for us beside,
By tears and coffins (only) to provide?

(*p*) When still so long as borough bears that name
Time shall not blot out our deserved shame;

And whilst clear trent her wonted course
For our sad fall she evermore shall weep.

All see our ruin on our backs is thrown,
And we too weak to bear it out are grown.

(*q*) Tortion, that should our business direct,
The gen'ral foe doth vehemently suspect;

* For dangerous things get hardly to their end,
 " Whereon so many watchfully attend.
 What should I say? My griefs do still renew,
 And but begin when I should bid adieu.

Few be my words but manifold my woe,
 And still I stay the more I strive to go.
 Then till fair time some greater good affords,
 Take my love's payment in these airy words.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *O, how I fear'd that sleepy juice I sent,
 Might yet want purr to further mine intent!*
 Mortimer being in the Tower, and ordaining
 a fast in honour of his birth day, as he pretend-
 ed, and inviting thereunto Sir Stephen Segrave
 countable of the Tower, with the rest of the of-
 ficers belonging to the same, he gave them a sleepy
 drink provided him by the Queen, by which
 means he got liberty for his escape.

(b) *I stole to Thames, as though to take the air,
 And oft' d the gentle flood as it doth glide.*
 Mortimer being out of the Tower, swam the
 river of Thames into Kent, whereof the having
 intelligence, doubteth of his strength to escape,
 by reason of his long imprisonment, being almost
 the space of three years.

(c) *Did Bullain once a festival prepare
 For England, Almain, Sicil, and Navarre?*
 Edward Carnarvon, the first Prince of Wales
 of the English blood, married Isabel daughter of
 Philip the fair at Bullain, in the presence of the
 Kings of Almain, Navarre and Sicil, with the
 chief nobility of France and England; which
 marriage was there solemnized with exceeding
 pomp and magnificence.

(d) *And in my place, upon his regal throne,
 To set that girl-boy, wanton Gaveston.*
 Noting the effeminacy and luxurious wanton-
 nels of Gaveston the King's minion, his be-
 haviour and attire ever so woman-like, to please
 the eye of his lascivious master.

(e) *That a foul witch's bastard should thereby.*
 It was urged by the Queen and the Nobility,
 in the disgrace of Pierce Gaveston, that his mo-
 ther was convicted of witchcraft, and burned for
 the same, and that Pierce had bewitched the King.

(f) *And of our Princely jewels and our dow'rs,
 Let us enjoy the least of what is ours.*
 A complaint of the prodigality of King
 Edward; giving unto Gaveston the jewels and
 treasure which was left him by the ancient Kings
 of England, and enriching him with the goodly

manor of Wallingford, assigned as parcel of the
 dower to the Queens of this famous isle.

(g) *And match'd with the brave issue of our blood,
 Ally the kingdom to their cravand brood.*
 Edward II. gave to Pierce Gaveston in mar-
 riage the daughter of Gilbert Clare Earl of Glou-
 cester, begot of the King's sister Joan of Acres,
 married to the said Earl of Gloucester.

(h) *Albania, Gascon, Cambria, Ireland.*
 Albania, Scotland so called of Albanna the
 second son of Brutus; and Cambria, Wales, so
 called of Camber, the third son. The four re-
 alms and countries brought in subjection by
 Edward Longshanks.

(i) *Should give away all that his father won,
 To back a stranger, &c.*
 King Edward offered his right in France to
 Charles his brother-in-law, and his right in Scot-
 land to Robert Bruce, to be aided against the
 Earons in the quarrel of Pierce Gaveston.

(k) *And did great Edward on his deathbed give.*
 Edward Longshanks, on his deathbed at Carlisle,
 commanded young Edward his son, on his blef-
 sing, not to call back Gaveston, who for the mis-
 guiding of the Prince's youth) was before banished
 by the whole council of the land.

(l) *That after all this fearful massacre,
 The fall of Brauchamp, Lacy, Lancaster.*
 Thomas Earl of Lancaster, Guy Earl of War-
 wick, and Henry Earl of Lincoln, who had taken
 their oaths before the deceased King at his death,
 to withstand his son Edward, if he should call
 Gaveston from exile, being a thing which he
 much feared; now seeing Edward to violate his
 fathers commandment, rise in arms against the
 King, which was the cause of the civil war, and
 the ruin of so many Princes.

(m) *And glory'd I in Gaveston's great fall,
 That now a Spenser should succeed in all?*
 The two Hugh Spensers, the father and the
 son, after the death of Gaveston, became the great
 F iij

favourites of the King, the son being created by him Lord Chamberlain, and the father Earl of Winchester.

(n) *And if they were, yet Edward doth detain
Homage for Poitou, Guien and Aquitain.*

Edward Longshanks did homage for those cities and territories to the French King, which Edward II. neglecting, moved the French King, by the subornation of Mortimer, to seize those countries into his hands.

(o) *By ancient Wigmore's honourable crest.*

Wigmore, in the marches of Wales, was the ancient house of the Mortimers, that noble and courageous family.

(p) *When still so long as Borough bea.
name.*

The Queen remembreth the great over given to the Barons by Andrew Herkle of Carlisle at Borough-bridge after the battle of Burton.

(q) *Torlton, that should our business direct*

This was Adam Torlton Bishop of Hereford that great politician, who so highly favoured the faction of the Queen and Mortimer; whose counsel afterward wrought the destruction of King.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

MORTIMER TO QUEEN ISABEL.

salutes my sorrows do adjourn,
to thee their int'rest I return,
not in so great bounty (I confess)
heroic princely lines express :
Should comfort issue from the breath
me condemn'd, and long lodg'd up for
cath ?
urther's rage thou didst me once relieve
xile my hopes thou dost revive :
e all was taken, twice thou all didst give,
s twice dead, thou mak'st me twice to
ve.
ble life of mine, your only due
e to me, I give it back to you.
my escape had I adventur'd thus,
ve sky-attempting Dedalus;
to give more safety to my flight,
e a night of day, a day of night :
I backt the proud aspiring wall,
eld without my hopes, within my fall,
ing the cords to tell were I had gone,
rs with much fear to look upon ;
thy beauty (by a power divine)
a new life into this spirit of mine,
ry the sun of thy celestial eyes,
ry wings, which bare me through the
cies.
v'ns did seem the charge of me to take,
and land befriend me for thy sake ;
stop'd his tide, to make me way to go,
hadst charg'd him that it should be so :
ow murmur'ing winds their due time kept,
had rock'd the world, while all things
lept ;
ow bare me, and another drave me,
ove to help me, and that strove to save
me :

The bristling reeds, mov'd with soft gales, did
chide me,
As they would tell me, that they meant to hide
me :
The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heavy cheer,
And would not let one little star appear,
But over all her smoaky mantle hurl'd,
And in thick vapours muffled up the world :
And the sad air became so calm and still,
As it had been obedient to my will ;
And every thing dispos'd it to my rest,
As on the seas when th' halcyon builds her nest.
When on those rough waves, which late with fury
rush'd,
Slide smoothly on, and suddenly are hush'd :
Nor Neptune lets his surges out so long,
As nature is in bringing forth her young,
(d) Ne'er let the Spensers glory in my chance,
In that I live an exile here in France,
That I from England banished should be,
But England rather banished from me :
More were her want, France our great blood
should bear,
Than England's loss can be to Mortimer.
(e) My grandsire was the first since Arthur's
reign,
That the round-table rectify'd again ;
To whose great court at Kenelworth did come
The peerless Knighthood of all Christendome,
Whose Princely order honour'd England more,
Than all the conquests she achiev'd before.
Never durst Scot set foot on English ground,
Nor on his back did English bear a wound,
Whilst Wigmore flourish'd in our princely hopes,
And whilst our ensigns march'd with Edward's
troops :

(f) Whilst famous Longshanks' bones (in fortune's scorn)

As sacred reliques to the field were born :
Nor ever did the valiant English doubt,
Whilst our brave battles guarded them about ;
Nor did our wives and woful mothers mourn,
(g) The English blood that stained Banocks-bourn,
Whilst with his minions sporting in his tent,
Whole days and nights in banqueting were spent,
Until the Scots (which under safeguard stood)
Made lavish havoc of the English blood :
Whose batter'd helms lay scatter'd on the shore,
Where they in conquest had been born before.

A thousand kingdoms will we seek from far,
As many nations waste with civil war,
Where the dishevel'd ghastly sea-nymph sings,
Or well-rigg'd ships shall stretch their swelling wings,

And drag their anchors through the sandy foam,
About the world in ev'ry clime to roam,
And those unchrist'ned countries call our own,
Where scarce the name of England hath been known :

(h) And in the dead sea sink our house's fame;
(From whose vast depth we first deriv'd our name)

Before foul black-mouth'd infamy shall sing,
That Mortimer e'er stoop'd unto a King.
And we will turn stern-visag'd fury back,
To seek his spoil, who fought our utter sack;
And come to beard him in our native isle,
Ere he march forth to follow our exile :
And after all these boist'rous stormy shocks,
Yet will we grapple with the chalky rocks ;
Nor will we steal, like pirates or like thieves,
From mountains, forests, or sea-bord'ing cleaves,
But fright the air with terror (when we come)
Of the stern trumpet, and the bellowing drum :
And in the field advance our plumy crest,
And march upon fair England's slow'ry breast.
And Thames, which once we for our life did swim,
Snaking our dewy tresses on his brim,
Shall bear my navy vaunting in her pride,
Falling from Tanet with the pow'rful tide :
Which fertile Essex, and fair Kent shall see,
Spreading her flags along the pleasant lee,
When on her stemming poop she proudly bears
The famous ensigns of the Belgic peers.

(i) And for that hateful sacrilegious sin,
Which by the Pope he stands accursed in,
'The canon text shall have a common gloss,
Receipts in parcels shall be paid in gross;
This doctrine preach'd, who from the church doth
At least shall tribute restitution make. (take;

For which Rome sends her curses out from far,
'I through the stern throat of terror-breathing war;
'Till to th' unpeopled shores she brings supplies
(k) Of those industrious Roman colonies,

And for his homage, by the which of old,
Proud Edward, Guien and Aquitain doth hold,
(l) Charles by invasive arms again shall take,
And send the English forces o'er the lake.
When Edward's fortune stands upon this chance,
To lose in England, or to forfeit France ;
And all those towns great Longshanks left his son,
Now lost, which once he fortunately won,
Within their strong portculiz'd ports shall lie,
And from their walls his sieges shall defy :
And by that firm and undissolved knot,
Betwixt their neighb'ring French and bord'ring

Scot,
Bruce shall bring his Redshanks from the seas,
From th' isled Orcads and the Eubides,
And to his western havens give free pass,
To land the Kern and Irish Galloglafs,
Marching from Tweed to swelling Humber's

sands,
Waiting along the northern Netherlands.
And wanting those which should his pow'r sustain,
Consum'd with slaughter in his bloody reign,
Our warlike sword shall drive him from his throne,

Where he shall lie for us to trade upon.

(m) And those great lords, now after their attaints,

Canonized amongst the English saints,
And by their superstitious people thought,
That by their reliques miracles are wrought :
And think that flood much virtue doth retain,
Which took the blood of famous Bohun slain;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
Shall make the people more abhor their King.

Nor shall a Spenser (be he ne'er so great)
Possess our Wigmore, our renowned seat,
To raze the ancient trophies of our race,
With our deserts their monuments to grace :
Nor shall he lead our valiant marchers forth,
To make the Spensers famous in the north ;
Nor be the guardians of the British pales,
Defending England, and preserving Wales.

At first our troubles easily recul'd,
But now grown head-strong, hardly to be rul'd -
" Deliberate counsel needs us to direct.

" Where not ev'n plainness frees us from suspect :
By those mishaps our errors that attend,
Let us our faults ingenuously amend.
Then (dear) repress all peremptory spleen,
Be more than woman, as you are a Queen ;
Smother those sparks, which quickly else would

burn.
Till time produce what now it doth adjourn,
Till when, great Queen, I leave you (though
while)

Live you in rest, nor pity my exile.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

'one condemn'd and long lodg'd up for death.
Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, had stood
condemned for his insurrection with
Earl of Lancaster, and Bohun Earl of
Hereford the space of three months: and, as
went, the day of his execution was
to have been shortly, which he pre-
sented escape.

vice all was taken, twice than all did give.
time the two Mortimers, this Roger
Wigmore, and his uncle Roger Mortimer
were apprehended in the west, the Queen
of Torilton Bishop of Hereford, and
Earl of Durham and Patriarch of Jerusa-
then both mighty in the state, upon
behalf of the Mortimers, somewhat
King: and now secondly she wrought
his escape.

owing the cords to tell others I had gone.
scaffolds made of cords, provided
purpose, he escaped out of the Tower;
and the same were found fastened to the
wall: a desperate attempt, they bred astonish-
ment to the beholders.

'er let the Spensers glory in my chance.
Hugh Spenser, the father and the
uncle, being so highly favoured of the King,
their greatest safety came by his
high and turbulent spirit could never
arrive in greatness.

grandfire was the first since Arthur's reign,
the round table rectify'd again.
Mortimer, called the great Lord Mor-
dred to this Roger, who was after-
wards Earl of March, erected again the
table at Kenilworth, after the ancient order
of Arthur's table with the retinues of an
hundred and an hundred ladies in his
entertaining of such adventurers as
came from all parts of Christendom.

Philist famous Longshanks' bones (in For-
est's scorn.)

Longshanks willed at his death, that
his body should be boiled from the bones,
his bones should be born to the wars in
which he was persuaded unto by a
which told that the English should
be fortunate in conquest, so long as his bones
were in the field.

(g) The English blood that stained Banock-burn.
In the great voyage Edward the second made
against the Scots at the battle of Stirling, near
unto the river of Banocks-burn in Scotland,
there was in the English camp such banqueting
and excess, such riot and disorder, that the Scots
(who in the mean time laboured for advantage)
gave to the English a great overthrow.

(b) And in the dead sea sink our bags's fame,
From whence, &c.

Mortimer so called of *Mare mortuum*, and in
French *Mortimer*, in English the *dead sea*, which
is said to be were Sodom and Gomorrah once
were, before they were destroyed with fire from
heaven.

(i) And for that hateful sacrilegious sin,
Which by the Pope he stands accurst in.

Gauftellinus and Lucas, two Cardinals, sent into
England from Pope Clement to appease the an-
cient hate between the King and Thomas Earl
of Lancaster; to whose embassy the King seem-
ed to yield, but after their departure he went
back from his promises, for the which he was ac-
curst at Rome.

(k) Of those industrious Roman colonies.

A Colony is a sort or number of people, that
come to inhabit a place before not inhabited;
whereby he seems here to prophesy of the sub-
version of the land, the Pope joining with the
power of other Princes against Edward, for the
breach of his promise.

(l) Charles by invasion arms again shall take.

Charles the French King, moved by the wrong
done unto his sister, seizeth the provinces which
belonged to the King of England into his hands,
stirred the rather thereto by Mortimer, who soli-
cited her cause in France, as is expressed before
in the other epistle, in the gloss upon this point.

(m) And those great Lords, now after their
attainments.

Condemned among the English saints.

After the death of Thomas Earl of Lancaster
at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles
to be done by his reliques; as they did of the
body of Bohun Earl of Hertford slain at Berough-
bridge.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE TO ALICE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

The Argument.

Count *Salisbury*, a grave and prudent Lord,
Dispatch'd for France, was scarcely gone abroad,
But the Scots hearing that he was away,
Besieg'd the castle where his lady lay.
Edward the Black Prince, with an army sent
T' remove the foe, beholding from his tent
Her walking on the battlement above,
With the fair Countess strangely falls in love.
Her noble husband not long after dy'd;
When he, who thought he should not be deny'd,
Courts her by letters, and thus writeth to her;
She in her answer checks him so to woo her.

RECEIVE (a) these papers from thy woful Lord,
With far more woes than they with words are
stor'd,
Which if thine eye for rashness do reprove,
They'll say they came from that imperious
love.
In ev'ry line well may'st thou understand,
Which love hath sign'd and sealed with his
hand;
And where to farther process he refers,
In blots set down to thee for characters.
This cannot blush, although you do refuse it,
Nor will reply, however you shall use it:
All's one to this, though you should bid de-
pair,

This still intreats you, this still speaks
fair.

Hast thou a living soul, a human sense,
To like, dislike, prove, order, and dispense?
The depth of reason soundly to advise,
To love things good, things hurtful to despise
The touch of judgment, which should all things
prove,
Hast thou all this, yet not allow'st my love?
Sound moves a sound, voice doth beget a voice
One echo makes another to rejoice;
One well-tun'd string set truly to the like,
Struck near at hand, doth make another string
How comes it then, that our affections jar?
What opposition doth beget the war?

That Nature frankly to thee gave
 Cure of her bounty that I have;
 me, she likewise to thee lent,
 case a several instrument:
 one, because it is thine own,
 = itself unto itself alone.
 y hand, when it itself doth touch,
 it tells it, that there is none such:
 by glass thine eye itself doth see,
 a there's none like to itself can be;
 one doth judge itself divine,
 it thou dost challenge it for thine:
 itself Narcissus like doth smother,
 self, nor cares for any other.
 a burn'd thus in thine own desire,
 its beauty should itself admire:
 by which all creatures light'ned be,
 in all, itself yet cannot see;
 own brightness his own foil is made,
 as the cause of his own shade."
 thy beauty by mine eye was prov'd,
 hence so much to be lov'd;
 it came a perfect view to take,
 of one doth many beauties make:
 reflects there it doth arise,
 what larger seeming in mine eyes:
 is gyrring compass as it goes,
 and more the same in greatness grows;
 yet at liberty is let,
 as still doth other forms beget:
 nough, look any way I could,
 here was but beauty to behold.
 as offended that thou art lov'd?
 as cause, th' effect is soon remov'd:
 in beauty how far to extend,
 desire a limit where to end;
 in thine eyes, that they no more may
 and,
 love to keep within a bound.
 this, nay then thou shalt do more,
 to pass what never was before:
 with sportive, craving all delight,
 calm, fullen, and inclin'd to night;
 lowly, envy speaking well,
 relief for niggardize to sell.
 like fathers did these fells devise,
 holds against our enemies,
 wherein your sex might safely rest,
 as is settled in a woman's breast:"
 it is of another temper far,
 thy castle fitter for the war;
 not safely in thy castle rest,
 as should be safer in thy breast:
 as out foes, but doth our friends in-
 side,
 breast keeps out both thy friends and
 us:
 y be batter'd, or be undermin'd,
 right siege, for want of succour pin'd;
 heart is invincible to all,
 as obdurate than thy castle wall.
 as shapes that ever Jove did prove,
 as he us'd to entertain his love,

That likes me best, when in a golden show'r,
 He rain'd himself on Danae in her tow'r;
 Nor did I ever envy his command
 In that he bears the thunder in his hand:
 But in that showry shape I cannot be,
 And as he came to her, I come to thee.

Thy tow'r with foes is not begirt about,
 If thou within, they are besieg'd without,
 One hair of thine more vigour doth retain
 To bind thy foe, than any iron chain:
 Who might be gyv'd in such a golden string,
 Would not be captive, though he were a king.

Hadst thou all India heap'd up in thy fort,
 And thou thyself besieged in that fort,
 Get thou but out, where they can thee espie,
 They'll follow thee, and let the treasure lie.
 I cannot think what force thy tow'r should
 win,

If thou thyself do'st guard the same within:
 Thine eye retains artillery at will,
 To kill whoever thou desir'st to kill;
 For that alone more deeply wounds men's
 hearts,
 Than they can thee, though with a thousand
 darts:

For there intrenched little Cupid lies,
 And from those turrets all the world defies;
 (b) And when thou let'st down that transparent
 lid,

Of entrance there an army doth forbid.
 And as for famine, thou need'st never fear,
 Who thinks of want, when thou art present
 there?

Thy only sight puts spirits into the blood,
 And comforts life, without the taste of food.
 And as thy soldiers keep their watch and ward,
 Thy chastity thy inward breast doth guard:
 Thy modest pulse serves as a larum bell,
 Which watched by some wakeful sentinell,
 Is stirring still with every little fear,
 Warning if any enemy be near.

Thy virtuous thoughts, when all the others rest,
 Like careful scouts, pass up and down thy
 breast,

And still they round about that place do keep,
 Whilst all the blessed garrison do sleep.

But yet I fear, if that the truth were told,
 That thou hast robb'd, and fly'st into this
 hold:

I thought as much, and didst this fort devise,
 That thou in safety here might'st tyrannize.
 Yes, thou hast robb'd the heaven and earth of
 all,

And they against thy lawless theft do call.
 Thine eyes, with mine that wage continual
 wars,

Borrow their brightness of the twinkling stars:
 Thy lips from mine that in thy mask be pent,
 Have filch'd the blushing from the orient:
 Thy cheek, for which mine all this penance
 proves,
 Steals the pure whiteness both from swans and
 doves:

Thy breath, for which mine still in sighs consumes,
Hath robb'd all flowers, all odours, and perfumes.

O mighty love! bring hither all thy pow'r,
And fetch this heavenly thief out of her tow'r:
For if she may be suffer'd in this fort,
Heav'n's store will soon be hoarded in this fort.

When I arriv'd before that state of love,
And saw thee on that battlement above,
I thought there was no other heav'n but there,
And thou an angel didst from thence appear:
But when my reason did reprove mine eye,
That thou wert subject to mortality,
I then excus'd what erst the Scot had done,
No marvel though he would the fort have won;

Perceiving well, those envious walls did hide
More wealth than was in all the world beside.

Against thy foe I came to lend thee aid,
And thus to thee myself I have betray'd.

He is besieg'd, the siege that came to raise,
There's no assault that not my breast assays.

"Love grown extreme, doth find unlawful
" shifts,

"The Gods take shapes, and do allure with
" gifts:

"Commanding Jove, that by great Styx doth
" swear,

"Forsworn in love, with lovers oaths doth bear;

"Love causeless still, doth aggravate his cause,

"It is his law to violate all laws:

"His reason is in only wanting reason,
"And were untrue, not deeply touch'd
" treason;

"Unlawful means doth make his lawful gain
"He speaks most true, when he the most
" fain."

Pardon the faults that have escap'd by me,
Against fair virtue, chastity, and thee:

"If Gods can their own excellence excel,

"It is in pard'ning mortals that rebel."

When all thy trials are enroll'd by fame,

And all thy sex made glorious by thy name,

Then I a captive shall be brought hereby

T' adorn the triumph of thy chastity.

I sue not now thy paramour to be,

But as a husband to be link'd to thee:

I am England's heir, I think thou wilt confess,

Wert thou a prince, I hope, I am no less,

But that thy birth doth make thy stock divine

Else durst I boast my blood as good as thine:

Disdain me not, nor take my love in scorn,

Whose brow a crown hereafter may adorn.

But what I am, I call mine own no more,

Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt
store;

Only I crave, what'er I did intend,

In faithful love all happily may end.

Farewel, sweet lady, so well may'st thou fare,

To equal joy with measure of my care:

Thy virtues more than mortal tongue can tell

A thousand thousand times farewell, farewell.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Receive these papers from thy useful Lord.*

Bandello, by whom this history was made famous, being an Italian, as it is the peoples custom in that clime, rather to fail sometimes in the truth of circumstance, than to forego the grace of their conceit: in like manner as the Grecians, of whom the satyrist:

Et quicquid Græcia mendax

Audet in historia,

thinking it to be a greater trial that a Countess should be sued unto by a King, than by the son of a King, and consequently that the honour of her chastity should be the more, hath caused it to be generally taken so; but, as by *Polydore, Fabian,* and *Froissard* appears, the contrary is true. Yet

may Bandello be very well excused, as being stranger, whose errors in the truth of our history are not so material, that they should need an excuse, lest his wit should be defrauded of part of his due, which were not less were even part a fiction. Howbeit, lest a common error should prevail against a truth, these Epistles conceived in those persons who were indeed actors; to wit, Edward the Black Prince, no much of his complexion, as of the dismal battle which he fought in France (in like sense as may say a *black day*, for some tragical event, that the sun shine never so bright therein.) And the Countess of Salisbury, who (as it is certain) was beloved of Prince Edward, so it is as certain

that many points now current in the received story can never hold together with likelihood of such inforcement, had it not been shaded under the title of a king.

(1) *And when thou lett'st down that transparent lid.*

Not that the lid is transparent; for no part of the skin is transparent; but for that the gem, which that closure is said to contain, is transparent; for

otherwise how could the mind understand by the eye, should not the images slide through the same, and replenish the stage of the fancy? But this belongs to optica. The Latins call the eye-lid *cilium* (I will not say of *celando*) as the eye-brow *supercilium*, and the hair on the eye-lids *palpebra*, perhaps *quod palpitet*, all which have their distinct and necessary uses.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

ALICE, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, TO THE BLACK PRINCE.

As one that fain would grant, yet fain deny,
Twixt hope and fear I doubtfully reply;
A woman's weakness lest I should discover,
Answering a prince, and writing to a lover:
And some say, love with reason doth dispense,
And wrests our plain words to another sense.
Think you not then, poor women had not need
Be well advis'd, to write what men should read;
When being silent, but to move awry,
Doth often bring us into obloquy?
"Whilst in our hearts our secret thoughts abide,
"Th' envenom'd tongue of slander yet is ty'd;
"But if once spoke, deliver'd up to fame,
"In her report that often is to blame."
About to write, but newly entering in,
Methinks I end, e'er I can well begin:
When I would end, then something makes me
 stay,
For then methinks I should have more to say,
And some one thing remaineth in my breast,
For want of words that cannot be express'd:
What I would say, as said to thee I feign,
Then in thy person I reply again;
And in thy cause urge all that may effect,
Then, what again mine honour must respect.
O Lord! what sundry passions do I try,
To set that right, which is so much awry?
Being a prince, I blame you not to prove;
The greater reason to obtain your love.
That greatness, which doth challenge no de-
 nial,
The only test that doth allow my trial:

Edward so great, the greater were his fall,
And my offence in this were capital.
"To men is granted privilege to tempt,
"But in that charter women be exempt:
"Men win us not, except we give consent,
"Against ourselves unless that we be bent.
"Who doth impute it as a fault to you?
"You prove not false, except we be untrue;
"It is your virtue, being men, to try;
"And it is ours, by virtue to deny.
"Your fault itself serves for the fault's excuse,
"And makes it ours, though yours be the shame.
"Beauty a beggar? fie! it is too bad,
"When in itself sufficiency is had;
"Not made a lure to intice the wand'ring eye,
"But an attire to adorn our modesty:
"If modesty and women once do sever,
"We may bid farewell to our fame for ever."
Let John and Henry, Edward's instance be,
Matilda and fair Rosamond for me;
Alike both woo'd, alike shou'd to be won,
Th' one by the father, th' other by the son:
Henry obtaining, did our weakness wound,
And lays the fault on wanton Rosamond.
Matilda chaste, in life and death all one,
By her denial lays the fault on John.
"By these we prove men necessary still,
"But women only principals of ill.
"What praise is ours, but what our virtues get
"If they be lent, so much we be in debt;
"Whilst our own honours we ourselves defend
"All force too weak, what ever men pretend

world else should suborn our fame,
 selves that overthrow the same :
 e'er, although by force you win,
 weakness still returns the sin." prince
 who doth not Edward call ?
 can be guilty of your fall ?
 bid ; yet rather let me die,
 in upon my soul should lie.
 at Edward ? whither is he led,
 orious name whole armies fled ?
 spirit, that conquer'd so in France,
 ie, and vanquish'd with a glance ?
 eart, that did aspire so high,
 pierced with a woman's eye ?
 at Poitiers battle took,
 aptive with a wanton look ?
 a bride to church I have been led,
 wo lords enjoy'd my bridal bed :
 eauty yet be undestroy'd,
 ve waited, and two men enjoy'd ?
 thought fit for a prince's store,
 subjects were possess'd before ?
 let France, or Scotland so prefer
 queens for England's dowager,
 should be much more than half di-

equal ev'ry way with thine :
 Edward, though I thus reprove

life so dearly do I love you.
 husband, which so loved you,
 ord, that reverend Montague,
 's voice did please her babe so well,
 ne, of you to hear him tell :
 short the hours that time made

mine ears to his most pleasing
 waited on your praise's worth,
 his words, ere he could get them

spoke, and something by the way
 ff that he was about to say,
 d where from his tale he fell,
 m the residue to tell.

say, How sweet a prince is he !
 prais'd him but for praising thee ;
 ed, I would intreat and woo,
 use him, help to praise thee too.
 she now exclaim against the wrong
 n, whom she hath lov'd so long ?
 ill, and I durst almost swear,
 blush, when he his fault shall hear.
 that time doth youth's desire af-

ildly quench the fire of rage ;
 justice let my cause be try'd,
 judge, if I not justly chide.

(b) That not my father's grave and reverend
 years,

When on his knee he beg'd me with his tears,
 By no persuasions possibly could win,
 To free himself from prompting me to sin ;
 The woe for me my mother did abide,
 Whose fate (but you) there's none could have de-

ny'd,
 Your lustful rage, your tyranny could stay,
 Mine honour's ruin further to delay.
 Have I not lov'd you ? let the truth be shown,
 That still preserv'd your honour with mine own.
 Had your fond will, your soul desires prevail'd,
 When you by them my chastity assail'd ;
 (Though this no way could have excus'd my

fault,
 " True virtue never yielded to assault :")
 Besides, the ill of you that had been said,
 My parents sin had to your charge been laid ;
 (c) And I have gain'd my liberty with shame,
 To save my life, made shipwreck of my name.

Did Roxborough once vail her tow'ring fane
 To thy brave ensigns on the northern plains ?
 And thy trumpets sounding from thy tent,
 Mine oft again thee hearty welcome sent,
 And did receive thee as my sovereign liege,
 Coming to aid me, thus me to besiege,
 To raise a foe that but for treasure came,
 To plant a foe, to take my honest name ;
 Under pretence to have remov'd the Scot,
 And would'st have won more than he could have

got ?
 That did ingirt me, ready still to fly,
 But thou laid'st batt'ry to my chastity :
 O modesty, didst thou not me restrain,
 How could I chide you in this angry vein !

A prince's name (Heav'n knows) I do not
 crave,
 To have those honours Edward's spouse should

have ;
 Nor by ambitious lures will I be brought,
 In my chaste breast to harbour such a thought,
 As to be worthy to be made a bride,
 A piece unfit for princely Edward's side ;
 Of all, the most unworthy of that grace,
 To wait on her that should enjoy that place :
 But if that love Prince Edward doth require
 Equal his virtues, and my chaste desire ;
 If it be such as we may justly vaunt,
 A prince may sue for, and a lady grant ;
 If it be such as may suppress my wrong,
 That from your vain unbridled youth hath

sprung ;
 That faith I send, which I from you receive :
 (d) The rest unto your princely thoughts I
 leave.

 ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.
(a) *Twice as a bride I have to church been led.*

The two husbands of which she makes mention, objecting bigamy against herself, as being therefore not meet to be married with a bachelor prince, were Sir Thomas Holland knight, and Sir William Mountague, afterwards made Earl of Salisbury.

(b) *That not my father's grave and revered years.*

A thing incredible, that any prince should be so unjust, to use the father's means for the corruption of the daughter's chastity, though so the history importeth; her father being so honourable, and a man of so singular desert: though Polydore would have her thought to be Jane the daughter of Edmund Earl of Kent, uncle to Edward the third, beheaded in the protectorship of Mortimer that dangerous aspirer.

(c) *And I have gain'd my liberty with shame.*

Roxburgh is a castle in the north, misnamed by Bandello Salisbury castle, because the king had given it to the Earl of Salisbury; in which, her lord being absent, the countess by the Scots was besieged: who, by the coming of the English army, were removed. Here first the prince saw her, whose liberty had been gain'd by her shame,

had she been drawn by dishonest love to his appetite: but by her most praise worthy stancy, she converted that humour in him to honourable purpose, and obtained the true of her admired virtue.

(d) *The rest unto your princely thoughts I*

Left any thing be left out which were the relation, it shall not be impertinent to the opinions that are uttered concerning whose name is said to have been Ælips: but being rejected, as a name unknown among Froissard is rather believed, who calleth her Polydore contrariwise, as before is declared, her Jane, who by Prince Edward had issued dying young, and Richard the second of England, though (as he saith) she was dead afterwards, because within the degrees of consanguinity prohibiting to marry. The truth of I omit to discuss. Her husband, the Lord Mountague, being sent over into Flanders by Edward was taken prisoner by the French not returning, left his countess a widow whose bed succeeded Prince Edward; to last and lawful request, the rejoicing lady this loving answer.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

QUEEN ISABEL TO KING RICHARD II.

The Argument.

Richard the second, wrongfully depos'd
By Henry Duke of *Hertford*, and inclos'd
In *Pomfret* castle; *Isabel* the Queen,
To the neglected King; who having seen
His disinvesting, and disast'rous chance,
To *Charles* her father shipp'd again for *France*,
(Where for her husband griev'd and discontent)
Thence this epistle to King *Richard* sent,
By which when he her sorrow doth descry,
He to the same as sadly doth reply.

As doth the yearly augur of the spring,
In depth of woe thus I my sorrow sing;
My tunes with sighs yet ever mixt among,
A dolorous burthen to a heavy song:
Woe issue forth, to find my grief some way,
Tears overtake them, and do bid them stay;
Thus whilst one strives to keep the other back,
Both once too forward, soon are both too slack.
(a) If fatal *Pomfret* hath in former time
Known'd the grief of that unnatural clime,
Thither I send my sorrows to be fed;
Thas where first born, where sister to be bred?
They unto *France* be aliens and unknown,
England from her doth challenge these her own.
They say, all mischief cometh from the North;
It is too true, my fall doth set it forth:
But why should I thus limit grief a place,
When all the world is fill'd with our disgrace?
And we in bonds thus striving to contain it,
The more resists, the more we do restrain it.

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(b) Oh, how even yet I hate these wretched eyes,
And in my glass oft call them faithless spies!
(Prepar'd for *Richard*) that unawares did look
Upon that traitor *Henry Bullenbrook*:
But that excess of joy my sense bereav'd
So much, my sight had never been deceiv'd.
Oh, how unlike to my lov'd lord was he,
Whom rashly I (sweet *Richard*) took for thee!
I might have seen, the courser's self did make
That princely rider to bestride his back;
He that since nature her great work began,
She only made the mirror of a man,
That when she meant to form some matchless limb,
Still for a pattern took some part of him,
And jealous of her cunning, brake the mould,
When she in him had done the best she could.
Oh, let that day be guilty of all sin
That is to come, or heretofore hath been, (say'd,
(c) Wherein great *Norfolk*'s forward course was
To prove the treasons he to *Hertford* lay'd,

G

When (with stern fury) both these dukes engag'd,

Their warlike gloves at Coventry engag'd,
When first thou didst repeal thy former grant,
Seal'd to brave Mowbray as thy combatant!
From his unnumber'd hours let Time divide it,
Left in his minutes he should hap to hide it;
Yet on his brow continually to bear it,
That when it comes, all other hours may fear it,
And all ill-boding planets, by consent,
In it may hold their dreadful parliament:
Be it in heav'n's decrees inrolled thus,
Black, dismal, fatal, inauspicious.
Proud Hertford then in height of all his pride,
Under great Mowbray's valiant hand had dy'd;
And never had from banishment retir'd,
The fatal brand wherewith our Troy was fir'd.

(J) Oh! why did Charles relieve his needy state?

A vagabond and struggling runagate;
And in his court with grace did entertain
That vagrant exile, that vile bloody Cain,
Who with a thousand mothers curses went,
Mark'd with the brand of ten years banishment?

(c) When thou to Ireland took'st thy last farewell,

Millions of knees upon the pavements fell,
And ev'ry where th' applauding echoes ring
The joyful shouts that did salute a king.
Thy parting hence, the pomp that did adorn,
Was vanquish'd quite when as thou didst return;

Who to my lord one look vouchsaf'd to lend?

Then, all too few on Hertford to attend.

* Princes (like suns) be evermore in sight,

"All see the clouds betwixt them and their light:

"Yet they which lighten all down from their skies,

"See not the clouds offending others eyes,

"And deem their noon-tide is desir'd of all,

"When all expect clear changes by their fall."

What colour seems to shadow Hertford's claim,

When law and right his father's hopes do maim?

(f) Affirm'd by churchmen (which should bear no hate)

That John of Gaunt was illegitimate;

Whom his reputed mother's tongue did spot,

By a base Flemish boor to be begot:

Whom Edward's eaglets mortally did shun,

Daring with them to gaze against the sun:

Where lawful right and conquest doth allow

A triple crown on Richard's princely brow;

Three kingly lions bears his bloody field,

(g) No bastard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring shield:

Never durst he attempt our hapless shore,

Nor set his foot on fatal Ravenspore;

Nor durst his slugging hulks approach the strand,

Nor stoop a top as signal to the land,

Had not the Piercys promis'd aid to bring,

Against their oath unto their lawful king,

(h) Against their faith unto our crown's true heir,

Their valiant kinsman Edmond Mortimer.

When I to England came, a world of eyes,
Like stars, attended on my fair arise,
Which now (alas!) like angry planets frown,
And are all set, before my going down.
The smooth-fac'd air did on my coming smile,
But I with storms am driven to exile:
But Bullenbrook devis'd we thus should part,
Fearing two sorrows should possess one heart,
To add to our affliction, to deny

That one poor comfort left our misery.

He had before divorc'd thy crown and thee,

Which might suffice, and not to widow me;

But so to prove the utmost of his hate,

To part us in this miserable state.

(i) Oh, would Aumerle had sunk, when he betray'd

The plot, which once that noble abbot laid!

When he infring'd the oath which he first took,

For thy revenge on perjur'd Bullenbrook,

And been the ransom of our friends dear blood,

Untimely lost, and for the earth too good!

And we untimely do bewail their state,

They gone too soon, and we remain too late!

And though with tears I from my lord depart,

This curse on Hertford fall, to ease my heart:

If the foul breach of a chaste nuptial bed

May bring a curse, my curse light on his head:

If murder's guilt with blood may deeply stain,

(k) Green, Scroop, and Bursie dye his flank in grain:

If perjury may heaven's pure gates debar,

(l) Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaster:

If the deposing of a lawful king,

Thy curse condemn him, if no other thing:

If these disjoin'd, for vengeance cannot call,

Let them united strongly curse him all.

And for the Piercys, heav'n may hear my prayer

That Bullenbrook, now plac'd in Richard's chair,

Such cause of woe to their proud wives may be,

As those rebellious lords have been to me!

And that coy dame, which now controul'd,

And in her pomp triumpheth in my fall,

For her great lord may water her sad cyne,

With as salt tears, as I have done for mine:

(m) And mourn for Henry Hotspur her dear son,

As I for my dear Mortimer have done;

And as I am, so succourless be sent,

Lastly to taste perpetual banishment!

Then lose thy care, when first thy crown was lost,

Sell it so dearly, for it dearly cost:

And fith it did of liberty deprive thee,

Burying thy hope, let nothing else outlive thee.

But hard (God knows) with sorrow doth it go:

When woe becomes a comforter to woe:

Yet much (methinks) of comfort I could say,

If from my heart some fears were rid away;

Something there is, that danger still doth show:

But what it is, that heaven alone doth know.

"Grief to itself most dreadful doth appear,

"And never yet was sorrow void of fear;

But yet in death doth sorrow hope the best,

And, Richard, thus I wish thee happy rest.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

that Powfret bath in former time.

istle, ever a fatal place to the princes
and most ominous to the blood of

*how even yet I hate thofe wretched eyes,
in my glafs, &c.*

lenbrook returned to London from
nging Richard a prisoner with him;
ho little knew of her husband's hard
to behold his coming in, little think-
en her husband thus led in triumph
nd now feemed to hate her eyes,
had graced her mortal enemy.

*in great Norfolk's forward courfe was
aid.*

bereth the meeting of the two Dukes
nd Norfolk at Coventry, urging the
owbray's quarrel againft the Duke
and the faithful affurance of his

*why did Charles relieve his wedyflate?
reband, &c.*

French king, her father, received
ertford into his court, and relieved
ce, being fo nearly allied as confin-
ing Richard his fon-in-law; which
, little thinking that he fhould after
ngland, and difpoffefs King Richard

thou to Ireland took thy laft farewell.

ard made a voyage with his army
gainft Onel and Mackmur, who re-
at time Henry entered here at home
im of all kingly dignity.

*rm'd by churchmen (which fhould bear no
etc)*

John of Gaunt was illegitimate.
ickam in the great quarrel betwixt
and the clergy, of mere fpite and
fhould feem) reported, that the queen
im on her death-bed, being then her
at John of Gaunt was the fon of a
nd that fhe was brought to bed of a
at Gaunt, which was fmothered in
mifchance, and that fhe obtained
poor woman, making the king be-
er own, greatly fearing his displea-
Chron. Alban.

(g) Nobaffard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring field.

Shewing the true and undubitate birth of
Richard, his right unto the crown of England,
as carrying the arms without blot or difference.

*(b) Againft their faith unto the crown's true heir,
Their valiant kinsman, &c.*

Edmond Mortimer Earl of March, fon of Earl
Roger Mortimer, who was fon to lady Philip,
daughter to Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third
fon to King Edward the third; which Edmond
(King Richard going into Ireland) was proclaim-
ed heir apparent to the crown; whose aunt, called
Ellinor, this Lord Piercy had married.

*(i) Oh, would Aumerle had funk, when he be-
tray'd*

The plot, which once the noble abbot laid.

The abbot of Weftminfter had plotted the death
of King Henry, to have been done at a tilt at
Oxford: of which confederacy there was John
Holland Duke of Exeter, Thomas Holland Duke
of Surry, the Duke of Aumerle, Mountacute Earl
of Salifbury, Spenser Earl of Glocefter, the Bifhop
of Carlile, and Sir Thomas Blunt; thefe all had
bound themfelves one to another by indenture to
perform it, but were all betrayed by the Duke of
Aumerle.

*(t) Scroop, Green, and Bufhy dye his fault in
grain.*

Henry going towards the caftle of Flint, where
King Richard was, caufed Scroop, Green, and
Bufhy to be executed at Bristol, as vile perfons,
who had feduced the king to this lascivious and
wicked life,

(f) Dgmn'd be the oath be made at Doncafter.

After Henry's exile, at his return into England,
he took his oath at Doncafter upon the facrament,
not to claim the crown or kingdom of England,
but only the dukedom of Lancafter, his owa pro-
per right, and the right of his wife.

*(m) And mourn for Henry Hotfpur her dear fon,
At I for my, &c.*

This was the brave courageous Henry Hotfpur,
that obtained fo many victories againft the Scots:
which after falling out right with the curfe of
Queen Ifabel, was flain by Henry at the battle at
Shrewfbury.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

RICHARD II. TO QUEEN ISABEL.

WHAT CAN my queen but hope for from this hand,
That it should write, which never could command?

A kingdom's greatness think how he should sway,

That wholesome counsel never could obey :

Ill this rude hand did guide a sceptre then,

Worse now (I fear me) it will rule a pen.

How shall I call my self, or by what name,
To make thee know from whence these letters came?

Not from thy husband, for my hateful life

Makes thee a widow, being yet a wife :

Nor from a king, that title I have lost,

Now of that name proud Bullenbrook may boast

What I have been, doth but this comfort bring,

No words so wotul, as, *I was a King.*

This lawless life, which first procur'd my hate ;

(a) This tongue, which then renounc'd my regal state ;

This abject soul of mine, consenting to it ;

This hand, that was the instrument to do it ;

All these be witnesses, that I now deny

All princely types, all Kingly sovereignty.

Durst thou for my sake leave thy father's court,

Thy famous country and thy princely port,

And undertook't to travel dang'rous ways,

Driven by awkward winds and boist'rous seas?

(b) And left'st great Bourbon, for thy love to me,

Who sh'd in marriage be link'd to thee,

On'ring for dow'r the countries neighb'ring nigh,

Of fruitful Almain and rich Burgundy?

Didst thou all this, that England should receive thee,

To miserable banishment to leave thee?

And in my downfall and my fortune's wreck,
Thus to thy country to convey thee back?

When quiet sleep (the heavy heart's relief)

Hath rested sorrow, somewhat less'n'd grief,

My pass'd greatness into mind I call,

And think this while I dream'd of my fall :

With this conceit my furrows I beguile,

That my fair queen is but withdrawn a while,

And my attendants in some chamber by,

As in the height of my prosperity.

Calling aloud, and asking who is there?

The echo answer'ing, tells me, Woe is there ;

And when mine arms would gladly thee embrace,

I slip the pillow, and the place is cold :

Which when my waking eyes precisely view,

'Tis a true token, that it is too true.

As many minutes as in the hours there be,

So many hours each minute seems to me ;

Each hour a day, morn, noontide, and a set,

Each day a year, with miseries complete ;

A winter, spring time, summer, and a fall,

All seasons varying, but unseason'd all :

In endless woe my thread of life thus wears,

In minutes, hours, days, months, to living years.

They praise the summer, that enjoy the south

Pomfret is clos'd in the North's cold month ;

There pleasant summer dwelleth all the year,

Frost starved winter doth inhabit here :

A place wherein despair may sitly dwell,

Sorrow best suiting with a cloudy cell.

(c) When Hertford had his judgment of exile

Saw I the people's murmuring the while ;

Th' uncertain common touch'd with inward cure,

As though his sorrows mutually they bare :

Pond women, and scarce-speaking children moan

Bewail his parting, wishing his return :

I was forc'd t' abridge his banish'd
are,
ey bedew'd his footsteps with their
ars;
ample could not learn to know,
his greatness by their love might grow.
Henry boasts of our achievements done,
he trophies our great fathers won;
he story of our famous war,
the annals of great Lancaster.
en goodly scions in their spring did
urish,
ie self-root brought forth, one stock did
urish,
rd, the top-branch of that golden tree,
him her utmost power did see,
the bud still blossomed so fair,
ght judge what fruit it meant to bear:
raft, of ev'ry weed o'ergrown,
our kind, as refuse forth am thrown.
ur grandfire stood in one degree,
fter Edward, John the young'st of
ce
ncely Wales beget a son so base,
Gaunt's issue should give sovereign
ke?
a from France brought John his pris'ner
me,
reat Cæsars did their spoils to Rome,
name, obtained by his fatal hand,
fearful to that conquer'd land:
increasing, purchas'd in those wars,
ly now be bounded with the stars;
is valour from the base world fled,
n me it is extinguish'd)
his virtue, and his conquests sake,
a demy-god shall make;
this vile and abject spirit of mine,
proceed from temper so divine.
rthly humour, or what vulgar eye
o low, as on our misery?
enbrook is mounted to our throne,
as that his, which we but call'd our
a:

Into our councils he himself intrudes,
And who but Henry with the multitudes?
His power degrades, his dreadful frown dis-
graceth,
He throws them down whom our advancement
placeth;
As my disable and unworthy hand
Never had power, belonging to command.
He treads our sacred tables in the dust,
(1) And proves our acts of parliament unjust;
As though he hated that it should be said,
That such a law by Richard once was made:
Whilst I deprest before his greatness, lie
Under the weight of hate and infamy.
My back, a foot-stool Bullenbrook to raise,
My lookness mock'd, and hateful by his praise,
Outlive mine honour, bury my estate,
And leave myself nought, but my people's hate.
Sweet queen, I'll take all counsel thou canst
give,
So that thou bid'st me neither hope nor live:
" Succour that comes, when ill hath done his
" worst,
" But sharpens grief, to make us more accurst."
Comfort is now unpleasing to mine ear,
Past cure, past care, my bed become my bier:
Since now misfortune humbleth us so long,
Till heaven be grown unmindful of our wrong;
Yet it forbid my wrongs should ever die,
But still remember'd to posterity:
And let the crown be fatal that he wears,
And ever wet with woful mother's tears.
Thy curse on Piercy angry heavens prevent,
Who have not one curse left, on him unspent,
To scourge the world, now borrowing of my
store,
As rich of woes, as I a king am poor.
Then cease (dear queen) my sorrows to bewail,
My wound's too great for pity now to heal.
Age stealth on, whilst thou complainest thus,
My griefs be mortal and infectious:
Yet better fortunes thy fair youth may try,
That follow thee, which still from me do fly.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

*His tongue, which then renounc'd my regal
state.*
the Second, at the resignation of the
the Duke of Hertford in the tower of
delivering the same with his own hand,
fessed his disability to govern, utterly
g all kingly authority.

(b) *And lest'st great Bourbon, for thy loss to me.*
Before the Princess Isabel was married to the
king, Lewis Duke of Bourbon sued to have had
her in marriage; which was thought he had ob-
tained, if this motion had not fallen out in the
mean time. This Duke of Bourbon sued again
to have received her at her coming into France
G Hj

after the imprisonment of king Richard, but king Charles her father then crossed him as before, and gave her to Charles son to the duke of Orleans.

(c) *When Hertford had his judgment of exile.*

When the combat should have been at Coventry, betwixt Henry duke of Hertford, and Thomas duke of Norfolk (where Hertford was adjudged to banishment for ten years) the commons exceedingly lamented; so greatly was he ever favoured of the people.

(d) *That I was forc'd t' abridge his banish'd years.*

When the duke came to take his leave of the king, being then at Eltham, the king, to please the commons, rather than for any love he bare to Hertford, repealed four years of his banishment.

(e) *But Henry boasts of our achievements done.*

Henry, the eldest son of John duke of Lancaster, at the first earl of Derby, then created duke of Hertford; after the death of the duke, John his father was duke of Lancaster and Hertford, earl of Darby, Leicester, and Lincoln: and after he had obtained the crown, was called by the name of Bullenbrook, which is a town in Lincolnshire; as usually all the kings of England bare the name of the place where they were born.

(f) *Seven goodly sciens in their spring did flourish.*

Edward the Third had seven sons: Edward Prince of Wales, after called the Black Prince: William of Hatfield the second; Lionel duke of

Clarence the third; John of Gaunt duke of Lancaster the fourth; Edward of Langley duke of York the fifth; Thomas Woodstock duke of Gloucester the sixth; William of Windsor the seventh.

(g) *Edward, the top branch of that golden tree*
Truly boasting himself to be the eldest
Edward the Black Prince.

(h) *Yet after Edward, John the young'st*
As disabling Henry Bullenbrook, being
son of the fourth brother; William and
being both before John of Gaunt.

(i) *He that from France brought John his*
home.
Edward the Black Prince taking John
France prisoner at the battle of Poitiers, brought
him into England, where at the Savoy he

(k) *Whose name, atchieved by his fatal blow*
Called the Black Prince, not so much
complexion, as of the famous battles he fought
as is shewed before in the gloss upon the epistle
Edward to the countess of Salisbury.

(l) *And proves our acts of parliament unjust*
In the next parliament after Richard's
reign of the crown, Henry caused to be annulled
all the laws made in the parliament called
wicked parliament, held in the twentieth year
king Richard's reign.

WYGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

QUEEN CATHERINE TO OWEN TUDOR.

The Argument.

Henry the Fifth, that only man of men,
To soon deceased; bright Queen Cath'rine then,
(Henry the Sixth, her son, of tender years,
Fortune so strangely her affection steers,
That amidst many, call'd one day to dance
Before the king and her) this heir of France,
And England's dowager, her eye taken had
By Owen Tudor, a brave youthful lad,
One of her wardrobe, and from Wales descended :
She, the great good that was to him intended,
To let him know, this letter doth devise,
Left that the greatness of the enterprise
Should hap to daunt him; but he, bold by kind,
Shew'd her, his love was answ'ring to her mind.

not a princess worth impeach'd hereby,
love thus triumphs over majesty;
think less virtue in this royal hand,
it intreats, and wonted to command :
this fort though humbly now it woo,
thy hath been, thou would'st have kneel'd
unto.

think that this submission of my state
leads from frailty ; rather judge it fate.
could ne'er more fit for war's stern shock,
when with women spinning at the rock ;
his clouds did Phœbus glory dim,
in a clown's shape when he covered him :
his great command was never more obey'd,
when a satyr's antic parts he play'd.
was thy king, who su'd for love to me ;
she is queen, who sues for love to thee.
Henry was, my love was only his ;
by his death, it Owen Tudor's is.

My love to Owen, him my Henry giveth ;
My love to Henry, in my Owen liveth.
Henry woo'd me, whilst wars did yet increase,
I woo my Tudor in sweet calms of peace ;
To force affection, he did conquest prove ;
I come with gentle arguments of love.

(a) Incamp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,
First saw I Henry clad in princely arms :
At pleasant Windsor, first these eyes of mine
My Tudor judg'd, for wit and shape, divine :
Henry abroad, with puissance and with force ;
Tudor at home, with courtship and discourse :
He then, thou now, I hardly can judge whether,
Did like me best, Plantagenet or Tether ;
A march, a measure, battle, or a dance,
A courtly rapier, or a conqu'ring lance.
His princely bed hath strength'ned my renown,

(b) And on my temples set a double crown,

G iiij

Which glorious wreath (as Henry's lawful heir)
Henry the Sixth upon his brow doth bear.

(c) At Troy in Champain he did first enjoy
My bridal rites, to England brought from Troy;
In England now that honour thou shalt have,
Which once in Champain famous Henry gave.

I seek not wealth, three kingdoms in my
power :

If these suffice not, where shall be my dower ?
Sad discontent may ever follow her,
Which doth base self before true love prefer :
If titles still could our affections tye,
What is so great, but majesty might buy ?
As I seek thee, so kings do me desire ;
To what they would, thou easily may'st aspire.
That sacred fire once warm'd my heart before,
The fuel fit, the flame is now the more :
And means to quench it I in vain do prove,
" We may hide treasure, but not hide our love :"
And since it is thy fortune thus to gain it,
It were too late, nor will I now restrain it.

(d) Nor these great titles vainly will I bring,
Wife, daughter, mother, sister to a king,
Of grandfire, father, husband, son and brother,
More thou alone to me than all these other.

(e) Nor fear, my Tudor, that this love of mine
Should wrong the Gaunt-born great Lancastrian
line,

(f) Or make the English blood, the sun or moon,
Repine at Lorain, Bourbon, Alanfon ;
Nor do I think there is such different odds,
They should alone be number'd with the gods :
Of Cadmus earthly issue reck'ning us,
And they from Jove, Mars, Neptune, Æolus ;
Of great Lætona's offspring only they,
And we the brats of woful Niobe.
Our famous grandfathers (as their own) bestrid
That horse of fame, that God-begotten steed,
Whose bounding hoof plow'd that Boetian
spring.

Where those sweet maids of memory do sing.
I claim not all from Henry, but as well
To be the child of Charles and Isabel :
Nor can I think from whence their grief should
grow,

That by this match they be disparag'd so.

(g) When John and Longshanks issue were affy'd
And to the kings of Wales in wedlock ty'd,
Shewing the greatness of your blood thereby,
Your race and royal consanguinity :

And Wales, as well as haughty England boasts,
(b) Of Camilot, and all her pentecosts,
To have precedence in Pendragon's race,
At Arthur's table challenging the place.

It by the often conquest of your land,
They boast the spoils of their victorious hand ;
If these our ancient chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.

(i) When bloody Rufus sought your utter sack,
Twice entering Wales, yet twice was beaten back ;
When famous Cambria wash'd her in the flood,
Made by the effusion of the English blood ;

(k) And oft return'd with glorious victory,
From Worcester, Hereford, Chester, Shrewsbury ;

Whose pow'r in ev'ry conquest so prevails,
As once expuls'd the English out of Wales.

Although my beauty made my country's peace ;
And at my bridal former broils did cease ;
More than his pow'r had not his person been,
I had not come to England as a queen.
Nor took I Henry to supply my want,
Because in France that time my choice was scant,
When it had robb'd all Christendom of men,
And England's flow'r remain'd amongst us then :
Gloster, whose counsels (Nestor-like) assist ;
Couragious Bedford, that great martialist ;
Clarence, for virtue honour'd of his foes ;
And York, whose fame yet daily greater grows ;
Warwick, the pride of Nevil's haughty race ;
Great Salisbury, so fear'd in every place ;
That valiant Pool, who no achievements dars ;
And Vere, so famous in the Irish wars ;
Who, though my self so great a prince were born,
The worst of these my equal need not scorn :
But Henry's rare perfections, and his parts,
As conqu'ring kingdoms, so he conquer'd hearts ;
As chaste was I to him as queen might be,
But freed from him, my chaste love vow'd to
thee.

Beauty doth fetch all savour from thy face,
All perfect courtship resteth in thy grace :
If thou discourse, thy lips such accents break,
As love a spirit forth of thee seem'd to speak.
The British language, which our vowels wants,
And jars so much upon harsh consonants,
Comes with such grace from thy mellifluous
tongue,

As do the sweet notes of a well-set song,
And runs as smoothly from those lips of thine,
As the pure Tuscan from the Florentine ;
Leaving such season'd sweetness in the ear,
That the voice past, yet still the sound is there :
In Nisus Tower, as when Apollo lay,
And on his golden viol us'd to play ;
Where senseless stones were with such ~~noise~~
drown'd,

As many years they did retain the sound.

Let not the beams, that greatness doth reflect,
Amaze thy hopes with timorous respect ;
Assure thee, Tudor, majesty can be
As kind in love, as can the mean'st degree ;
And the embraces of a queen as true
As theirs, which think them much advanc'd by
you.

When in our greatness, our affections crave
Those secret joys that other women have :
So I (a queen) be sovereign in my choice,
Let others fawn upon the public voice ;
Or what (by this) can ever hap to thee,
Light, in respect to be belov'd of me ?
Let preivish worldlings prate of right and wrong,
Leave plaints and pleas to whom they do belong ;
Let old men speak of chances and events,
And lawyers talk of titles and descents ;
Leave fond reports to such as stories tell,
And covenants to those that buy and sell :
Love, my sweet Tudor, that becomes thee best,
And to our good success refer the rest.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

*camp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,
 &c.*

to Melans, upon the river of Seyne, appointed place of parley between the of England and France; to which place queen of France, and the duke of Burgh the young prince's Catharine, where y first saw her.

and on my temples set a double crown.

he fifth, and queen Catharine, were ng and queen of France; and during the ries the French king, Henry was called ngland, and heir of France: and after of Henry the fifth, Henry the sixth his m being very young, was crowned at rue and lawful king of England and

at Troy in Champain he did first enjoy.

Champain was the place where that king Henry the fifth married the prin- cine, in the presence of the chief nobility us of England and France.

*For these great titles vainly will I bring,
 &c. daughter, mother, &c.*

ceus of England or France were ever cely allied than this queen, as it hath l by historiographers.

*For fear my Tudor, that this love of mine
 could wrong the Gaunt-born, &c.*

the descent of Henry her husband from : of Lancaster the fourth son of Edward which duke John was surnamed Gaunt, of Gaunt in Flanders where he was born.

*Or make be English blood, the sun and moon,
 &c.*

ng to the greatness of the English line to

Phœbus and Phœbe, seign'd to be the children of Latona, whose heavenly kind might scorn to be joined with any earthly progeny: yet with all, boasting the blood of France, as not inferior to theirs. And with this allusion followeth on the history of the strife betwixt Juno and the face of Cadmus, whose issue was afflicted by the wrath of heaven. The children of Niobe slain; for which the woful mother became a rock, gushing forth continually a fountain of tears.

*(g) When John and Longthanks' issue were
 affy'd.*

Lhewellen or Leolin ap Iorwith, married Joan daughter to King Iohn, a most beautiful lady. Some authors affirm that she was base-born. Lhewellin ap Gryfith married Eleanor, daughter to Simon Montfort earl of Leicester, and cousin to Edward Longthanks; both which Lhewellins were princes of Wales.

*(h) Of Camilot, and all her Pentecosts,
 To have precedence, &c.*

Camilot the ancient palace of king Arthur, to which place all the knights of the famous order yearly repaired at Pentecost, according to the law of the table: and most of the famous home-born knights were of that country, as to this day is perceived by their ancient monuments.

(i) When bloody Rufus sought your utter sack.

Noting the ill success which William Rufus had in two voyages he made into Wales; in which a number of his chief nobility were slain.

(k) And oft return'd with glorious victory.

Noting the divers and sundry incursions that the Welshmen made into England in the time of Rufus, John, Henry the second, and Longthanks.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

OWEN TUDOR TO QUEEN CATHARINE.

When first mine eyes beheld your princely
name,
And found from whence this friendly letter
came;
As in excess of joy, I had forgot,
Whether I saw it, or I saw it not:
My panting heart doth bid mine eyes pro-
ceed,
My dazzled eyes invite my tongue to read,
Which wanting their direction, dully mist it:
My lips, which should have spoke, were dumb,
and kist it,
And left the paper in my trembling hand,
When all my senses did amazed stand:
Even as a mother coming to her child,
Which from her presence hath been long exil'd,
With gentle arms his tender neck doth strain,
Now kissing it, now clipping it again;
And yet excessive joy deludes her so,
As still she doubts, if this be hers, or no.
At length awaken'd from this pleasing dream,
When passion somewhat left to be extreme,
My longing eyes with their fair object meet,
Where ev'ry letter's pleasing, each word sweet.
It was not Henry's conquests, nor his court,
That had the power to win me by report;
Nor was his dreadful terror-striking name,
The cause that I from Wales to England came:
For christian Rhodes, and our religion's truth,
To great achiev'm't first had won my youth:
This great adventure did my valour prove,
Before I e'er knew what it was to love.
Nor came I hither by some poor event,
But by th' eternal Destinies consent;
Whose uncompur'd wisdom did foresee,
That you in marriage should be link'd to me.

By our great Merlin was it not foretold,
(Amongst his holy prophecies enroll'd)
When first he did of Tudor's name divine,
That kings and queens should follow in our line:
(*) And that the helm (the Tudors ancient crest)
Should with the golden flow'r-de-luce be dress'd?
As that the leek (our country's chief renown
Should grow with roses in the English crowns?
As Charles his daughter, you the lily wear;
As Henry's queen, the blushing rose you bear;
By France's conquest, and by England's oath,
You are the true made dowager of both:
Both in your crown, both in your cheek tag-
ther,
Join Tether's love to yours, and yours to To-
ther.

Then cast no future doubts, nor fear no harm
When it so long hath been foretold by fate;
And by the all-disposing doom of heav'n,
Before our births, we to one bed were giv'n.
No Pallas here, nor Juno is at all,
When I to Venus yield the golden ball:
Nor when the Grecians wonder I enjoy,
None in revenge to kindle fire in Troy.
And have not strange events divin'd to us,
That in our love we should be prosperous?
(†) When in your presence I was call'd to dance
In lofty tricks whilst I myself advance,
And in a turn my footing fail'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light into your lap?
Who would not judge it fortune's greatest gift
Sith he must fall, to fall in such a place?

His birth from heav'n, your Tudor not deriv'd
Nor stands on tip toes in superlatives,
Although the envious English do devise
A thousand jests of our hyperbolies;

m that plot by ancient deeds,
us pastures his fire-breathing steeds
It my God-made grandfire's scars,
ophies in the Titans wars :
r birth (your princely ears to please)
its getting, as was Hercules :
re my long descent to run
septune, or the glorious sun :
n Wales, with them that famous be,
ards do sing my pedigree ;
It my birth from great Cadwalla-

Caer-Septon, in mount Palador :
am Encon's line, the South-Wales

the Tudors name do bring.
ther's princely stock began
great grandame, fair Gwenellian,
descent from Leolin the great,
n North-Wales, as fair Powdland's

our princely genealogy
d to make apology :
h judgment's true impartial eyes,
om whence our name at first did

at fortune is to us in debt ;
: Tudor, as Plantagenet ?
hat term *Crogeu*, nickname of dis-
word now in ev'ry place,
our blood, or wrong a Welshman's
it first begot with England's shame.
fwords our right did still maintain,
cruel, proud, usurping Dane,
ides in many dang'rous fights,
ays, Swethens, and with Musco-
pt our native language now thus

day yet never chang'd our tongue :
which now our nation fain would
e lost their country and their name.
ld the Saxons swords provoke
necks to bear their servile yoke :
bria's pleasant countries bounded be
g Severn, and the holy Dee :
eat Brutus first arriv'd, have flood
nment of the Trojan blood.
an is not allotted chance,
th Henry, to have conquer'd France :
etune be thus rais'd by thee,
efage a farther good to me ;
int David, in the Britons right,
with George, the sainted English
ht :

(1) And old Caer-Merdin, Merlin's famous
town,
Not scorn'd by London, though of such re-
nown.

Ah, would to God that hour my hopes at-
tend,

Were with my wish brought to desired end !
Blame me not, madams, though I thus desire,
Many there be, that after you inquire ;
Till now your beauty in night's bosom slept,
What eye durst stir, where awful Henry kept ?
Who durst attempt to sail but near the bay,
Where that all-conqu'ring great Alcides lay ?
Your beauty now is set a royal prize,
And kings repair to cheapen merchandize.

If you but walk to take the breathing air,
Orithia makes me that I Boreas fear :
If to the fire, Jove once in light'ning came,
And fair Egina makes me fear the flame :
If in the sun, then sad suspicion dreams
Phœbus should spread Luciothoe in his beams :
If in a fountain you do cool your blood,
Neptune I fear, which once came in a flood :

If with your maids, I dread Apollo's rape,
Who cou'sned Chion in an old wife's shape :
If you do banquet, Bacchus makes me dread,
Who in a grape Erigone did feed :
And if myself your chamber door should keep,
Yet fear I Hermes coming in a sleep.
Pardon (sweet queen) if I offend in this,
In these delays love most impatient is :
And youth wants pow'r his hot spleen to sup-
press,

When hope already banquets in excess.

Though Henry's fame in me you shall not
find,

Yet that which better shall content your mind !

But only in the title of a king

Was his advantage, in no other thing :

If in his love more pleasure you did take,

Never let queen trust Briton for my sake.

Yet judge me not from modesty exempt,

That I another Phæton's charge attempt ;

My mind, that thus your favours dare aspire,

Shews, that 'tis touch'd with a celestial fire :

If I do fault, the more is beauty's blame,

When she herself is author of the same :

" All men to some one quality incline,"

Only to love is naturally mine.

Thou art by beauty famous, as by birth,
Ordain'd by heav'n to cheer the drooping earth :
Add faithful love unto your greater stat,
And be alike in all things fortunate.

A king might promise more, I not deny,
But yet (by heav'n) he lov'd not more than I.
And thus I leave, till time my faith approve ;
I cease to write, but never cease to love.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *And that the helm, the Tudors ancient crest.*
The arms of Tudor was three helmets; whereof he speaketh as a thing prophetically foretold of Merlin.

(b) *When in thy presence I was call'd to dance.*
Owen Tudor, being a courtly and active gentleman, commanded once to dance before the queen, in a turn (not being able to recover himself) fell into her lap, as she sat upon a little stool with many of her ladies about her.

(c) *And yet in Wales with them that favour be,
Our learned bards, &c.*

This Berdh, as they call it in the British tongue, or as we more properly say, Bard, or Bardua, be their poets, which kept the records of pedigrees and descents, and sung in odes and measures to their harps, after the old manner of the Lyric poets.

(d) *And hest my blood from great Cadwallader.*
Cadwallader the last king of the Britons, descended of the noble and ancient race of the Trojans; to whom an angel appeared commanding him to go to Rome to Pope Sergius, where he ended his life.

(e) *From old Cæwr-Septin in mount Palador.*
Cæwr-Septon, now called Shaftesbury, at whose building it was said an eagle prophesied (or rather, one Aquila) of the fame of that place, and of the recovery of the isle by the Britons, bringing back with them the bones of Cadwallader from Rome.

(f) *And from Encon's line, the South Wales king,
By Theodor, &c.*
This Encon was slain by the rebels of Gwent-

land; he was a notable and worthy man who in his life did many noble acts, as either to Theodor, or Tudor Maur, ofscended the princes of South-Wales.

(g) *From her great grandame, fair G
Gwenellian, the daughter of Rees :
ap Theodore of South-Wales, marrie
Vaughan ancestor to Owen Tudor.*

(h) *By true descent from Leolin the g
This is the Lehwelkin, called Leolinus
prince of North-Wales.*

(i) *Nor that word Croggen, nickname*
In the voyage that Henry the first made against the Welshmen, as his soldiers paddled at Croggen castle, they were overtaken by the Welshmen. Which word Croggen has been used to the Welshmen's disgrace, and first began with their honour.

(k) *And kept our native language now*
The Welshmen be those ancient Britons when the Picts, Danes, and Saxons invaded them; they were first driven into those parts where they kept their language ever since the first commixation with any other.

(l) *And old Cæwr-Merdin, Merlin's fa
Cæwr-Merdin, or Merlin's town, so
Merlin's being found there: This was
Merlin, whose prophecies we have. There
another of that name, called Merlin
born in Scotland, surnamed Calidonus
forest of Calidon, where he prophesied.*

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

ELENOR COBHAM TO DUKE HUMPHRY.

The Argument.

Wife Humphry Duke of Glo'ster, nam'd the good,
Next to his nephew of the royal blood,
(Henry the Sixth then being very young)
Chosen protector : by ambition strong,
Whose duchess Elenor, violently led
To think the crown theirs, were young Henry dead, !
Convicted was with forcerers to conspire,
Which practised to hasten her desire :
For which she her thrice-penance was assign'd ;
To th' isle of Man and afterwards confin'd
From whence she writes this letter to her Lord,
Who that sad Lady doth the like afford.

HUMPHRY, not knowing who these lines should
send,
fright turn'd over to the latter end,
:thou my name no sooner hast espy'd,
:didst my letter cast aside :
if thou wilt, I will myself deny,
'I affirm and swear, I am not I :
in that thy shame thou do'st perceive,
or thy dear sake, I my name will leave.
yet, methinks, amaz'd thou shouldst not
stand,
:am so much appalled at my hand ;
my misfortunes have inur'd thine eye
:before this) to sights of misery.
:read on, 'tis I, the very same,
:thou canst read, is but to read my shame.

Be not dismay'd, nor let my name affright ;
The worst it can, is but t'offend thy sight ;
It cannot wound, nor do thee deadly harm,
It is no dreadful spell, no magic charm :
If she that sent it, love Duke Humphry so,
I't possible her name should be his foe ?
Yes, I am El'nor, I am very she,
Who brought for dower a virgin's bed to thee :
(a) 'Though envious Beauford slander'd me before,
To be Duke Humphry's wanton paramour.
And though indeed I can it not deny,
(b) To magic once I did myself apply,
I won thee not, as there be many think,
With pois'ning philters, and bewitching drink :
Nor on thy person did I ever prove
Those wicked potions, so procuring love.

I cannot boast, to be rich Holland's heir,
Nor of the blood and greatness of Baviera:

(c) Yet El'nor brought no foreign armies in,
'To fetch her back, as did thy Jacomin;
Nor clam'rous husband follow'd me, that fled,
Exclaiming Humphry to defile his bed:
Nor wait thou forc'd, the slander to suppress,
'To send me back as an adulteress:

(d) Brabant, nor Burgoin, claimed me by force,
Nor su'd to Rome to hasten my divorce;
Nor Belgia's pomp, defac'd with Belgia's fire,
The just reward of her unjust desire:

(e) Nor Bedford's spouse, your noble sister Ann,
That princely-issued great Burgonian,
Need stand with me, to move a woman's strife,
To yield the place to the protector's wife;
If Cobham's name my birth can dignify
Or Storborough renown my family.

(f) Where's Greenwich now, thy El'nor's court
of late,

Where she with Humphry held a princely state?
That pleasant Kent, when I abroad should ride.
That to my pleasure laid forth all her pride?
The Thames, by water when I took the air,
That danc'd my barge, in launching from the
fair?

The anch'ring ships, which, when I pass'd the
road,

Were wont to hang their chequer'd tops abroad?
How could it be, those that were wont to stand,
'To see my pomp, so goddess-like to land,
Should after see me mail'd up in a sheet,
Do shameful penance three times in the street?
Rung with a bell, a taper in my hand,
Bare-foot to trudge before a beadle's wand;
That little babes, not having use of tongue,
Stood pointing at me as I came along.

Where then was Humphry? where was his
command?

Was thou not Lord protector of the land?
Or for thy justice, who could thee deny
The title of the good Duke Humphry?
What blood extract from famous Edward's line,
Could boast itself to be so pure as thine?
Who else, next Henry, should the realm prefer,
If it allow the line of Lancaster?
But Rayner's daughter must from France be set,
And with a vengeance on our throne be set;
Mauns, Main, and Anjou, on that beggar cast,
'To bring her home to England in such haste;
And what for Henry thou hast labour'd there,
'To join the King with Arminack's rich heir,
Must all be dash'd as no such thing had been;
Pool needs must have his darling made a Queen:
How should he with our princes else be plac'd,
To have his Earlship with a Dukedom grac'd,
And raise the offspring of his blood so high,
As Lords of us and our posterity?

O! that by sea when he to France was sent,
The ship had sunk, wherein the traitor went!
Or, that the sands had swallow'd her, before
She e'er set foot upon the English shore!
But all is well, nay, we have store to give,
What need we more: we by her looks can live.

All that great Henry by his conquests heapt,
And famous Bedford to his glory kept,
Is given back to Rayner all in poit;
And by this means rich Normandy is lost.
Those which have come as mistresses of ours,
Have into England brought their goodly dow'n
Which to our coffers yearly tribute brings,
The life of subjects, and the strength of Kings,
The means whereby fair England ever might
Raise power in France, to back her ancient right
But she brings ruin here to make abode,
And cancel all our lawful claim abroad;
And she must recapitulate my shame,
And give a thousand by-words to my name,
And call me, beldam, gib, witch, night-man
trot,

With all dispiht that may a woman spot.
O, that I were a witch but for her sake!
I faith her Queenship little rest should take:
I'd scratch that face that may not feel the air,
And knit whole ropes of witch knots in her hair
O, I would hag her nightly in her bed,
And on her breast sit like a lump of lead,
And like a fairy pinch that dainty skin,
Her wanton blood is now so cocker'd in;
Or take me some such known familiar shape,
As she my vengeance never should escape.

Were I a garment, none should need the more
To sprinkle me with Nessus' pois'ned gore;
It were enough, if she once put me on,
To tear both flesh and sinews from the bone:
Were I a flower, that might her smell delight,
Though I were not the pois'ning aconite,
I would send such a fume into her brow,
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.

(g) They say, the druids once liv'd in this ill,
This fatal man, the place of my exile,
Whose pow'rful charms such dreadful wonders
wrought.

Which in the gorish island-tongue were taught:
O! that their spells to me they had resign'd,
Wherewith they rais'd and calm'd both sea and
wind,

And made the moon pause in her paled sphere,
Whilst her grim dragons drew them through the
air;

Their hellish power, to kill the plough-man's seed
Or to forepeak whole flocks as they did feed;
'To nurse a damned spirit with human blood,
'To carry them through earth, air, fire and flood:
Had I this skill, that time hath almost lost,
How like a goblin I would haunt her ghost!
O pardon, pardon my misgovern'd tongue,
A woman's strength cannot endure my wrong.

(h) Did not the heavens her coming in wit
stand,

As though affrighted when she came to land?
The earth did quake, her coming to abide;
The goodly Thames did twice keep back his tide
Paul's shook with tempest, and that mount
spire,

With lightning sent from heaven, was set on fire
Our stately buildings to the ground were blow'n
Her pride by these prodigious signs was shew'n

sons on the English earth,
at any death or birth,
Humphry, if I should not speak,
uld split, my very heart would

so many to command,
n with a clap-dish in my hand :
e covering me withal,
r of care's hospital ;
late a presence held in awe,
nel in a pad of straw :
I, by night to go abroad,
within an ivy tod,
cliffs, in the dampy caves,
es, fit to dwell in graves.
hose eyes, in whose sweet cheer-

once such joy and pleasure took?
despoil'd them of all grace,
t say, this was my El'nor's face :
ron, whose dishevel'd hair
lies glaring in the air ;
p like horns upon my head,
women that are in coos bred :
hang like bladders left unblown,
athsome jaundice over-grown ;
that if thou long'st to see
ure, only look on me.
hinking of what I have had,
extasy grow mad :
lam, forth thy El'nor runs,
thus' raging frantic nuns :
r, when in strange disguise,
dismal sacrifice.
Beauford, a foul ill befall him :
nay, devil I should call him :
me, if I think amiss,
methinks, my poison is :
las, our professed foe,
him wherefoe'r he go ;

That to my judgment when I did appear,
Laid to my charge those things that never were :
That I should know of Bullenbrook's intents,
(i) The hallowing of his magic instruments :
That I procured Southwell to assist,
Which was by order consecrate a priest :
That it was I should cover all they did,
Which but for him had to this day been hid,
Ah that vile bastard, that himself dare vaunt,
To be the son of thy great grandfire Gaunt,
Whom he but father'd of mere charity
To rid his mother of that infamy :
Who, if report of elder times be true,
Yet to this day his father never knew.
He that by murther's black and odious crime,
To Henry's throne attempted once to climb,
(k) Having procur'd, by hope of golden gain,
A fatal hand his sovereign to have slain,
Whom to his chamber closely he convey'd,
And for that purpose fitly there had laid,
Upon whose sword that famous prince had dy'd,
If by a dog he had not been deserv'd.

But now the Queen, her minion pool, and he,
As it please them, ev'n so must all things be :
England's no place for any one beside,
All is too little to maintain their pride.
What of a King hath Henry but the name ?
And now scarce that, so public his defame !
And I pray God I do not live the day,
To see his ruin and the realm's decay :
And yet as sure as Humphry seems to stand,
He be preserv'd from the vile traitor's hand.
From Glo'ster's seat I would thou wert estrang'd,
Or would to God that dukedom's name were
For it portends some after-ill to us, [chang'd
Ah Humphry, Humphry, it is ominous !
Yet rather than thy hap so hard should be,
I would thou wert here banished with me.
Humphry, adieu, farewell true noble Lord,
My wish is all thy El'nor can afford.

NOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

envious Beauford slander'd me
extreme hate that Cardinal Beau-
rn to her.

once I did myself apply.
m was accused by some, that
band, and mistook her marriage
phry, that she practised to give
i such poisoning potions, to make

him love her; as she was slandered by Cardina?
Beauford, to have lived as the Duke's lemmen :
against the which Cardinal, she exclaimeth in
this epistle in the verse before.

(c) Yet El'nor brought no foreign armies in,
To fetch her back, as did thy Jacomin.

This was the chief and only thing that ever
touched the reputation of this good Duke, that
doatingly he married Jacomin, or as some call

her, Jaques, daughter and heir to William Bavier, Duke of Holland, before married, and lawful wife to John Duke of Brabant, then living: which after, as it is shewed in this verse following,

(d) *Brabant nor Burgoin claimed me by force*

Nor sa'd to Rome, to hasten my divorce,
caused great wars, by reason that the Duke of Burgoin took part with Brabant against the Duke of Gloucester; which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adjudged to be delivered back to her former husband.

(e) *Nor Bedford's spouse, your noble sister Ann,
That princely-issued great Burgonian.*

John Duke of Bedford, that scourge of France and the glory of the Englishmen, marry'd Ann sister to the Duke of Burgundy, a virtuous and beautiful Lady: by which marriage, as also by his victories obtained in France, he brought great strength to the English nation.

(f) *Where's Greenwich now, thy El'nor's court
of late?*

That fair and goodly palace of Greenwich in Kent, was first builded by that famous Duke; whose rich and pleasant situation might remain an assured monument of his wisdom, if there were no other memory of the same.

(g) *They say, the Druids once liv'd in this isle.*

It should seem that there were two islands, both of them called *Mons*, though now distinguished, the one by the name of *Man*, the other by the name of *Anglesey*; both which were full of many infernal ceremonies, as may appear by Agricola's voyage made into the hithermost *Man*, described by his son-in-law Cornelius Tacitus. And as superstition, the daughter of barbarism and ignorance, so amongst those northerly nations, like as in America, magic was most esteem'd.

Druids were the public ministers of religion, as thoroughly taught in all thereof. Their doctrine concerned the equality of the soul, the contempt of death, other points which may conduce to fortitude, and magnanimity. Their abodes were groves and woods, whereupon they name: their power extended itself to souls of men deceased, and to confer wisdom and spirits about the success of things.

Plutarch, in his profound and learned discourse of the defect of oracles, reporteth that the British isles were the prison of I wot Demigods. But I shall not need to go farther of the *Druids*, than that which doth:

*Et vos barbaricus ritus, moremque
Sacrorum, Druidæ positis repetisti*

(h) *Did not the heavens her coming in*

Noting the fearful and prodigious were seen in England a little before her in: which Flenor expresseth in this fore-shewing the dangers which should attend this unlucky marriage.

(i) *The balloting of his magic instru*

The instruments which Bullenbroock his conjurations, according to the demones and customs of these unlawful dedicated at a mass in Harnsey park by a priest of Westminster.

(k) *Having procur'd, by hope of gold*

This was one of the articles that Drury urged against the Cardinal Beau he conspired the death of Henry by conveying a villain into his chamber in the night should have murdered what ground of truth he had for to leave to dispute.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

DUKE HUMPHRY TO ELENOR COBHAM.

Woe thou should'st not doubt I could
forget
how so many do remember yet.
no, our joys away like shadows slide,
sorrows firm in memory abide :
durst answer thou durst nothing less,
o passion urg'd by thy distress.
nor, no thy woes, thy grief, thy wrong,
n my breast been resident too long.
when report in ev'ry place had spread,
'nor was to sanctuary fled
urged onley, and the witch of eye,
lry of their vile conspiracy ;
readful spirits when they did invoke,
e succession, and the realm's estate :
Henry's image they in wax had wrought.
which he should have to his death been
brought,
as his picture did consume away,
erson so by sickness should decay :
, that before could ne'er my thoughts
controul,
instant took possession of my soul.
r, would to God I could forget thine ill !
r mine own, let that afflict me still ;
that before hath taken too sure hold :
get it, said I ? would to God I could !
ny woe if thou hast but one part,
ve the whole remaining in my heart ;
ve no need of others cares to borrow,
all I have is nothing else but sorrow,
my sweet Nell, thou took'st not all away,
ugh thou went'st hence, here still thy woes
do stay ;
ough from thy husband thou wert forc'd to go,
ole still remain, they will not leave him so :
ere bewails my ill, moans thy distress,
grief's the more, but yet our debt the less :
Vol. III.

We owe no tears, no mourning days are kept
For those that yet for us have never wept,
We hold no obits, no sad exequies,
Upon the death-days of unweeping eyes.
Alas, good Nell, what should thy patience
move,
T'upbraid thy kind Lord with a foreign love ?
Thou might'st have bid all former ills adieu,
Forgot the old, we have such store of new.
Did I omit thy love to entertain,
With mutual grief to answer grief again ?
Or think'st thou I unkindly did forbear
To bandy woe for woe, and tear for tear ?
Did I forget, or carelessly neglect
Those shews of love that ladies so respect ?
In mournful black was I not seen to go,
By outward signs t'express my inward woe ?
Did I thy loss not publicly lament,
Nor by my looks bewray'd my discontent ?
Is this the cause ? if this be it, know then,
" One grief conceal'd, more grievous is than ten,"
If in my breast those sorrows sometimes were,
And never utter'd, they must still be there ;
And if thou know'st they many were before,
By time encreasing, they must needs be more.
England to me can challenge nothing lent
Let her cast up what is receiv'd, what spent :
If I her own, can she from blame be free,
If she but prove a step-mother to me ?
That if I should with that proud bastard strive,
To plead for birth-right my prerogative,
Be that allow'd, I should not need to fear it,
For then my true nobility should bear it :
If counsel aid, that France will tell (I know)
Whose towns lie waste before the English foe,
When thrice we gave the conquer'd French the
foil,

(a) At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Verneuil :

If faith avail, these arms did Henry hold,
To claim his crown, yet scarcely nine months
old ;

If countries care have leave to speak for me,
Gray hairs in youth my witness then may be :
If peoples tongues give splendour to my fame,
They add a title to Duke Humphry's name :
If toil at home, French treason, English hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the state ;
If foreign travel my success may try,
(b) Then Flanders, Almain, Boheme, Burgundy,
That robe of Rome proud Beauford now doth

wear,

In every place such sway should never bear :

(c) The crozier-staff in his imperious hand,
To be the sceptre that controuls the land ;
That home to England dispensations draws,
Which are of power to abrogate our laws :
And for those sums the wealthy church should pay,
Upon the needy commonalty to lay ;
His ghostly counsels only do advise

(d) The means how Langley's progeny may rise,
Pathing young Henry's unadvised ways,
A Duke of York from Cambridge house to raise,
Which after may our title undermine.

Grafted since Edward in Gaunt's famous line,
Us of succession falsely to deprive,
Which they from Clarence feignedly derive,
Knowing the will old Cambridge ever bore,
To catch the wreath that famous Henry wore :
With Gray and Scroop when first he laid the plot,
From us and ours the garland to have got ;
As from the March-born Mortimer to reign,
Whose title Glendour stoutly did maintain,
When the proud Percies, haughty March, and he,
Had shar'd the land by equal parts in three.

(e) His priesthood now proud Mowbary will
restore,

To stir the fire that kindled was before :
Against the Yorkists shall their claim advance,
To steel the point of Norfolk's sturdy lance,
Upon the breast of Hertford's issue bent,
In just revenge of ancient banishment.
He doth advise to let our pris'ner go,
And doth enlarge the faithless Scottish foe,
(f) Giving our heirs in marriage, that their
dow'rs

May bring invasion upon us and ours.
Ambitious Suffolk so the helm doth guide,
With Beauford's damned policies supply'd ;

He and the Queen in counsel still confer,
How to raise him, who hath advanced her.

But, my dear heart, how vainly do I dream,
And fly from thee, whose sorrows are my theme !
My love to thee and England thus divided,
Which hath the most, how hard to be decided ?
Or thou, or that, to censure I am loth,
So near are you, so dear unto me both ;
'Twill that and thee, for equal love I find,
England ungrateful, and my El'nor kind.
But though my country justly I reprove,
Yet I for that neglected have my love ;

Nevertheless, thy Humphry's to thee now,
As when fresh beauty triumph'd on thy brow ;
As when thy graces I admired most,
Or of thy favours might the frankli'ft boast :
Those beauties were so infinite before,
That in abundance I was only poor,
Of which, thou time hath taken some again,
I ask no more but what doth yet remain.

Be patient, gentleheart, in thy distress,
Thou art a Princess not a whit the less.
Whilst in these breasts we bear about this life,
I am thy husband, and thou art my wife.

Cast not thine eye on such as mounted be,
But look on those cast down as low as we ;
For some of them which proudly perch so high,
E'er long shall come as low as thou or I,
They weep for joy, and let us laugh in woe,
We shall exchange, when heav'n will have it so ;
We mourn, and they in after-time may mourn ;
We past, may once laugh present woe to scorn ;
And worse than hath been, we can never taste,
Worse cannot come, than is already past ;
" In all extremes, the only depth of ill
" Is that which comforts the afflicted still.

Ah, would to God thou couldst thy grief deny,
And on my back let all the burthen lye !
Or if thou canst resign, make them mine own,
Both in one carriage to be undergone,
Till we again our former hopes recover,
And prosperous times blow these misfortunes over
For in the thought of those fore-passed years,
Some new resemblance of old joy appears.
Mutual our care, so mutual be our love,
That our affliction never can remove ;
So rest in peace, where peace hath hope to live,
Wishing thee more than I myself can give.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Verneuil.

Three famous battles fought by the English in France: Agincourt by Henry the Fifth, the whole power of France: Cravant, by Montacute Earl of Salisbury and the Duke of Burgoin, against the Dauphin of France, William Stuart Constable of Scotland: Verneuil fought by John Duke of Bedford, against the Duke of Alanfon, and with him most of the power of France; Duke Humphry an especial leader in all these expeditions.

Then Flanders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundy.

Remembering the ancient amity which in alliance he had concluded betwixt the King of England, and Sigismund Emperor of Almain, the Duke of Burgoin into the same league, himself as an hostage for the Duke of Saint while the Duke came to Calice to conclude league: with his many other employments in foreign kingdoms.

The crozier staff in his imperious hand.

By Beauford Cardinal of Winchester, that proud haughty Prelate, received the Cardinal at Calice by the Pope's legate; which Henry the Fifth, his nephew, forbade to take upon him, knowing his haughty malicious spirit unfit for that robe and call-

(d) The means how Langley's progeny may rise.

As willing to shew, the house of Cambridge to be descended of Edmond Langley Duke of York, a younger brother to John of Gaunt his grandfather, (as much as in him lay) to smother the title the Yorkists made to the crown (from Lionel of Clarence, Gaunt's eldest brother) by the daughter of Mortimer.

(e) His priesthood now stern Mowbray will restore.

Noting the ancient grudge between the house of Lancaster and Norfolk, ever since Mowbray Duke of Norfolk was banished, for the accusation of Henry duke of Hertford (after that, King of England, and father to Duke Humphry); which accusation, he came as a combatant to have made good, in the lists at Coventry.

(f) Giving our heirs in marriage, that their dow'rs.

James Stuart King of Scots having been long prisoner in England, was released, and took to wife the daughter of John Duke of Somerset, sister to John Duke of Somerset, niece to the Cardinal, and the Duke of Exeter, and cousin-german removed to the King: this King broke the oath he had taken, and became after a great enemy to England.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES

WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, TO QUEEN MARGARET.

The Argument.

The Duke of Suffolk, *William*, to advance
A lady long belov'd of him in France,
His mistress *Marg'ret*, that duke *Rayner's* child,
Himself who of Jerusalem infil'd
The king : this *Pool*, his darling to prefer
Betwixt young *Henry* nam'd the Sixth, and her,
Concludes a marriage ; and her sire to gain,
Gives up the towns of Mons, Anjou, and Main,
'To *Rayner* for her : for which lawless fact,
The peers him five years banishment enact.
When for his latest farewell of the queen,
These two epistles pass them two between.

In my disgrace (dear queen) rest thy content,
And Margaret's health from Suffolk's banishment :

Five years exile were not an hour to me,
But that so soon I must depart from thee ;
Where thou not present, it is ever night ;
All be exil'd, that live not in thy sight.
Those savages which worship the sun's rise,
Would hate their god, if they beheld thine eyes :
The world's great light, might'it thou be seen
abroad,

Would at our noon-stand ever make abode,
And force the poor Antipodes to mourn,
Feeling lest he would never more return.

Wer't not for thee, it were my great'st exile,
To live within the sea-environ'd isle.

Pool's courage brooks not limiting in bands,
But that (great queen) thy sovereignty commands
(a) Our falcons kind cannot the cage endure,
Nor buzzard like doth stoop to ev'ry lure ;
Their mounting brood in open air doth rove,
Nor will with crows be coop'd within a grove.

We all do breathe upon this earthly ball,
Likewise our heaven encompasseth us all.
" No banishment can be to him assign'd,
" Who doth retain a true-resolved mind.
" Man in himself a little world doth bear,
" His soul the monarch, ever ruling there :

r then his body doth remain,
 king, that in himself doth reign;
 ver feareth fortune's hot't alarms,
 ears against her patience for her arms.
 was the mean proud Warwick did invent,
 if grace, at Leicester parliament,
 only I, by yielding up of Main,
 use the loss of fertile Aquitain,
 the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
 heir of good duke Humphry's name;
 y treason spotting my pure blood,
 a mean to raise the Nevils brood.
 Salisbury his vile ambitious fire,
 stern breast kindling long-hidden fire;
 vice title working to supplant
 airy of great John of Gaunt.
 in end did my exile conclude,
 to please the rascal multitude;
 'd by these envious Lords to spend their
 eath,
 :venge for the protector's death:
 e the old decrepit duke is dead,
 f force, he must be murdered.
 they would know who robb'd him of his
 fe,
 call home dame Elenor his wife,
 h a taper walked in a sheet,
 t her shame at noon through London
 street;
 her bring her necromantic book,
 I hag Jordan, Hun, and Bullenbrook,
 them call the spirits from hell again,
 how Humphry dy'd, and who shall reign.
 or twenty years and have I serv'd in
 rance,
 st great Charles and bastard Orleans,
 the slaughter of a world of men,
 is now, as hardly conquer'd then?
 have I seen Vernois's barful fields,
 with ten thousand helms, ten thousand
 ields,
 mous Bedford did our fortune try,
 ce, or England, for the victory
 investing of so many towns,
 my breast in honourable wounds;
 lontacute, and Talbot of much name,
 y ensign both first won their fame:
 and cold all these have I endur'd,
 : the French, within their walls immur'd;
 all my life these perils have I past,
 v to fear a banishment at last?
 know'st how I (thy beauty to advance)
 refus'd the Infanta of France,
 e contract duke Humphry first did make
 Henry and the princess Almainack:
 it here thy preference I might gain,
 the Rayner Anjou, Mons, and Main;
 zels beauty for a dowry to bring,
 self sufficient for a king.
 l from Auvergne withdrew my warlike
 pow'r,
 d came myself in person first to Tours,
 badadors for truce to entertain,
 :lgia, Denmark, Hungary, and Spain:

And to the king, relating of thy story,
 My tongue flow'd with such plenteous oratory,
 As the report by speaking did endite,
 Begetting still more ravishing delight.
 And when my speech did cease (as telling all)
 My look shew'd more, that was angelical;
 And when I breath'd again, and paused neat,
 I left mine eyes dilating on the text:
 Then coming of thy modesty to tell,
 In music's numbers my voice rose and fell:
 And when I came to paint thy glorious file,
 My speech in greater cadences to file,
 (a) By true descent to wear the diadem
 Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem,
 As from the gods thou didst derive thy birth,
 If those of heaven could mix with these of earth,
 Gracing each title that I did recite,
 With some mellifluous pleasing epithet:
 Nor left him not, till he for love was sick,
 Beholding thee in my sweet rhetoric.
 (o) A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent
 In triumphs, at thy nuptial tournament;
 And solemniz'd thy marriage in a gown,
 Valu'd at more than was thy father's crown:
 And only striving how to honour thee,
 Gave to my king what thy love gave to me.
 Judge if his kindness have not pow'r to move,
 Who for his love's sake gave away his love.

Had he, which once the prize to Greece did
 bring,

(Of whom th' old poets long ago did sing)
 (p) Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep,
 Would over-board have cast his golden sheep,
 As too unworthy ballast to be thought,
 To pester room with such perfection fraught.
 The briny seas, which saw the ship infold thee,
 Would vault up to the hatchets to behold thee,
 And falling back, themselves in thronging smother,
 Breaking for grief, envying one another:
 When the proud bark for joy thy steps to feel,
 Scorn'd that the brack should kiss her furrowing
 keel,

And trick'd in all her flags, herself she braves,
 Cap'ring for joy upon the silver waves:
 When like a bull from the Phœnician strand,
 Jove with Europa rushing from the land,
 Upon the bosom of the main doth scud,
 And with his swannish breast cleaving the flood,
 Tow'rd the fair fields, upon the other side,
 Beareth Agenor's joy, Phœnicia's pride:
 All heavenly beauties join themselves in one,
 To shew their glory in thine eye alone,
 Which when it turneth that celestial ball,
 A thousand sweet stars rise, a thousand fall.

Who justly saith, mine, banishment to be,
 When only France for my recourse is free?
 To view the plains where I have seen so oft
 England's victorious ensigns rais'd aloft;
 When this shall be a comfort in my way,
 To see the place, where I may boldly say,
 Here mighty Bedford forth the vaward led;
 Here Talbot charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled;
 Here with our archers valiant Scales did lie,
 Here stood the teats of famous Willoughby:

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" Who doth retain a true-resolved mind.

" Man in himself a little world doth bear,

" His soul the monarch, ever ruling there :

When his body doth remain,
 King, that in himself doth reign;
 Nor feareth fortune's hot't alarms,
 Nor against her patience for her arms.
 As the mean proud Warwick did invent,
 Race, at Leicester parliament,
 By I, by yielding up of Main,
 And the loss of fertile Aquitain,
 To base vulgar sort to win him fame,
 Near of good duke Humphry's name;
 Treason spotting my pure blood,
 A mean to raise the Nevils brood.
 Al'sbury his vile ambitious fire,
 Stern breast kindling long-hidden fire;
 A title working to supplant
 The glory of great John of Gaunt.
 And did my exile conclude,
 To please the rascal multitude;
 By these envious Lords to spend their
 Wealth,
 Hence for the protector's death:
 The old decrepit duke is dead,
 Force, he must be murdered.
 They would know who robb'd him of his

All home dame Elenor his wife,
 A taper walked in a sheet,
 Her shame at noon through London
 Street;
 To bring her necromantic book,
 To Jordan, Hun, and Bullenbrook,
 To call the spirits from hell again,
 How Humphry dy'd, and who shall reign.
 Twenty years and have I serv'd in
 Exile,
 Great Charles and bastard Orleans,
 He slaughter of a world of men,
 Now, as hardly conquer'd then?
 Have I seen Verniole's batful fields,
 With ten thousand helms, ten thousand
 Shields,
 How Bedford did our fortune try,
 For England, for the victory
 Vesting of so many towns,
 My breast in honourable wounds;
 Accute, and Talbot of much name,
 Ensign both first won their fame:
 Did cold all these have I endur'd,
 The French, within their walls immur'd;
 All my life these perils have I past,
 To fear a banishment at last?
 How't how I (thy beauty to advance)
 Refus'd the Infanta of France,
 Contract duke Humphry first did make
 My and the princess Almainack:
 Here thy preference I might gain,
 To Rayner Anjou, Mons, and Main;
 His beauty for a dowry to bring,
 Sufficient for a king.
 From Auvergne withdrew my warlike
 Wre,
 Came myself in person first to Tours,
 Toadors for truce to entertain,
 To Denmark, Hungary, and Spain:

And to the king, relating of thy story,
 My tongue flow'd with such plenteous oratory,
 As the report by speaking did endite,
 Begetting still more ravishing delight.
 And when my speech did cease (as telling all)
 My look shew'd more, that was angelical;
 And when I breath'd again, and paused neat,
 I left mine eyes dilating on the text:
 Then coming of thy modesty to tell,
 In music's numbers my voice rose and fell:
 And when I came to paint thy glorious file,
 My speech in greater cadences to file,
 (a) By true descent to wear the diadem
 Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem,
 As from the gods thou didst derive thy birth,
 If those of heaven could mix with these of earth,
 Gracing each title that I did recite,
 With some mellifluous pleasing epithet:
 Nor left him not, till he for love was sick,
 Beholding thee in my sweet rhetoric.
 (o) A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent
 In triumphs, at thy nuptial tournament;
 And solemniz'd thy marriage in a gown,
 Valu'd at more than was thy father's crown:
 And only striving how to honour thee,
 Gave to my king what thy love gave to me.
 Judge if his kindness have not pow'r to move,
 Who for his love's sake gave away his love.
 Had he, which once the prize to Greece did

bring,
 (Of whom the old poets long ago did sing)
 (p) Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep,
 Would over-board have cast his golden sheep,
 As too unworthy ballast to be thought,
 To pester room with such perfection fraught.
 The briny seas, which saw the ship unfold thee,
 Would vault up to the hatchets to behold thee,
 And falling back, themselves in thronging another,
 Breaking for grief, envying one another:
 When the proud bark for joy thy steps to feel,
 Scorn'd that the brack should kiss her furrowing
 keel,

And trick'd in all her flags, herself she braves,
 Cap'ring for joy upon the silver waves:
 When like a bull from the Phœnician strand,
 Jove with Europa rushing from the land,
 Upon the bosom of the main doth scud,
 And with his swannish breast cleaving the flood,
 Tow'rd the fair fields, upon the other side,
 Beareth Agenor's joy, Phœnicia's pride:
 All heavenly beauties join themselves in one,
 To shew their glory in thine eye alone,
 Which when it turneth that celestial ball,
 A thousand sweet stars rise, a thousand fall.

Who justly saith, mine, banishment to be,
 When only France for my recourse is free?
 To view the plains where I have seen so oft
 England's victorious ensigns rais'd aloft;
 When this shall be a comfort in my way,
 To see the place, where I may boldly say,
 Here mighty Bedford forth the vaward led;
 Here Talbot charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled;
 Here with our archers valiant Scales did lie,
 Here stood the tents of famous Willoughby:

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, TO QUEEN MARGARET.

The Argument.

The Duke of Suffolke, *William*, to advance
A lady long belov'd of him in France,
His mistress *Marg'ret*, that duke *Rayner's* child,
Himself who of Jerusalem infill'd
The king : this *Pool*, his darling to prefer
Betwixt young *Henry* nam'd the Sixth, and her,
Concludes a marriage ; and her sire to gain,
Gives up the towns of Mons, Anjou, and Main,
'To *Rayner* for her : for which lawless fact,
The peers him five years banishment enact.
When for his latest farewell of the queen,
These two epistles pass them two between.

In my disgrace (dear queen) rest thy content,
And Margaret's health from Suffolk's banishment :

Five years exile were not an hour to me,
But that so soon I must depart from thee ;
Where thou not present, it is ever night ;
All be exil'd, that live not in thy sight.
Those savages which worship the sun's rise,
Would hate their god, if they beheld thine eyes :
The world's great light, might'it thou be seen
abroad,

Would at our noon stead ever make abode,
And force the poor Antipodes to mourn,
Feasting lest he would never more return.

Wer't not for thee, it were my great'st exile,
To live within the sea-environ'd isle.

Pool's courage brooks not limiting in bands,
But that (great queen) thy sovereignty commands :

(u) Our falcons kind cannot the cage endure,
Nor buzzard like doth stoop to ev'ry lure ;
Their mounting brood in open air doth rove,
Nor will with crows be coop'd within a grove.

We all do breathe upon this earthly ball,
Likewise our heaven encompasseth us all.

" No banishment can be to him assign'd,

" Who doth retain a true-resolved mind.

" Man in himself a little world doth bear,

" His soul the monarch, ever ruling there :

then his body doth remain,
 king, that in himself doth reign;
 or feareth fortune's hot't alarms,
 or against her patience for her arms.
 as the mean proud Warwick did invent,
 grace, at Leicester parliament,
 sly I, by yielding up of Main,
 for the loss of fertile Aquitain,
 he base vulgar sort to win him fame,
 heir of good duke Humphry's name;
 treason spotting my pure blood,
 a mean to raise the Nevils brood.
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 born breast kindling long-hidden fire;
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 airy of great John of Gaunt.
 and did my exile conclude,
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 the old decrepit duke is dead,
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 Gracing each title that I did recite,
 With some mellifluous pleasing epithet:
 Nor left him not, till he for love was felled,
 Beholding thee in my sweet rhetoric.
 (a) A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent
 In triumphs, at thy nuptial tournament;
 And solemniz'd thy marriage in a gown,
 Valu'd at more than was thy father's crown:
 And only striving how to honour thee,
 Gave to my king what thy love gave to me.
 Judge if his kindness have not pow'r to move,
 Who for his love's sake gave away his love.
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 (p) Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep,
 Would over-board have cast his golden sheep,
 As too unworthy ballast to be thought,
 To pester room with such perfection fraught.
 The briny seas, which saw the ship unfold thee,
 Would vault up to the hatchets to behold thee,
 And falling back, themselves in thronging smother,
 Breaking for grief, envying one another:
 When the proud bark for joy thy steps to feel,
 Scorn'd that the brack should kiss her furrowing
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 And trick'd in all her flags, herself she braves,
 Cap'ring for joy upon the silver waves:
 When like a bull from the Phœnician strand,
 Jove with Europa rushing from the land,
 Upon the bosom of the main doth scud,
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 When this shall be a comfort in my way,
 To see the place, where I may boldly say,
 Here mighty Bedford forth the vaward led;
 Here Talbot charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled;
 Here with our archers valiant Scales did lie,
 Here stood the tents of famous Wiloughby;

Here Montacute rang'd his unconquer'd band;
Here march'd we out, and here we made a stand.

What should we sit to mourn and grieve all day,
For that which time doth eas'ly take away?
What fortune hurts, let sufferance only heal,
"No wisdom with extremities to deal."
To know ourselves to come of human birth,
These sad afflictions cross us here on earth;
A punishment from the eternal law,
To make us still of heaven to stand in awe.
"In vain we prize that at so dear a rate,
"Whose long't assurance bears a minute's date,
"Why should we idly talk of our intent,
"When heav'n's decree no counsel can prevent?
"When our foresight not possibly can shun,
"That which the fates determine shall be done."

Henry hath pow'r, and may my life de
Mine honour's mine, that none hath pow

Then be as cheerful (beauteous royal
As in the court of France we oft have b
(g) As when arriv'd in Porchester's fair
(Where, for our coming, Henry made a
When in mine arms I brought thee safe
And gave my love to Henry's royal bar
The happy hours we pass'd with the kin
At fair Southampton long in banqueting
With such content as lodg'd in Henry's
When he to London brought thee from
Through golden cheap, when he in pon
To Westminster, to entertain his bride.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Our falcons kind cannot the cage endure.*

He alludes in these verses to the Faulcon, which was the ancient device of the Pools, comparing the greatness and haughtiness of his spirit to the nature of this bird.

(b) *This was the mean proud Warwick did invent*

To my disgrace, &c.

The commons at this parliament, through Warwick's means, accused Suffolk of treason, and urged the accusation so vehemently, that the king was forced to exile him for five years.

(c) *That only I, by yielding up of Main,
Should be the loss of fertile Aquitain.*

The duke of Suffolk being sent into France to conclude a peace, chose duke Rayner's daughter the lady Margaret, whom he espoused for Henry VI. delivering for her to her father the countries of Anjou and Main, and the city of Mons. Whereupon the earl of Arminack (whose daughter was before promised to the king) seeing himself to be deluded, caused all the Englishmen to be expelled Aquitain, Gascoine, and Guien.

(d) *With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,
To be the bearer of good duke Humphry's name.*

This Richard that was called the great earl of Warwick, when duke Humphry was dead, grew into exceeding great favour with the commons.

(e) *With Sal'sbury, his wife ambitious fire,
In York's stern breast kindling long-bidden fire,
By Clarence title working, to supplant
The eagle-army of great John of Gaunt.*

Richard Plantagenet duke of York, in the time of Henry the Sixth, claimed the crown (being af-

fisted by this Richard Nevill earl of Sal and father to the great earl of Warwick favoured exceedingly the house of York parliament, as heir to Lionel duke of the third son of Edward III. making 1 Ann his mother, wife to Richard earl bridge, son to Edmond of Langley duke which Ann was daughter to Roger Mor of March; which Roger was son and heir duke of Clarence the third son of king 1 whom the crown, after king Richard the death lineally descended, he dying without and not to the heirs of the duke of Lanc was younger brother to the duke of Hall. *cap. 1. tit. Yor. & Lanc.*

(f) *Urg'd by these envious lords to breath,*

Crying revenge on the protector's d
Humphry duke of Gloucester, and Lord, in the twenty-fifth year of Henry means of the queen and the duke of Suffolk arrested by the lord Beaumont, at the holden at Bury, and the same night sheltered in his bed.

(g) *If they wou'd know who reb'd L.*
this verse,

*To know how Humphry dy'd
shall reign.*

In these verses he jests at the protector who (being accused and convicted of treason with John Hun a priest, Roger B a necromancer, and Margery Jordan, witch of Eye, she had consulted by force the king) was adjudged to perpetual imprisonment of Man, and to do penance openly in public places in London.

(b) *For twenty years and have I serv'd in France!*

In the sixth year of Henry VI. the duke of Bedford being deceased, then Lieutenant General and Regent of France, this duke of Suffolk was promoted to that dignity, having the lord Talbot, lord Scales, and the lord Montacute to assist him.

(i) *Against great Charles and bastard Orleans.*

This was Charles VII. who after the death of Henry V. obtained the crown of France, and recovered again much of that his father had lost. Bastard Orleans was son to the duke of Orleans, begotten of the lord Cawny's wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, because he being a most valiant captain, was a continual enemy to the Englishmen, daily infecting them with divers incursions.

(k) *And have I seen Vernoile's batful fields.*

Vernoile is that noted place in France, where the great battle was fought in the beginning of Henry the sixth's reign, where most of the French chivalry were overcome by the duke of Bedford.

(l) *And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike powers.*

Aumerle is that strong defended town in France, which the duke of Suffolk got after four and twenty great assaults given unto it.

(m) *And came myself in person first to Tours,
To ambassadors for truce to entertain,
From Belgia, Denmark, Hungary and Spain.*

Tours is a city in France built by Brutus as he came into Britain; where, in the one and twentieth year of the reign of Henry VI. was appoint-

ed a great diet to be kept, whither came ambassadors of the empire, Spain, Hungary, and Denmark, to intreat for a perpetual peace to be made between the two kings of England and France.

(n) *By true descent to wear the diadem
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem.*

Rayner duke of Anjou, father to queen Margaret, called himself king of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, having the title alone of the king of those countries.

(o) *A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent.*

The duke of Suffolk, after the marriage concluded between king Henry and Margaret daughter to duke Rayner, asked in open parliament a whole fifteenth to fetch her into England.

(p) *Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep.*

Diep is a town in France bordering upon the sea, where the duke of Suffolk with queen Margaret took ship for England.

(q) *As when arriv'd in Porcheſter's fair road.*

Porcheſter, a haven town in the southwest part of England, near where Portsmouth now stands, which owes its rise to the decay of Port *Paris*, or *Porcheſter*, once a sea-port of great note, till the harbour was almost abandoned by the sea, and the greatest part of the inhabitants removed into the little island of *Portſea*, and built the town of *Portsmouth* at this *Porcheſter*, where the king tarried, expecting the queen's arrival, whom from thence he conveyed to Southampton.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

QUEEN MARGARET TO WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

WHAT news (Sweet Pool) look'st thou my lines
should tell,

But like the tolling of the doleful bell,
Bidding the death-man to prepare the grave?
Expect from me no other news to have.
My breast, which once was mirth's imperial
throne,

A vast and desert wilderness is grown:
Like that cold region, from the world remote,
On whose breem seas the icy mountains float;
Where those poor creatures, banish'd from that
light,

Do live impris'n'd in continual night.

No object greets my soul's internal eyes,
But divinations of sad tragedies;
And care takes up her solitary inn,
Where youth and joy their court did once begin.
As in September, when our year resigns
The glorious sun to the cold wat'ry signs,
Which through the clouds looks on the earth in
scorn;

The little bird, yet to salute the morn,
Upon the naked branches sets her foot,
The leaves then lying on the mossy root,
And there a silly chattering doth keep,
As though she fain would sing, yet fain would
weep.

Praising fair summer, that too soon is gone,
Or sad for winter, too fast coming on:
In this strange plight I mourn for thy depart,
Because that weeping cannot ease my heart.

Now to our aid who stir the neighb'ring
kings?

Or who from France a puissant army brings?
Who moves the Norman to abet our war?

(e) Or brings in Burgoin to aid Lancaster?

(d) Who in the North our lawful claim com-
mends,

To win us credit with our valiant friends?
To whom shall I my secret griefs impart?
Whose breast shall be the closet of my heart?
The ancient heroes fame thou dost revive,
As from all them thyself thou didst derive:
Nature, by thee, both gave and taketh all,
Alone in Pool she was too prodigal;
Of so divine and rich a temper wrought,
As heav'n for thee perfection's depth had sought.
Well knew King Henry what he pleaded for,
When he chose thee to be his orator;
Whose angel eye, by powerful influence,
Doth utter more than human eloquence:
That if again Jove would his sports have try'd,
He in thy shape himself would only hide;
Which in his love might be of greater pow'r,
Than was his nymph, his flame, his swan, his
show'r.

(e) To that allegiance York was bound by
oath,

To Henry's heirs, for safety of us both;
No longer now he means record shall bear it,
He will dispense with heaven, and will unswear it.
He that's in all the world's black sins forlorn,
Is careless now how oft he be forsworn;
And here of late his title hath set down,
By which he makes his claim unto our crown.
And now I hear his hateful Duchess chide,
And rips up their descent unto her brats,
And blesteth them as England's lawful heirs,
And tells them that our diadem is theirs:
And if such hap her goddess Fortune bring,

(d) If three sons fail, she'll make the fourth a
king.

that's so like his dam, her youngest
 Dick,
 ul ill-favour'd crook-back'd stigmatic,
 e a carcass stol'n out of a tomb,
 he wrong way out of his mother's
 tomb,
 th in's head, his passage to have torn,
 gh begot an age ere he was born.
 now shall curb proud York, when he
 uall rise?
 ur right against his enterprise,
 that bastard weed, which daily grows,
 ver-shadow our vermillion rose?
 ho will muzzle that unruly bear,
 eference strikes our peoples hearts with
 ar?
 n his knees this wretched king is
 own,
 then labour, reaching at his crown,
 ke a mounting cedar, he should bear
 ed top aloft into the air;
 these shrubs sit underneath his throwds,
 his arms he doth embrace the clouds.
 he should his father's right inherit,
 n alien to that mighty spirit!
 re those pow'rs dispers'd, or whither
 me,
 mpatheise in generation?
 opposed influence had force,
 t'abuse and alter nature's course?
 er creatures follow after kind,
 n alone doth not beget the mind."
 y daily flow't, which erst persum'd the
 r,
 e my favour princes deign'd to wear,
 he dust lies trodden on the ground,
 h York's garlands ev'ry one is crown'd:
 w his rising waits on our decline,
 er setting he begins to shine;
 he skies that dreadful comet weaves,
 who be stars, but Warwick's bearded
 aves?
 those knees, which bended once fo
 w,
 f, as though they had forgot to bow;
 e, like them, pursue me with despite,
 nost have cry'd, God save Queen Mar-
 aret.
 fame shall bruit thy banishment a-
 road,
 kist's faction then will lay on load;
 m it comes once to our Western coast,
 that hag, dame Elenor, will boast!
 ur straight, by all the means she can,
 ll'd home out of the Isle of Man;
 h I know great Warwick will consent,
 it done by act of parliament:
 ny teeth my birth she may defy,
 r'ring Duke Rayner with base beg-
 ary:
 way she could devise to grieve me,
 sweet Suffolk, which should most re-
 ve me,

And from that stock doth sprout another
 bloom,

(l) A Kentish rebel, a base up-start groom:
 (m) And this is he the white rose must prefer
 By Clarence' daughter, match'd with Morti-
 mer.

Thus by York's means this rascal peasant Cade,
 Must in all haste Plantagenet be made:
 For that ambitious duke sets all on work,
 To sound what friends affect the claim of York,
 Whilst he abroad doth practise to command,
 (n) And makes us weak by strength'ning Ire-
 land:

More his own power still seeking to increase,
 Than for King Henry's good or England's
 peace.

(o) Great Winchester untimely is deceas'd,
 That more and more my woes should be increas'd,
 Beauford, whose shoulders proudly bare up ali,
 The church's prop, that famous Cardinal.
 The commons (bent to mischief) never let

(p) With France t' upbraid the valiant Somerset,
 Railing in tumults on his soldiers loss;
 Thus all goes backward, cross comes after cross:
 And now of late Duke Humphry's old allies,
 With banish'd Elenor's base accomplices,
 Attending their revenge, grow wond'rous crouse,
 And threaten death and vengeance to our house:
 And I alone the last poor remnant am,
 (g) T' endure these storms with woful Bucking-
 ham.

I pray thee, Pool, have care how thou do't
 pass,

Never the sea yet half so dangerous was:

(r) And one foretold by water thou should'st
 die,

(Ah! foul befall the foul tongue's prophesie:)
 Yet I by night am troubled in my dreams,
 That I do see thee told in dangerous streams;
 And oft times shipwreck'd, cast upon the land,
 And lying breathless on the queachy sand:
 And oft in visions see thee in the night,
 Where thou at sea maintain'st a dangerous fight,
 And with thy proved target and thy sword,
 Beat'st back the pirate which would come a-
 board.

Yet be not angry, that I warn thee thus,
 "The truest love is most suspicious."
 Sorrow doth utter what it still doth grieve:
 But hope forbids us sorrow to believe;
 And in my counsel yet this comfort is,
 It cannot hurt, although I think amiss.
 Then live in hope, in triumph to return,
 When clearer days shall leave in clouds to
 mourn.

But so hath sorrow girt my soul about,
 That that word Hope (methinks) comes slowly
 out:

The reason is, I know it here would rest,
 Where it might still behold thee in my breast.
 Farewel, sweet Pool, fain more I would indite,
 But that my tears do blot what I do write.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Or brings in Burgoin to aid Lancaster.*

Philip duke of Burgoin and his son were always great favourites of the house of Lancaster; howbeit they often diffembled both with Lancaster and York.

(b) *Who in the north our lawful claim commends,
To win us credit with our valiant friends?*

The chief lords of the north parts in the time of Henry the sixth withstood the duke of York at his rising, giving him two great overthrowes.

(c) *To that allegiance York was bound by oath,
To Henry's heirs, for safety of us both;
No longer now he means record shall bear it,
He will with heav'n dispute, and will unswear it.*

The duke of York at the death of Henry fifth, and at this king's coronation, took his oath to be true subject to him and his heirs for ever: but afterwards dispensing therewith, claimed the crown as his rightful and proper inheritance.

(d) *If three sons fail, he'll make the fourth a king.*

The duke of York had four sons: Edward earl of March that afterwards was duke of York and king of England, when he had deposed Henry the sixth; and Edmond earl of Rutland, slain by the lord Clifford at the battle at Wakefield: and George duke of Clarence that was murdered in the Tower; and Richard duke of Gloucester, who was (after he had murdered his brother's sons) king, by the name of Richard the third.

(e) *He that's so like his dam, her youngest Dick,
That foul ill-favour'd crook-back'd stigmatic, &c.
Till this verse, As though begot an ape, &c.*

This Richard (whom ironically she calls Dick) that by treason, after the murder of his nephews, obtained the crown, was a man low of stature, crook'd back'd, the left shoulder much higher than the right, and of a very crabbed and fower countenance. His mother could not be delivered of him; he was born toothed, and with his feet forward, contrary to the course of nature.

(f) *To overshadow our vermilion rose.*

The Red Rose was the badge of the house of Lancaster, and the White Rose of York; which, by the marriage of Henry the seventh with Elizabeth, indubitable heir of the house of York, were happily united.

(g) *Or who will muzzle that unruly*

The earl of Warwick, the setter up: down of kings, gave for his arms the W rampant, and the ragged staff.

(h) *My daisy flower, which erst perfume
Which for my favour princes deign
Now in the dust lies, &c.*

The daisy in French is called *Margar* was queen Margaret's badge: where nobility and chivalry of the land at her val were so delighted, that they wore hats in token of honour.

(i) *And who be stars, but Warwic
flaves?*

The ragged or bearded staff, was a p arms belonging to the earldom of Warw

(k) *Stand ring duke Rayner with base*

Rayner duke of Anjou, called himself Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, who ha inheritance, nor received any tribute f parts; and was not able at the marria queen at his own charges to send her i land, though he gave no dower with he by the duchess of Gloucester, was often i cast in her teeth.

(l) *A Kentish rebel, a base upstart groo*

This was Jack Cade, who caused th men to rebel in the twenty-eighth yea Henry the sixth.

(m) *And this is he the white rose must,
By Clarence' daughter march'd to N*

This Jack Cade, instructed by the duke pretended to be descended from Morti married lady Philip daughter to the duk rence.

(n) *And makes us weak by strengthenin*

The duke of York being made depu land, first there began to practise his tended purpose, and strengthening him means possible, that he might at his re England, by open war claim that whic before he had privily gone about to obt

(o) *Great Winchester untimely is dece.*

Henry Beauford, bishop and cardinal chester, son to John of Gaunt, begot i

was a proud and ambitious prelate, favouring mightily the queen and the duke of Suffolk, continually heaping up innumerable treasure, in hope to have been pope, as himself on his death-bed confessed.

(p) *With France's upbraid the valiant Somerset.*

Edmond duke of Somerset, in the twenty-fourth year of Henry the sixth, was made regent of France, and sent into Normandy to defend the English territories against the French invasions: but in short time he lost all that king Henry the fifth won; for which cause, the nobles and commons ever after hated him.

(q) *T'endure these storms with woful Buckingham.*

Humphry duke of Buckingham was a great favourite of the queen's faction in the time of Henry the sixth.

(r) *'d one foretold by water thou shouldst die.*

The witch of Eye received answer from her spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of water: which the queen forewarns him of, as remembering the witch's prophesy; which afterwards came to pass.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

EDWARD IV. TO MRS. SHORE.

The Argument.

Edward the Fourth, bewitch'd with the report
Of *Mistress Shore*, refounded through his court,
Steals to the city in a strange disguise,
To view that beauty, whose transpiercing eyes
Had shot so many : which did so content
The amorous king, that instantly he sent
These lines to her, whose graces did allure him ;
Whose answer back doth of her love assure him.

To thee, the fair'st that ever breath'd this air,
(a) From English Edward, to the fairest fair ;
Ah, would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remain of *Shore*,
To countermand a monarch's high desire,
And bar mine eyes of what they most admire !
O, why should fortune make the city proud,
To give that more, than is the court allow'd ?
Where they, (like wretches) hoard it up to
spare,
And do engross it, as they do their ware.
When fame first blaz'd thy beauty here in
court,
Mine ears repuls'd it, as a light report :
But when mine eyes saw what mine ear had
heard,
They thought report too niggardly had spar'd ;
And stricken dumb with wonder, did but mut-
ter,
Conceiving more than it had words to utter.
Then think of what thy husband is possest,
When I malign the wealth wherewith he's blest ;
" When much abundance makes the needy
mad,
" Who having all, yet knows not what is had :

" Into fools bosoms this good fortune creeps,
" And fums come in, whilst the base ~~mine~~
sleeps."
If now thy beauty be of such esteem,
Which all of so rare excellency deem ;
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Were it adorned with a kingly state ?
Which being now but in so mean a bed,
Is like an uncut diamond in lead,
Ere it be set in some high-prized ring,
Or garnished with rich enamelling ;
We see the beauty of the stone is spilt,
Wanting the gracious ornament of gilt.
(b) When first attracted by thy heavenly eyes,
I came to see thee in a strange disguise,
Passing thy shop, thy husband call'd me back,
Demanding what rare jewel I did lack.
I want (thought I) one that I dare not crave,
And one (I fear) thou wilt not let me have.
He calls for caskets forth, and shews me store ;
But yet I knew he had one jewel more,
And deadly curst him, that he did deny it,
That I might not for love or money buy it.
O, might I come a diamond to buy,
That had but such a lustre as thine eye,

my treasure serve, my crown should

could be prized so !
 nched with thy blushing strains ;
 t so azur'd as thy veins ;
 cepter only should redeem it,
 ice if judgment could esteem it.
 l and senseless be those strangers

n toys, to please the Englishmen ?
 nk how fond th' Italians are,
 ir artificial gardens rare ;
 on in thy cheeks can shew them

es growing all the year.
 efe, that only hopes to win,
 stones from farthest India in ;
 Shore can bring them forth a girl,
 e rubies, and her teeth be pearl.
 is the Poland and Dane,
 crystal from the frozen main ?
 ar skin's transparency doth surpass
 , as the diamond doth glass.
 French, which bring in traff and

women, men, our girls to boys,
 hat tire thou dost thyself adorn,
 shion only shall be worn ;
 h it were a garment but of hair,
 an robe that ever empress ware.
 thy husband takes his mark awry,
 te to sale, when thou art by ;
 Lich do thy angel-locks behold,
 rofs do but respect his gold,
 hair before that massy heap,
 lock, before the wealth of Cheap :
 ause else hold we gold so dear,
 so like unto thy hair.
 hink, Shore cannot chuse but flout,
 d find the great elixir out,
 see the Alchymists, that choak
 ith fumes, and waste their wealth
 ak ;
 hand but touch the grossest mold,
 i to refined gold :
 is chaff'd red at an easy rate,
 to all to be adulterate ;
 ore, when it by thine is set,
 eugle, or light-prized jet.
 wear p-riums, for thee unmeet ;
 none, thou couldst make all things
 ;
 t'st ev'ry sense with sweet repast,
 ce, to smell, to feel, to taste :
 up, whose very refuse ware,
 nd precious odors are.
 : please to walk into the Pawn,
 ambic, ilico, or lawn,
 hiteness of the same wouldst prove,
 whiter hand pluck off thy glove ;
 hich by as the beholders stand,
 ' hand for lawn, lawn for thy hand.
 l eyes clos'd up by envious night,
 lay, but to enjoy thy sight,

And when they once have blest their eyes with
 thee,

Scorn ev'ry object else, what e'er they see :
 So like a goddess beauty still controuls,
 And hath such pow'ful working in our souls,
 The merchant, which in traffic spends his life,
 Yet loves at home to have a dainty wife :
 The blunt-spoke cynic, poring on his book,
 Sometimes (aside) at beauty loves to look :
 The church-man, by whose teaching we are led,
 Allows what keeps love in the marriage bed :
 The bloody foldier, spent in dang'rous broils,
 With beauty yet content to share his spoils :
 The busy lawyer wrangling in his pleas,
 Findeth that beauty gives his labour ease :
 The toiling tradesman, and the swearing clown,
 Would have his wench fair, though his bread be
 brown.

So much is beauty pleasing unto all,
 'T hat prince and peasant equally doth call ;
 Nor never yet did any man despise it,
 Except too dear, and that he could not prize it.

Unlearn'd is learning, artless be all arts,
 If not employ'd to praise thy sev'ral parts :
 Poor plodding school-men they are far too low,
 Which by probations, rules, and axioms go ;
 He must be familiar with the skies,
 Which notes the revolutions of thine eyes :
 And by that skill which measures sea and land,
 See beauties all, thy waist, thy foot, thy hand ;
 Where he may find, the more that he doth
 view,

Such rare delights, as are both strange and new,
 And other worlds of beauty more and more,
 Which never were discovered before :
 And to thy rare proportion, to apply
 The lines and circles in geometry,
 Using alone arithmetic's strong ground,
 Numbring the virtues that in thee are found :
 And when all these have done what they can
 do,

For thy perfections all too little too.

When from the east the dawn hath gotten
 out,

And gone to seek thee all the world about,
 Within thy chamber hath she fix'd her light,
 Where, but that place, the world hath all been
 night :

Then is it fit that ev'ry vulgar eye
 Should see love banquet in her majesty ?

" We deem those things our sight doth most fre-
 quent,

" To be but mean, although most excellent :

" For strangers still the streets are swept and
 strow'd,

" Few look on such as daily come abroad :

" Things much restrain'd, do make us much de-
 fire 'em,

" And beauties seldom seen, make us admire
 them."

Nor is it fit a city shop should hide

The world's delight, and nature's only pride ;

But in a prince's sumptuous gallery,

Hung all with tissue, floor'd with t'p'stry,

Where thou shalt sit, and from thy state shall see
 The tilts and triumphs that are done for thee.
 Then know the difference (if thou list to prove)
 Betwixt a vulgar and a kingly love :
 And when thou find'st, as now thou doubt'st, the
 troth,
 Be thou thyself impartial judge of both.
 Where hearts be knit, what helps, if not, enjoy?
 Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy :

Whilst lazy time his turn by tarriance
 Love still grows sickly, and hope daily
 Mean while, receive that warrant
 lines,
 Which princely rule and sovereignty re-
 Till when, these papers, by their lo-
 mand,
 By me shall kiss thy sweet and dainty !

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle of Edward to Mistress Shore, and of hers to him being of unlawful affection, ministreth small occasion of historical notes; for had he mentioned the many battles betwixt the Lancaster faction and him, or other warlike dangers, it had been more like to Plautus' boasting foldier, than a kingly courtier. Notwithstanding it shall not be amiss to annex a line or two.

(a) *From English Edward to the fairest fair.*

Edward the Fourth was by nature very chivalrous, and very amorous, applying his sweet amiable aspect to attain his wanton appetite the rather: which was so well known to Lewis the French King, who at their interview invited him to Paris, that as Comineus reports, being taken at his word, he notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the Parisian dames, with their witty conversation, would detain him longer than should be for his benefit: by which means, Edward was disappointed of his journey. And albeit princes, whilst they live, have nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not mistrust the flattery of the court in those times. For certain it is, that his shape was excellent; his hair drew near to a black, making his face's favour to seem more delectable: though the smallness of his eyes, full of shining moisture, as it took away some comeliness, so it argued much sharpness of understanding, and cruelty mingled together. And indeed, George Buchanan (that imperious Scot) chargeth him, and other princes of those times with affection of tyranny; as Richard the Third manifestly did.

(b) *When first attracted by thy heavenly eyes.*

Edward's intemperate desires, by which he was wholly overcome, how tragically they in his offspring were punished, is universally known.

A mirror, representing their oversight ther leave their children what to po what to imitate.

(c) *How silly is the Polander and Da*

To bring us crystal from the fritz

Alluding to their opinions, who crystal to be a kind of ice; and therefore likely, they who came from those fritz should bring great store of that transparent which is thought to be congealed with cold. Whether crystal be ice, or so liquor, I omit to dispute: yet by the of amber and coral, there may be such: tion: for Solinus out of Pliny mentions in the northerly region a yellow gelly is out of the sea at low tides which he calls we Amber. So likewise out of the Lig a part of the Mediterranean sea, a green gathered, which hardened in the air, coral, either white or red. Amber nothing is thought to drop out of trees; as Martial's epigram:

Et latet & lucet, Pbaetontide condita,

Ut videatur apis necare insula suos.

Dignum tantum pretium tulit ille labi

Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.

To behold a bee inclosed in *Electrum* rare, as that a boy's throat should be curfall of an iceficle; the which epigram lent, the 18 li. 4. He calls it *Pbaetontis* cause of that fable which Ovid rehearsing the *Heliades* or *Pbaeton's* sister morphosed into those trees whose gum where flies alighting, are countless times imprisoned.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

THE EPISTLE OF MRS. SHORE TO EDWARD IV.

A child, that from the mother's wing
Lute's delicious fingering,
Whose soft touch is mov'd with fear,
Hast'ly's curious list'ning ear,
Holding hand at ev'ry strain bewrays,
As he his new-set lesson plays :
A child, so fit I to indite,
And still quaking as I write.
He had led an humble shepherd's life,
The name of Shore's admired wife.
With them in country fields that range,
Golden cheap, nor glitt'ring 'change.
Comet gaz'd at in the skies,
In tongues, object to all eyes :
And my beauty prais'd of many,
Not so much admir'd of any :
A single-eye to find out that,
None men do seldom wonder at,
To think affection flatters sight,
Object something exquisite.
Used beauty seldom stoops report,
It attend on that which lives in court.
Of bright Apollo's brood doth sing,
Ove, in courtly sonneting ?
Immortal poet's sugar'd pen
: glory of a citizen ?
Wondered what should blind your eye,
Far seduced Majesty,
The choice of beauties so divine,
The most, to chuse this least of mine
Whose sons adorn fair London's pride,
In England's continent beside ;
'account their multitudes would wish,
Number Romney's flow'rs, or Isis' fish.
Frequent our temples, walks, and streets,
Fondry beauties that he meets,

That if but some one beauty should incite
Some sacred muse, some ravish'd spirit to write,
Here might he fetch the true Promethean fire,
That after-ages should his lines admire ;
Gathering the honey from the choicest flow'rs,
Scorning the wither'd weeds in country bow'rs.
Here, in this garden only, springs the rose,
In ev'ry common hedge the bramble grows :
Nor are we so turn'd Neapolitan,
(c) That might incite some foul-mouth'd Mantuan,
To all the world to lay out our defects,
And have just cause to rail upon our sex :
To prank old wrinkles up in new attire,
To alter nature's course, prove time a liar,
To abuse fate, and heav'n's just doom reverse,
On beauty's grave to set a crimson hearse,
With a deceitful foil to lay a ground,
To make a glass to seem a diamond :
Nor cannot, without hazard of our name,
In fashion follow the Venetian dame :
Nor the fantastic French to imitate,
Attir'd half Spanish, half Italianate ;
With waist, nor curl, body, nor brow adorn,
That is in Florence or in Genoa born.

But with vain boasts how witlefs fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine own indignity ?
And what though married when I was but young,
Before I knew what did to love belong,
Yet he which now's possessed of the room,
Crop'd beauty's flow'r when it was in the bloom,
And goes away enriched with the store,
Whilst others glean, where he hath reap'd before ;
And he dares swear that I am true and just,
And shall I then deceive his honest trust ?
Or what strange hope should make you to assail,
Where the strong'st batt'ry never could prevail ?

Belike you think that I repuls'd the rest,
To leave a king the conquest of my breast,
And have thus long preserv'd myself from all,
To have a monarch glory in my fall;
Yet rather let me die the vilest death,
Than live to draw that sin-polluted breath.
But our kind hearts men's tears cannot abide,
And we least angry oft, when most we chide.
Too well know men what our creation made us,
And nature too well taught them to invade us:
They know but too well, how, what, when, and
where,

To write, to speak, to sue, and to forbear;
By sighs, by sighs, by motions, and by tears,
When vows should serve, when oaths, when smiles,
when pray'rs;

What one delight our humours most doth move,
Only in that you make us nourish love.
If any natural blemish blot our face,
You do protest, it gives our beauty grace;
And what attire we most are us'd to wear,
'That, of all other excellent 't, you swear:
And if we walk, or sit, or stand, or lie,
It must resemble some one deity;
And what you know we take delight to hear,
That you are ever founding in our ear:
And yet so shameless, when you tempt us thus,
To lay the fault on beauty and on us.
Rome's wanton Ovid did those rules impart,
O, that your nature should be help'd with art!

Who would have thought, a king that cares to
reign,

Inforc'd by love, so poet-like shou'd feign?
'To say that beauty, time's stern rage to shun,
In my cheeks (Lilies) hid her from the sun;
And when she meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her east, and here she broke her day?
And that fair summer still is in my sight,
And but where I am, all the world is night;
As though the fair 't e'er since the world began,
To me, a sun-burnt bafe Egyptian.

But yet I know more than I mean to tell,
(O, would to God you knew it not too well!)
'That women oft their most admirers raise,
Though publicly not flatt'ring their own praise.
Our churlish husbands, which our youth enjoy'd,
Who with our dainties have their stomachs cloy'd,
Do loath our smooth hands with their lips to feel,
T' inrich our favours, by our beds to kneel;

At our command to wait, to send, to go,
As ev'ry hour our am'rous servants do;
Which makes a stol'n kiss often we bestow
In earnest of a greater good we owe:
When he all day torments us with a frow:
Yet sports with Venus in a bed of down;
Whose rude embracement but too ill besee:
Her span-broad waist, her white and dainty
And yet still preaching abstinence of meat
When he himself of ev'ry dish will eat.

Blame you our husbands then, if they
Our public walking, our loose liberty?

If with exception still they us debar
(d) The circuit of the public theatre:

To hear the poet in a comic strain,
Able t' infect with his lascivious scene:
And the young wanton wits, when they
'The sly persuasion of some subtle bawd;
Or passionate tragedian, in his rage

Ading a love-sick passion on the stage:

(e) When though abroad restraining us to:
They very hardly keep us safe at home;
And oft are touch'd with fear and inward
Knowing rich prizes soonest tempt a thief.

What sports have we, whereon our
set?

Our dog, our parrot, or our marmozet,
Or once a week to walk into the field;
Small is the pleasure that these toys do ye
But to this grief a med'cine you apply,
To cure restraint with that sweet liberty;
And sov'reignty (O that bewitching thing
Yet made more great by promise of a king
And more, that honour which doth most
'The holiest nun, and she that's ne'er so
Thus still we strive, yet overcome at length
For men want mercy, and poor women
Yet grant, that we could meaner men
When kings once come, they conquer
lift.

Thou art the cause Shore pleaseth not
That his embraces give me no delight;

Thou art the cause I to myself am strange,
Thy coming is my full, thy set my change.

Long winter nights be minutes, if thou hen
Short minutes, if thou absent, be a year.

And thus by strength thou art become my
And mak' it me love even in the midst of h

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Would I had led an humble shepherd's life,
Now known the name of Shore's admired wife.*

Two or three poems written by sundry men have magnified this woman's beauty; whom, that ornament of England and London's more particular glory, Sir Thomas More, very highly hath praised for her beauty, she being alive in his time, though being poor and aged. Her stature was mean, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. That picture which I have seen of hers, was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle, cast under her arm over her shoulder, and sitting in a chair, in which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was born, is not certainly known: but Shore, a young man of sight goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her bed, after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III. causing her to do open justice in Paul's church-yard, commanded that no man should relieve her; which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sin, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly.

(b) *May number Rumney's flow'rs, or Isis' fife.*
Rumney is that famous marsh in Kent, at whose side Rye, a haven town doth stand: hereof the excellent English antiquary, Mr. Camden, and Mr. Lambert in his perambulation, do make mention. And marshes are commonly called those low grounds which abut upon the sea, and from the Latin word are so denominated. *Isis* is here called for *Thamesis*, by a Synecdochical kind of
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speech, or by a poetical liberty, in using one for another: for it is said that *Thamesis* is compounded of *Tamo* and *Isis*, making, when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a city much more renowned than that water: which being plentiful of fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentiful therein. Moreover, I am persuaded, that there is no river in the world be- holds more stately buildings on either side, clean thorough, than the Thames. Much is reported of the grand canal in Venice, for that the fronts on either side are so gorgeous.

(c) *That might incite some foul-mouth'd Mantuan.*
Mantuan, a pastoral poet, in one of his eclogues bitterly inveigheth against womankind; some of which, by way of an appendix might be here inserted, seeing the fantastic and insolent humour of many of that sex deserve much sharper physic, were it not that they are grown wiser than to amend for such an idle poet's speech as Mantuan; yea, or for Euripides himself, or Seneca's inflexible Hippolitus.

(d) *The circuit of the public theatre.*
Ovid, a most fit author for so dissolute a sectary, calls that place chastity's shipwreck: for though Shore's wife wantonly pleads for liberty, which is the true humour of a courtesan; yet much more is the praise of modesty than of such liberty. Howbeit, the Vestal nuns had seats assigned them in the Roman theatre; whereby it should appear, it was counted no impeachment to modesty, though they offending herein were buried quick: a sharp law for them, who may say as Shore's wife does,

(e) *When though abroad restraining us to roars,
They very hardly keep us safe at home.*

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

MARY THE FRENCH QUEEN TO CHARLES BRANDON DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

The Argument.

Henry the Eighth, firm friendship to unite
With France, bestows the lady *Mary* bright,
His younger sister, on king *Lewis*, then
Being lame and aged; but she, of all men,
Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk most affected,
One whom her brother highly had respected,
And had advanc'd: but scarcely had she been
Five months in France, when the brave beauteous queen
Buried the old king; who no sooner dead,
But she in heart determining to wed
Her long-lov'd *Brandon*, this epistle writes;
Who back to her the answer soon indites.

Such health from heav'n myself may wish to
me,
Such health from France Queen *Mary* sends to
thee.

Brandon, how long mak'st thou excuse to stay,
And know'st how ill we women brook delay?
If one poor channel thus can part us two,
Tell me (unkind!) what would an ocean do?
Leander had an *Hellepont* to swim,
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him;
His bark (peer foul!) his breast, his arms, his oars,
But thou a ship, to land thee on our shores;
And opposite to famous *Kenil* do lie
The pleasant fields of flow'ry *Picardy*,
Where our fair *Calais*, walled in her sands,
In keening of the cliffy *Dover* stands.

Here is no bold and nurse to pout nor low'r,
When, wantoning, we revel in my tow'r;

Nor need I top my turret with a light,
To guide thee to me, as thou swim'st by night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but half so kind,
Thy sighs should stuff thy sails, though wanting
wind:

But thy breast is becalm'd, thy sighs be slack,
And mine too stiff, do blow thy broad sails back.
But thou wilt say, that I should blame the flood,
Because the wind so full against thee stood:
Nay, blame it not, that it did roughly blow,
For it did chide thee, that thou wast so slow;
For it came not to keep thee in the bay,
But came from me, to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainly let'st occasion slide,
Thou might'st have wafted hither with the tide.
If when thou com'st, I knit mine angry brow,
Blame me not, *Brandon*, thou hast broke thy
vow;

to frown, I might be dumb,
make thee stand in doubt to come :
yet Charles, have care thy ship to

yet heart, in faith I will not chide.
brother and his lovely queen,
my depart were seen,
it date expired of my stay,
Dover did depart away,
what woe I suffer'd for thy sake,
n'd of thee my leave to take :
know'st, with what a heavy heart
wel, when I should depart ;
I'd, gave signal with my hand
, where I did see thee stand :
ain, in all the peoples view,
see, sweet Charles adieu, adieu.
ttle infant, that hath lost
rewith it was delighted most,
eking, to some corner creeps,
r soul!! it fits it down and weeps ;
e nurse would fain content the

arms for that it cannot find :
reful cabin did I lie,
hip out of the road did lie.
: thou my love was faithful then to

Castile to England sh'd for me ?
If, if it were not of power,
I an empire for my dower.
court when ones report did bring,
France didst revel with the king,
in triumph of his victory,
embroider'd canopy
I Tournay, which did trembling

ercy at his conqu'ring hand ;
endearments, how I joy'd ?
alm was suddenly destroy'd.
arles of Castile there to banquet

sister, that ambitious dame,
roud Duchess, knowing how long

d try'd to win my love from me ;
sfence might thy vows acquit,
y Mary for a Margaret,
King Henry's tent of cloth of gold,
thee in her arms enfold :
ere scalded more deliciously,
tra did Mark Antony :
all day did entertain your sight,
maques you pass'd away the night.
: say, 'tis proper unto us,
ature all are jealous.
sals 'tis oft found in our sex,
ot loves, not any thing suspects :
doth look with pale suspicion's eye ;
love, if you take jealousy."
d Tournay when King Henry took,
t change who then did ever look ?
aximilian to those ways addrest,
d's cross on his imperial breast,

(b) And in our army let his eagle fly,
(i) That view'd our ensigns with a wond'ring eye;
Little thought I when Bullen first was won,
Wedlock should end what angry war begun.
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,
(t) But this alone by Wolsey's wit was wrought.
To his advice the king gave free consent,
That will I, nill I, I must be content.
My virgin's right thy state could not advance,
But now enriched with the dower of France ;
Then, but poor Suffolk's duchess had I been,
Now the great dowager, the most Christian
queen.

But I perceive where all thy grief doth lie,
Lewis of France had my virginity ;
He had indeed, but shall I tell thee what ?
Believe me, Brandon, he had scarcely that :
Good feeble king, he could not do much harm,
But age must needs have something that is warm ;
" Small drops (God knows) do quench that heat-
less fire,

" When all the strength is only in desire."
And I could tell (if modesty might tell)
There's somewhat else that pleaseth lovers well ;
To rest his cheek upon my softer cheek,
Was all he had, and more he did not seek ;
So might the little baby clip the nurse,
And it content, she never a whit the worse :
Then think this, Brandon, if that make thee
frown,

For maidenhead, he on me set a crown.
Who would not change a kingdom for a kiss ?
Hard were the heart that would not yield him
this ;

And time yet half so swiftly doth not pass,
Not yet full five months elder than I was.
When thou to France conducted wast by fame,
With many knights which from all countries
came,

To see me at St. Dennis on my throne,
Where Lewis held my coronation ;
(t) Where the proud dauphin, for thy valour's
sake,

Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take :
When as the staves upon thy cast did light,
Grieved therewith, I turn'd away my sight,
And spake aloud, when I myself forgot,
'Tis my sweet Charles, my Brandon, hurt him
not.

But when I fear'd the king perceived this,
Good silly man, I pleas'd him with a kiss ;
And to extol his valiant son began,
That Europe never bred a braver man :
And when (poor king) he simply praised thee,
Of all the rest I ask'd who thou should'st be ?
Thus I with him dissembled for thy sake ;
Open confession now amends must make.
Whilst this old king upon a pallet lies,
And only holds a combat with mine eyes ;
Mine eyes from his, by thy sight stol'n away,
Which might too well their mistress' thoughts
bewray,

But when I saw thy proud unconquer'd lance
To bear the prize from all the flow'rs of France,

To see what pleasure did my soul embrace,
Might eas'ly be discerned in my face.
Look as the dew upon a damask rose,
Now through that liquid pearl his blushing
shows,
And when the soft air breathes upon his top,
From the sweet leaves falls eas'ly drop by drop;
Thus by my cheek, distilling from mine eyes,
One tear for joy another's room supplies.

Before mine eye (like touch) thy shape did
prove,

Mine eye condemn'd my too too partial love;
But since by others I the same do try,
My love condemns my too too partial eye.
The precious stone most beautiful and rare,
When with itself we only it compare,
We deem all other of that kind to be
As excellent as that we only see;
But when we judge of that, with others by,
Too credulous we do condemn our eye,
Which then appears more orient and more bright,
Having a foil whereon to shew its light.
Alanson, a fine timb'ed man, and tall,
Yet wants the shape thou art adorn'd withal:
Vandome good carriage, and a pleasing eye,
Yet hath not Suffolk's princely majesty:
Courageous Bourbon, a sweet manly face,
Yet in his looks lacks Brandon's courtly grace:
Proud Longaville, suppos'd to have no peer,
A man scarce made was thought, whilst thou
wast here:

County Saint-Paul, our best at arms in France,
Would yield himself a 'quire to bear thy lance:

(m) Galcas and Bounarme, matchless for thy
might,

Under thy tow'ring blade have couch'd in fight

If with our love my brother angry be,
I'll say, to please him, I first fancy'd thee:
And but to frame my liking to his mind,
Never to thee had I been half so kind.
Worthy my love, the vulgar judge no man,
Except a Yorkist, or Lancastrian;
Nor think that my affection should be set,
But in the line of great Plantagenet.

I pass not what the idle commons say,
I pray thee Charles make haste, and come away
To thee what's England, if I be not there?
Or what to me is France, if thou not here?
Thy absence makes me angry for a while,
But at thy presence I should gladly smile.

When last of me his leave my Brandon took
He swore an oath (and made my lips the book)
He would make haste, which now thou dost
deny;

Thou art forsworn; O wilful perjury!
Sooner would I with greater sins dispense,
Than by entreaty pardon this offence.
But yet I think, if I should come to thrive thee,
Great were the fault that I should not forget
thee:

Yet wert thou here, I would revenged be,
But it should be with too much loving thee.
Ay, that is all that thou shalt fear to taste;
I pray thee Brandon come, sweet Charles make
haste.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *The utmost date expired of my stay,
When I from Dover did depart away.*

King Henry VIII. with the queen and nobles,
in the sixth year of his reign, in the month of Sep-
tember, brought this lady to Dover, where she
took shipping for France.

(b) *Think'st thou my love was faithful unto thee,
When young Castile to England sa'd for me?*

It was agreed and concluded betwixt Henry VII.
and Philip King of Castile, son to Maximilian the
emperor, that Charles eldest son of the said Philip,
should marry the lady Mary, daughter to King
Henry when they came to age: which agreement
was afterward in the 8th year of Henry VIII. an-
nihilated.

(c) *When he, in triumph of his victory,
Under a rich embroider'd canopy*

*Enter'd proud Tournay, which did tremble
stand, &c.*

Henry VIII. after the long siege of Tournay
which was delivered to him upon composition
entered the city in triumph under a canopy
cloth of gold, born by four of the chief and
noble citizens, the king himself mounted upon
gallant courser barbed with the arms of England
France, and Ireland.

(d) *When Charles of Castile to a banquet came
With him his sister, that ambitious dame,
Savoy's proud duchess.*

The king being at Tournay, there came to him
the prince of Castile, and the lady Margaret duchess
of Savoy his sister, to whom king Henry gave
great entertainment.

(c) *Savoy's proud duchess, knowing how long she
All means had try'd to win my love from me.*

At this time there was talk of a marriage to be concluded between Charles Brandon then lord Lisle, and the duchess of Savoy; the lord Lisle being highly favoured, and exceedingly beloved of the duchess.

(f) *When in King Henry's tent of cloth of gold.
The king caused a rich tent of cloth of gold to be erected, where he feasted the prince of Castile and the duchess, and entertained them with sumptuous meals and banquets during their abode.*

(g) *When Maximilian to these wars addrest,
Wore England's cross on his Imperial breast.
Maximilian the emperor, with all his soldiers who served under King Henry, wore the cross of St. George with the rose on their breasts.*

(h) *And in our army let his eagle fly.
The black eagle is the badge imperial, which here is used for the displaying of his ensign or standard.*

(i) *That view'd our ensign with a wond'ring eye.
Henry VIII. at his wars in France, retained the emperor and all his soldiers in wages, who served under him during those wars.*

2

(k) *But this alone by Wolsey's wit was wrought.*

Thomas Wolsey the king's almoner, then bishop of Lincoln, a man of great authority with the king, and afterward cardinal, was the chief cause that this lady Mary was married to the old French king, with whom the French had dealt underhand to befriend him in that match.

(l) *Where the proud Dauphin, for thy valour sake,
Chose thee to tilt his princely part to take.*

Francis duke of Valois and dauphin of France, at the marriage of the lady Mary, in honour thereof proclaimed a joust; where he chose the duke of Suffolk and the marquis of Dorset for his aids at all martial exercises.

(m) *Galeas and Bounarme, matchless for their
might.*

This country Galeas, at the jousts, ran a course with a spear, which was at the head five inches square on every side, and at the butt nine inches square, whereby he shewed his wondrous force and strength. This Bounarme, a gentleman of France, at the same time came into the field, armed at all points, with ten spears about him: in each stirrup three, under each thigh one, one under his left arm, and one in his hand; and putting his horse to the career, never stopt him till he had broken every staff. *Hall.*

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ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
TO MARY THE FRENCH QUEEN.

BUT that my faith commands me to forbear,
The fault's your own, if I impatient were :
Were my dispatch such as should be my speed,
I should want time your loving lines to read.
Here, in the court, camelion-like I fare,
And as that creature, only feed on air :
All day I wait, and all the night I watch,
And starve mine ears, to hear of my dispatch.

If Dover were th' Abydos of my rest,
Or pleasant Calais were my Mary's Cell',
You should not need, bright queen, to blame me
so,

Eid not the distance, to desire say no :
No tedious night from travel should be free,
'Till through the seas, with swimming skill to
thee,

A snowy path I made unto the Bay,
So bright as is that nectar-stained way,
'The restless fun by travelling doth wear,
Passing his course to finish up the year.
But Paris locks my love within the main,
And London yet thy Brandon doth detain.

Of thy firm love thou put'st me still in mind,
But of my faith, not one word can I find.

(a) When Longaville to Mary was affy'd,
And thou by him waft made King Lewis' bride,
How oft I wish'd, that thou a prize might'st be,
That I in arms might combat him for thee!

And in the madness of my love distraught,
A thousand times his murder have fore-thought :

" But that th' all-seeing pow'rs, which sit above,

" Regard not mad mens oaths, nor faults in love,

" And have confirm'd it by the grant of heav'n,

" That lovers sins on earth should be forgiv'n :

" For never man is half so much distress'd,

" As he that loves, to see his love possess'd."

Coming to Richmond after thy depart,
(Richmond, where first thou stol'st away ■
heart)

Methought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorn and desolate ;
In whose fair walks thou often hast been seen,
To sport with Kath'rine, Henry's beauteous queen
Astonishing sad winter with thy fight,
So that for thee the day hath put back night;
And the small birds, as in the pleasant spring,
Forgot themselves, and have begun to sing.

So oft as I by Thames go and return,
Methinks for thee the river yet doth mourn,
Whom I have seen to let his stream at large,
Which like an handmaid waited on thy barge;

And if thou hap'st against the flood to row,
Which way it e'b'd, it presently would flow,
Weeping in drops upon the labouring oars,
For joy that it had got thee from the shores.
The swans with music that the rootheners make,
Ruffling their plumes, came gliding on the lake,
As the swift dolphins by Arion's strings,
Were brought to land with Siren ravishings :
The flocks and herds that pasture near the flood,
To gaze upon thee have forborn their food,
And sat down sadly mourning by the brim,
That they by nature were not made to swim.

When as the post to England's royal court,
Of thy hard passage brought thee true report,
(b) How in a storm thy well-rigg'd ships were

toil,

And thou thyself in danger to be lost,
I knew 'twas Venus loath'd that aged bed,
Where beauty so should be dishonoured ;
Or fear'd the sea-nymphs haunting of the lake,
If thou but seen, their goddesses should forsake.

hirling round her dove-drawn coach about,
w the navy then in launching out,
y mantle loosely doth unbind,
fanning forth a rougher gale of wind,
l thy sails with speed unto the land,
n thy ships on Bullen's harbouring strand.
r should I joy of thy arrive to hear!
a poor sea-faring passenger,
ong travel, tempest-torn and wrack'd,
e unpitt'ing pirate that is sack'd;
he false robber that hath stol'n his wealth,
l in some safe harbour, and in health,
l with the invaluable store,
ich he long had travelled before.
When thou to Abvile held'st th' appointed
day,
and how Lewis met thee on the way;
thou, in glitt'ring tissue strangely dight,
pear'd'st unto him like the Queen of Light:
of silver all thy virgin train,
ity sumptuous, as the northern wain;
ou alone the foremost glorious star,
led'd'st the team of that great waggoner.
ould thy thought be, but as I did think,
thine eyes tasted what mine ears did drink?
ripple king, laid bed-rid long before,
thy coming crept out of the door:
well he rid, he had no legs to go,
is thy beauty forc'd his body to:
om a cullice had more fitter been,
n a golden bed a gallant Queen;
thy beauty as the miser gold,
hoards it up but only to behold;
oking on it with a jealous eye,
g to lend, yet loving usury.
lege (if beauty be divine)
ofane hand to touch the hallow'd shrine!
feit sickness on the sound man's diet;
content, yet still to live unquiet;
aving all, to be of all beguil'd,
it still longing like a little child.
When Marquis Dorset and the valiant
Grays,
rehafe fame, first cross'd the narrow seas,
all the knights that my associates went,
our of thy nuptial tournament,
't thou I joy'd not in thy beauty's pride,
hen thou in triumph didst through Paris
ride?
: all the streets, as thou didst pass along,
Arras, Bisse, and tapestry were hung;
ousand gallant citizens prepar'd,
attire thy princely self to guard;
hem, three thousand choice religious men,
den vestments follow'd on again;
n procession as they came along,
Hymenæus sang thy marriage-song.
ext these, five dukes, as did their places fall,
each of them a princely cardinal:
thou, on thy imperial chariot set,
n'd with a rich imperialed coronet;
l the Parisian dances, as thy train pass'd,
precious incense in abundance cast.

As Cynthia, from her wave-embattel'd throwds
Op'ning the west, comes streaming through the
clouds,
With shining troops of silver-tressed stars,
Attending on her as her torch-bearers;
And all the lesser lights about her throne
With admiration stand as lookers on;
Whilst she alone, in height of all her pride,
The Queen of Light along her sphere doth glide,
When on the tilt my horse like thunder came,
No other signal hail I, but thy name;
'Thy voice 'my trumpet, and my guide thine
eyes,
And but thy beauty, I esteem'd no prize.
(i) That large-limb'd Almain, of the giant's
race.
Which bare strength on his breast, fear in his
face,
Whose sinew'd arms with his steel-temper'd
blade,
Through plate and mail such open passage made;
Upon whose might the Frenchmen's glory lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day:
Thou saw'st thy Brandon beat him on his knee,
Off'ring his shield a conquer'd spoil to thee.
But thou wilt say, perhaps, I vainly boast,
And tell thee that which thou already know'st.
No sacred queen, my valour I deny,
It was thy beauty, not my chivalry.
'One of thy tressed curls there falling down,
As loth to be imprison'd in thy crown,
I saw the soft air sportively to take it,
And into strange and sundry forms to make it;
Now parting it to four, to three, to twain,
Now twisting it, then it untwist again;
Then make the threads to dally with thine eye,
A funny candle for a golden fly.
At length from thence one little tear it got,
Which falling down as though a star had shot,
My up-turn'd eye pursu'd it with my sight,
The which again redoubled all my might.
'Tis but in vain of my descent to boast,
When heav'n's lamp shines, all other lights be
lost;
Faulcons seem poor, the eagle sitting by,
Whose brood surveys the sun with open eye;
(2) Else might my blood find issue from his force,
Who beat the tyrant Richard from his horse
On Bosworth plain, whom Richmond chose to
wield
His glorious ensign in that conqu'ring field;
And with his sword in his dear sov'reign's fight,
To his last breath stood fast in Henry's right.
Then, beauteous empress, think this safe delay
Shall be the even to a joyful day:
"Fore-sight doth still on all advantage lie,
"Wise men must give place to necessity;
"To put back ill, our good we must forbear;
"Better first fear, and after still to fear."
'I were oversight in that, at which we aim,
To put the hazard on an after-game;
With patience then let us our hopes attend,
And till I come, receive these lines I send.

 ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.
(a) When Longaville to Mary was affy'd

The duke of Longaville, who was prisoner in England, upon the peace to be concluded between England and France, was delivered, and married the princess Mary for Louis the French king his master.

(b) How in a storm thy well-rigg'd ships were tost, and thou, &c.

As the queen sailed for France, a mighty storm arose at sea, so that the navy was in great danger, and was severed, some driven upon the coast of Flanders, some on Britain. The ship wherein the queen sailed was driven into the haven at Bullen with very great danger.

(c) When thou to Abville held'st th' appointed day.

King Lewis met her by Abville near to the forest of Arders, and brought her into Abville with great solemnity.

(d) Appeard'st unto him like the queen of light.

Expressing the sumptuous attire of the queen and her train, attended by the chief of the nobility of England, with six-and-thirty ladies all in cloth of silver, their horses trapped with crimson velvet.

(e) A cripple king, laid bed-rid long before.

King Lewis was a man of great years, troubled much with the gout, so that he had long time before little use of his legs.

(f) When marquis Dorset and the valiant Greys.

The duke of Suffolk when the proclamation

came into England, of jousts to be held in France at Paris; he, for the queen's mistress, obtained of the king to go with whom went the marquis of Dorset four brothers, the lord Clinton, Sir Edw. vill, Sir Giles Capell. Thomas Cheney, went over with the duke as his assistants.

(g) When thou in triumph didst thro' Paris.

A true description of the queen's entrance Paris, after her coronation performed at Paris.

(h) Next these, five dukes, as did their f

The dukes of Alanson, Bourbon, V. Longaville, Suffolk, with five cardinals.

(i) That large-limb'd Almain of the gia

Francis Valois the dauphin of France, the glory that the Englishmen had obtained tilt, brought in an Almain secretly, a man almost of incomparable strength, who encountered Charles Brandon at the barriers; but in grappling with him, so beat him about with the pommel of his sword, that he came out of the fight of his cast.

*(k) Else might my blood find issue from
Who beat, &c.*

Sir William Brandon, standard-bearer earl of Richmond (after Henry VII.) at Bosworth, a brave and gallant gentleman, was slain by Richard there; this was father Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY,
TO THE LADY GERALDINE.

The Argument.

The earl of Surrey, that renowned lord,
Th' old English glory bravely that restor'd,
That prince and poet (a name more divine)
Falling in love with beauteous Geraldine,
Of the Gerald, which derive their name
From Florence: whither, to advance her fame,
He travels, and in public jousts maintain'd
Her beauty peerless, which by arms he gain'd:
But staying long, fair Italy to see,
To let her know him constant still to be,
From Tuscany this letter to her writes;
Which her rescription instantly invites.

From (s) learned Florence (long time rich in
fame)

From whence thy race, thy noble grandfathers came
To famous England, that kind nurse of mine,
Thy Surrey sends to heav'nly Geraldine.
Yet let not Tuscan think I do it wrong,
That I from thence write in my native tongue;
That in these harsh tun'd cadences I sing,
Sitting so near the muses sacred spring;
But rather think it self adorn'd thereby,
That England reads the praise of Italy.
Though to the Tuscans I the smoothness grant,
Our dialect no majesty doth want,
To set thy praises in as high a key,
As France, or Spain, or Germany, or they.

What day I quit the fore-land of fair Kent,
And that my ship her course for Flanders bent,

Yet think I with how many a heavy look
My leave of England and of thee I took,
And did intreat the tide (if it might be)
But to convey me one sigh back to thee.
Up to the deck a billow lightly skips,
Taking my sigh, and down again it slips,
Into the gulph itself it headlong throws,
And as a post to England-ward it goes.
As I sat wond'ring how the rough sea stirr'd,
I might far off perceive a little bird,
Which as she fain from shore to shore would fly,
Had lost herself in the broad vasty sky,
Her feeble wing beginning to deceive her,
The seas of life still gaping to berave her:
Unto the ship she makes, which she discovers,
And there (poor fool!) a while for refuge
hovers;

And when at length her flagging pinion fails,
Painting she hangs upon the rolling sails
And being forc'd to loose her hold with pain,
Yet beaten off, the straight lights on again,
And tois'd with flaws, with storms, with wind,
with weather,
Yet still departing thence, still turneth thither:
Now with the poop, now with the prow doth
bear,

Now on this side, now that, now here, now there.
Methinks these storms should be my sad depart,
The silly helpless bird is my poor heart,
The ship, to which for succour it repairs,
That is yourself, regardless of my cares.
Of every surge doth fall, or wave doth rise,
To some one thing I sit and moralize.

When for thy love I left the Belgic shore,
Divine Erasmus and our famous More,
Whose happy presence gave me such delight,
As made a minute of a winter's night;
With whom a while I staid at Roterdame,
Now so renowned by Erasmus' name:
Yet every hour did seem a world of time,
Till I had seen that soul reviving clime,
And thought the foggy Netherlands unfit,
A wat'ry soil to clog a fiery wit.

And as that wealthy Germany I napt,
Coming unto the Emperor's court at last,
(8) Great-learn'd Agrippa, so profound in art,
Who the infernal secrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did desire to know,
Me in a glass my Geraldine did show,
Sick in thy bed; and for thou could'st not sleep,
By a wax taper set the light to keep;
I do remember thou didst read that ode,
Sent back whilst I in Thanet made abode,

Where when thou cam'st unto that word of love,
Ev'n in thine eyes I saw how passion strove:
That snowy lawn which covered thy bed,
Methought look'd white, to see thy cheek so red;
Thy rosy cheek oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the lawn so white:
The little taper which should give thee light,
Methought wax'd dim, to see thy eyes so bright;
Thine eye again supply'd the taper's turn,
And with his beams more brightly made it burn:
The shuffling air about thy temples hurks,
And wrapt thy breath in little clouded curls,
As it did ascend, it straight did seize it,
And as it sunk it presently did raise it.

Canst thou by sickness banish beauty so,
Which if put from thee, knows not where to go
To make her shift, and for succour seek
To every rival'd face, each bankrupt cheek?
"If health preserv'd, thou beauty still dost cherish;
"If that neglected, beauty soon doth perish.
Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again,
Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain.
If live or die, as thou do'st, so do I;
If live, I live; and if thou die, I die:
One heart, on love, one joy, one grief, one treth,
One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.

If Howard's blood thou hold'st as but too vile
Or not esteem'st of Norfolk's princely stile;

If Scotland's coat no mark of fame can lend,
(c) That lion plac'd in our bright silver bend,
Which as trophy beautifies our shield,
(d) Since Scottish blood discolour'd Floden field;
When the proud Cheviot our brave ensign bare,
As a rich jewel in a Lady's hair,
And did fair Bramston's neighbouring vallies
choke

With clouds of cannons fire-disgorged smoke;
Of Surrey's Earldom insufficient be,
And not a dower so well contenting thee;
Yet I am one of great Apollo's heirs,
The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs.
By Princes my immortal lines are sung,
My flowing verses grac'd with ev'ry tongue:
The little children when they learn to go,
By painful mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught by sugar'd numbers to rehearse,
And have their sweet lips season'd with my verse.

When heav'n would strive to do the best it can,
And put an angel's spirit into man,
The utmost pow'r it hath, it then doth spend,
When to the world a Poet it doth intend.
That little difference 'twixt the gods and us,
(By them confirm'd) distinguish'd only thus:
Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,
The gods commit their glory to our praise;
T' eternal life when they dissolve their breath,
We likewise share a second pow'r by death.

When time shall turn those amber locks to
gray,

My verse again shall gild and make they gay
And trick them up in knotted curls anew,
And to thy autumn give a summer's hue;
That sacred pow'r, that in my ink remains,
Shall put fresh blood into thy wither'd veins,
And on thy red decay'd, thy whiteness dead,
Shall set a white more white, a red more red:
When thy dim sight thy glass cannot descry,
Nor thy craz'd mirror can discern thine eye;
My verse, to tell th' one what the other was,
Shall represent them both, thine eye and glass:
Where both thy mirror and thine eye shall see,
What once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee;
And to them both shall tell the simple truth,
What that in pureness was, what thou in youth.

If Florence once should lose her old renown,
As famous Athens, now a fisher-town;
My lines for thee a Florence shall create,
Which great Apollo ever shall protect,
And with the numbers from my pen that falls,
Bring marble mines to re-erect those walls.
(e) Nor beauteous Stanhope, whom all tongues
To be the glory of the English court, [report
Shall by our nation be so much admir'd,
If ever Surry truly were inspir'd.

(f) And famous Wyatt, who in numbers sings
To that enchanting Thracian harper's strings,
To whom Phoebus (the Poets god) did drink
A bowl of nectar, fill'd up to the brink;
And sweet-tongu'd Bryan (whom the Muses kept,
And in his cradle rock'd him whilst he slept)
In sacred verses (most divinely penn'd)
Upon thy praises ever shall attend.

What time I came into this famous town,
And made the cause of my arrival known,
Great Medices a list for triumphs built;
Within the which, upon a tree of gilt,
(Which was with sundry rare devices set)
I did erect thy lovely counterfeit,
To answer those Italian dames desire,
Which daily came thy beauty to admire;
By which, my lion in his gaping jaws
Held up my lance, and in his dreadful paws
Reacheth my gauntlet unto him that dare
A beauty with my Geraldine's compare.
Which, when each manly valiant arm assays,
After so many brave triumphant days,
The glorious prize upon my lance I bear,
By herald's voice proclaim'd to be thy share.
The shiver'd slaves here for thy beauty broke,
With fierce encounters past at ev'ry shock,
When stormy courtes answer's cuff for cuff,
Denting proud bevers with the counter-buff,
Upon an altar, burnt with holy flame,
I sacrific'd, as incense to thy fame:
Where, as the phoenix from her spiced fume
Renews herself, in that she doth consume;
So from these sacred ashes live we both,
Ev'n as that one Arabian wonder doth.

When to my chamber I myself retire,
Burnt with the sparks that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of England, which my hope contains,
The happy isle where Geraldine remains:
(g) Of Hunston, where those sweet celestial cyne
At first did pierce this tender breast of mine:
(h) Of Hampton-Court and Windsor, where
abound

All pleasures that in Paradise were found:
Near that fair castle is a little grove,
With hanging rocks all cover'd from above,
Which on the bank of goodly Thames doth stand,
Clipt by the water from the other land,
Whose bushy top doth bid the sun forbear,
And checks his proud beams that would enter
there;

Whose leaves still mutt'ring, as the air doth
breathe,

With the sweet bubbling of the stream beneath,
Doth rock the senses (whilst the small birds sing)
Lulled asleep with gentle murmuring;
Where light-foot Fairies sport at prison-base,
(No doubt there is some pow'r frequents the
place)

There the soft poplar and smooth beech do bear
Our names together carv'd every where,

And Gordian knots do curiously entwine
The names of Henry and Geraldine.
O let this grove, in happy times to come,
Be call'd the lovers bleis'd Elyzium;
Whither my mistress wonted to resort,
In summer's heat, in those sweet shades to sport:
A thousand sundry names I have it given,
And call'd it Wonder-hider, Cover-heav'n,
The roof where beauty her rich court doth keep,
Under whose compass all the stars do sleep.
There is one tree, which now I call to mind,
Doth bear these verses carved in the rind:
"When Geraldine shall sit in thy fair shade,
"Fan her fair tresses with perfumed air,
"Let thy large boughs a canopy be made,
"To keep the sun from gazing on my fair:
"And when thy spreading branched arms be
"funk,

"And thou no sap nor pith shalt more retain,"

"Ev'n from the dust of thy unwieldy trunk

"I will renew thee, phoenix-like, again,

"And from thy dry decayed root will bring

"A new-born stem, another *Aeson's* spring.

I find no cause, nor judge I reason why,

My country should give place to Lombardy.

(i) As goodly flow'rs on *Thamensis* do grow,

As beautify the banks of wanton *Po*;

As many nymphs as haunt rich *Arnus's* strand,

By silver *Severn* tripping hand in hand:

Our shade's as sweet, though not to us so dear,

Because the sun hath greater power there.

This distant place doth give me greater woe;

Far off, my sighs the farther have to go.

Ah absence! why thus should'st thou seen so
long?

Or wherefore should'st thou offer time such
wrong,

Summer so soon to steal on winter's cold,

Or winter blasts so soon make summer old?

Love did us both with one self-arrow strike,

Our wounds both one, our cure should be the
like;

Except thou hast found out some mean by art,

Some pow'rful medicine to withdraw the dart;

But mine is fixt, and absence being proved,

It sticks too fast, it cannot be removed.

Adieu, adieu, from Florence when I go,

By my next letters Geraldine shall know,

Which if good fortune shall by course direct,

From Venice by some messenger expect;

Till when, I leave thee to thy heart's desire,

By him that lives thy virtues to admire.

 ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Then Windsor's, or Fitzgerald's families.*

The coast of many kings which from time to time have adorned the castle at Windsor with their princely magnificence, hath made it more noble than that it need to be spoken of now, as though obscure; and I hold it more meet to refer you to our vulgar monuments for the founders and finishers thereof, than to meddle with matter nothing near the purpose. As for the family of the Fitzgeralds, of whence this lady was lineally descended, the original was English, though the branches did spread themselves into distant places, and names nothing consonant, as in former times it was usual to denominate themselves of their manors or forenames, as may partly appear in that which ensueth; the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthy friend Mr. Francis Thinn. Walter of Windsor the son of Oterus, had to issue William, of whom Henry now Lord Windsor is descended; and Robert of Windsor, of whom Robert the now Earl of Essex, and Gerald of Windsor his third son, who married the daughter of Rees the great Prince of Wales, of whom came Nesta paramour to Henry the first: which Gerald had issue Maurice Fitzgerald ancestor to Thomas Fitzmaurice Justice of Ireland, buried at Tralay; leaving issue John his eldest son first Earl of Kildare ancestor to Geraldine, and Maurice his second son first Earl of Desmond.

(b) *To raise the mount where Surrey's towers must stand.*

Alluding to the sumptuous house which was

afterward built by him upon Leonard's-hill, against Norwich; which, in the rebellion of folk under Ket, in King Edward the sixth's was much defaced by that impure rabble. twixt the hill and the city, as Alexander describes it, the river of Yarmouth runs, to west and south thereof a wood, and a little vale called Thorpe; and on the north the pasture Mousholl, which contain about six miles in length and breadth. So that besides the stately grounds of Mount-Surrey, which was the house's prospect and site thereof was passing pleasant and commodious; and no where else did this creating evil of the Norfolk fury unkennel then, but there, as it were for a manifest token their intent to debase all high things, and to make all holy.

(c) *Like arras-work, or such like imag'ry.*

Such was he whom Iguenael taxeth in this manner

*Truncusque similis: Hic
Nullo quippe alio vincti discrimine, quas
Illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivis imago*

Seeming to be born for nothing else but appearance and the outward appearance entitled complexions with whom the ridiculous fable of the ape in a sorteth fitly; who coming into a carver's shop and viewing many marble works, took up the head of a man very cunningly wrought, greatly in praising did seem to pity it, that he so comely an outside it had nothing within; empty figures walk and talk in every place whom the noble Geraldine modestly glanced

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

THE LADY JANE GRAY TO THE LORD GILFORD DUDLEY.

The Argument.

Edward the sixth, his timeless life bereft,
(Though doubtfully) yet his dominion left
To his sister Mary: but by Henry Gray,
Then Duke of Suffolk, bearing mighty sway,
With the consent and by the pow'rful hand
Of John the stout Duke of Northumberland,
His fourth son, Gifford Dudley, they affy'd
To fair Jane Gray, which by the mother's side
Some title claim'd: this marriage them between,
The Lady Jane was here proclaimed Queen,
But Mary soon prevailing by her pow'r,
Caused those two preferred in the Tow'r,
There to be prison'd; where, their blame to quit,
They each to other these epistles writ.

My own dear Lord, sith thou art lock'd from
me,
In this disguise my love must steal to thee,
Since to renew all loves, all kindness past,
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.
My keeper coming, I of thee inquire,
Who with thy greeting answers my desire;
Which my tongue willing to return again,
Grief stops my words, and I but strive in vain:
Wherewith amaz'd, away in haste he goes,
When through my lips my heart thrusts forth my
words.

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But then the doors, that make a doleful sound,
Drive back my words, that in the noise are
drown'd,
Which somewhat hush'd, the echo doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my word:
When like an adverse wind in life's course,
Against the tide bending his boist'rous force;
But when the flood hath wrought itself about,
He following on, doth headlong thrust it out:
Thus strive my sighs with tears ere they begin,
And breaking out, again sighs drive them in.

K

A thousand forms present my troubled thought
Yet prove abortive ere they forth are brought,
"The depth of woe with words we hardly found,
"Sorrow is so insensibly profound."

As tears do fall and rise, sighs come and go,
So do these numbers ebb, so do they flow.
These briny tears do make my ink look pale,
My ink cloaths tears in this sad mourning veil;
The letters mourners, weep with my dim eye,
The paper pale, griev'd at my misery.
Yet miserable ourselves why should we deem,
Sith none are so but in their own esteem?

"Who in distress from resolution flies,
Is rightly said to yield to misery."

(a) They which begot us, did beget this sin,
They first begun what did our grief begin:
We tasted not, 'twas they which did rebel,
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell:
They which a crown would to my Lord have
All hope of life and liberty extind; [link'd,
A subject born, a sov'reign to have been,
Have made me now nor subject, nor a Queen.
Ah, vile ambition, how dost thou deceive us!
Which shew'd us heav'n, and yet in hell dost leave
us.

"Seldom untouch'd doth innocence escape,
"When error cometh in good counsel's shape;
"A lawful title counterchecks proud might;
"The weakest things become strong props to
"right."

Then, my dear Lord, although affliction grieve
us,

Yet let our spotless innocence relieve us.
"Death but an acted passion doth appear,
"Where truth gives courage and the conscience
"clear."

And let thy comfort thus consist in mine,
That I bear part of whatsoe'er is thine,
As when we liv'd untouched with these disgraces,
When as our kingdom was our dear embraces:
(b) At Durham palace, where sweet Hymen sang,
Whose buildings with our nuptial music rang:
When prothalamions prais'd that happy day,
Wherein great Dudley match'd with noble Gray.
When they devis'd to link by wedlock's band
The house of Suffolk to Northumberland;
Our fatal dukedom to your dukedom bound,
To frame this building on so weak a ground.
For what avails a lawless usurpation,
Which gives a scepter, but not rules a nation?
Only the surfeit of a vain opinion:
"What gives content, gives what exceeds do-
"minion."

(c) When first mine ears were pierced with the
same

Of Jane, proclaimed by a Princess' name,
A sudden fright my trembling heart appalls:
"The fear of conscience ent'reth iron walls."
Thrice happy for our fathers had it been,
If what we fear'd, they wisely had foreseen,
And kept a mean gate in an humble path,
To have escap'd the heav'n's impetuous wrath,
The true-bred eagle strongly stems the wind,
And not each bird resembling their brave kind;

He, like a king, doth from the clouds command
The fearful fowl, that move but near the land.

Though Mary be from mighty Kings de-
scended,

My blood not from Plantagenet pretended;
(d) My grandfire Brandon did our house advance,
By princely Mary, dowager of France:
The fruit of that fair stock, which did combine,
And York's sweet branch with Lancaster entwine,
And in one stalk did happily unite
The pure vermillion rose and purer white;
I, the untimely slip of that rich stem,
Whose golden bud brings forth a diadem.

But oh, forgive me, Lord, it is not I,
Nor do I boast of this, but learn to die:
Whilst we were as ourselves, conjoynd then,
Nature to nature, now an alien. [blood]

"To gain a kingdom, who spares their name
"Nearness condemn'd, if sov'reignty withstood.

"A diadem once dazzling the eye,
"The day too dark to see affinity:

"And where the arm is stretch'd to reach a
"crown,

"Friendship is broke, the dearest things thrown
"down."

(e) For what great Henry most strove to avoid,
The heav'n's have built, where earth would have
destroy'd.

And seating Edward on his regal throne,
He gives to Mary all that was his own,
By death assuring what by life is theirs,
The lawful claim of Henry's lawful heirs.
By mortal laws the bond may be divorc'd,
But heav'n's decree by no means can be forc'd:
That rules the case, when men have all decreed,
Who took him hence forswore who should succeed;
For we in vain rely on human laws, [cause]
When heaven stands forth to plead the righteous
Thus rule the skies in their continual course;
That yields to fate, that doth not yield to force.
"Man's wit doth build for time but to decay,
"But virtue's free from time and fortune's
"pow'r."

Then my kind Lord, sweet Gilford, be not
griev'd,

The soul is heav'nly, and from heaven reliev'd;
And as we once have plighted troth together,
Now let us make exchange of minds to either:
To thy fair breast take my resolved mind,
Arm'd against black despair and all her kind:
Into my bosom breathe that soul of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine:
So shall our faiths as firmly be approved,
As I of thee, or thou of me beloved.

This life, no life, wert thou not dear to me,
Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.
Thou my dear husband and my lord before,
But truly learn to die, thou shalt be more.
Now live by pray'r, on heav'n fix all thy thought,
And surely find what'er by zeal is sought:
For each good motion that the soul awakes,
A heav'nly figure sees, from whence it takes
That sweet resemblance, which by pow'r of kind
Forms (like itself) an image in the mind,

And in our faith the operations be,
Of that divineness which through that we see
Which never errs, but accidentally,
By our frail flesh's imbecility;
By each temptation over-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our bodies guide:
For as these towers our bodies do enclose,
So our souls prisons verily are those:
Our bodies stopping that celestial light,
As these do hinder our exterior sight:
Whereon death seizing, doth discharge the debt,
And us at blessed liberty doth let.

Then draw thy forces all up to thy heart,
The strongest fortrefs of this earthly part,
And on these three let thy assurance lie,
On faith, repentance, and humility,
By which, to heav'n ascending by degrees,
Perfit in pray'r upon your bended knees:
Whereon if you assuredly be stay'd,
You need in peril not to be dismay'd,
Which still shall keep you that you shall not fall,
For any peril that can you appall:
The key of heav'n thus with you you shall bear,
And grace you guiding, get you entrance there;
And you of those celestial joys possess,
Which mortal tongue's unable to express.

Then thank the heav'n, preparing us this
room,
Crowning our heads with glorious martyrdom,

Before the black and dismal days begin,
The days of all idolatry and sin,
Not suff'ring us to see that wicked age,
When persecution vehemently shall rage;
When tyranny new tortures shall invent
To inflict vengeance on the innocent.
Yet heav'n forbid that Mary's womb should bring
England's fair sceptre to a foreign King;
(f) But she to fair Elizabeth shall leave it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded shall receive
it:

And on her temples having plac'd the crowns,
Root out the dregs idolatry hath sown:
And Sion's glory shall again restore,
Laid ruin, waste, and desolate before;
And from black cinders, and rude heaps of stones,
Shall gather up the martyrs sacred bones;
And shall extirp the pow'r of Rome again,
And cast aside the heavy yoke of Spain.

Farewel, sweet Gifford, know our end is
near,
Heav'n sows home, we are but strangers here
Let us make haste to go unto the blest,
Which from these weary worldly labours rest.
And with these lines, my dearest Lord, I greet
thee,
Until in heav'n thy Jane again shall meet thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *They which begot us, did begot this sin.*
Shewing the ambition of the two Dukes their
fathers, whose pride was cause of the utter over-
throw of their children.

(b) *At Durham palace where sweet Hymen sang
The building, &c.*

The Lord Gifford Dudley, fourth son to John
Dudley Duke of Northumberland, married the
Lady Jane Gray, daughter to the Duke of Suffolk,
at Durham-house in the Strand.

(c) *When first mine ears were pierced with the
same*

Of Jane, proclaimed by a Prince's name.
Presently upon the death of King Edward, the
Lady Jane was taken as Queen, conveyed by
water to the tower of London for her safety, and
after proclaimed in divers parts of the realm, as
ordained by King Edward's letters patents and
his will.

(d) *My grandfere Brandon did our house advance
By Princely Mary, Dowager of France.*
Henry Gray, Duke of Suffolk, married Frances

the eldest daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of
Suffolk, by the French Queen; by which Frances
he had this lady Jane. This Mary the French
Queen was daughter to King Henry VII. by
Elizabeth his Queen; which happy marriage con-
joined the two noble families of Lancaster and
York.

(e) *For what great Henry most strive to avoid.*
Noting the distrust that King Henry VIII.
ever had in the Princess Mary his daughter,
fearing she would alter the state of religion in
the land, by matching with a stranger, con-
fessing the right that King Henry's *Mae* had
to the crown.

(f) *But she to fair Elizabeth shall leave it.*
A prophecy of Queen Mary's barrenness, and
of the happy and glorious reign of Queen Eliza-
beth; her restoring of religion, the abolishing of
the Romish servitude, and casting aside the yoke
of Spain.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

GILFORD DUDLEY
TO THE LADY JANE GRAY.

As the swan singing at his dying hour,
So I reply from my impris'ning tow'r :
O, could there be that pow'r but in my verse,
'T' express the grief which my sad heart doth
pierce !

The very walls, that straitly thee inclose,
Would surely weep at reading of my woes ;
Let your eyes lend, I'll pay you every tear,
And give you int'rest, if you do forbear ;
Drop for a drop, and if you'll needs have loan,
I will repay you frankly two for one.

Perhaps you'll think (your sorrows to appease)
That words of comfort fitter were than these :
True, and in you when such perfection liveth,
As in most grief, me now most comfort giveth.
But think not Jane, that cowardly I faint,
To beg man's mercy by my sad complaint,
That death so much my courage can controul,
At the departing of my living soul.
For if one life a thousand lives could be,
All those too few to consummate with thee
When thou this cross so patiently dost bear,
As if thou wert incapable of fear,
And dost no more this dissolution fly,
Than if long age constrained thee to die.

Yet it is strange, thou art become my foe,
And only now add'st most unto my woe ;
Not that I loath what most did me delight,
But that so long deprived of thy sight :
For when I speak, and would complain my wrong,
Straitways thy name possesseth all my tongue,
As thou before me evermore didst lie
The present object to my longing eye.

No ominous star did at thy birthtide shine,
That might of thy sad destiny divine ;

'Tis only I that did thy fall persuade,
And thou by me a sacrifice art made,
As in those countries where the loving wives
With their kind husbands end their happy lives,
And crown'd with garlands, in their brides attire,
Burn with his body in the fun'ral fire ;
And she the worthiest reckon'd is of all,
Whom least the peril seemeth to appall.

I boast not of Northumberland's great name,
(a) (Nor of Ket conquer'd, adding to our fame :
When he to Norfolk with his armies sped,
And thence in chains the rebels captive led,
And brought safe peace returning to our doors,
Yet spread his glory on the eastern shores ;
(b) Nor of my brothers, from whose natural grace
Virtue may spring to beautify our race ;
(c) Nor of Gray's match, my children born by thee,
Of the great blood undoubtedly to be :
But of thy virtue only do I boast,
That wherein I may justly glory most.

I crav'd no Kingdoms, though I thee did crave :
It me suffic'd thy only self to have :
Yet let me say, however it befall,
Methinks a crown should have becom'd thee well :
For sure thy widdom merited, or none,
(d) To have been heard with wonder from a
throne ;

When from thy lips the counsel to each deed,
Doth as from some wise oracle proceed.
And more esteem'd thy virtues were to me,
Than all that e'er might ever come by thee :
So chaste thy love, so innocent thy life,
As being a virgin when thou wert a wife ;
So great a gift the heav'n on me bestow'd,
As giving that, it nothing could have ow'd :

Such was the good I did possess of late,
E'er worldly care disturb'd our quiet state;
E'er trouble did in ev'ry place abound
And angry war our former peace did wound.

But to know this, ambition us affords,

"One crown is guarded with a thousand swords;

"To mean estates ⁽¹³³⁾ in furrows are but sown,

"But crowns have cares, whose workings be
"unknown."

(c) When Dudley led his armies to the east,

Of our whole forces generally possist,

What then was thought his enterprise could
let.

(f) When a grave council freely did abet,

That had the judgment of the pow'ful laws

In ev'ry point to justify the cause?

The holy church a helping hand that laid,

Who would have thought that these could not
have sway'd?

But what (alas!) can parliaments avail,

Where Mary's right must Edward's acts repeal?

(g) When Suffolk's pow'r doth Suffolk's hopes
withstand,

Northumberland doth leave Northumberland;

And they that should our greatness undergo,

And our actions only overthrow.

Let greatness gain'd, we give it all our heart,

As long once come, we wish it would depart,

And indistinctly follow that so fast;
Which overtaken, punisheth our haste.

If any one do pity our offence,

Let him be sure that he be far from hence:

There is no place for any one that shall

So much as once commiserate our fall:

And we of mercy vainly should but think,

Our timeless tears th' insatiate earth doth drink.

All lamentations utterly forlorn,

Dying before they fully can be born.

Mothers, that should their woful children rue;

Fathers, in death to kindly bid adieu;

Friends, their dear farewell lovingly to take;

The faithful servant weeping for our sake;

Brothers and sisters waiting on our bier,

Mourners to tell what we were living here:

But we (alas!) deprived are of all,

So fatal is our miserable fall.

And, where at first for safety we were shut,

Now in dark prison wofully are put,

And from the height of our ambitious state,

Lie to repent our arrogance too late.

To thy persuasion thus I then reply,

Hold on thy course, resolved still to die;

And when we shall so happily be gone,

Leave it to heaven to give the rightful throne;

And with that health regret I thee again,

Which I of late did gladly entertain:

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Nor of Ket conquer'd, adding to our fame.*

John, Duke of Northumberland, when before
he was Earl of Warwick, in his expedition against
Ket, overthrew the rebels of Norfolk and Suffolk,
encamped at Mount-Surrey in Norfolk.

(b) *Nor of my brothers, from whose natural
grace.*

Gilford Dudley, as remembering in this place
the towardness of his brothers, which were all
likely indeed to have raised that house of the Dud-
leys, of which he was a fourth brother, if not sup-
pressed by their father's overthrow.

(c) *Nor of Gray's match, my children born by
her.*

Nothing in this place the alliance of the La-
dy Jane Gray by her mother, which was Fran-
ces the daughter of Charles Brandon, by Mary
the French Queen, daughter to Henry VII. and
sister to Henry VIII.

(d) *To have been heard with wonder from a
throne.*

Seldom hath it ever been known of any woman
indued with such wonderful gifts, as was this la-
dy, both for her wisdom and learning: of whose
skill in the tongues, one reporteth by this epi-
gram:

Miraris Janam Grædis sermone valere?

Quo primum nata est tempore Græcia fuit.

(e) *When Dudley led his army to the east.*

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his
power at London for his expedition against the
rebels in Norfolk, and making haste away, ap-
pointed the rest of his forces to meet him at New-
market-Heath: of whom this saying is reported,
that passing through Shore-Ditch, the Lord Gray
in his company, seeing the people in great num-
bers came to see him, he said, "The people press
"to see us, but none bid God speed us."

(f) *What a grove council freely did abet.*

John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, when he went out against Queen Mary, had his commission sealed for the generalship of the army, by the consent of the whole council of the land: in-
somuch that passing through the council-chamber at his departure, the Earl of Arundel wished, that he might have gone with him in that expedition, and to spend his blood in the quar-
rel.

(g) *When Suffolk's power doth Suffolk's hope
withstand.*

Northumberland doth leave Northumberland.

The Suffolk men were the first that ever re-
sorted to Queen Mary in her distress, repairing to
her succours whilst she remained both at Ka-
ninghall and at Freningham Castle, still increas-
ing her aids, until the Duke of Northumber-
land was left forsaken at Cambridge.

ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

A CATALOGUE OF THE HEROICAL LOVES.

The world's fair Rose, and Henry's frosty fire;
John's tyranny, and chaste Matilda's wrong;
Th' iraged Queen, and furious Mortimer;
The scourge of France, and his chaste love I sung:
Deposed Richard, Isabel exil'd;
The gallant Tudor, and fair Catharine;
Duke Humphry, and old Cobham's hapless child;
Courageous Poel, and that brave spirit's Queen;

Edward, and the delicious London dame;
Brandon, and that rich Dowager of France;
Surrey, with his fair paragon of fame;
Dudley's mishap, and virtuous Gray's mischance:
Their sev'ral loves since I before have shown,
Now give me leave at last to sing mine own.

THE MISERIES

OF

QUEEN MARGARET.

I saw a woman, and a powerful Queen,
Henry the Sixth, the King of England's wife,
The beautiful Marg'et, whose misgovern'd
spleen

So many sorrows brought upon her life,
As upon woman's never yet were seen;
In the beginning of that fatal strife
(Th' unlucky season) when the Yorkists fought
To bring the line of Lancaster to nought.

It was the time of those great stirrs in France,
Their ancient right that th' English had re-
gain'd,

But the proud French attributing to chance,
What by mere manhood stoutly ours obtain'd,
Their late-fall'n ensigns labour'd to advance,
The streets with blood of either nation stain'd :
These strive to hold, those to cast off the yoke,
Whilst forts and towns flew up to heav'n in
smoke.

The neighbouring princes, greatly pitying then
The Christian blood in that long quarrel shed,
Which had devour'd such multitudes of men,
That the full earth could scarcely keep her dead ;
Yet for each English, of her native ten
In zeal to peace these neighbouring princes led,
At Tours in Touraine set them down a diet,
(Could it be done) these clamorous feuds to
quict.

From th' emperor there ambassadors arrive,
The kings of Denmark, Hungary, and Spain ;
And that each thing they aptly might contrive,

And both the Kings there largely might de-
plain,
The Duke of Orleans for the French doth
strive

To shew his grievance; William Pool again,
The Earl of Suffolk, doth for England stand,
Who steer'd the state then with a powerful
hand.

For eighteen months they ratify a peace
'Twixt these proud realms, which Suffolk doth
pursue
With all his pow'rs, with hope still to encrease,
The same expir'd, that it should soon renew :
For by his means, if so this war might cease,
He had a plot of which they never knew,
To his intent, which if all things went right,
He'll make the dull world to admire his
might.

For having seen fair Margaret in France,
(That time's bright'st beauty) being then but
young,
Her piercing eyes with many a subtle glance
His mighty heart so forcibly had stung,
As made him think, if that he could advance
This mortal wonder, only that among
His rising fortunes should the greatest prove,
If to his queen he could advance his love.

Her eyes at all points arm'd with those deceits,
That to her sex are natural every way ;
Which with more art she, as enticing baits,
For this great Lord doth with advantage lay ;

that on her bosom waits,
 bat there, which could he come to
 put fair as ever man did yet,
 height of Fortune's wheel to sit.

ambition spur him in such sort,
 e) t' accomplish his desire,
 Phaeton he would think it sport,
 would set the universe on fire :
 what the world of him report,
 n that, who will dare to aspire ;
 gh the air his wings him way shall
 n his fall the frame of heaven he

ended from the royal stem
 ie Duke of Anjou, stiled king
 cil, and Jerusalem ;
 them he had not any thing,
 title of a diadem ;
 folk greater hopes to spring,
 his daughter that great Lord to
 d's counsels who kept all the keys.

ncounters strongly him oppose,
 strance to this great design ;
 vere mighty that against him rose,
 on him with a countermine ;
 t now play cunningly, or lose ;
 y were against him that combine,
 : plot doth strain aloft to tower.
 A great, 'twixt policy and power.

ry Duke of Glo'ster, stil'd the good,
 otector, fought a match to make
 princefs of as royal blood,
 r of the Earl of Arminake,
 own'd nephew : but stout Suffolk
 mistress, nor will her forsake,
 her Henry's queen in spite of all ;
 all rise, or Suffolk swears to fall.

ch faction when she up is cry'd,
 ie excellence the prime,
 o dull that her not deify'd,
 nly master-piece of time ?
 of her extended is so wide,
 reon a man to heaven might climb :
 zes and ears enchanted with delight,
 cy do talk, or hear of Margarete.

whom Pool about his prince had
 'd,
 purpose taught the tricks of court ;
 at king, and many a time had grac'd,
 is ears more apt for their report ;
 : time most diligently trac'd,
 ese things successfully to sort,
 a hand, and up together bear,
 fair Marg'et music in his ear.

Anjou a duchy, Main a county great,
 Of which the English long had been possess ;
 And Mauns a city of no small receipt,
 To which the Duke pretended interest :
 For the conclusion, when they came to treat,
 And things by Pool were to the utmost press,
 Arc to Duke Reyner render'd up to hold :
 To buy a Helen, thus a Troy was sold.

When of an Earl, a Marquis Pool is made,
 Then of a Marquis is a Duke created ;
 For he at ease in Fortune's lap was laid,
 To glorious actions wholly consecrated :
 Hard was the thing that he could not perfwade,
 In the King's favour he was so instated ;
 Without his Suffolk who could not submit,
 So that he ruled all things as he list.

This with a strong astonishment dath strike
 Th' amazed world, which knew not what to say ;
 What living man but did the act mislike,
 If him it did not utterly dismay,
 That what with blood was bought at push of
 pike,
 Got in an age, giv'n in an hour away ?
 Some largely speak, and some again are dumb,
 Wond'ring what would of this strange world
 become.

As when some dreadful comet doth appear,
 Athwart the heaven that throws his threat'ning
 light,
 The peaceful people that at quiet were,
 Stand with wild gazes wond'ring at the sight ;
 Some war, some plagues, some famine greatly
 fear,
 Some falls of kingdoms, or of men of might :
 The grieved people thus their judgments spend,
 Of these strange actions what should be the
 end.

When Suffolk, procurator for the king,
 Is ship'd for France, t' espouse the beauteous
 bride,
 And fitted to the full of every thing,
 Follow'd with England's gallantry and pride ;
 (As fresh as is the bravery of the spring)
 Coming to Tours, there sumptuously affy'd ;
 This one, whose like no age had seen before,
 Whose eyes out-shone the jewels that she wore.

Her reverent parents ready in the place,
 As overjoy'd this happy day to see,
 The king and queen the nuptials there to grace ;
 On them three dukes, as their attendants be,
 Seven earls, twelve barons in their equipage,
 And twenty bishops : whilst that only she,
 Like to the rosy morning towards the rise,
 Cheers all the church, as it doth cheer the
 skies.

Triumphal arches the glad town doth raise,
 And tilts and turneys are perform'd at court,
 Conceited masks, rich banquets, witty plays,

Besides amongst them many a pretty sport :
Poets write prothalamions in their praise,
Until mens ears were cloy'd with the report :
Of either sex, and who doth not delight
To wear the daisy for Queen (a) *Margarite* ?

The triumphs ended, he to England goes
With this rich gem allotted him to keep,
Still entertained with most sumptuous shows,
In passing thorough Normandy to Dispe,
Where like the sea the concourse daily flows,
For her departure whilst sad France doth weep ;
And that the ships their crooked anchors
weigh'd,
By which to England she must be convey'd.

And being fitted both for wind and tide,
Out of the harbour flies this goodly fleet,
And for fair Portsmouth their straight course they
ply'd,
Where the king stay'd his lovely bride to meet :
Yonder she comes, when as the people cry'd,
Bury with rushes strewing ev'ry street,
The brainless vulgar little understand
The horrid plagues that ready were to land,

Which but too soon all-facing heaven forgot :
For she was scarcely safely put on shore,
But that the skies (O wondrous to behold !)
O'erspread with lightning hideously do roar,
The furious winds with one another fold,
Never such tempests had been seen before :
With sudden floods whole villages were
crown'd,
Steeple with earthquakes tumbled to the
ground.

WARR to their purpose things to pass were
brought,
And these two brave ambitious spirits were
met,
The queen and duke now frame their working
thought,
Into their hands the sovereignty to get :
For soon they found the king could not be
wrought
Up to their ends, nature so low had set
His humble heart ; that what they would ob-
tain,
'Tis they must do't ; by colour of his reign.

And for they found the grieved commons grutch,
At this which Suffolk desperately had done,
Who for the queen had parted with so much,
Thereby yet nothing to the realm had won,
And those that spurr'd the people on, were such,
As to oppose them openly begun ;

Therefore by them some great ones down must
go,
Which if they mis'd of, they themselves must
do.

(a) *Margarite* in French signifies a daisy.

York then, which had the Regency ;
They force the king ignobly to dispe
Thereto the Duke of Somerset t' ad-
Their friend, and one of the Lancast
For they betwixt them turn'd the wh
'Tis they cry up, 'tis they that do d
He's the first man they persec'd t
The only minion of the people's k

This open'd wide the public way, w
Ruin rush'd in upon the troubled land
Under whose weight it happen'd lan
Quite overthrown with their ill-gain
For their ambition looking over high
Could in no measure aptly understan
Upon their heads the danger that
Whole force, too soon, they and
knew,

For whilst this brave prince was
breed,
Th' affairs of France his mind up w
But being thus disburthen'd of that l
Which gave him leave into himself t
The course he ran in evidently show
His late allegiance that he off had sh
And understand his title set on foot
To pluck their red-rose quite up t

Thus having made a regent of their
By whom they mean great matters t
For by degrees they will ascend the
And but their own all aid they elc
As with a tempest he to ground is b
On whom their rage doth any way r
Which good Duke Humphry fir
taste,
Whose timeless death interperate

This Henry's uncle, and his next of b
Was both protector of the realm, and
Whose meekness had instilled him th
Of most especial trust in every thing
One to his country constantly that sto
As time should say, I forth a man wil
So plain and honest, as on him I'll
The age he liv'd in, as the only he

This grave protector, who both
sway'd,
Whilst the king's nonage his grave co
In his great wisdom when he throug
How this French lady here herself
To make her game again, how Suff
The realms from ruin hoping to hav
Lost his dear life within a little sp
Which overthrew the whole Lanc

This prince, who still dar'd stoutly to
Those whom he saw all but their own
Then found the league of his inveter
To come upon him with the pow'r c
And things to that extremity still ros
(The certain sign of the declining sta

air faction every day grew strong,
his virtues like to suffer wrong.

heret's malice prompt with mighty

Suffolk, who her forward drew ;
set, of France the regent then ;
him, his pow'r too well that knew ;
Beaufort, and with him again
arch-bishop to make up the crew ;
one doing all their best,
and duke all government to wreck.

impel the peaceful king to call
their grievances to hear
also, that, to enforce his fall,
have something that might colour

doubt his answer, and withal
ing people they far more do fear,
own lives who lov'd him : therefore

to make him secretly away.

with the parliament proceed,
it's bury the appointed place,
meant to do the fatal deed,
much quickness should decide the

never soon they had decreed,
but they hasten them apace ;
and prince their purpose to effect,
and the people nothing should suspect.

at this great assembly met,
marshal doth the duke arrest,
reason such a guard they set,
him were certainly possess ;
were from their attendance let,
not to prison or suppress ;
his lord left in this piteous plight,
as bed, was strangled in the night.

they out, that of mere grief he dy'd,
as they cruelly had done.
as deed when once the day descry'd,
people to his lodging run,
as curse, yea little children chide,
that faction the fair streets to shun :
proud Suffolk sunk into the ground,
plague the cruel queen confound.

abandon would not let them see
as they hasten'd their decay,
know, that this was only he
as Yorkists evermore at bay,
as they must the murderers be,
as their safety only lay ;
as blood, them nothing could suffice,
as began Queen Margaret's miseries.

as all things go to wreck,
as thought they could have made
as ve,

His noble counsels when they came to lack,
Which could them with facility contrive,
Nor could they stay them in their going back,
One mischief still another doth revive ;
As heav'n had sent a host of horrors out,
Which all at once encompass'd them about.

Out fly the Irish, and with sword and fire
Unmercied havoc of the English made ;
They discontented here at home, conspire
To stir the Scot the borders to invade :
The faithless French then having their desire,
To see us thus in seas of troubles wade,
In every place outrageously rebel,
As out of France the English to expel.

The sturdy Normans, with high pride inflam'd,
Shake off the yoke of their subjection quite,
Nor will with patience bear the English nam'd ;
Except of those that speak of them in spite,
But as their foes them publicly proclaim'd,
And their allies to open arms excite.
In every place thus England's right goes down,
Nor will they leave the English men a town.

Newcastle, Constance, Malen, and St. Lo,
With Castle-Galliard, Argenton and Roan,
Ponteau-de-Mer, with forts and cities mo,
Than which that country stronger holds had none,
Set open their gates, and bade the English go,
For that the French should then possess their own.
And to their armies up their forts they yield,
And turn the English out into the field.

And that great earl of Arminack again,
A puissant peer and mighty in estate,
Upon just cause, who took in high disdain
To have his daughter so repudiate,
(His countries bordering upon Aquitaine,)
Pursues the English nation with such hate,
As that he enter'd with his armed powers,
And from that duchy drove all that was ours.

Th' enraged commons ready are to rise
Upon the regent, to his charge and lay'd,
That from his slackness and base cowardice
These towns were lost, by his neglect of aid ;
Then follow Suffolk with confused cries,
With Main and Anjou, and do him upbraid,
And vow his life shall for their losses pay,
Or at the stake their goods and lives to lay.

In th' open session and articulate,
Seven several treasons urg'd against them both,
As most pernicious members of the state,
Which was confirmed by the common oath :
So that the king, who saw the people's hate,
(In his own self though he were very loath)
To both the houses lastly doth assent,
To set on Suffolk five years banishment.

His sovereign lady Suffolk thus must leave,
And she her servant, to her soul so dear,
Yet must they both conceal what they conceive,

Which they would not if any help there were :
Yet of all comfort they cannot bereave
Her, but this hope her pensive heart doth cheer,
That he in France shall have his most resort,
And live securely in her father's court.

His mighty mind nor can this doom molest,
But kicks the earth with a disdainful scorn :
If any thing do corrosive his breast,
It was, that he was in base Engle^d born.
He curst the king and kingdom, but he blest
The queen ; but if in any thing forlorn
'Twas that he should her happy presence miss,
'The endless sum of all his earthly bliss.

His sentence scarce in parliament had past,
But that the rascal multitude arise,
Pluck down his houses, lay his lordships waste,
And search how they his person may surprise ;
That he from England instantly must haste,
Cover'd by night, or by some strange disguise,
And to some small port secretly retire,
And there some poor boat for his passage hire.

From Harwich haven and embark'd for France,
As he for Calais his straight course doth steer,
(O here behold a most disastrous chance !)
A man of war (a) the seas that scoured there,
One at his actions that still look'd afeance,
And to this duke did deadly hatred bear,
After a long chase took this little prey,
Which he suppos'd him safely should convey.

And from the fisher taking him by force,
He under hatches straightly him bestow'd,
And towards his country steering on his course,
He runs his vessel into Dover road,
Where railing on him without all remorse,
Him from the ship to all the people shew'd ;
And when no more they could the duke
deride,
They cut his head off on the cock-boat side.

Suffolk thus dead, and Somerset disgrac'd,
His title York more freely might prefer ;
The commons love when cunningly to taste,
(Left over-weening he perhaps might err,)
He first suborns a villain that embrac'd
The nobler name of March-born Mortimer,
Which, in the title of the house of York,
Might set the monstrous multitude awork.

His name was Cade, his native country Ken^s,
Who though of birth and in estate but poor,
Yet for his courage he was eminent,
(Which the wife duke well understood be-
fore :)
He had a mind was of a large extent,
The sign whereof on his bold brow he bore ;
Stern of behaviour, and of body strong ;
Witty, well-spoken, cautelous, though young.

(a) By our historians called the Nicholas, and said to
belong to the Duke of Exeter.

But for the Duke his title (b) must
Out of the blood which bare that h
Therefore must cast and cunningly
To see how people relished the sam
And if he found it fortun'd to thri
Then at the mark he had a farther
To shew himself his title good to
To raise him friends and pow'
take.

All opposition likewise to prevent,
The crafty duke his meaning doth
And Cade doth rise t' reform the g
And base abuses of the public weal
To which he knew the commons w
Which otherwise his treason might
Which rightly took, for by this
Drew twenty thousand on his pa

From Sussex, Surrey, and from Ken
Whom hope of spoil doth to this a
Which still increase his army as it ;
And on Black-heath his rendezvou
Where in short time it to that vast
As it at once the kingdom would i
And he himself the conquest cou
Of any pow'r king Henry could

And did in fight that gen'ral force
Sent by the king that rebel to pursu
When under colour of a feign'd ret
He made as though he from the ar
The slaughter of the soldiers must
When he those Staffords miserably
Captains select, and chosen by th
To lead the pow'rs that should
her teen.

When for a siege he to the city car
Assaults the bridge with his embold
And after oft repulsed takes the fa
Makes himself master of the town
Doing such things as might the de
Destroys records, and virgins doth
Robs, ransacks, spoils, and after :
Lastly, beheaded the Lord Treas

These things by York being plotted
Wife as he was, as one that had no
Aught of these treasons, hastes to h
To tame those (c) kern, rebellious tha
He knew it was not in the barren
That he this subtle pois'nous seed h
Which came it on (as very well i
It would make room for his pret

Whilst these rebellions are in Engl
As though the fates should envious
Our ruin, which too fast approach'
About our ears was Aquitain afire :
Their conquest to upon our towns :
That Charles the French king then

(b) From the heir of Lionel Duke of Cl
son of Edward III, married to Edward M
March.

(c) The vulgar.

le troubles tire us here within,
e whilst in France from us might win.

Margaret's miseries again,
rance so bravely that had done,
year had aw'd proud Aquitain,
fort and famous battle won,
(O endless grief!) was slain,
d Lisle, his over-valiant son;
the towns that he had got before,
or would for England be no more.

nick from Ireland coming in,
singdom cumber'd in this wife,
hishelf 'twere time he did begin;
cans he 'gainst the king must rise;
hought in any man were sin!)
would proud Somerset surprise:
ng strength 'gainst the whole state to

his bus'ness with a moderate hand.

mighty Sal'isbury doth sue,
Warwick, and doth them intreat
yes they would be pleas'd to view
titled. These two Nevils, great
l with the people, whom he knew
uke of Somerset to hate,
ge offers he doth win at last,
quarrel to cleave to him fast.

ambition having strongly back'd
two fatal firebrands of war,
as there very little lack'd,
earls, all three so popular,
himself be no occasion slack'd,
he sees him from his ends to bar:
nall trumpet that he needs to fear,
so such columns up betwixt them bear.

er strengths encourag'd, doth not slack
actions boldly to overlook:
season that the king was sick,
if the regency he took;
s hopes upon him came so thick,
e, doors from off the hinges shook.
e nod seem'd the world for to direct:
e but bow'd, if this great prince but
st?

queen's great chamber doth arrest
eriset, and fendeth him to ward,
followers suddenly suppress,
he number of his powerful guard!
roud queen, this prince's proud counsels,
r frowns one friend of hers he spar'd:
n his side, while such stand by to bet.
ow at all that any one dare set.

, who saw which way this faction went;
hese wrongs must still reflect on her,
of York to her destruction bent,
ish herself it was full time to rise,

And if his plots she ever would prevent,
Must with the wisest of her friends confer,
Their busy brains, and mult together beat,
To lessen him, like else to grow too great.

His pride a while yet patiently endure,
The king's recovery only to attend,
Of which themselves they hardly could assure,
Who once they thought had haken'd to his end;
But when they found his physic to procure
His former health, then doth the queen extend
Her utmost strength, to let the world to know
Queen Margaret yet must not be master'd so.

With smiles and kisses when she woos the king,
That of his place the duke he would discharge;
Which being done, the next especial thing,
She doth the duke of Somerset enlarge,
And him of Calais gives the governing,
Whither his friends she caus'd him to inbarge,
Doubting the love and safeguard of the town.
Thus doth the queen turn all things upside
down.

Which so incens'd the angry duke to ire,
With those two earls upon his part that take,
Kindling in all that fierce revengeful fire,
Which the dear blood of Somerset must stake,
That into Wales they instantly retire,
And in the marches up an army make:
And there by oath were each to other ty'd,
By dint of sword the quarrel to decide.

And whilst these lords are busied in the west,
Of march-men must'ring a rebellious band,
Henry again his southern people press'd,
And settles there, their forces to withstand:
Then bows and bills were only in request,
Such rage and madness doth possess the land:
Set upon spoil on either part they were,
Whilst the weal-public they in pieces tear.

On either part when for this war prepar'd,
Upon their march they at St. Albans met,
Where drums and ensigns one the other dar'd,
Whilst they in order the battalions set,
And with his fellow every soldier shar'd,
Bravely resolv'd to death to pay his debt:
When if that ever horror did appear
On th' English earth, it certainly was there.

That day the queen's lov'd Somerset was slain;
There took the stout Northumberland his end:
There Stafford's blood the pavement did stain;
There Clifford fell, king Henry's constant friend.
The earl of Warwick, who brought on the main,
All down before him to pale death doth bend.
Antwefel, Bapthorp, Zouch, and Curwen, all
King Henry's friends, before the Yorkists fall.

Whilst this distressed miserable king,
Amazed much with fury of the fight,
And peril still his person menacing,
His living friends inforc'd to take their flight;

He, as a needful and neglected thing,
In a poor cottage hides him out of sight :
Who found by York, was as a pris'ner led,
Though with mild words the duke him comforted.

And of his person being thus posses'd,
They in his name a parliament procure ;
For with his regal pow'r they will invest
Themselves, supposing to make all things sure,
That if their violent actions should be press'd
In after-time, they better might endure
The censuring the worst ; and so prevent,
To shew them done by act of parliament.

And cause the king to take into his hands
What to the crown did anciently pertain,
Besides all honours, offices, and lands,
Granted since the beginning of his reign ;
And not a fee, though ne'er so little, stands ;
All are call'd in, and let who will complain ;
And all his friends from council are remov'd,
None must sit there, but those of them be-
lov'd.

The silly king a cypher, set aside,
What was in him that in great York is not ?
Amongst themselves all places they divide,
And to be chancellor Salisbury hath got,
He is the man must take the law to guide ;
And Calais falls to warlike Warwick's lot :
And not a man at these must look awry,
They make an act their acts to justify.

This done, the duke had more to do than this ;
Something, it seem'd, more secretly to lurk,
In which such pow'r (though from apparance) is,
As yet once more would fret the duke of York,
And let him know he of his ends might miss ;
For now the queen doth fet her wits to work,
To play the game that must renown her skill,
And shew the law that rested in her will.

And from the root of Somerset late slain,
Another stem to stand for her arose,
Henry for Edmond, of his father's strain,
(One of whose life she knew she could dispose)
Of a strong judgment and a working brain.
Great Buckingham and Exeter are those
She means to work by, and by these restore
Her to that height from whence she fell before.

These were the men to whom she trusted most,
To whom that faction much despight had done ;
For at St. Alban's Somerset had lost
His loved fire, and Buckingham his son ;
And Exeter, pursu'd from coast to coast,
From them enforc'd to sanctuary to run :
Fetch'd thence by them, and to cold Pomfret
sent,
And in a dungeon miserably pent.

Equal in envy as in pride and pow'r,
With every aid to their designment fraught,

Taking their turns at every sitting hour,
They on the king's much easiness so wrought
As that they seem'd him wholly to devour,
Until to pass their purposes they brought ;
Lifting up still his spirit that was so poor,
Once more to do as he had done before.

For which at Greenwich he a council held,
Where, with th' opinion of those friends sup
Those three which late with glorious titles sw
Are from their sev'ral places put aside ;
Yet more, to seek their safety are compell'd,
At this prodigious turning of the tide :
For now the wind was strangely come ab
And brings them in who lately were shut

The cruel queen and cunningly had cast,
At Coventry to cause them to appear,
With shew to pardon all that had been past,
If they but then would their allegiance swear
Which had they done, that day had been their
For she had plotted to destroy them there :
Of which forewarn'd, immediately they fl
Which then their safety only promised.

Yet whilst one wrong thus from another ros
'Twixt them at last a meeting was ordain'd,
All former strife and quarrels to compose,
Which but too long betwixt them had remain
Which to the world though handsomely it fl
Yet in plain truth, all was but merely feign'd
To outward seeming yet are perfect friend
" But devilish folk have still their devilish

And in procession solemnly they go,
In general joy, one smiling on the other,
A Yorkish and Lancastrian make up two,
Envy and malice, brother like to brother,
In mind far sunder'd, although coupled so,
Bloody revenge and in their breasts they sm
Ill's the procession, and foreruns much loss,
Wherein men say, " the devil bears the cro

These rites of peace religiously perform'd
To all men's thinking, the enraged queen
At Warwick's greatness inwardly yet storm'
(Which every day still more and more was f
Against the king who Calais had so arm'd,
As it his own inheritance had been.

Which town, she saw, that if he still sh
hold,

That she by him must hourly be controul'd

For which his murderer she pursu'd so fast,
As that she soon and secretly had lay'd
Such to assault him as the streets he pass'd,
As, if his brave name had not brought him al
He of her vengeance had been sure to taste :
The tragic scene so furiously was play'd,
That he from London was forc'd to fly ;
Like a rough sea her malice wrought so hi

And tow'ards the duke his speedy journey tak
Who then at Middleham made his most abod

bury his habitation makes,
 At time together they bestow'd,
 As the earl of Warwick wakes,
 When his sudden danger shew'd
 The village, and doth there disclose
 Is set on him both with wounds and a

in council when they had discuss'd,
 The danger wherein still they were,
 Cautious shrouded in their trust,
 Open else likely to appear,
 At this might make a war seem just,
 Their cause up to the world more
 ; arms when they resolve at last,
 seem force, and wisely thus forecast :

their tenants and their friends,
 Upon the land to bring,
 See their own sinister ends,
 Subject in the smallest thing ;
 And them (as their case then stands)
 I shew'd their grievances to the king,
 Their pow'r to Salisbury to guide,
 The king the business should decide.

rection Salisbury is sent,
 Calais (with what haste he may)
 Speed a mischief to prevent,
 Town must else be giv'n away :
 York, by general consent,
 Un-castle they allot to slay,
 Second power (if need should be)
 Free them, or to let them free.

who heard (by such as were her
) life earl how those of Cheshire sided,
 Time how pow'rful he was grown,
 Herself the shire might be divided,
 We to some of them were known ;
 Y might be, were her pleasure guided
 Such person, of whose valour they
 Opinion, which she thus doth lay.

king to give a large command
 Lord Audley, pow'rful in those parts,
 In force those rebels to withstand ;
 In sov'reign as had loyal hearts,
 Of captains o'er ev'ry band,
 Best blood, as of best deserts :
 So labour'd, till that he had brought
 Half of one house 'gainst the other
 ; at.

men arising from one bed,
 Ask, from one another fly ;
 A white rose, and that wears a red ;
 York, that Lancaster doth cry :
 To see that Audley well had sped ;
 Gain to prosper Salisbury :
 Their farewell when their leaves they
 ; in sharp swords at one another shake.

This fire in ev'ry family thus set,
 Out go the brown-bills with the well-strung bows,
 Till at Blome-heath these boist'rous soldiers met,
 For there it chanc'd the armies then to close,
 This must not live, if that he strove to let ;
 Never such friends yet e'er became such foes :
 With downright strokes they at each other lay ;
 No ward for Cheshire was, but kill and slay.

The son (as some report) the father slew,
 In opposition as they stoutly stood ;
 The nephew's seen the uncle to pursue,
 Bathing his sword in his own natural blood :
 The brother in his brother's gore imbrues
 His guilty hands, and at this deadly food,
 Kinsman kills kinsman, which together fall,
 As hellish fury had possess'd them all.

Here noble Tutchet the Lord Audley dy'd,
 (Whose father was him such renown in France)
 And many a Cheshire gentleman beside,
 Fell at this field by war's uncertain chance.
 These miseries queen Mary's ret must abide,
 Whilst the proud Yorkists do themselves advance :
 And poor king Henry on a pallet lay,
 And scarcely ask'd which side had got the day.

Thus valiant Audley at this battle slain,
 And all those friends to the Lancastrians lost ;
 Cheshire by her such damage to sustain,
 So much dear blood had this late conflict cost :
 Wherefore the grieved queen, with might and
 main,
 Labours for life to raise a second host :
 Nor time therein the meanest to forego,
 Either she'll get all, or will all forego.

And whilst their friends them forces gathering
 were,
 (The neighb'ring realms of this great business
 ring)
 The duke, and those that to his part adhere,
 Proclaimed traitors ; pardon promising
 To those at Blome that arms did lately bear,
 So they would yet cleave to their lawful king ;
 Which drive in many to their part again,
 To make their full, they Yorkists in their wane.

York, who perceiv'd the puissant host prepar'd,
 With his dear Nevils counsels what to do ;
 For it behov'd him to make good his guard
 With both their strengths, and all too little too.
 And in the marches he no labour spar'd,
 To win his friends along with him to go ;
 With expedition which he could not get,
 On the king's side the commons so were set.

And being to meet so absolute a pow'r,
 Yet wanting much his party good to make ;
 And Henry's proclamations ev'ry hour
 His soldiers win, their general to forsake ;
 Besides, the storm which rais'd this sudden show'r,
 Them all in sunder likely was to shake :
 He saw his safety to consist in flight ;
 Thus, e'er he wist, o'ermaster'd in his might.

All on the spur for life away they post,
 Their homes too hot, nor there they might
 abide,
 The three brave (f) Earls soon reach the west-
 ern coast,
 From whence to Calais their strait course they
 ply'd:
 The duke to Wales, being there befriended most;
 Yet for more safety he to Ireland hy'd:
 So others ship themselves from ev'ry bay,
 And happiest he that soon'st could get away.

As when a rout of rav'nous wolves are met,
 T' assail some herd the desert past'ring near,
 The watchful clowns which over them are set,
 Oft taught before their tyranny to fear,
 With dogs, with slaves, and shouts together get,
 Nor never leave till they their cattle clear:
 So the king's pow'r the Yorkists still pursue,
 Which like those wolves before those hardsmen
 slew.

They gone, the king at Coventry begun
 A parliament; by good advice; wherein
 The duke of York, with th' earl of March his son,
 With Sal'sbury and Warwick, who had been
 Conspirators, much mischief and had done,
 And by whose help he hapt so much to win,
 He there attaints of treason, and bestows
 All that was theirs upon his friends, their foes.

When now those Earls in Calais still that kept,
 The charge whereof proud Warwick on him
 took.

In their intended bus'ness never slept,
 Nor yet their former enterprize forsook;
 In t' Henry's councils who had those that crept,
 And did each day his actions over-look:
 From whom as their advertisements still arc,
 So they their strengths accordingly prepare.

And in mean time the kingdom to embroil,
 That with less noise their friends might raise
 an host,

They plague the seas with piracy and spoil,
 And rob the havens all along the coast;
 They ne'er take pity of their native soil,
 For that they knew this would avail them most;
 That whilst the state was busied there about,
 Arms might be rais'd within by those with-
 out.

And slaughtering many that were set to ward
 Th' especial ports, th' unwieldy anchors weigh'd
 Of the king's ships, whose freight as prize they
 shar'd,
 And them to Calais carefully convey'd
 With their stol'n fleet, and his great navy dar'd,
 As late by land, so now by sea they sway'd:
 All in combustion, and their bloody rage,
 Nor sea, nor land can possibly assuage.

(f) Edward Earl of March, eldest son to the Duke, the
 Earls of Sal'sbury and Warwick.

Then have they forces rais'd for them
 Their next and most convenient place
 (Where should the adverse pow'r
 prevent,

In Dover road yet were their ships at
 And by their posts still to and fro that
 They certainly were let to understand,
 That Kent was surely theirs, and onl
 To rise in arms the Yorkists pow'r

When Falconbridge, who second broth
 To Sal'sbury, they send away before,
 To see no ships should out of Sandwich
 To hinder them in coming to the shore
 There of munition took a wondrous
 Heapt in that town, that with th'
 store

He armed many at their coming in,
 Which of their side would scarcely
 been.

That they no sooner settled were on la
 But that in arms th' rebellious Kentish
 And the Lord Cobham with a mighty
 With their Calicians presently doth cho
 That now they sway'd all with a pow'r
 And in small time so great their army
 From Suffex, Surrey, and those parts
 That of her safety London well migl

But yet at last the Earls she in doth let,
 To whom the clergy coming day by d
 From further shires them greater force
 When tow'rd Northampton making
 way,

Where the sad king his army down ha
 And for their coming only made his st
 With all the force his friends could l
 And for a fight with all things fitly f

Who in his march the earl doth oft me
 (By their vauntcurrens hearing how th
 In many a streight, and often him dist
 By stakes and trenches that his horse n
 But the stout Yorkists still upon them
 And still so fearful was great Warwick
 That being once cry'd on, put them o
 On the king's army till at length th

When th' Earl of March, then in th
 blood,

His virgin valour on that day bestows
 And furious Warwick, like a raging fi
 Bears down before him all that dare o
 Old Sal'sbury so to his tackling stood,
 And Falconbridge so lays amongst his
 That ev'n like leaves the poor Lanc
 And the proud Yorkists bear away

There Humphry Duke of Buckingham
 King Henry's comfort and his cause's f
 There Shrewsbury (even of his foes ad
 For his high courage) his last breath d

mont there and Egremont lay tir'd
there Lucy had his luckless end ;
by a noble gentleman that day,
in gore, on the wild champion lay.

ed king, as fortune's only scorn,
slain, and he of all forsaken,
sent, of men the most forlorn,
time a pris'ner there is taken ;
queen out of the battle horn
roan, and when she doth awaken,
about her hears but howls and cries.
queen's like Marg'ret's miseries ?

ing in from Ireland in the end,
ands thus finds the battle won,
prowess of his faithful friend,
wick, and that valiant March his

hopes the former so transcend,
and duke immediately begun
ld actions to express his thought,
so much blood what he so long had
ht.

ommandment daring to deny,
n Lord being call'd to wait upon,
fortune bears himself so high,
state presumes t' ascend his throne :
ng's lodgings puts his servants by,
in them such as were his own :
ely insolent he grows,
crown at pleasure would dispose.

ocures a parliament with speed,
nself protector he doth make,
ir apparent to succeed ;
hen death him from the world should

ad been at Coventry decreed,
nals, from him and his to shake
e yoke of all subjection quite.
es the red rose, and up goes the

fortune that this while doth sport,
outhern to him still were sure,
e North if he should but resort,
r the Northern should procure,
vays his greatness to support,
n equal willingly endure :
o Yorkshire doth to Sandal ride,
y site well suited with his pride.

been, whose very soul forgot
thing as patience it had known,
found her friends forsook her not,
ver Hecuba had grown ;
her wrongs and her revenge were

mind so down could not be thrown,
nce more the bloody set she'll play
t, ere so he bear the crown away.

And down to Sandal doth the duke pursue,
With all the pow'r her friends could her provide,
Led by those lords that had been ever true,
And had stood fast upon King Henry's side :
With that most valiant and selected crew,
The brav't of queens so well her business ply'd,
That coming soon in Sandal's lofty sight,
Into the field she dares him forth to fight.

And for this conflict there came on with her
Her hope Prince Henry, her dear only son,
Stout Somerset, and noble Exeter,
Dukes, that for Marg'ret mighty things had done,
Devon and Wilt, Earls using to conler
With this wise queen, when danger she would
shun ;
Undaunted Clifford, Rofs in war upbrought,
Barons as brave as ere in battle fought.

When this stout duke, who in his castle stood,
With Salisbury, who beat them all at Blore,
Both which were sleight abundantly with blood,
In those three battles they had won before,
Thought in their pride it would be ever flood,
Nor 'gainst Queen Margaret that they needed
more ;

For they led fortune chain'd with them about,
That of their conquest none but fools could
doubt.

And for the field soon marshalling their force,
All poor delays they scornfully defy,
Nor will the duke stay for those troops of horse,
With which his son him promis'd to supply ;
In spite of fate they'll give their foe the worse,
On their own valour they so much rely ;
And with five thousand marshall'd well they
come,
Meaning to charge the queen's main battle
home.

But in her host she having those that were
Expert in all the stratagems of war,
To fight with him do cause her to forbear,
Till from his castle she had got him far ;
Whilst in an ambush she had placed there
Wiltshire and Clifford, with their strengths to bar
Him from his home in off'ring to retire,
Or wound his back ev'n as they would desire.

When to't they fell upon an easy plain,
At the hill foot, where furiously they fought,
Upon both sides where there were many slain :
But for the queen four to his one had brought,
The Duke of York (for all his pride) was slain
Back to recoil, where he was finely caught ;
For Wilt and Clifford that in ambush were,
The van thus routed overthrew the rear.

Where York himself, who proudly but of late
With no less hope than of a kingdom r'd,
Upon this field, before his castle gate,
Mangled with wounds, on his own earth lay
dead ;

Upon whose body Clifford down him fat,
 Stabbing the corps, and cutting off his head,
 Crown'd it with paper, and (to wreak his teen)
 Presents it so to the victorious queen.

His bastard uncles, both courageous knights,
 Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, so sped;
 Hall, Hastings, Nevill, who in sundry fights
 Had shew'd their valour, on the field found dead;
 And Sal'sbury among these tragic fights,
 Who at Blore-heath so much dear blood had shed,
 Taken alive, to Pomfret sent with speed,
 And for their bloods himself there made to bleed.

Some climb up rocks, through hedges others run,
 Their foes so roughly execute their rage;
 Where th' Earl of Rutland, the Duke's eldest son,
 Then in his childhood and of tender age,
 Coming in hope to see the battle won,
 Clifford, whose wrath no rigour could assuage,
 Takes, and whilst there he doth for mercy kneel,
 In his soft bosom sheaths his sharp'ned steel.

Edward of March, the Duke his father slain,
 Succeeding him, whilst things thus badly fort,
 Gathering an army, but yet all in vain,
 To aid his father, for he came too short,
 Hearing that Pembroke with a warlike train
 Was coming tow'rd's him; touch'd with the report,
 His valiant Marchers for the field prepares
 To meet the Earl, if to approach he dares.

Jasper, by birth half-brother to the king,
 On bright Queen Cath'rine got by Owen Tether,
 Whom Henry's love did to this earldom bring,
 And as from Wales descended, sent him thither,
 And of South Wales gave him the governing,
 Where in short time he got an host together,
 Cleaving to Henry, who did him prefer,
 As an ally to th' house of Lancaster.

Upon their march when as they lastly met,
 Near to the cross that Mortimer is nam'd,
 Where they in order their battalions set:
 The duke and earl with equal rage inflam'd,
 With angry eyes they one the other threat,
 Their deadly arrows at each other aim'd:
 And there a fierce and deadly fight begin,
 A bloodier battle yet there had not been.

The Earl of Ormond, an associate then
 With this young Tudor, for the king that stood,
 Came in the vanguard with his Irish men,
 With darts and skains; those of the British blood
 With shafts and gleaves them seconding again,
 And as they fall, still make their places good:
 That it amaz'd the Marchers, to behold
 Men so ill arm'd upon their bows so bold.

Now th' Welch and Irish so their weapons wield,
 As though themselves they conquerors meant to
 call;
 Then are the Marchers masters of the field,

With their brown bills the Welchmen so th
 maul;
 Now th' one, now th' other likely were to yiel
 These like to fly, then those were like to fall:
 Until at length (as fortune pleas'd to guide)
 The conquest turn'd upon the Yorkists side.

Three suns were seen that instant to appear,
 Which soon again shut up themselves in one,
 Ready to buckle as the armies were,
 Which this brave Duke took to himself alone,
 His drooping hopes which somewhat seem'd
 cheer,

By his mishaps near lately overthrown;
 So that thereby encouraging his men,
 Once more he sets the white rose up again.

Pembroke and Ormond save themselves by flight
 Four thousand soldiers of both armies dead,
 But the great loss on the Lancastrians light,
 So ill the friends of poor King Henry sped;
 Where Owen Tudor taken in the flight,
 (This young Earl's father by Queen Cath'rine
 bed)

At Hereford, not far away from thence,
 Where others with him dy'd for their offence

Thus while the queen, the goal at Sandal gain'
 Leads on tow'rd's London her victorious host,
 Whose blades she shows with blood of Yorkist
 stain'd,

Nor of her conquest can she leave to boast;
 But to her side whilst lucky fortune lean'd,
 Come what can come, she means to clear th
 coast

Of these she knew in York's revenge would risk
 Found she not means their forces to surprise.

And at St. Alban's finding on her way
 John Duke of Norfolk, and her dev'lish foe
 Fierce Warwick, who there with an army lay;
 Which two, deceased York, when he should go
 To Sandal, left them as his only kay
 To keep King Henry (which they not foresaw,
 Left by the queen and hers she might be wrought
 T' annul their late past parliament for nought)

For which to council calling up her lords,
 Well to consider what was to be done,
 Who cheer her up with comfortable words,
 And would in no wise she her way should shun,
 For they would make her entrance with the
 swords;

Here what was lost, might here again be won:
 Assuring her, their minds them strongly gave
 That of this field the glory she should have.

And soon their army ordering for the ground,
 Whereof a view they ev'ry way do take!
 When for assault they bid their trumpets sound,
 And so their entry on the town they make:
 But coming to the market-place, they found
 A shower of shafts as from a cloud it brake,

again made them so fast to bear,
 van was like to rout their rear.

'd, another way they prove
 heir enemy to get ;
 heir foes that they their force re-

flage wherein they were set ;
 y shafts into each other shove,
 e it was an even bet,
 thus dealt, and both so deeply in,
 ad Warwick or the Queen should

en constrained to recoil,
 'om them they absolutely won,
 Yorkists miserably spoil,
 em on their main battle run :
 eatly straitened by the foil,
 t do what else they might have

k and thin, o'er hedge and ditch
 ",
 he that greatest haste could make.

k cries, ' Ye southern cowards,

e turn your faces to your foes ;
 langer, doth ye thus dismay ;
 rmer fortune of your bows
 a the late-won glorious day
 ce, the fame whereof you lose
 ase slight.—But he his breath
 res ;
 well have call'd upon the air.

ep by wolves that had been fear'd,
 ists ; which when Norfolk saw,
 wick, scarcely then prepar'd,
 his danger to withdraw.
 h he, you see that all is marr'd ;
 worn to keep us in her awe :
 e gone, if longer here we stay ;
 ourself, though we have lost the

and the foe came on so fast,
 em to this lost battle brought,
 d in his pavilion plac'd,
 to leave, which late they little

those which made them make
 c,
 t stay to have their sovereign

battle had such ill success,
 y thought their loss of him the

d, they quickly found the king,
 peedy messenger is sent,
 away to him to bring :
 lords arriving at his tent,
 ny a fall and many a spring
 upon each other spent,

With strict embraces they each other strain,
 No one had need a gladness there to feign.

Like as you see when partridges are flown,
 (In falc'ners terms which we the covey call,)
 By the sharp hawk and into thickets thrown,
 There drops down one, there doth another fall,
 Yet when they hear the quelling spaniels gone :
 They in the evening get together all,
 With pretty joggling and each other greet,
 Glad as it were they once again should meet.

But the fierce queen, her full revenge to take
 Of those she thought the Yorkists well that meant,
 The stout Lord Bonville for King Henry's sake,
 And Thomas Kerril, a brave Knight of Kent,
 Who the king's guard strove ever strong to make,
 All threatening peril thereby to prevent,
 And for their safeties had his sovereign word,
 That cruel woman putteth to the sword.

This well might warn great Warwick not to trust
 Too much to fortune, which so soon reveals
 Her whorish likeness, like an averse gust,
 And on the sudden makes him strike his sails,
 Which when he most believ'd her to be just,
 His forward hopes then most of all she fails ;
 All his accounts, and teach him thus to sum,
 " None overcomes but may be overcome."

Some think that Warwick had not lost the day,
 But that the king into the field he brought ;
 For with the worse that side went still away,
 Which had King Henry with them when they

fought,
 Upon his birth so sad a curse they lay,
 As that he never prospered in aught.
 The queen was two amongst the loss of many,
 Her husband absent ; present, never any,

But whilst herself with further hopes she fed,
 The queen still watchful, wisely understands,
 That Warwick late, who at St. Alban's fled,
 (Whereas his heels serv'd better than his hands,)
 And met the Duke of York, and made a head
 Of many fresh and yet unfought with bands,
 At Chipping-norton for more forces stay'd,
 From whence tow'ards London they their march
 had laid.

And for the few the Southern to adhere
 Still to the Yorkists, who again rely'd
 Much on their aid, as London she doth fear,
 A small relief which lately her deny'd,
 She can (at all) conceive no comfort there,
 With any succours nor to be supply'd ;
 But to the north her speedy course directs,
 From whence fresh aids she every day expects.

Not four days march yet fully on her way,
 But York to London with his army comes,
 And near the walls his ensigns doth display,
 Deal'ning the city with his clamorous drums :
 His title to the multitude doth sway,
 That for his soldiers they provide him sums ;

And those provisions they Queen Marg'ret
ow'd,
'Taken from her's, they on the Duke bestow'd.

The gates set open to receive him in,
They with applause his gracious entrance greet;
His presence so the peoples hearts doth win,
That they come flocking in from every street,
Kneeling before him as he crown'd had been;
And as he rode along, they kiss his feet:

Whilst good King Henry tow'rs the north is
gone,

The poor Lancastrians damn'd by every one.

Whither (at once) doth presently repair
The spiritual lords and temporal, who would have
Him take the crown; who far more ready are
To give, than he their suffrages to crave:
The commons take him so into their care,
Upon his name that doatingly they rave;
And being ask'd who should their sovereign be?
They cry, King Edward, and no man but he.

Thus to his height this puissant prince they heave,
The seat imperial; where then sitting down,
Their fealty they force him to receive,
Which on his head might firmly fix his crown,
And in his hand the regal sceptre leave:

Edward the fourth proclaim'd in ev'ry town,
With all the pomp that they could think upon,
They then adorn his coronation.

Thus news too quickly in Queen Marg'ret's ear,
What by the Lords at London had been done,
Even at the point to fall into despair,
Ready she was on her own death to run;
With her fair fingers rents her golden hair,
Cursing that hour when first she saw the sun,
With rage she faints; reviving, and doth call
Upon high heav'n for vengeance on them all.

To aid her right yet still excites her friends,
By her fair speech enchanted, as by charms,
Scarce any man on any lord depends
That follows her, that riseth not in arms:
The spacious north such plenteous succour sends,
That to her side the soldiers come in swarms.
That day by day she addeth more and more
To that full army which she had before.

Not long it was but Edward understood
Of this great pow'r prepared in the north,
When he, to make his coronation good,
Calls to his aid his friends of greatest worth:
With whom, then rising like a raging flood,
That forward king breaks violently forth,
That with the help of tributary flows,
Extends his breadth still onward as he goes.

Nor Henry's army needed to be sought,
For every man could tell him where it lay;
In twelve days march which Edward easily
reought,

Without resistance keeping on his way,
Near fifty thousand in his host he brou
Whose brandish'd ensigns seem'd to do
day;

And under Pomfret his proud tents
Providing hourly for a deadly fight.

Of Henry's host when they who
mand,

On whom the Queen imposed had the
Great Somerset and stout Northumber
And Clifford, whom no danger yet co
The walls of York first having through
There plac'd the King; when quickl
pare

To range their battle, which consist
Of threescore thousand valiant Nort

From Edward's host the Lord Fitzwat
And valiant Nevill, Warwick's bastar
At Ferrybridge the passage to prevent,
From coming over Eyre to keep the o
'Gainst whom the adverse the Lo
sent,

Who taking night his enterprize to fin
The dawn yet dusky, passing throug
Puts them and all their soldiers to t

At the shrill noise when Warwick con
And finds his brother and Fitzwater de
Even as a man distracted that had been
Out of his face the lively colour fled:
'Doth cruel Clifford thus (quoth he) t
'For ev'ry drop of blood that he hath
'This day, I'll make an enemy to h
'Or never more in battle let me sp

And to the king returning in this mood
'My Liege (quoth he) all mercy now
'Delay no longer to revenge their blo
'Whose mangled bodies breathless yo
'And let the man that means King
'good,
'Stand fast to Warwick, who no
'file;
'Retolv'd to win, or bid the world
Which spoke, the earl his spright
flow.

This resolution so extremely wrought
Upon King Edward, that he gave com
That on his side who willingly not foug
Should have his leave to quit him out
That ev'ry one should kill the man he
To keep no quarter; and who meant t
To his just cause, rewarded he would
This day he'll rise, or this day ruin'

When near to Towton, on the spacious
These puissant armies on Palm-Sunday
Where downright slaughter angry he
rain,

With clouds of rage the element is set:
The winds breathe fury, and the earth:

hot gore of her own natives wet,
up a smoke, which makes them all so
ad,
her part that mercy could be had.

id fight another doth appall;
ul cry another doth confound;
so thick upon each other fall,
ne shriek another's shriek is drown'd :
od for blood incessantly doth call
wide mouth of many a gaping wound,
er so soon grows big, that com'n to
rth,
onsfrous burthen overloads the earth.

ly tempest ten long hours doth last,
ither side could to itself assure
ry; but as their lot was cast,
unds and death they stoutly it endure;
valiant Yorkists at the last,
in number near ten thousand fewer,
long fight their forces manage so,
hey before them lay their conquer'd
.

as Clifford first here fell to ground,
breat with a blunt arrow struck :
thmorland receiv'd his deadly wound :
l the stout Northumberland, that stuck
s Sovereign; Wells and Dacres found
had lighted on King Henry's luck :
p and Horne, two brave commanders,
ad,
Somerfet and Exeter were fled.

o thousand in this battle slain,
strays lie heap'd up like a wall;
e scatter'd round about the plain :
e, a river though but small,
h those flying, doth so deeply stain
r Wharf, int' which this Cock doth
ll,
t the fountain which this flood doth
d,
their blood, had seem'd for them to
ced.

ry's hopes thus utterly forlorn,
te loss of this unlucky day :
he crown even from his temples torn,
ord point which Edward bears away :
his fall the angry Fates had sworn,
no comfort longer here to stay;
virg York, he post to Berwick goes,
Queen and son, true partners in his
oes.

g for Scotland, and for France the
ueen,
ence, since them thus Fortune thwarts,
is time there seldom had been seen
e sever'd with so heavy hearts :
ce their son then standing them be-
ween,

Their song is sorrow, and they bear their parts;
He to the King of Scots, to get supplies;
She to the French King, and her father flies.

Which well might show a prince's slippery state :
For when she hither at the first came in,
England and France did her congratulate;
Then in two battles she had conqueror been,
Seeming to tread upon the Yorkis hate,
As from that day she had been born to win;
Now to sail back with miseries far more,
Than were her triumphs landing here be-
fore.

This cruel blow to the Lancastrians lent,
At fatal Towton that Palm-Sunday fight,
Where so much blood they prodigally spent,
To France and Scotland as inforc'd their flight,
Lifts up the Yorkists to their large extent;
And Edward now to see his crown fate right,
Proud in his spoils, to London doth repair,
And re-anointed mounts th' imperial chair.

Where he a speedy parliament doth pass,
T' annul those laws which had been made be-
fore
'Gainst his succession, and dissolve the mass
Of treasons heap'd on his, them to restore ;
Whereby King Henry so much lessen'd was,
As after that he should subsist no more ;
Little then thinking Lancaster again,
Now but an exile, over him should reign.

Where he attains as traitors to his crown,
John earl of Oxford, and his valiant son
Aubry De Vere, with whom likewise went
down
Montgom'ry, Teril, Tudenham, who were done
To death : so heav'n on Henry seems to frown :
And Somersbet, King's Henry's wrath to shun,
Himself submitting, is receiv'd to grace.
Such is Queen Marg'ret's miserable case !

Henry in Scotland, the sad Queen the while
Is left to France, to Lewis there to sue
To lend her succour : scorning her exile,
In spite of fate she will the war renew ;
She will tempt Fortune till again she smile :
In such a pitch her mighty spir't till flew,
That should the world oppose her, yet that
strength
She hopes shall work up her desires at length

And with five thousand valiant volunteers
Of native French, put under her command,
With arms well-fitted, she tow'rd's Scotland
steers ;
With which before she possibly could land,
The wrath of heaven upon this Queen appears,
And with fierce tempests strives her to with-
stand :
The winds make war against her with her
foe,
Which, join'd together, work her overthrow.

Her forces thus unfortunately lost,
Which she in Scotland hop'd to have increas'd,
And in this tempest she herself so tost,
As never lady; yet she here not ceas'd:
But since she found her enterprize thus cross'd,
She to the Scottish her fair course address'd,
Nor would desist, till she had rais'd again
Ten thousand valiant well-appointed men.

And in upon Northumberland doth break,
Rousing the sluggish villages from sleep,
Bringing in Henry though a help but weak,
But leaves her son in Berwick safe to keep:
Her rattling drums so rough a language speak,
The ruffling Scots and all the country sweep;
Which rumour ran so fast with through the
air,
That Edward thought it shook his very
chair.

And Somerset, receiv'd to grace before,
With Sir Ralph Percy, from that fatal day
At Towton, found each minute more and more,
How sad a fate on the Lancastrians lay;
Yet hoping now King Henry to restore,
Who, they suppos'd, had new found out the
way,

Revolt from Edward, and in Henry's name
Call in their friends, to aid him as he came.

This noise of war arising from the North,
In Edward's ears re-echoing, bids him stir;
And rumour tells him, if he made not forth,
Queen Margaret com'n, he must resign to her;
For they were captains of especial worth.
On whom she did this mighty charge confer:
For that her ensigns she at large display'd;
And as she came, so still came in her aid.

For which his much lov'd Montacute he sends,
With England's valiant infantry his peers;
To whose wife guidance he this war commends,
His soldiers expert, pickt in sundry shires.
His utmost strength King Edward now extends,
Which he must do, or dragg'd down by the
ears
From his late-gotten, scarcely-settled throne,
And on his shoulders she remount thereon.

And Montacute had scarcely march'd away,
But he himself sets forward with an host,
And a strong navy likewise doth purvey,
To scour the seas, and keep the British coast,
Fearing from France fresh succours every day,
To aid Queen Marg'ret, which perplex'd him
moit:

For he perceiv'd his crown fate not so sure,
But might be shak'd, should she her pow'r
procure.

Now is the North fill'd with refulgent arms,
Edward's are English, Scots Queen Marg'ret
brings.

The North's cold bosom this great concommotion
warms,
Their quarrel is the right of two great Kings,
Which oft before have wrought each other
harms,
And from that root new horror daily springs;
And tho' much blood they both had spent
before,
Yet not so much, but that there must
more.

At Hegly-Heath their skirmishes begin,
Where two bold Barons, Hungerford and Ross
With Sir Ralph Percy (he who late had been
Leagu'd with King Edward, but then gott
loose,
Strives by all means to expiate that sin.)
To the Lancastrian faction cleaves so close,
That when those barons from that conflict
flee,
In Henry's right he bravely dares to die.

Which leads along as tragical an act,
As since the wars had ever yet been play'd:
For Montacute b'ing fortunately backt,
By brave King Edward's coming to his aid:
As of their force King Henry little lackt,
The plain call'd Livers, where the scene was
laid,
Not far from Exham near to Dowil's flood,
That day discolour'd with Lancastrians blood

There struck they battle, bow-men bow-men
ply'd,
Northern to Southern, slaughter ceaseth all;
Long the fight lasted, ere that either side
Could tell to which the victory would fall:
But to the Yorkists Fortune is so ty'd,
That she must come when they shall please to
call;
And in his cradle Henry had the curse,
That where he was, that side had still to
worfe.

This luckless day by the Lancastrians lost,
Was Somerset surprized in his flight,
And in pursuing of this scatter'd host,
On Mullins, Ross, and Hungerford they light,
Which this day's work ere long full dear
cost;
And with these lords were taken many a knight
Nor from their hands could Henry hard
shift,
Had not his guide been, as his horse was
swift.

Still must Queen Marg'ret's miseries endure,
This mass of sorrow markt out to sustain:
For all the aids this time she should procure,
Are either taken, put to flight, or slain;
Of nothing else she can herself assure,
That she will leave her losses to complain;
For since she sees that still her friends
down,
She will curse Fortune if she do not frown.

o Scotland back is fain,
ce the woful Queen is glad,
r son inforced to remain,
might thence again be had :
hard necessities constrain,
own that it doth make me sad :
ck came miseries, I ween,
: King and a woful Queen.

King Edward his strong army

astles which not long before
rer'd to King Henry's friends,
ieges makes them to restore;
rders watchfully attends,
aid that there should come no

old, as one ordain'd to ill,
t follows hapless Henry still !

e deep melancholy fit,
as fall'n into despair,
not rightly in his wit,
cotland, and still succour'd there;
en he abandons it,
and inly ent'ring, where
s'd, and (in his enemies power)
Edward shut up in the Tower.

Henry; who when he was born
ings the greatest then alive,
own full forty years had worn,
gal sov'reignty survive,
ing and the most forlorn,
ing can destiny contrive :
dry miseries, as he,
fore had ever liv'd to see.

s Queen Margaret must endure,
r father's court confin'd,
g Edward held himself secure,
ell out so fitly to his mind,
est he did himself assure,
rose so rough a wind,
g hand which shook his scepter
ic storms that e'er had blown be-

ind to league himself with France,
civ'd would be the surest way
title highly to advance ;
d should serve him for a kay
heir policies, whose chance
sting, and they next to play :
et still the French King Lewis

ids, nor would she let him rest.

sends a marriage to entreat
s Bona (with whose rich report
ess'd with, as a talk too great)
Queen's sister, and with her in

Warwick the man chose forth to work the
feat ;

Who is sent thither in most sumptuous sort,
And in short time so well his bus'nes plices,
That she was like to prove an English prize.

In the mean while, this youthful King by chance
Coming to Grafton, where the Duchess lay,
Then stil'd of Bedford, his eye haps to glance
On her bright daughter the fair widow Gray,
Whose beauties did his senses so intrance,
And stole his heart so suddenly away,
That must he lose his crown, come weal, come
woe,
She must be his, though all the world say no.

Her looks (like Lethe) make him to forget
Upon what bus'ness he had Warwick sent ;
Upon this lady he his love so set,
That should his crown from off his head be
rent,
Or his rebellious people rife, to let
This choice of his, they should it not prevent :
For those pure eyes, his bosom that had
pierc'd,
Had writ a law there, not to be revers'd.

' What less amends this Lady can I make,
' For her dear husband in my quarrel slain,
' Than lawful marriage? which for justice
' sake
' I must perform (quoth he) lest she complain ;
' For a just prince to me the world shall take.'
Soothing himself up in this amorous vein,
With his affections in this sort doth play,
Till he a Queen made the fair lady Gray.

This act of Edward's com'n to Warwick's ear,
And that the sequel show'd it to be true,
In his stern eyes it eas'ly might appear
His heart too great for his freight bosom grew,
He his commission doth in piece-meal tear,
Breaks the broad seal, and on the ground it
threw ;
And prays blest heav'n may curse him, if that
he
For this disgrace revenged would not be.

' Have I (quoth he) so lifted thee aloft,
' That to thy greatness I the scorn am grown ?
' Have I for thee adventur'd been so oft
' In this long war, as to the world is known,
' And now by thee thus basely am I scofft,
' By this disgrace upon me thou hast thrown ?
' If these thy wrongs unpunish'd slightly pass,
' Hold Warwick base, and fall'n from what he
' was.

' Know, 'twas the Nevil's for thy title stood,
' Else long e'er this laid lower than the ground ;
' And in thy cause my father shed his blood,
' None of our house for thee but bears some
' wound ;

And now at last to recompence this good,
Only for me this guerdon hast thou found ?

' From thy proud head this hand shall pluck
' thy crown,
' Or if thou stand, then needs must Warwick
' down.'

Yet he to England peaceably repairs,
And with a smooth brow smothers his intent,
And to the King relates the French affairs,
And what in court had pass'd there since he
went :

His spleen he for a fitter season spares,
Till he the same more liberally might vent :
Calm was his count'nance, and his language
fair.

But in his breast a deep revenge he bare.

MEAN while Queen Marg'ret (a poor exile)
hears

How things in England in her absence went,
Her half-burnt heart which but a little cheers,
For from her head she felt the crown was rent :
Yet though far off a little glimpse appears,
A seeming hope and though it faintly lent,
It might have said, had not the Fates said no,
These storms at home might her some profit
blow.

She hears how Warwick cunningly had wrought
George Duke of (a) Clarence from his brother's
side;

And that brave youth at Calais having caught,
His eldest daughter had to him affy'd :
How to rebel the (b) Northern men were
brought;

And who by Warwick 'pointed was their guide;
As on the Welch he had a mighty hand,
By Edward rais'd those rebels to withstand.

Of new (c) rebellions at Northampton rais'd,
And to despite the King what they had done;
How they at Grafton the earl (d) Rivers seiz'd,
And Sir John Woodville his most hopeful son,
Who with their heads could hardly be appeas'd ;
And of the same by puissant Warwick won,
Who having taken (e) Edward in his tent,
His King his pris'ner into Yorkshire sent.

Then hears again how Edward had escap'd,
And by his friends a greater pow'r had got ;
How be the men of Lincolnshire intrap'd,
Who near to Stamford pay'd a bloody shot :
And when the Earl his course of Calais shap'd,
When England lastly grew for him too hot,
Vaulere, who there his deputy he put,
The ports against his late grand Captain shut.

(a) He was second brother to King Edward.

(b) Warwick by his agents stirr'd up a rebellion in the north, while he remains at Calais to prevent his being suspected.

(c) Headed by one whom they termed Robert of Raby.

(d) Earl Rivers was father to Lady Gray, then Queen of England.

(e) at Woolwich in Warwickshire, by entering his camp in the night.

Lastly she hears that he at Diepe arrives,
And lately com'n to Amboise to the Court
Whereas King Lewis to his utmost strives
To entertain him in most Princely fort :
When the wife Queen her business so cost
That she comes thither; small what tho
port,
Yet brings along the sweet young Pri
son,
To prove what good with Warwick n
done.

When both in court and presence of the K
Their due respect to both of them that ga
He will'd them in so pertinent a thing,
That they the like should of each other h:
The tears began from both their eyes to f
That each from other pity seem'd to crave
In graceful manner when the griev'd
Thus to that great Earl gently breat
spleen.

' Warwick, faith she, how merciless a foe
' Hast thou been still to my poor child an
' That villain York which hast advanced
' Which never could have risen but for th
' That valour thou on Edward didst besto
' O hadst thou show'd for him thou here c
' Our damask roses had adorn'd the cre
' And with their wreathes thy ragge
' been dress'd.

' First at St. Albans, at Northampton the
' And fatal Towton, that most fearful fig
' How many, nay, what multitudes of me
' By thee, fierce Warwick, slain and
' flight!
' O if thy sword, that ever stood for ten,
' Had but been drawn for Henry, and hi
' He should have built thee trophies
' where,
' Wrought with our crown, supporte
' thy bear.

' What glory had it won the Nevils nam
' To have upheld the right-succeeding rac
' Of that fifth Henry, he that was of fame
' The only minion, whom thou now dost
' But Salisbury the first against us came,
' Then Falconbridge and Montacute : (c)
' To advance a traitor to his sovereign
' But to our crown your name is ominous

' How many a brave peer, thy too near :
' (Whose loss the babe that's yet unb
' rue)
' Have made themselves a willing sacrifice
' In our just quarrel, who it rightly knew
' Whose blood 'gainst York and his ad
' cries,
' (Whom many a sad curse ever shall pur
' O Warwick, Warwick, expiate this g
' By shedding theirs, for whom our bl
' spilt.

like language this great Earl again
the Queen, and woes her to forbear
grief one thought to entertain :
are not now (quoth he) as once they
were :
of these past help, it is in vain ;
ough it ease your heart, and please your
ar,
s not it, no, it must be our swords
right our wrongs (dear Lady) not our
words.

(quoth he) by this my vexed heart,
ard's head which oft hath with'd the
rown,
Queen Marg'ret cleave to Warwick's
art,
ad that heav'd him up shall hew him
own ;
om Henry, Richard Nevile start,
y house let heav'n for ever frown :
ak the crown to this young Prince I'll
ring,
t be Warwick, if he be not King.

y accord, Prince Edward should assy
ari's daughter ; to confirm it more,
ent themselves they strictly tie,
gain King Henry to restore,
quarrel they would live and die :
g likewise in the oath they swore,
Earl and Clarence should protectors
he King Henry and the prince should
e.

a great Warwick into England sends,
his friends that they for war prepare,
ry's title and to them commends,
should take his cause into their care :
e time that he must try his friends,
himself 'gainst Edward must declare ;
hen much strife amongst the commons
e,
they should aid, or whom they should
pose.

with all things well besitting war,
King Lewis to Queen Marg'ret lent ;
(whose name fame sounded had so far,
with wonder view'd him as he went,
a living the most popular)
ev'ry hour to be but idly spent,
land's troubled earth until he were,
the troops attending for him there.

my took with him along
d Pembroke, who had been destroy'd
d, sworn now to revenge their wrong,
in the French Admiral convoy'd,
arrive the shores with people throng ;
f Warwick and so overjoy'd,
very one a Warwick, Warwick cries :
ay the Red-rose by great Warwick rise.

Like some black cloud, which hovering lately
hung,
Thrust on at last by th' wind's impetuous pow'r,
The groves and fields comes raging in among
As though both fowls and flocks it would devour,
That those abroad make to the shelters strong,
To save themselves from the outrageous show'r :
So fly the Yorkists before Warwick's drums,
Like a stern tempest roaring as he comes.

When Edward late who wore the costly crown,
Himself so high and on his fortunes bore,
Then heard himself in ev'ry place cry'd down,
And made much less than he was great before ;
Nor dares he trust himself in any town,
For in the inlands, as along the shore,
Their proclamations him a traitor make,
And each man charg'd against him arms to
take.

For which the washes he is forc'd to wade,
And in much peril lastly gets to Lynn,
(To save himself such shift King Edward made,
For in more danger he had never been ;)
Where finding three Dutch hulks which lay for
trade,
The greatest of them he hires to take him in,
Richard his brother, Hastings his true friend,
Scarce worth one sword their persons to defend.

When Warwick now the only Prince of pow'r,
Edward the fourth out of the kingdom fled,
Commands himself free entrance to the Tow'r,
And sets th' imperial wreath on Henry's head,
Brings him through London to the Bishop's bow'r,
By the applauding people followed ;
Whose shrill re-echoing shouts resound from
far,
A Warwick, Warwick, long live Lancaster.

And presently a parliament they call,
In which they attain King Edward in his blood ;
The lands and goods made forfeitures of all
That in this quarrel with proud York had stood ;
Their friends in their old honours they install,
Which they had lost, now by an act made good ;
Intail the crown on Henry and his heirs ;
The next on Clarence, should they fail in theirs

Whilst Warwick thus King Henry doth advance,
See but the fate still following the sad Queen !
Such storms and tempests in that season chance,
Before that time as seldom had been seen ;
That twice from sea she was forc'd back to France,
As angry heav'n had put itself between
Her and her joys, and would a witness be,
That nought but sorrow this sad Queen must see.

This might have lent her comfort yet at last,
So many troubles having undergone,
And having through so many perils past,
T' have seen her husband settled on his throne ;
Yet still the skies with clouds are overcast :
Well might she hear, but of this sees she none,

Which from far off, as flying news, doth greet
her :
Nought but mischance, when she comes in, must
meet her.

But all this while King Edward not dismay'd,
His brother Charles of Burgundy so plies,
That though the subtle Duke on both sides
play'd,
Edward and Henry both his near allies,
Upon the Duke King Edward yet so lay'd,
(Having his sister's furtherance, who was wife,)
That underhand his strength he so restores,
As that he dar'd t' attempt the English shores.

With fourteen ships from th' easterlings being
hir'd,
And four Burgonians, excellently mann'd,
After some time with storms and tempests tir'd,
He near the mouth of Humber haps to land,
Where though the beacons at his sight were fir'd,
Yet few or none his entrance do withstand ;
For that his friends had giv'n it out before,
He fought the Dukedom, and he would no
more.

Upon his march when forward as he came,
Resolv'd to try the very worst of war,
He summons York (whereof he bare the name)
To him her Duke her gates that doth unbar ;
And coming next to rock-car'd Nottingham,
Montgomery, Borough, Harrington, and Par,
Bring him their pow'r ; at Leicester again,
Three thousand came, to Hastings that retain.

To Coventry and keeping on his way,
Sets down his army in the city's fight,
Where at that time the Earl of Warwick lay,
To whom he sends to dare him out to fight ;
Which still the Earl defers from day to day,
Perceiving well all that things went not right ;
For with his succours Clarence came not in,
Whom to suspect he greatly doth begin.

And not in vain : for that disloyal Lord
Taking those forces he had levy'd, leaves
The Earl, and with his brother doth accord ;
Which of all hope brave Warwick so bereaves.
That now King Edward hopes to restor'd,
Which then too late the credulous Earl perceives.
Edward towards London with his army sped,
To take the crown once more from Henry's
head.

The Queen, in France this woful news that
heard,
How far through England Edward thus had past ;
As how by Clarence (whom she ever fear'd)
Warwick behind-hand mightily was cast ;
This most undaunted Queen her hopes yet cheer'd,
By those great perils she had lately past,
And from King Lewis doth three thousand
prefs,
To aid her friends in England in distress.

Whilst she is busy gathering up those aids,
(In so short time) as France could her afford ;
Couragious Warwick basely thus betray'd,
By Clarence lewdly falsifying his word,
The most couragious Earl no whit dismay'd
But trusting still to his successful sword,
Follows the King tow'rds London march
before,
Each day his pow'r increasing more and more

But Edward by the Londoners let in,
Who in their gates his army took to guard ;
Warwick this while that trifling had not been,
But with a pow'r sufficiently prepar'd
T' approach the city, bravely doth begin
To dare the King, who lately him had dar'd ;
Who then from London his arm'd forces lea
Tow'rds where his march ambitious Warwicks
treads.

From London this, that from Saint Alban's set,
These two grand foldiers should'ring for t
crown,
They in the mid-way are at Barnet met,
Where then they set their puissant armies down
Warwick, as near as ever he could get,
But Edward only taketh up the town ;
Betwixt whose tents a heath call'd Gladmo
lies,
Where they prepare to act this bloody prize.

With drums and trumpets they awake the day,
Muffled in mists her lowring self that shows,
To stop their madness doing all it may,
Knowing what blood her light was like to lose
But hope of slaughter bears so great a sway,
That with the sun their rage still higher grows
Full were their hands of death, so freely deal
That the most mortal wounds the least we
felt.

The adverse ensigns to each other wave,
As 'twere to call them forward to the field
The King the Earl, the Earl the King doth brav
Nor cares he for the Leopards in his shield :
And whilst one friend another strives to save,
He's slain himself, if not, enforc'd to yield :
In either army there is not one eye,
But is spectator of some tragedy.

Those wrongs the King had from the Earl re
ceiv'd,
Expuls'd the kingdom only by his pow'r,
Ev'n to the height his pow'ful hand up-heav'd
For full revenge in this unhappy hour ;
And by the King the Earl his hopes bereav'd,
Shelter'd by him from many a bloody show'r,
Spurs up revenge, and with that viole
rage,
That scarcely blood their fury could assuage.

Warwick, who sees his soldiers had the work,
And at a near point to be put to flight,
Throwing himself from off his armed horse,

oot into the deadliest fight :
with an unusual force,
on, in the armies fight,
garland, which if now he lose,
crown at pleasure would dispose.

de but Fortune doth encline,
valour then was but in vain ;
there destin'd to resign,
ite his valiant brother slain :
(with them that did combine)
and Exeter is fain
self by sanctuary ; this day
horious, and bears all away.

unluckily thus lost,
o destiny contrives,
v'd queen at sea turmoil'd and

ysa, in Weymouth road arrives ;
landed, but post after post
ill news, which so far deprives
misfort, that she curs'd and bann'd
winds that suffer'd her to land.

woth he) so fortunate in fight,
wicked, when thou wert our foe ?
u stood't in our undoubted right,
for Henry thy high valour show,
ain ; what pow'r in our despight
m heav'n upon our overthrow ?
y stars have certainly made laws,
or death the fav'rrers of our cause.

sal brought that Edward back,
'd by Warwick's pow'rful hand !
way his rotten ship to wrack ?
o rock ? was there no swall'wing

wretched subjects were so slack,
so traiterously to land :
ole heav'n against us have con-
roubles they had else been tir'd.

so long detain'd in France
tempests, and reserv'd till now,
d land to meet with this mis-
: ?
ft be, the pow'rs have made a

ight my sorrows to advance,
nine all miseries shall bow ;
e sorrow mortals can surmise,
r short of Marg'ret's miseries."

arce spoke, her half-slain heart to

eath of comfort to prevent,
vs in-rushing after these,
Henry to the Tow'r was sent,
lf ev'n Destiny should please,
arg'ret's heavy discontent)

Thronging so thick, as like themselves to smother,
Or as one ran to overtake another.

Those scatter'd troops from Barnet that escap'd,
Hearing the queen thus landed with her pow'r,
Though much dismay'd with what had lately
hapt
On gore-drown'd Gladmoor in that bloody show'r,
And fearing by the foe to be entrapt ;
Through untrod grounds, in many a tedious hour,
Flock to her daily, till that by their aid,
Equal with Edward's they her army made.

When Somerset and Devonshire came in
To the sad queen, and bade her not despair,
Though they of late unfortunate had been,
Yet there was help that ruin to repair ;
What they had lost, they hop'd again to win,
And that the way lay open yet and fair ;
For that the West would wholly with her rise,
Besides from Wales assur'd her of supplies.

And every day still adding to their force,
As on their host tow'rs Gloucester they guide,
When Edward finding their intended course,
Again for battel strongly doth provide :
Both armies they supply with foot and horse,
By both their friends, as they affect the side ;
And in their march at Tewksbury they met,
Where they in order their battalions set.

Ill was her choice of this uneven ground,
Ruckleless the place, unlucky was the hour,
The heavens upon her so extremely frown'd,
As on her head their plagues at once to pour,
As in a deluge here her hopes were drown'd :
Here sees she death her faithful friends devour,
The earth is fill'd with groans, the air with cries,
Horror on each side doth enclose her eyes.

Never did death so terrible appear,
Since first their arms the English learnt to wield :
Who would see slaughter, might behold it here
In the true shape upon this fatal field.
In vain was valour, and in vain was fear,
In vain to fight, in vain it was to yield,
In vain to fly ; for destiny discust,
By their own hands, or others, die they must.

Here her dear Devonshire, noble Courtney dy'd ;
Her faithful friend great Somerset here fell ;
Delves, Leuknor, Hamden, Whittingham beside.
O Marg'ret, who thy miseries can tell !
Sharp were those swords which made their wounds
so wide,
Whose blood the soil did with th' abundance
swell.

Other her friends, into the town that fled,
Taken, no better than the former sped.

But the amazing misery of all,
As heaven the great't until the last had kept,
As it would say, that after this none shall

By mortal eyes be worthy to be wept,
The prince her son, who sees his friends thus
fall,

And on each side their carcases lie heapt,
Making away in this most piteous plight,
Is taken pris'ner in his tardy flight :

And forth by Crofts before the conq'r'r brought,
His proclamations clearing every doubt
Of the youth's safety, living were he caught,
As a reward to him should bring him out ;
But when they once had found him whom they
fought,
Hearing his answers princely, wise, and stout,
Those bloody brothers, Hastings, and the rest,
Sheath'd their sharp poinards in his manly breast,

Queen Marg'ret thus of mortals most forlorn,
Her son now slain, her army overthrown,
Left to the world as Fortune's only scorn,
And not one friend to whom to make her moan,
(To so much woe was never woman born)
This wretched lady wand'ring all alone,
Gets to a homely cell not far away,
If possibly to hide her from the day.

But (wretched woman !) quickly there be-
wray'd,
She thence is taken, and to prison sent,
Meanly attended, miserably array'd,

The people wond'ring at her as she went :
Of whom the most malicious her upbraid
With good Duke Humphry's death, her hear-
rent ;

Whilst her mil'd looks and graceful gait
drew

Many a sad eye, her miseries to rue.

Till by Duke Rayner ransom'd at last,
Her tender father, who a prince but poor,
Borrow'd great sums of Lewis with much w
Which for he was not able to restore,
Provence and both the Sicils to him pass'd,
With fruitful Naples, which was all his store :
To bring her back, from earthly joys exil'd,
The undone father helps the undone child.
And though enlarg'd, e'er she could leave
land,

Making a long year of each short-liv'd hour,
She hears that by Duke Richard's murth'r
hand

The King her husband suffers in the Tow'r :
As though high heaven had laid a strict co
mand

Upon each star, some plague on her to pour ;
And until now that nothing could suffice,
Nor give a period to her miseries.

N Y M P H I D A :

T H E

C O U R T O F F A I R Y .

haucer doth of Topas tell,
ablaiss of Pantagruel,
third of Dowfabel,
With such poor trifles playing :
the like have labour'd at,
of this thing, and some of that,
any of they know not what,
But that they must be saying.

er sort there be, that will
ing of the Fairies still,
ver can they have their fill,
As they were wedded to them :
as of them their thirst can slake,
h delight therein they take,
sue strange thing they fain would make,
Knew they the way to do them.

ince no muse hath been so bold,
he later, or the old,
elvish secrets to unfold,
Which lie from others reading ;
ive muse to light shall bring
urt of that proud Fairy King,
il there of the revelling :
Jove prosper my proceeding.

ou Nymphida, gentle Fay,
meeting me upon the way,
secrets didst to me bewray.
Which now I am in telling :

My pretty light fantastic maid,
I here invoke to thee my aid,
That I may speak what thou hast said,
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,
By necromancy placed there,
That it no tempests needs to fear,
Which way so'er it blow it :
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,
Whence lies a way up to the moon,
And thence the Fairy can as soon
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders legs are made,
Well morticed and finely laid,
He was the master of his trade,
It curiously that builded :
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of flats,
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,
(Their rest when weary mortals take,
And none but only Fairies wake)

Descendeth for his pleasure :
And Mab, his merry Queen, by night
Besrides young folks that lie upright,
(In elder times the Mare that hight)
Which plaguesthem out of measure.'

' Hoh, hoh, quoth Hob, God save thy grace,
' Who drest thee in this piteous case ?
' He thus that spoil'd my sov'reign's face,
 ' I would his neck were broken."

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,
Still walking like a ragged colt,
And oft out of a bush doth bolt,
 Of purpose to deceive us;
And leading us, makes us to stray
Long winters nights out of the way,
And when we stick in mire and clay,
 He doth with laughter leave us.

' Dear Puck, quoth he, my wife is gone ;
' As e'er thou lov'st King Oberon,
' Let every thing but this alone,
 ' With vengeance and pursue her :
' Bring her to me, alive or dead ;
' Or that vile thief Pigwiggen's head ;
' That villain hath defil'd my bed,
 ' He to this folly drew her."

Quoth Puck, " My liege, I'll never lie,
" But I will thorough thick and thin,
" Until at length I bring her in,
 " My dearest lord, ne'er doubt it."
Thorough brake, thorough brier,
Thorough muck, thorough mier,
Thorough water, thorough fier,
 And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,
That on this mad king had a guard,
Not doubting of a great reward,
 For first this bus'ness broaching :
And through the air away doth go
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
To let her sovereign Mab to know
 What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with love's pow'rful charm,
Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm ;
Her merry maids, that thought no harm,
 About the room were skipping :
A humble-bee their minstrel, play'd
Upon his hautbois, ev'ry maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
 The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphida, and doth cry,
' My sovereign, for your safety fly,
' For there is danger but too nigh,
 ' I posted to forewarn you :
' The king hath sent Hobgoblin out,
' To seek you all the fields about,
' And of your safety you may doubt,
 ' If he but once discern you.'

When like an uproar in a town,
Before them every thing went down ;
Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,
 'Gainst one another juggling :
They flew about like chaff i' th' wind ;
For haste some left their masks behind,

Some could not stay their gloves to find ;
 There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,
Into a brake that near them lay,
Yet much they doubted there to stay,
 Left Hob should hap to find them :
He had a sharp and piercing sight,
All one to him the day and night,
And therefore were resolv'd by flight
 To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc'd to find a nut,
In th' end of which a hole was cut,
Which lay upon a hazel root,
 There scatter'd by a squirrel,
Which out the kernel gotten had :
When quoth this Fay, ' Dear queen, be glad,
' Let Oberon be ne'er so mad,
 ' I'll set you safe from peril.

' Come all into this nut, (quoth she)
' Come closely in, be rul'd by me,
' Each one may here a chuser be,
 ' For room ye need not wrestle,
' Nor need ye be together heapt.'
So one by one therein they crept,
And lying down, they soundly slept,
 And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,
Perceiv'd if Puck the queen should catch,
That he would be her over-match,
 Of which she well bethought her ;
Found it must be some pow'rful charm,
The queen against him that must arm,
Or surely he would do her harm,
 For throughly he had fought her.

And list'ning if she aught could hear,
That her might hinder, or might fear ;
But finding still the coast was clear,
 Nor creature had descry'd her :
Each circumstance and having scann'd,
She came thereby to understand,
Puck would be with them out of hand,
 When to her charms she hy'd her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,
The kernel of the misletoe ;
And here and there as Puck should go,
 With terror to affright him,
She night-shade straws to work him ill,
Therewith her vervain and her dill,
That hind'reth witches of their will,
 Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,
That groweth underneath the yew,
With nine drops of the midnight dew,
 From lunary distilling ;
The molewarp's brain mixt therewithal,
And with the same the pismire's gall :
For she in nothing short would fall,
 The Fairy was so willing.

der a brier doth creep,
ends was rooted deep,
ce times he leapt,
gic much availing :
pisa doth call,
r spell doth fall,
you repeat I shall,
me tittle failing.

ng of the frog ;
g of the dog ;
of the hog
ft the storm arising ;
g curfew-bell ;
I dying knell ;
direful spell,
hinder thy surprising.

akes dreadful groans ;
case sad moans ;
of dead mens bones
rnel-houses rattling ;
of the snake,
of the fire-drake,
this place forsake,
f Queen Mab be prattling.

wind's hollow sound,
er's dreadful sound,
s under ground,
ge thee not to fear us :
howl's dismal note,
night-raven's throat,
:, Hob, to tear thy coat
horns, if thou come near us."

poke, she slept aside,
herself doth hide,
what would betide,
doth only mind him :
y the Puck espies,
markt his gloating eyes,
cry leaf he pries,
ng still to find them.

rcle got within,
work do straight begin,
ught as in a gin :
e thus was busy,
s head-piece feels,
ed tree he reels,
oor Hobgoblin's heels :
is brain was dizzy.

his feet he gets,
ses, Hobgoblin frets,
e forward sets,
rough the bushes scrambles,
trip him in his pace,
oor Hob upon his face,
ly tore his calf
ft the briars and brambles.

Queen Mab (quoth he)
mash, whose'er they be ;

' I think the devil guided me,
' To seek her, so provoked.'
When stumbling at a piece of wood,
He fell into a ditch of mud,
Where to the very chin he stood,
In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,
That wak'd Queen Mab, who doubted fore
Sometime treason had been wrought her :
Until Nymphidia told the Queen
What she had done, what she had seen,
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,
And come again to have a bout
With Oberon yet madding :
And with Pigwiggen now disfrouted,
Who much was troubled in his thought,
That he so long the queen had fought,
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he still doth cry,
' King Oberon, I thee defy,
' And dare thee here in arms to try,
' For my dear lady's honour :
' For that she is a queen right good,
' In whose defence I'll shed my blood,
' And that thou in this jealous mood
' Hast laid this slander on her,

And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be pierced :
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well near of two inches long :
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,
Whose sharpness naught reverd.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing.
His rapier was a hornet's sting,
It was a very dangerous thing ;
For if he chanc'd to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet it did well become him :
And for a plume, a horse's hair,
Which being tossed by the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did carvet,
E'er he himself could settle :

He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop, and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,
One that a valiant knight had been,
And to great Oberon of kin :
Quoth he, 'Thou manly Fairy,
' Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,
' Then bid him stand upon his guard ;
This hand his baseness shall reward,
' Let him be ne'er so wary.

Say to him thus, That I defy
' His slanders and his infamy,
' And as a mortal enemy
 ' Do publicly proclaim him :
' Withal, that if I had mine own,
' He should not wear the Fairy crown,
' But with a vengeance should come down ;
 ' Nor we a king should name him.'

This Tomalin could not abide,
To hear his sovereign vilify'd ;
But to the Fairy court him hy'd,
 Full furiously he posted,
With ev'ry thing Pigwiggen said ;
How title to the crown he laid,
And in what arms he was array'd,
 And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,
He told the arming of each joint,
In every piece how neat and quaint ;
 For Tomalin could do it :
How fair he sat, how sure he rid ;
As of the courser he bestrid,
How manag'd, and how well he did.
 The king, which listen'd to it,

Quoth he, Go, Tomalin, with speed,
' Provide me arms, provide my steed,
' And every thing that I shall need,
 ' By thee I will be guided :
' To strait account call thou thy wit,
' See there be wanting not a whit,
' In ev'ry thing see thou me fit,
 ' Just as my foe's provided.

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,
Which gave Queen Mab to understand
The combat that was then in hand
 Betwixt those men so mighty :
Which greatly she began to rue,
Perceiving that all Fairy knew,
The first occasion from her grew,
 Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,
To Proserpine the Queen of shades,
 To treat, that it would please her
The cause into her hands to take,
For ancient love and friendship's sake,

And soon thereof an end to make,
 Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,
And come we to King Oberon,
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,
 For proud Pigwiggen crying :
Who fought the Fairy King as fast,
And had so well his journeys cast,
That he arrived at the last,
 His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the King,
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,
That perfect were in ev'ry thing
 To single fights belonging :
And therefore they themselves engage,
To see them exercise their rage,
With fair and comely equipage,
 Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,
As they had been a very pair,
So that a man would almost swear
 That either had been either :
Their furious steeds began to neigh,
That they were heard a mighty way :
Their slaves upon their rests they lay ;
 Yet e'er they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,
Which was indifferent to them both,
That on their knightly faith and troth,
 No magic them supplied ;
And sought them that they had no charms,
Wherewith to work each other's harms,
But came with simple open arms,
 To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,
That to the ground came horse and man ;
The blood out of their helmets span,
 So sharp were their encounters :
And though they to the earth were thrown,
Yet quick'ly they regain'd their own ;
Such nimbleness was never shewn,
 They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,
They forward came with might and main,
Yet which had better of the twain,
 The seconds could not judge yet :
Their shields were into pieces cleft,
Their helmets from their heads were rest,
And to defend them nothing left,
 These champions would not budge yet

Away from them their slaves they threw,
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,
And freshly they the fight renew,
 They every stroke redoubled :
Which made Proserpina take heed,
And make to them the greater speed,
For fear lest they too much should bleed,
 Which wond'rously her troubled.

o th' infernal Styx she goes,
as the fogs from thence that rose;
a bag doth them enclose,
When well she had them blended :
her then to Lethe spring,
and thereof doth bring,
with the meant to work the thing
Which only she intended.

o serpentine with Mab is gone
: place where Oberon
and Pigwiggan, one to one,
both to be slain were likely :
re themselves they closely hide,
they would not be espy'd ;
erpine meant to decide
The matter very quickly.

lenly unties the poke,
out of it sent such a smoke,
was them all to choke,
so grievous was the pother :
he knights each other lost,
ad as still as any post,
um nor Tomalin could boast
Themselves of any other.

n the mist 'gan somewhat cease,
na commandeth peace,
t a while they should release
each other of their peril :
here (quoth she) I do proclaim
in dreadful Pluto's name,
s ye will eschew his blame,
You let me hear the quarrel.

re yourselves you must engage,
that to cool your spleenish rage,
grievous thirst and to assuage,
That first you drink this liquor ;

' Which shall your understandings clear,
' As plainly shall to you appear,
' Those things from me that you shall hear,
' Conceiving much the quicker.'

This Lethe water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
It all remembrance blotted,
Of it nor can you ever think :
For they no sooner took this drink,
But nought into their brains could sink,
Of what had them befottered.

King Oberon forgotten had,
That he for jealousy ran mad ;
But of his queen was wond'rous glad,
And ask'd how they came thither.
Pigwiggan likewise doth forget,
That he Queen Mab had ever met,
Or that they were so hard beset,
When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought,
That e'er they had each other fought,
Much less that they a combat fought,
But such a dream were loathing.
Tom Thum had got a little sup,
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while
Amongst themselves do closely smile,
To see the king caught with this wile,
With one another jesting :
And to the Fairy court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent ;
And thus I left them feasting.

M ij



THE MOON-CALF.

STULTORUM PLENA SUNT OMNIA.

HELP! neighbours, help! for God's sake come
with speed,

For of your help there never was such need.
Midwives, make haste, and dress ye as ye run;
Either come quickly, or we're all undone:
The world's in labour, her throws come so thick,
That with the pangs she's waxt stark lunatic.
"But whither? whither?" one was heard to cry.
She that call'd thus, doth presently reply,
"Do ye not see, in ev'ry street and place,
The general world now in a piteous case?"

Up got the gossips, and for very haste
Some came without shoes, some came all unlac'd,
As she had first appointed them, and found
The world in labour, dropt into a swoon:
Wallowing the lay, like to a boisterous hulk,
Drop'd with riots, and her big-swoln bulk
Stuff'd with infection, rottenness, and stench;
Her blood so fir'd, that nothing might it quench
But the asp's poison, which stood by her still,
That in her drought she often us'd to swill.
Cloathed she was in a fool's coat and cap
Of rich embroider'd silks, and in her lap
A sort of paper puppets, gauds, and toys,
Trifles scarce good enough for girls and boys,
Which she had dandled, and with them had play'd,
And of this trash her only god had made.
"Out and alas! (quoth one the rest among)
I doubt me, neighbours, we have stay'd too
long!

"Pluck off your rings, lay me your bracelets by,
Fall to your business, and that speedily;

"Or else I doubt, her spirits constant so fast,
That e'er the birth, her strength will quite be
past."

But when more wisely they did her behold,
There was not one that once durst be so bold
As to come near her, but stood all amaz'd,
Each upon other silently and gas'd;
When as her belly they so big do see,
As if a ton within the same should be;
And heard a noise and rumbling in her womb,
As at the instant of the general doom:
Thunder and earthquakes raging, and the rocks
Tumbling down from their sites, like mighty
blocks

Roll'd from huge mountains, such a noise they
make,

As though in sunder heaven's huge ax-tree barks,
They either poles their heads together pass,
And all again into the chaos dash.
Some of slight judgment, that were standing by,
Said, it was nothing but a tympany;
Others said, sure she human help did want,
And had conceived by an elephant;
Or some sea-monster, of a horrid shape,
Committed with her by some violent rape:
Others more wise, and noting very well
How her huge womb did pass all compass well,
Said, certainly (if that they might confess her)
It would be found some devil did possess her.

Thus while they stood, and knew not what
to do,

"Women, quoth one, why do you trifle so?"

you, think but wherefore ye came
hither;
omb and burthen perish both together?
orth the birth-stool—no, let it alone—
o far beyond all compass grown,
ther new device us needs must fled,
she never can be brought to bed,
: that hath some execrable spell,
resently her entrance into hell,
ecate and the damn'd Furies hither,
y if they will undertake together
the sick world.' One is out of hand
'd for hell, who by the dread command
fal charms brought Hecate away;
wing her bus'ness, from herself doth lay
aspect she wont to put on there
lack empire, and doth now appear
Lucina, giving strength and aid
to women; mild as any maid,
rect hope her brow seem'd, and her eyes
fresh comfort, like the morning skies.
ne the Furies with their bosoms bare,
ewhat cover'd with their snaky hair
hs contorted, mumbling hellish charms,
e elbows naked were their arms.
eld'st of these damn'd female fiends,
her wrists, biting her fingers ends,
he first; Tisiphone the next,
enge her sister thoroughly vexed,
ind bare a whip, and in the other
happé knife; the third, which seem'd to
nother
ner of revenge, cast such an eye,
near turn'd to stone all that stood by,
e Aleo, which no plague doth rue,
r leaves them whom she doth pursue.
nen pray the goddess now to stand
as to them, and to lend her hand
ck world; which willingly she granted:
e fight, as altogether daunted,
clear face the sprightly vigour fled,
she saw the women hard bested,
ad gone, nor one glance back had shot,
'n or hell she o'er her head had got;
erself retires next to the door.
ps, worse than e'er they were before,
wits end, know not which way to take;
h the world beginning to awake
e trance, in which she lay as dead,
ewhat raising her unwieldy head,
e Lucina call'd for help, that she
er travail would propitious be.
less, not from feeling of her woe,
ee with what the world might go,
dreaded Hecate, having power
it keep hell's ugly baleful bower,
ds the Furies to step in and aid her,
e midwives, till they safe had laid her,
ose pleasure as they were about,
housewife pertly stepping out,
fold a while, and let the quean alone;
matter, let her lie and groan:
r still to't, we'll do the best we can
out of her certainly the man

' Which owns the bastard: for there's not a
' nation
' But hath with her committed fornication;
' And by her base and common prostitution,
' She came by this unnatural pollution.
' There is a mean for women thus abus'd,
' Which at this time may very well be us'd,
' That in this case, when people do desire
' To know the truth, yet doubtful of the fire,
' When as the woman most of life doth doubt her
' In grievous throws, to those that are about her,
' He that is then at the last cast disclos'd,
' The natural father is to be suppos'd;
' And the just law doth faithfully decide,
' That for the nursing he is to provide:
' Therefore let's see what in her pangs she'll say,
' Lest that this bastard on the land we lay.'
They lik'd her counsel, and their help deny'd,
But bade her lie and languish till she dy'd,
Unless to them she truly would confess
Who fill'd her belly with this foul excess.
" Alas! (quoth she) the devil dress me thus,
" Amidst my riot, whilst that Incubus
" Wrought on my weakness, and, by him be-
" guil'd,
" He only is the father of the child:
" His instrument, my apish imitation
" Of ev'ry monstrous and prodigious fashion,
" Abus'd my weakness; women, it was she,
" Who was the bawd betwixt the fiend and me:
" That this is true, it on my death I take;
" Then help me, women, even for pity's sake."
When ominous signs to shew themselves began,
That now at hand this monstrous birth foreran:
About at noon flew the affrighted owl,
And dogs in corners set them down to howl;
Bitches and wolves, these fatal signs among,
Brought forth most monstrous and prodigious
young;
And from his height the earth-refreshing sun,
Before his hour his golden head doth run
Far under us, in doubt his glorious eye
Should be polluted with this prodigy.
A panic fear upon the people grew,
But yet the cause there was not one that knew,
When they had heard this; a short tale to tell,
The Furies straight upon their bus'ness fell,
And long it was not ere there came to light
The most abhorred, the most fearful sight
That ever eye beheld, a birth so strange,
That at the view, it made their looks to change.
' Women, quoth one, stand off, and come not
' near it;
' The devil, if he saw it, sure would fear it:
' For by the shape, for aught that I can gather,
' The child is able to affright the father.
' Out! (cries another) now for God's sake hide it:
' It is so ugly, we may not abide it:
' The birth is double, and grows side to side,
' That human hand it never can divide;
' And in this wondrous sort as they be twins,
' Like male and female, they be Androgynes:
' The man is partly woman, likewise she
' Is partly man, and yet in face they be

' Full as prodigious as in parts; the twin
 ' That is most man, yet in the face and skin
 ' Is all mere woman: that which most doth take
 ' From weaker woman, nature seems to make
 ' A man in shew, thereby as to define,
 ' A feminine man, a woman masculine.
 ' Before bred nor begot; a more strange thing
 ' Than ever Nile yet into light could bring,
 ' Made as creation merely to despight,
 ' Nor man, nor woman, scarce hermaphrodite.
 ' Afric, that's said, mother of monster is,
 ' Let her but shew me such a one as this,
 ' And then I will subscribe (to do her due)
 ' And swear that what is said of her is true.
 Quoth one, "'Tis monstrous, and for nothing fit;
 ' And, for a monster, quick let's bury it."
 ' Nay, quoth another, rather make provision,
 ' If possibly, to part it by incision;
 ' For were it parted, for aught I can see,
 ' Both man and woman it may seem to be.
 ' Nay, quoth a third, that must be done with cost,
 ' And were it done, our labour is but lost:
 ' For when w' have wrought the utmost that we
 ' can,
 ' He's too much woman, and she's too much
 ' man:
 ' Therefore, as 'tis a most prodigious birth,
 ' Let it not live here to pollute the earth.
 ' Gossip, quoth the last, your reason I deny,
 ' 'Tis more bylaw than we can justify;
 ' For sire and dam have certainly decreed,
 ' That they will have more comfort of their seed:
 ' For he begot it, and 'twas born of her,
 ' And out of doubt they will their own prefer.
 ' Therefore, good women, better be advis'd;
 ' For precious things should not be lightly priz'd.
 ' This Moon-Calf, born under a lucky fate,
 ' May pow'ful prove in many a wealthy state;
 ' And, taught the tongues, about some few years
 ' hence
 ' (As now we're all tongue, and but little sense)
 ' It may fall out, for any thing you know,
 ' This Moon-Calf may on great employments go;
 ' When learned men, for noble action fit,
 ' Idly at home (unthought of once) may sit;
 ' A bawd, or a preceptor he may prove,
 ' And by his purse so purchasing him love,
 ' May be exalted to some thriving room,
 ' Where seldom good men suffer'd are to come,
 ' What will you say, hereafter when you see
 ' The times so graceless and so mad to be,
 ' That men their perfect human shape shall fly,
 ' To imitate this beast's deformity?
 ' Nay, when you see this monster, which you now
 ' Will hardly breath upon the earth allow,
 ' In his caroch with four white Friezlands drawn,
 ' And he as py'd and garish as the Pawn,
 ' With a set face, in which, as in a book,
 ' He thinks the world for grounds of state should
 ' look,
 ' When to some greater one, whose might doth
 ' awe him,
 ' He's known a verier jade than those that draw
 ' him?

' Nay, at the last, the very killing fight,
 ' To see this Calf (as virtue to despight)
 ' Above just honest men his head to rear,
 ' Nor to his greatness may they once come near?
*Each ignorant set to honour seeks to rise;
 But as for virtue, who did first devise
 That title, a reward for her to be,
 As most contemned and despised she,
 Goes unregarded, that they who should own her,
 Dare not take notice ever to have known her:
 And but that virtue, when she seemeth thrown
 Lower than hell, hath power to raise her own
 Above the world, and this her monstrous birth,
 She long e'er this had peris'd from the earth;
 Her faulter banish'd by her foes so high,
 Which look so big, as they would scale the sky.*
 But seeing no help, why should I thus complain?
 Then to my Moon-Calf I return again,
 By his dear dam the world so choicely bred,
 To whom there is such greatness promised;
 For it might well a perfect man amaze,
 To see what means the fire and dam will raise
 T' exalt their Moon-Calf, and him so to cherish,
 That he shall thrive when virtuous men shall per-
 rish.

*The drunkard, glutton, or who doth apply
 Himself to beastly sensuality,
 Shall get him many friends, for that there be
 Many in every place just such as he.
 The evil love them that delight in ill;
 Like have cleav'd to their like, and ever will.
 But the true virtuous man (God knows) hath few;
 They that his straight and harder steps pursue,
 Are a small number, scarcely known of any;
 "God hath few friends, the devil hath so many."
 But to return, that ye may plainly see,
 That such a one he likely is to be,
 And that my words for truth that ye may try,
 Of the world's babe thus do I prophecy:
 Mark but the more man of these monstrous twins,
 From his first youth, how tow'rdly he begins!
 When he should learn, being learn'd to leave the
 school,*

This arrant Moon-Calf, this most beastly fool,
 Just to our English proverb shall be seen,
Scarcely so wise at fifty, as fifteen:
 And when himself he of his home can free,
 He to the city comes, where then if he,
 And the familiar butterfly his page,
 Can pass the street, the ord'nary, and stage,
 It is enough; and he himself thinks then
 To be the only absolut' of men.
 Then in his cups you shall not see him shrink,
 To the grand devil a carouse to drink.
 Next to his whore he doth himself apply;
 And to maintain his goatish luxury,
 Eats capons cookt at fifteen crowns a piece,
 With their fat bellies stuff'd with ambergrise,
 And being to travel, he flicks not to lay
 His post-caroches still upon his way:
 And in some six days journey doth consume
 Ten pounds in suckets and the Indian fume,
 For his attire, then foreign parts are sought,
 He holds all vile in England that is wrought,

landers sendeth for the nonce,
 ten of shirts providing him at once,
 e seams with costly lace, that be
 the fashion, whole below the knee;
 s in milk, in which when he hath been,
 ke one for the preposterous sin,
 wicked and rebellious Jews
 hic in their male-kind itews.
 all of 's foot the ground he may not

t tread upon his toe and heel:
 d cloke, with plush and velvet lin'd;
 ad-piecc, that is fill'd with wind.
 ng horses, dogs, drabs, drink, and dice,
 ings that he doth hold in priec:
 an these, naught doth him so delight,
 smooth-chin'd, plump-thigh'd cata-

er great sin that burning sank,
 draught the pit infernal drank,
 ust God on earth could not abide,
 uch the devils terrify'd,
 feat them scell near to exile,
 v'p'ers'd her up after this ruble?
 'sen, and her sin agen
 he jells at inccit, as therein
 no fault, counts sacrilege no sin:
 mies the uth for his grace,
 he truth doth oftentimes outface:
 virtue madness, or mere folly;
 high things, and profanes all holy.
 thunder, God, art thou asleep?
 offering band give'st thou to keep
 ind vengeance? where is now the strength
 thy arm, fails it at length?
 stars to comets, to outflare
 ion-side, that be shall not dare
 ke a glow-worm, for that be
 melting these damnations see.
 'll leave, lest I my pen defile:
 Moon-Calf keep I close the while,
 e knave persuaded he hath wit,
 a brave fool, he to utter it,
 desperate boldness roughly pass
 on those books, which the poor ass
 each to, things from darkness fought,
 e light with blood and sweat were
 ght:
 pon him those things to controul,
 ld the brainless idiot sell his soul,
 race, and he, can never buy
 base pelf, his glorious industry.
 with him is idle, if it strain
 compass of his yetty brain:
 men's worths but by a second hand,
 elf doth nothing understand;
 ave something, but what 'tis he shews
 :
 ould speak, nay what to think he
 as not:
 z more than truth and knowledge
 is,
 z he admires of man, but cloaths.

Now for that I thy dosage dare mistake;
 And seem so deep into thy soul to strike;
 Because I am so plain, thou lik'st not me:
 Why now, poor slave, I no more think of thee,
 Than of the ordure that is cast abroad,
 I bate thy vice more than I do a toad.
 Poor is the spirit that savours on thy applause,
 Or seeks for suffrage from thy barbarous jaws.
 Misfortune light on him that ought dost weigh,
 Ye sons of Belial, what ye think or say:
 Who would have thought, whilst wit sought to advance
 Itself so high, damn'd basely ignorance
 Under the cloak of knowledge should creep in,
 And from desert should so much credit win?
 But all this poisonous froth hath bath let fly,
 In these last days, at noble passy,
 That which hath had both in all times and places,
 For her much worth, so sundry sovereign graces;
 The language which the spheres and angels speak,
 In which their mind they to poor mortals break,
 By God's great power, into rich souls infus'd,
 By every Moon-Calf lately thus abus'd:
 Shou'd all hell's black inhabitants conspire,
 And more unheard-of mischief to them hire,
 Such as high heav'n were able to affright,
 And on the noontide bring a double night,
 Than they have done, they could not more disgrace her,
 As from the earth (ev'n) utterly to raze her;
 What princes lov'd, by peasants now made hateful
 In this our age, so damnably ungrateful.
 And to give open passage to her fall,
 It is devis'd to blemish her with ball,
 That th' hideous braying of each barba'rous ass,
 In printed letters freely now must pass,
 In accents so untuneable and vile,
 With other nations as might damn our isle,
 If so our tongue they truly understand,
 And make them think our brains were merely mud.
 To make her vile and ugly to appear,
 Whose natural beauty is divinely clear,
 That on the stationer's stall who passing looks,
 To see the multiplicity of books
 That pester it, may well believe the press,
 Sick of a surfeit, spew'd with the excess:
 Which breedeth such a dulness through the land,
 'Mongst those one tongue who only understand,
 Which, did they read those sineavy poems writ,
 That are material, relishing of wit,
 Wise policy, morality, or story,
 Well portraying th' ancients and their glory,
 These blinded fools, on their base carrion feeding,
 Which are (in truth) made ignorant by reading,
 In little time would grow to be asham'd,
 And blush to bear those lousy pamphlets nam'd,
 Which now they study, nought but folly learning,
 Which is the cause that they have no discerning,
 The good from bad, this ill, that well to know,
 Because in ignorance they are nourish'd so.
 Who for this hateful trash should I condemn,
 They that doubt it, or authorize them?
 O that the ancients should so careful be
 Of what they did imprint, and only we
 Loosely at random should let all things fly,
 Though 'gainst the Muses it be blasphemous!

*But yet to happy spirits, and to the wise,
 'Tis but foolish that they can devise;
 For when contempt of poesy is proudest,
 Then have the Muses ever sung the loudest.*

But to my Calf; who, to be counted prime,
 According to the fashion of the time,
 Him to associate some buffoon doth get,
 Whose brains he still with much expence must
 whet,

And ever bear about him as his guest,
 Who coming out with some ridiculous jest,
 Of one perhaps a God that well might be,
 If but compar'd with such an ass as he,
 His patron roars with laughter, and doth cry,
 'Take him away, or presently I die;
 Whilst that knave-fool, which well himself doth
 know,

Smiles a: the coxcomb, which admires him so;
 His time and wealth thus lowly that doth spend,
 As it were lent him to no other end:
 Until this Moon-Calf, this most drunken puff,
 Even like a candle burnt into the snuff,
 Fir'd with surfeit, in his own greafe fries,
 Sparkles a little, and then stinking dies.

*The wealth his father by extortion won,
 Thus in the spending helps to damn the son,
 And so falls out indifferently to either,
 Whereby in hell they justly meet together;
 And yet the world much joys in her behalf,
 And takes no little pleasure in her Calf.
 Had this declining time the freedom now,
 Which the brave Roman once it did allow,
 With wire and whipcord ye should see her paid,
 Till the luxurious whore should be afraid
 Of prostitution; and such lasses given,
 To make her wicked spirit in the face of heaven,
 That men by looking upwards as they go,
 Should see the plagues laid on her here below.*

But now proceed we with the other twin,
 Which is most woman, who shall soon begin
 To shew herself. No sooner got the teens,
 But her own natural beauty she disdain;
 With oils and broths most venomous and base
 She plasters over her well-favour'd face;
 And those sweet veins by nature rightly plac'd,
 Wherewith she seem'd that white skin to have
 lac'd,

She soon doth alter; and with fading blue
 Blanching her bosom, she makes others new,
 Blotting the curious workmanship of nature;
 That e'er she be arriv'd at her full stature,
 Ere she be dress'd, she seem'd aged grown,
 And to have nothing on her of her own.
 Her black, brown, auburn, or her yellow hair,
 Naturally lovely, she doth scorn to wear;
 It must be white, to make it fresh to shew,
 And with compounded meal she makes it so,
 With fumes and powd'rs raising such a smoke,
 That a whole region able were to choke:
 Whole stench might fright a dragon from his
 den;

The sun yet ne'er exhal'd from any fen,
 Such pestilential vapours as arise
 From their French powd'rs, and their mercuries.

*Ireland, if thou wilt able be alone,
 Of thine own power to drive out thy Tyrone,
 By heaping up a mass of coin together,
 Shear thy old wolves, and send their fleeces hither.
 Thy white goats hair, Wales, dearer will be sold
 Than silk of Naples, or than thread of gold.
 Our water-dogs and islands here are worn,
 White hair of women here so much is worn.
 Nay more than this, they'll any thing endure,
 And with largesums they stick not to procure
 Hair from the dead, yea and the most unclean;
 To help their pride they nothing will disdain.
 Then in attiring her, and in her sleep,
 The day's three parts she exercis'd doth keep;
 And in ridiculous visits she doth spend
 The other fourth part, to no other end
 But to take note how such a lady lies,
 And to glean from her some deformities,
 Which for a grace she holds, and till she get,
 She thinks herself to be but counterfeit.
 Our merchants from all parts 'twixt either land,
 Cannot get silk to satisfy her mind;
 Nor nature's perfect'st patterns can suffice
 The curious draughts for her embroideries.
 She thinks her honour utterly is lost,
 Except those things do infinitely cost
 Which she doth wear; nor thinks they can be
 dress'd,*

Except she have them in most strange excess.
 And in her fashion she is likewise thus,
 In ev'ry thing she must be monstrous.
 Her piccadill above her crown upbears;
 Her fardingale is set above her ears,
 Which like a broad sail with the wind doth swell,
 To drive this fair hulk headlong into hell.
 After again note, and you shall her see
 Shorn like a man; and for that she will be
 Like him in all, her congies she will make
 With the man's court'sy, and her hat off take,
 Of the French fashion; and wear by her side
 Her sharp filetto in a riband ty'd;
 Then gird herself close to the paps she shall,
 Shap'd breast and buttock, but no waist at all.

But of this She-Calf now to cease all strife,
 I'll by example limn her to the life:
 Not long ago it was my chance to meet
 With such a fury, such a female sprite,
 As never man saw yet, except 'twere she,
 And such a one as I may never see
 Again, I pray; but where I will not name,
 For that the place might so partake her shame:
 But when I saw her rampant to transcend
 All womanhood, I thought her (sure) some
 fiend;

And to myself my thoughts suggested thus,
 That she was gotten by some Incubus;
 And so remembering an old woman's tale,
 As the fat dreaming o'er a pot of ale,
 That on a time she did the devil meet,
 And knew him only by his cloven feet;
 So did I look at her's where she did go,
 To see if her feet were not cloven so.
 Ten long-tongu'd tapsters in a common inn,
 When as the guests to suck space begin,

fair one, down-fair another hies,
 asking clamours and confused cries,
 yet make such a noise as she;
 'e boldly justify, that he
 'ne hour her loud clack can endure,
 turbed, safely, and secure
 'r any bells, and never hear
 'ey were rung, the clappers at his ear;
 long'st night with one sweet sleep be-
 lie,

he dreamt of music all the while.
 sight of her, when she doth roar,
 brike dumb the boldest whore
 traded: she'll not stick to tell,
 life that ever her befell;
 with lain with all degrees and ages,
 boys, scullions, lackies, and some pages;
 's, when we have said all that we can,
 's nothing worth a pin in man;
 here's nothing doth so please her mind,
 nares and hories do their kind:
 she's tipsy, howsoe'er t' offend,
 'r speech to bawdry doth intend;
 's secrets, and she'll name ye all
 e midwives at the Surgeons hall.

poor coxcomb her dull husband dead,
 rkt then this female Moon-Calf wed,
 ite put down the Roman, which once
 pt

urning gulf, thereby to keep
 y from devouring with the flame:
 's we her, of all her sex the shame.
 t the rest at the world's labour, there
 old women most especial were,
 l been jolly wenches in their days,
 ll the parish and had borne the praise
 tales; one, mother Redcap hight,
 'r Howlet, somewhat ill of sight,
 d hurt her eyes with watching late;
 'er Bumbly, a mad jocular mate
 slept; and with her there came
 'er Gurtoon, a right pleasant dame
 t of them; being thus together,
 's done for which they had come thi-
 r,

y mother Redcap at the last,
 sight is quickly like to waste;
 's the world so kindly now is laid,
 child safe, which made us all afraid,
 'e a night on't, wenches; hang up
 'rrow,
 at sleep wants now, take it up to-
 'rrow.

ie fire, and let us have our ale,
 our cups let each one tell her tale:
 't gossip, and to put you in,
 the ice, and thus doth mine begin.
 was a certain prophecy of old,
 's an idle had anciently been told,
 'r many years were com'n and gone,
 'en came out, and the set time came
 's;

's, it told the very day and hour,
 should fall so violent a show'r,

' That it new rivers in the earth should wear,
 ' And dorps and bridges quite away should bear:
 ' But where this idle is, that I cannot shew,
 ' Let them inquire that have desire to know:
 ' The story leaves out that; let it alone,
 ' And, gossips, with my tale I will go on.
 ' Yet what was worse, the prophecy thus spake,
 ' (As to warn men defence for it to make)
 ' That upon whom one drop should chance to

light,
 ' They should of reason be deprived quite.
 ' This prophecy had many an age been heard,
 ' But not a man did it one pin regard;
 ' For all to folly did themselves dispose,
 ' (On verier calves the sun yet never rose)
 ' And of their laughter made it all the theme,
 ' By terming it, the drunken wizard's dream.
 ' There was one honest man, among the rest,
 ' That bare more perfect knowledge in his breast,
 ' And to himself his private hours had kept,
 ' To talk with God, whilst others drank or slept,
 ' Who, in his mercy to this man, reveal'd
 ' That which in justice he had long conceal'd
 ' From the rude herd, but let them still run on
 ' The ready way to their destruction.

' This honest man the prophecy that noted,
 ' And things therein more curiously had-quoted,
 ' Found all those signs were truly come to pass,
 ' That should foreflew this rain, and that it was
 ' Nearly at hand; and from his depth of skill
 ' Had many a time forewarn'd them of their ill,
 ' And preach'd to them this deluge (for their
 ' good)

' As to th' old world Noe did before the flood,
 ' But lost his labour; and since 'twas in vain
 ' To talk more to those idiots of the rain,
 ' He let them rest, and silent sought about
 ' Where he might find some place of safety out,
 ' To shroud himself in; for right well he knew,
 ' That from this show'r, which then began to

' brew,
 ' No roof of tile or thatch he could come in,
 ' Could serve him from being wet to the bone
 ' skin.

' At length this man bethought him of a cave
 ' In a huge rock, which likely was to save
 ' Him from the show'r, upon a hill so steep,
 ' As up the same a man could hardly creep;
 ' So that, except Noah's flood should come again,
 ' He never could be raught by any rain:
 ' Thither at length, though with much toil he
 ' clomb,

' Lift'ning to hear what would thereof become,
 ' It was not long e'er he perceiv'd the skies
 ' Settled to rain, and a black cloud arise,
 ' Whose foggy grossness so oppos'd the light,
 ' As it would turn the noontide into night.
 ' When the wind came about with all his pow'r,
 ' Into the tail of this approaching show'r,
 ' And it to lighten presently began,
 ' Quicker than thought from east to west that ran;
 ' The thunder following did so fiercely rave,
 ' And through the thick clouds with such fury
 ' drove,

As hell had been fet open for the nonce,
 And all the devils heard to roar at once :
 And soon the tempest so outrageous grew,
 That it whole hedge-rows by the roots upthrew,
 So wond'roufully prodigious was the weather,
 As heaven and earth had meant to go together ;
 And down the show'r impetuously doth fall,
 Like that which men the hurricano call ;
 As the grand deluge had been come again,
 And all the world should perish by the rain.
 And long it lasted ; all which time this man,
 Hid in this cave, doth in his judgment scan
 What of this inundation would ensue,
 For he knew well the prophecy was true :
 And when the show'r was somewhat overpast,
 And that the skies began to clear at last,
 To the cave's mouth he softly put his ear,
 To listen if he any thing could hear,
 What harm this storm had done, and what be-
 ' came
 Of those that had been sowed in the same.
 No sooner he that nimble organ lent
 To the cave's mouth, but that incontinent
 There was a noise, as if the garden bears,
 And all the dogs together by the ears,
 And those of Bedlam had enlarged been,
 And to behold the baiting had come in.
 Which when he heard, he knew too well (alas !)
 That what had been foretold, was come to pass ;
 Within himself, good man, he reason'd thus :
 'Tis for our sins this plague is fall'n on us.
 Of all the rest, though in my wits I be,
 (I thank my maker) yet it grieveth me
 To see my country in this piteous cafe.
 Woe's me that ever they so wanted grace !
 But when as man once casts off virtue quite,
 And doth in sin and beastliness delight,
 We see how soon God turns him to a sot.
 To shew myself yet a true patriot,
 I'll in amongst them, and if so that they
 Be not accurs'd of God, yet, yet I may
 By wholesome counsel (if they can but hear)
 Make them as perfect as at first they were
 And thus resolv'd, goes this good poor man
 ' down ;
 When at the entrance of the neighbouring town
 He meets a woman with her buttocks bare,
 Got up astride upon a wall-ey'd mare,
 To run a horse-race, and was like to ride
 Over the good man ; but he stept aside :
 And after her, another that bestrode
 A horse of service, with a lance she rode
 Arm'd, and behind her on a pillion sat
 Her frantic husband, in a broad-brim'd hat,
 A mask and safeguard ; and had in his hand
 His mad wife's distaff for a riding-wand.
 Scarce from these mad folk had he gone so far,
 As a strong man will easi'y pitch a bar,
 But that he found a youth in tislue brave,
 (A daintier man one would not wish to have)
 Was courting of a loathsome meazled fow,
 And, in his judgment, swore he must allow
 Her's the prime beauty that he ever saw,
 Thus was she su'd to (by that prating daw)

Who on the dunghill in the loathsome gore
 Had farrowed ten pigs scarce an hour before.
 At which this man in melancholy deep,
 Burst into laughter, like before to weep.
 Another fool, to fit him for the weather,
 Had arm'd his heels with cork, his head with
 ' feather,
 And in more strange and sundry colours clad,
 Than in the rain-bow ever can be had ;
 Stalk'd through the streets, preparing him to fly
 Up to the moon upon an embassy.
 Another seeing his drunken wife disgorge
 Her pamp'rd stomach, got her to a forge,
 And in her throat the feverous heat to quench
 With the smith's horn was giving her a drench.
 One his next neighbour halter'd had by force,
 So frantic, that he took him for a horse,
 And to a pond was leading him to drink.
 It went beyond the wit of man to think,
 The sundry frenzies that he there might see.
 One man would to another married be ;
 And for a curate taking the town bull,
 Would have him knit the knot. Another gall
 Had found an ape was chained to a stall,
 Which he to worship on his knees doth fall ;
 To do the like and doth his neighbours get,
 Who in a chair this ill-fac'd monkey set,
 And on their shoulder lifting him on high,
 They in procession bear him with a cry ;
 And him a Lord will have at least, if not
 A greater man. Another sutt had got
 About a pedlar, who had lately heard
 How with the mad-men of this isle it far'd ;
 And having nothing in his pack but toys,
 Which none except mere madmen and fond boys
 Would ever touch, thought verily that he
 Amongst these Bedlams would a gainer be,
 Or else lose all ; scarce had he pitch'd his pack,
 E'er he could scarcely say, what do ye lack ?
 But that they throng'd about him with their
 ' money,
 As thick as flies about a pot of honey.
 Some of these lunatics, these frantic asses,
 Gave him spur-rials for his farthing glasses ;
 There should you see another of these cattle
 Give him a pound of silver for a rattle ;
 And there another that would needily scorse
 A costly jewel for a hobby-horse.
 For bells and babies, such as children small
 Are ever us'd to solace them withal,
 Those they did buy at such a costly rate,
 That it was able to subvert a state.
 Which when this wife and sober man behind,
 For very grief his eyes with tears were swell'd,
 Alas, that e'er I saw this day ! (quoth he)
 That I my native country-men should see
 In this estate ! When out of very zeal
 Both to his native earth and common-weal,
 He thrust amongst them, and thus irames his
 ' speech,
 " Dear country-men, I humbly ye beseech,
 " Here me a little, and but mark me well,
 " Alas ! it is not long since first ye fell

s frenzy, these outrageous fits;
 I pray you, so out of your wits,
 to mind th' inevitable ill
 ll on ye, if ye continue still
 ad and frantic; therefore be not worse
 our brute beasts, to bring thereby a curse
 our nephews, so to taint their blood
 renty generations shall be woo'd;
 is brave land, for wit that hath been
 fam'd,
 of Idiots after shall be nam'd:
 ains are not so craz'd, but leave this riot,
 no question, but with temp'rate diet,
 anfel of wife men, when they shall see
 perate estate wherein you be,
 h such med'cines as thy will apply,
 quickly cure your grievous malady."
 ie would proceed with his oration,
 he chiefest of this bedlam nation,
 ld on him, and asks who he should be:
 flow, (quoth his Lord) where had we
 hee?
 hou to preach to us that be so wise?
 wilt thou take upon thee to advise
 hom all now underneath the sky
 ll be seen to learn frugality?
 rely, honest fellow thou art mad.
 r standing by, swore that he had
 n in Bedlam fourteen years ago.
 h a third) this fellow do I know;
 an arrant coxcomb, a mere dizard,
 member, this is the same wizard,
 took upon him wisely to fore-tell
 w'r, so many years before it fell;
 strong effects being so strange and rare,
 ade us such brave creatures as we are,
 f this nation all the frantic rout
 o laughter the poor man about:
 ade mouths at him, others, as in scorn,
 cir fork't fingers pointed him the horn:
 all'd him als and dolt, and bade him go
 ft such fools as he himself was, who
 not teach them. At which this honest
 man
 g that nought but hate and scorn he wan
 ft these idiots and their beastly kind,
 or small remnant of his life behind,
 ineth to solitude to give,
 true hermit afterward to live.
 ale thus ended, ' Gossip, by your leave,
 mother Bumby) ' I do well perceive
 oral of your story, which is this
 & me, dame, if I do judge amiss:)
 ft I'll tell you, by this honest ale,
 conceit this is a pretty tale;
 some handsome players would it take,
 e) a pretty interlude would make.
 the moral: This same mighty shower
 igne sent by supernatural power
 he wicked. For when God intends
 a curse on men's ungodly ends,
 erstwhile he doth them deprive: (give,
 taken from them, up themselves they
 stinefs; nor will he let them see
 ifterable estate wherein they be,

' The rock to which this man for safety climbs,
 ' The contemplation is of the sad times
 ' Of the declining world. His counsels told
 ' To the mad rout, to spoil and baseness sold,
 ' Shews, that from such no goodness can proceed;
 ' Who counsels fools, shall seldom better speed.'
 Quothmother Redcap, " You have hit it right."
 Quoth she, ' I know it gossip; and to quit
 ' Your tale, another you of me shall have,
 ' Therefore a while your patience let me crave.
 ' Out in the North tow'rds Greenland, far away,
 ' There was a witch, (as ancient stories say)
 ' As in those parts there many witches be;
 ' Yet in her craft above all other she
 ' Was the most expert, dwelling in an isle,
 ' Which was in compass scarce an English mile;
 ' Which by her cunning she could make to float
 ' Whither she list, as though it were a boat;
 ' And where again she meant to have it stay,
 ' There could she fix it in the deepest sea.
 ' She could fell winds to any one that would
 ' Buy them for money, forcing them to hold
 ' What time she list'd, tie them in a thread,
 ' Which ever as the seafarer undid,
 ' They rose or scanted, as his sails would drive,
 ' To the same port whereas he would arrive.
 ' She by her spells could make the moon to stay,
 ' And from the east she could keep back the day,
 ' Raise mists and fogs that could eclipse the
 ' light,
 ' And with the noonst she could mix the
 ' night.
 ' Upon this isle whereas she had abode,
 ' Nature (God knows) but little cost bestow'd;
 ' Yet in the same some bastard creatures were,
 ' Seldom yet seen in any place but there;
 ' Half men, half goat, there was a certain kind,
 ' Such as we Satyrs pourtray'd out do find;
 ' Another sort of a most ugly shape,
 ' A bear in body, and in face an ape;
 ' Other like beasts, yet had the feet of fowls,
 ' That demi-urchins were, or demi-owls:
 ' Besides, there were of sundry other sorts,
 ' But we'll not stand too long on these reports.
 ' Of all the rest that most resembles man,
 ' Was an o'er-worn ill-favour'd Babian;
 ' Which of all other (for that only he
 ' Was full of tricks as they are us'd to be)
 ' I'll in her craft so seriously she taught,
 ' As that in little time she had him brought,
 ' That nothing could afore this ape be set,
 ' That presently he could not counterfeit;
 ' She learnt him med'cines instantly to make;
 ' Him any thing whose shape he pleas'd to take;
 ' And when this skill she had on him bestow'd,
 ' She sent him for intelligence abroad.
 ' He like a gypsy oftentimes would go,
 ' Thus fully furnish'd, and by her sent out,
 ' He went to practise all the world about.
 ' He like a gipsy oftentimes would go,
 ' All kind of gibb'rish he had learnt to know,
 ' And with a stick, a short string, and a noose:
 ' Would shew the people tricks at fast and loose;
 ' Tell folks their fortunes, for he would find out
 ' By fly inquiry as he went about,

- ' What chance this one he, or that she had prov'd,
 ' Whom they most hated, or whom most they
 ' lov'd;
 ' And looking in their hands, as there he knew it
 ' Out of his skill would counterfeit to shew it.
 ' Sometimes he for a mountebank would pass,
 ' And shew you in a crucible or glass
 ' Some rare extraction, presently and run
 ' Through all the cures that he therewith had
 ' done.
 ' An aspick still he carry'd in a poke,
 ' Which he to bite him often would provoke,
 ' And with an oil, when it began to swell,
 ' The deadly poison quickly could expell;
 ' And many times a juggler he would be,
 ' (A craftier knave there never was than he)
 ' And by a mist deceiving of the sight,
 ' (As knavery ever falsifies the light)
 ' He by his active nimbleness of hand
 ' Into a serpent would transform a wand,
 ' As those Egyptians, which by magic thought,
 ' Far beyond Moses wonders to have wrought.
 ' There never was a subtilty devis'd,
 ' In which this villain was not exercis'd.
 ' Now from this region where they dwelt, not
 ' far,
 ' There was a wife and learn'd astronomer,
 ' Who skilful in the planetary hours,
 ' The working knew of the celestial powers,
 ' And by their ill, or by their good aspect,
 ' Men in their actions wisely could direct;
 ' And in the black and gloomy arts so skill'd,
 ' That he even Hell in his subjection held;
 ' He could command the spir'its up from below,
 ' And bind them strongly, till they let him know
 ' All the dread secrets that belong'd them to,
 ' And what those did, with whom they had to do.
 ' This wizard, in his knowledge most profound,
 ' Sitting one day the depth of things to sound;
 ' For that the world was brought to such pass
 ' That it well-near in a confusion was;
 ' For things set right, ran quickly out of frame,
 ' And those awry to rare perfection came:
 ' And matters in such sort about were brought,
 ' That states were puzzled almost beyond
 ' thought,
 ' Which made him think (as he might very
 ' well)
 ' There were more devils than he knew in Hell:
 ' And thus resolves, that he would cast about
 ' In his best skill to find the engine out
 ' That wrought all this, and put himself therein.
 ' When in this bus'ness long he had not been,
 ' But by the spirits which he had sent abroad,
 ' And in this work had every way bestow'd,
 ' He came to know this foul witch, and her
 ' factor,
 ' The one the plotter, and the other th' actor
 ' Of all these flirs, which many a state had spoil'd,
 ' Whereby the world so long had been turmoil'd;
 ' Wherefore he thought it much did him behove,
 ' Out of the way this couple to remove,
 ' Or (out of question) half the world e'er long
 ' Would be divided, hers and his among.
- ' When turning over his most mystic books,
 ' Into the secrets of his art he looks;
 ' And th' earth and th' air doth with such magic
 ' fill,
 ' That ev'ry place was troubled by his skill,
 ' Whilst in his mind he many a thing revolves,
 ' Till at the last he with himself resolves,
 ' One spirit of his should take the witch's shape,
 ' Another in the person of the ape
 ' Should be join'd with him, so to prove by this
 ' Whether their pow'r were less, or more than
 ' his;
 ' Which he performs, and to their task them sets,
 ' When soon that spirit, the witch that counter-
 ' feits,
 ' Watch'd till he found her far abroad to be,
 ' Into the place then of her home gets he:
 ' And when the Babian came the news to bring
 ' What he had done abroad, and ev'ry thing
 ' Which he had plotted, how their bus'ness went,
 ' And in the rest to know her dread intent,
 ' Where she was wont to call him her dear son,
 ' Her little play-scer, and her pretty bun;
 ' Mug him, and swear he was her only joy,
 ' Her very Hermes, her most dainty boy;
 ' O most strange thing! she chang'd her wonted
 ' cheer,
 ' And doth to him most terrible appear:
 ' And in most fearful shapes she doth him
 ' threaten
 ' With eager looks, as him she would have
 ' eaten,
 ' That from her presence he was forc'd to fly,
 ' As from his death, or deadly enemy.
 ' When now the second, which the shape doth
 ' take
 ' Of the baboon, determining to make
 ' The like sport with him, his best time doth
 ' watch,
 ' When he alone the curst witch might catch;
 ' And when her factor farthest was remote,
 ' Then he began to change his former note;
 ' And where he wont to tell her pleasing stories
 ' Full of their conquests, triumphs, and their
 ' glories,
 ' He turns his tale, and to the witch relates
 ' The strange revolts of tributary states,
 ' Things gotten back, which late they had for
 ' prize,
 ' With new discoveries of their policies;
 ' Disguiss and dangers that had cross'd their en-
 ' ning,
 ' With sad portents, their ruin still forerunning:
 ' That thus the witch and the baboon deceiv'd
 ' Of all their hopes, of all their joys bereav'd,
 ' As in despair do bid the world adieu.
 ' When as the ape, which weak and sickly grew,
 ' On the cold earth his scurvy carrion lays,
 ' And worn to nothing, ends his wretched days:
 ' The filthy hag, abhorring of the light,
 ' Into the North pass Thule takes her flight,
 ' And in those deeps, past which no land is
 ' found,
 ' Her wretched self she miserably drown'd.'

Is thus ended, mother Owl doth take
 , and thus to mother Bumby spake :
 e our gossip Redcap told before,
 well riddled, that there can no more
 of it ; and therefore as your due,
 ou have done for her, I'll do for you.
 thus it is : That fame notorious witch,
 mbition men have to be rich
 eat ; for which all faith aside they lay,
 the devil give themselves away.
 ating life, where she is said to won,
 rious courses are through which they
 run
 their ends. And by the ape is meant
 damned villains, made the instrument
 of designs. That wond'rous man of
 skill,
 counsel is ; or rather, if you will,
 fine justice, which doth bring to light
 wicked plots, not raught by common
 sight ;
 ough they never have so closely wrought,
 confusion lastly they are brought.
 ip, indeed you have hit it to a hair ;
 truly your morality is rare,"
 mother Bumby. Mother Owl reply'd,
 come, I know I was not very wide :
 fore, to quit your tales, and make 'em
 three,
 gossips, listen now to me.
 re was a man not long since dead, but he
 a devil might accounted be :
 lgment, at her best, could hardly scan,
 er he were more devil, or more man :
 he was, he did himself apply
 ind of witchcraft and black forcery ;
 r his humour naturally stood
 ft, to rapine, and to shedding blood,
 se damn'd hags, with whom he was in
 grace,
 'd to meet in many a secret place,
 rat an herb of such a wond'rous pow'r,
 vere it gather'd at a certain hour,
 ure for the same did so provide,
 igh from knowledge gladly it to hide,
 smet itself it did disclose,
 et itself up as the morning rose)
 ith thrice saying a strange magic spell,
 , but to him, to no man they would
 tell,
 as so e'er that simple he would take,
 a war-wolf instantly would make ;
 put in practice, he most certain prov'd,
 so a forest he himself remov'd,
 gh which there lay a plain and common
 road,
 he the place chose for his chief abode,
 ere this monster sat him down to thieve,
 ag but stolen goods might this fiend re-
 lieve.
 y woman by that way could pass,
 this wolf she surely ravish'd was ;
 he found her flesh were soft and good,
 serv'd for lust, and also serve for food.

' Into a village he sometime would get,
 ' And watching there (as for the purpose set)
 ' For little children when they came to play,
 ' The fatt'ft he ever bore with him away ;
 ' And as the people oft were wont to rise,
 ' Following with hubbubs and confused cries,
 ' Yet was he so well-breathed, and so light,
 ' That he would still outstrip them by his
 ' flight ;
 ' And making straight to the tall forest near,
 ' Of the sweet flesh would have his junkets
 ' there.
 ' And let the shepherds do the best they could,
 ' Yet would he venture oft upon the fold ;
 ' And taking the fatt'ft sheep he there could
 ' find,
 ' Bear him away, and leave the dogs behind.
 ' Nor could men keep so much as pig or lamb,
 ' But it no sooner could drop from the dam,
 ' By hook or crook but he would surely catch,
 ' Though with their weapons all the town should
 ' watch.
 ' Amongst the rest there was a silly ass,
 ' That on the way by fortune chanc'd to pass,
 ' Yet (it was true) he in his time had been
 ' A very perfect man in shape and skin ;
 ' But by a witch (envying his estate)
 ' That had borne to him a most deadly hate,
 ' Into this shape he was transform'd, and so
 ' From place to place he wander'd to and fro,
 ' And oftentimes was taken for a stray,
 ' And in the pinfold many a time he lay ;
 ' Yet held he still the reason that he had
 ' When he was man, although he thus was clad
 ' In a poor ass's shape, wherein he goes,
 ' And must endure what Fortune will impose.
 ' Him on his way this cruel wolf doth take,
 ' His present prey determining to make.
 ' He bray'd and roar'd, to make the people
 ' hear ;
 ' But it fell out, no creature being near,
 ' The silly ass, when he had done his best,
 ' Must walk the common way amongst the
 ' rest ;
 ' When tow'nds his den the cruel wolf him
 ' tugs,
 ' And by the ears most terribly him lugs :
 ' But as God would, he had no lift to feed,
 ' Wherefore to keep him still he should have
 ' need,
 ' The silly creature utterly forlorn,
 ' He brings into a brake of briars and thorn,
 ' And so entangles by the mane and tail,
 ' That he might pluck and struggle there, and
 ' hale,
 ' Till his breath left him, unless by great chance
 ' Some one might come for his deliverance.
 ' At length the people grievously annoy'd
 ' By this vile wolf, so many that destroy'd,
 ' Determined a hunting they would make,
 ' To see if they by any means could take
 ' This rav'nous war-wolf : and with them they
 ' bring
 ' Mastiffs and mongrels, all that in a string

- ' Could be got out, or could but lug a hog;
 ' Ball, Eataill, Cuttail, Blackfoot, bitch and dog.
 ' Bills, bats, and clubs the angry men do bear;
 ' The women, eager as their husbands were,
 ' With spits and fireforks, sware if they could
 ' catch him,
 ' It should go hard but they would soon dispatch
 ' him.
 ' This subtle wolf, by passengers that heard
 ' What forces thus against him were prepar'd,
 ' And, by the noise, that they were near at
 ' hand,
 ' Thinking this afs did nothing understand,
 ' Goes down into a spring that was hard by,
 ' Which the afs noted, and immediately
 ' He came out perfect man, his wolf's shape
 ' left,
 ' In which so long he had committed theft.
 ' The silly afs so wistly then did view him,
 ' And in his fancy so exactly drew him,
 ' That he was sure to own this thief again,
 ' If he should see him 'mongst a thousand men.
 ' This wolf turn'd man, him instantly doth
 ' shroud
 ' In a near thicket, till the boist'rous crowd
 ' Had somewhat past him, then he in doth fall
 ' Upon the rear, not any of them all
 ' Makes greater stir, nor seems to them to be
 ' More diligent to find the wolf than he.
 ' They beat each brake and tuft o'er all the
 ' ground,
 ' But yet the war-wolf was not to be found;
 ' But a poor afs entangled in the briers,
 ' In such strange fort, as ev'ry one desires
 ' To see the manner, and each one doth ga-
 ' ther
 ' How he was fasten'd fo, how he came thither.
 ' The silly afs yet being still in hold,
 ' Makes all the means that possibly he could
 ' To be let loose; he hums, 'he kneels, and cries,
 ' Shaketh his head, and turneth up his eyes
 ' To move their pity; that some said, 'twas
 ' sure
 ' This afs had sense of what he did endure:
 ' And at the last amongst themselves decreed
 ' To let him loose. The afs no sooner freed,
 ' But out he goes the company among,
 ' And where he saw the people thick't to
 ' throng,
 ' There he thrusts in, and looketh round about;
 ' Here he runs in, and there he rusheth out;
 ' That he was likely to have thrown to ground
 ' Those in his way: which when the people
 ' found,
 ' Though the poor afs they seemed to disdain,
 ' Follow'd him yet, to find what he should
 ' mean,
 ' Until by chance that he this villain met,
 ' When he upon him furiously doth set,
 ' Fast'ning his teeth upon him with such
 ' strength,
 ' That he could not be loos'd, till at the length
 ' Railing them in, the people make a ring,
 ' Struck with the wonder of so strange a thing;
 ' Whilst they are cag'd, contending whether
 ' can
 ' Conquer, the afs some cry, some cry the
 ' man:
 ' Yet the afs dragg'd him, and still forward
 ' drew
 ' Tow'rds the strange spring, which yet they
 ' never knew;
 ' Yet to what part the struggling seem'd to
 ' sway,
 ' The people made a lane, and gave them way.
 ' At length the afs had tugg'd him near ther-
 ' to,
 ' The people wond'ring what he meant to do;
 ' He seem'd to shew them with his foot the
 ' well,
 ' Then with an afs-like noise he seem'd to tell
 ' The story now by pointing to the men,
 ' Then to the thief, then to the spring again:
 ' At length waxt angry, growing into passion
 ' Because they could not find his demonstration,
 ' T' expresse it more, he leaps into the spring.
 ' When on the sudden (O most wond'rous
 ' thing!)
 ' To change his shape he presently began,
 ' And at an instant became perfect man,
 ' Recov'ring speech; and coming forth, accus'd
 ' The bloody murth'rer, who had so abus'd
 ' The honest people, and such harm had done;
 ' Before them all and presently begun,
 ' To shew them in what danger he had been,
 ' And of this wolf the cruelty and sin,
 ' How he came chang'd again, as he had
 ' prov'd.
 ' Whereat the people being strangely mov'd,
 ' Some on the head, some on the back do lay
 ' him,
 ' And in their arms with shouts and kisses lay
 ' him;
 ' Then all at once upon the war-wolf flew,
 ' And up and down him on the earth they
 ' drew;
 ' Then from his bones the flesh in collops cut,
 ' And on their weapon's points in triumph put;
 ' Returning back with a victorious song,
 ' Bearing the man aloft with them along.
 ' Quoth gammer Gurton, " On my honest
 ' word,
 " You've told a tale doth much conceit afford,
 " Good neighbour Howlet; and as ye have
 ' done
 " Each one for other since our tales begun,
 " And since our stand of ale so well endures,
 " As you have moral'd Bumby's, I will yourn.
 " The fable of the war-wolf I apply
 " To a man given to blood and cruelty,
 " And upon spoil doth only set his rest;
 " Which by a wolf's shape liveliest is express'd.
 " The spring, by which he gets his former shape,
 " Is the evasion after every rape
 " He hath to start by. And the silly afs,
 " Which, unregarded, every where doth pass,
 " Is some just soul who though the world disdain
 " Yet he by God is strangely made the mean

' bring his damned practices to light."
 ' such another Howlet, ' You have hit the
 ' white.'

' sought as much (quoth gammer Gorton :)
 ' then

' turn comes next, have with you once a-
 ' gain.

' nighty waste there in a country was,
 ' not so great as it was poor of graze,
 ' was laid of old, a faint once curst the soil,
 ' barren and so hungry, that no toil
 ' did ever make it any thing to bear,
 ' would aught prosper that was planted
 ' there.

' as the earth the spring was seldom seen,
 ' was winter there, when each place else was
 ' green ;

' in summer did her most abundance yield,
 ' as lay still brown as any fellow field ;
 ' as the same some few trees scattering
 ' stood,

' it was autumn e'er they us'd to bud ;
 ' d they were crookt and knotty, and the
 ' leaves

' a niggard sap so utterly deceives,
 ' as sprouting forth, they drooping hung the
 ' head,

' d were near wither'd e'er yet fully spread.
 ' mirthful birds the boughs did ever grace,
 ' could be won to stay upon that place ;
 ' by the night-crow sometimes you might
 ' see,

' aking, to sit upon some ranpick-tree,
 ' ich was but very seldom too, and then
 ' eded great mortality to men.

' were the trees, which on that common
 ' grew,

' were the cattle, starv'lings ; and a few
 ' and mules, and they were us'd to gnaw
 ' very earth to fill the hungry maw ;
 ' on they far'd best, they fed on fern and
 ' brack,

' or lean shrunk bellies cleav'd up to their
 ' back.

' all the rest in that great waste that went,
 ' those quick carriages the most eminent
 ' as a poor mule, upon that common bred,
 ' from his foaling farther never fed ;
 ' summer well-near ev'ry year was past,
 ' he his ragged winter coat could cast ;
 ' then the jade would get him to a tree
 ' that had a rough bark, purposely, where he
 ' bring his buttocks and his either side,
 ' and get the old hair from his starved hide ;
 ' though he were as naked as my nail,
 ' he would whinny then, and wag the
 ' tail.

' his short pasture one day as he stood
 ' dy to faint amongst the rest for food,
 ' the poor beast (according to his kind)
 ' ring his nostrils up into the wind,
 ' sweet fresh feeding thought that he did
 ' vent,
 ' thing, as hunger, sharpeneth so the scent ;)

' For that not far there was a goodly ground,
 ' Which with sweet graze so greatly did a-
 ' bound,

' That the fat soil seem'd to be over-fraught,
 ' Nor could bestow the burthen that it brought ;

' Besides that bounteous nature did it sicken
 ' With sundry sorts of fragrant flow'rs so thick,

' That when the warm and balmy south-wind
 ' blew,

' The luscious smells o'er all the region flew.
 ' Led by his sense, at length this poor jade

' found
 ' This pasture (scent'd though with a mighty
 ' mound,

' A pale and quickset circling it about,
 ' That nothing could get in, nor nothing out)

' And with himself thus wittily doth cast :
 ' Well, I have found good pasture yet at last,

' If by some means accomplish'd it might be ;
 ' Round with the ditch immediately walks he ;

' And long though 'twas, (good luck ne'er comes
 ' too late)

' It was his chance to light upon a gate
 ' That led into it : though his hap were good,

' Yet was it made of so sufficient wood,
 ' And every bar that did to it belong

' Was so well jointed, and so wond'rous strong,
 ' Besides a great lock with a double ward,

' That he thereby of entrance was debar'd,
 ' And thereby hard beset ; yet thought at

' length,
 ' 'Twas done by sleight, that was not done by

' strength.

' Felt in the ground his two fore-feet doth get,
 ' Then his hard buttocks to the gate he set,

' And thrust, and shook, and labour'd, till at
 ' last,

' The two great posts, that held the same so
 ' fast,

' Began to loosen ; when again he takes
 ' Fresh foot-hold, and afresh he shakes and

' shakes,
 ' Till the great hinges to fly off he feels,

' And heard the gate fall clatt'ring at his heels ;
 ' Then neighs and brays with such an open

' throat,
 ' That all the waste resounded with his note.

' The rest, that did his language understand,
 ' Knew well there was some good to them in

' hand,
 ' And tag and rag through thick and thin came

' running,
 ' Nor dale nor ditch, nor bank nor bushes shun-

' ning ;
 ' And so desirous to see their good hap,

' That with their thronging they stuck in the
 ' gap.

' Now they bestir their teeth, and do devour
 ' More sweetness in the compass of one hour,

' Than twice so many could in twice the time,
 ' For now the spring was in the very prime ;

' Till prickt with plenty, eas'd of all their
 ' lacks,

' Their pamp'rd bellies swollen above their backs ;

- ' They tread and waddle all the goodly grafs,
 ' That in the field there scarce a corner was
 ' Left free by them; and what they had not
 ' 'swallow'd,
 ' There they had dung'd, and laid 'em down and
 ' 'wallow'd:
 ' One with another they would lie and play,
 ' And in the deep fog batten all the day.
 ' Thus a long while this merry life they led,
 ' Till ev'n like lard their thicken'd fides were
 ' 'fed.
 ' But on a time, the weather being fair,
 ' And season fit to take the pleasant air,
 ' To view his pasture the rich owner went,
 ' And see what grafs the fruitful year had sent;
 ' Finding the feeding, for which he had toil'd
 ' To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd,
 ' Me in a rage upon them sets his cur,
 ' But for his bawling not a beast would stir;
 ' Then whoots and shouts, and claps his hands;
 ' 'but he
 ' Might as well move the dull earth, or a tree,
 ' As once but stir them: when all would not do,
 ' Last with his goad amongst them he doth go,
 ' And some of them he girdeth in the haunches,
 ' Some in the flanks, that prick their very
 ' 'paunches:
 ' But when they felt that they began to smart,
 ' Upon a sudden they together start,
 ' And drive at him as fast as they could ding,
 ' They flirt, they yerk, they backward fluce and
 ' 'fling,
 ' As though the devil in their heels had been,
 ' That to escape the danger he was in,
 ' He back and back into a quagmire by,
 ' Though with much peril, forced was to fly:
 ' But lightly treading thereupon, doth shift,
 ' Out of the bog his cumber'd feet to lift,
 ' When they the peril that do not fore cast,
 ' In the stiff mud are quickly flabed fast:
 ' When to the town he presently doth fly,
 ' Raising the neighbours with a sudden cry,
 ' With cords and halters that came all at once,
 ' For now the jades were fitt'd for the nonce:
 ' For by that time th' had sunk themselves
 ' 'deep,
 ' That scarce their heads above ground they cou
 ' 'keep,
 ' When presently they by the necks them boun
 ' And so they led them to the common pound.
 ' Quoth mother Redcap, ' Right well have y
 ' 'done,
 ' Good gammer Garton; and as we begun,
 ' So you conclude: 'tis time we parted now;
 ' But first of my morality allow.
 ' The common that you speak of here, say I,
 ' Is nothing else but want and beggary,
 ' In the world common; and the beasts that g
 ' Upon the same, which oft are famish'd so,
 ' Are the poor, bred in scarcity. The mule,
 ' The other cattle that doth seem to rule,
 ' Some crafty fellow that hath slyly found
 ' A way to thrive by. And the fruitful ground
 ' Is wealth, which he by subtilty doth win;
 ' In his possession which not long hath been,
 ' But he with riot and excess doth waste,
 ' For goods ill-gotten do consume as fast;
 ' And with the law they lastly do contend,
 ' Till at the last the prison is the end.
 ' Quoth gammer Garton, ' Well yourself yet
 ' quit.
 By this the dawn usurpt upon the night,
 And at the window biddeth them good day,
 When they departed each their several way.

T H E
L E G E N D

O F

ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY.

At time soft night had silently begun
I by minutes on the long-liv'd days,
Rising dog-star following the bright sun,
Whom heat infects his chearful rays,
The earth with many a sad disease;
Which then inflam'd with their intemp'rate
Fires,
Dress'd in light habiliments attires.

At rather morning newly but awake,
With fresh beauty burnishing her brows,
Beholding in the gen'ral lake,
Which she pays her never-ceasing vows,
The new day me willingly to rouse,
On to fair Thames I gently took my way,
In whom the winds continually do play,

As if to fancy his chaste breast to move,
As all pleasures plentifully flow,
Which him along the wanton tide doth shove,
I keep back, they easily do blow,
Which force forward, thinking him too slow;
Which with his waves would check the winds
Embrace,
As if they fan air upon his crystal face.

St. III.

Still forward falling from his bounteous source,
Along the shores lasciviously doth strain,
Making such strange meanders in his course,
As to his fountain he would back again,
Or turn'd about to look upon his train;
Whose sundry soils with coy regard he greets,
Till with clear Medway happily he meets.

Steering my compass by this wand'ring stream,
Whose flight preach'd to me Time's swift-posting
Hours,
Delighted thus, as with some pretty dream,
Where pleasure wholly had possess'd my pow'rs,
And looking back on London's stately tow'rs;
So Troy, thought I, her stately head did rear,
Whose crafed ribs the furrowing plow doth
Cyre.

Weary, at length a willow tree I found,
Which on the bank of this brave river stood,
Whose root with rich grass greatly did abound,
Forc'd by the fluxure of the swelling flood,
Ordain'd (it seem'd) to sport his nymphish brood;
Whose curled top envy'd the heav'n's great eye
Should view the flock it was maintained by.

N

The lark, that holds observance to the sun,
 Quaver'd her clear notes in the quiet air,
 And on the river's murmuring base did run,
 Whilst the pleas'd Heav'n her fairest liv'ry ware,
 The place such pleasure gently did prepare;
 The flow'rs my smell, the flood my taste to
 steep,
 And the much softness lulled me asleep.

When in a vision as it seem'd to me,
 Triumphal music from the flood arose,
 As when the sov'reign we embarg'd see,
 And by fair London for his pleasure rows,
 Whose tender welcome the glad city shows:
 The people swarming on the pebbled shoars,
 And the curl'd waters overspread with oars

A troop of nymphs came suddenly on land,
 In the full end of this triumphal sound,
 And me incompass'd, taking hand in hand,
 Casting themselves about me in a round,
 And so down set them on the easy ground,
 Bending their clear eyes with a modest grace
 Upon my swart and melancholy face.

Next, 'twixt two ladies came a goodly knight,
 As newly brought from some distressful place,
 To me who seem'd some right worthy wight,
 Though his attire were miserably base,
 And time had worn deep furrows in his face;
 Yet, though cold age had frosted his fair
 hairs,
 It rather seem'd with sorrow than with years.

The one a lady of a princely port,
 Leading this sad lord, scarcely that could stand;
 The other steering in disdainful sort,
 With scornful gestures drew him by the hand,
 Who lame and blind, yet bound with many a
 band:

When I perceived nearer as they came,
 This fool was Fortune, and the braver Fame.

Fame had the right hand in a robe of gold,
 (Whose train old Time obsequiously did bear)
 Whereon in rich embroid'ry was enroll'd
 The names of all that worthies ever were,
 Which all might read depainted lively there,
 Set down in lofty well-composed verse,
 Fitt'ft the great deeds of heroes to rehearse.

On her fair breast the two broad tablets wore,
 Of crystal one, the other ebony;
 On which engraven were all names of yore
 In the clear tomb of living Memory,
 Or the black book of endless Obloquy:
 The first with poets and with conquerors
 priz'd,

That with base worldlings ev'ry where de-
 sist.

And in her words appeared (as a wonder)
 Her present force and after-during might,
 Which softly spoke, far off were heard to thunder

About the world, that quickly took their flight
 And brought the most obscurest things to light
 That still the farther off, the greater still
 Did make our good, or manifest our ill.

Fortune, as blind as he whom she did lead,
 Changing her feature often in an hour,
 Fantastically carrying her head,
 Soon would she smile, and suddenly would lo
 And with one breath her words were sweet
 sow'r;
 Upon stark fools she amorously would glaze
 And upon wise men coyly look afance.

About her neck, in manner of a chain,
 Torn diadems and broken scepters hung;
 If any on her stedfastly did lean,
 Them to the ground despoightfully she flung;
 And in this posture as she past along,
 She bags of gold out of her bosom drew,
 Which she to fools and arrant idiots threw.

A dusky veil did hide her sightless eyes,
 Like clouds that cover our uncertain lives,
 Whereon were pourtray'd direful tragedies,
 Fools wearing crowns, and wise men dead
 in gyves;
 How all things she preposterously contrives,
 Which, as a map, her regency discovers
 In camps, in courts, and in the way of loves.

An easy bank near to this place there was,
 A seat fair Flora us'd to sit upon,
 Curling her clear locks in this liquid glass,
 Putting her rich gems and attirings on,
 Fitter than this about us there was none:
 Where they set down that poor distressed man
 When to the purpose Fortune thus began.

' Behold this Duke of Normandy, quoth she,
 ' The heir of William conqueror of this isle,
 ' Appealing to be justify'd by thee,
 ' (Whose tragedy this poet must compile)
 ' He whom I have ever esteemed vile,
 ' Marking his birth with an unlucky hour;
 ' And yet for him thou com'st prepared
 ' stand.

' What art thou, but a tumour of the mind,
 ' A bubble, blown up by deceitful breath?
 ' Which never yet exactly wert defin'd,
 ' In whom no wife man e'er repos'd faith,
 ' Spraking of few well, until after death,
 ' That from loose humour hast thy mind
 ' birth,
 ' Unknown to heaven, not much esteem'd
 ' earth.

' First, by opinion had'st thou thy creation,
 ' On whom thou still dost servilely attend,
 ' And like whom, long thou keep'st not my
 ' fashion;
 ' But with the world uncertainly dost stand,
 ' Which as a post thee up and down dost send:

rofaue tongues thou canst never

sholden, be it not with lica.

er prying like a thief,
each cranny like the wind do't

t, as easy of belief:
hese counsel thou dost ever keep?
to fancly dar't peep,
truth what thou can't but suppose,
that which thou should'st not dif-

e toil and labour thou art sought,
way which leadeeth to thy cell,
ood thy favour must be bought,
ll have thee, fetcheth thee from

impal'd with fire and sword do't
; thou art in all this peril found,
hou? only but a tinkling found.

world doth hold to be but base,
atures and the most doth scorn,
t men fit in the servil'st place,
most part thou do'st most suborn,
Fame, whose weeds are nearly
: poor wretches cannot come to thee,
fer'd and dignify'd by me.

such supposed to advance,
e fantastically deem,
youth, or frenzy doth entrance;
ound, but only so doth seem,
wife fort a dotage but esteem)
by the humorous abusing,
ir error and thy fault excusing.

ril thou do'st not appear;
then, but with intreats and wooing,
f when as thou should'st be near,
inist'd, and augmented going,
ays the greatest cost bestowing,
ing men's losses to repair,
rformance but a little air.

rises (as the fittest grounds)
a blood thy sad memorials lye,
s are immedicable wounds,
its for the weeping eye;
he dust men's worths do't only try,
before thou falsely didst deprave,
t acknowledge only in the grave.

self is witness of my pow'r,
reign with the eternal fates,
I sit in council every hour,
tions of all times and states,
down their changes and their dates,
ointing ev'ry thing to come,
great and universal doom.

' The stars to me an everlasting book,
' In that eternal register, the sky,
' Whose mighty volumes I oft overlook,
' Still turning o'er the leaves of destiny,
' Which man I too inviolate deny,
' And his frail will thereby I see controul'd,
' By such strong clauses as are there enroll'd.

' Predestination giving me a being,
' Whose depth man's wisdom never yet could
' sound,
' Into whose secrets only I have seeing,
' Wherein wise reason doth herself confound,
' Searching where doubts do more thereby a-
' bound:
' For sacred texts unlock the way to me,
' To lighten those that will my glory see.

' Those names th' old poets to their gods did
' give,
' Were only figures to express my might,
' To shew the virtues that in Fortune live,
' And my much pow'r in this all-moving wight,
' Who all their altars to my godhead dight;
' Which alterations upon earth do bring,
' And give them matter still whereon to sing.

' What though uncertain, varying in my course,
' I make my changes aim one certain end,
' Crossing man's forecast, to make knowna my
' force,
' Still foe to none, to none a perfect friend?
' To him least hoping, soonest I do send,
' That all should find, I worthily bestow,
' And 'tis a reason, that I think it so.

' Forth off my lap I pour abundant bliss,
' All good, proceeds from my all-giving hand,
' By me, man happy or unhappy is,
' For whom I stick, or whom I do withstand,
' And it is I am friendship's only band;
' And upon me all greedily take hold,
' Which being broke, all worldly love grows
' cold.'

Pausing the frown'd, when suddenly withal
A fearful noise ariseth from the flood,
As when a tempest furiously doth fall
Within the thick waste of some ancient wood;
That in amazement ev'ry mortal flood,
As though her words such pow'rfulness did
bear,
That each thing seem'd her menaces to fear.

When Fame yet smiling, mildly thus replies:
' Alas, (quoth she) what labour thou hast lost!
' What wond'rous mists thou casts before our
' eyes!
' Yet will the gain not countervail the cost.
' What would'st thou say, if thou hadst cause to
' boast,
' Which sett'st thy slate out in such wond'rous
' sort,
' Which, but thyself, none ever could report?

' For what is fortune only, but event,
 ' Breeding in some a transitory terror ?
 ' A what men will, that falls by accident,
 ' And only named to excuse their error.
 ' What else is fortune ? or who doth prefer her ?
 ' Or who to her so foolish is to lean,
 ' Which weak tradition only doth maintain ?

' A toy, whereon the doating world doth dream,
 ' First soothed by uncertain observation,
 ' Of men's attempts that being the extreme,
 ' Fast'neth thereby on weak imagination ;
 ' Yet notwithstanding all this usurpation,
 ' Must to thy self be incidently loathing,
 ' Most when thou would'st be, that art right-
 ' ly nothing.

' And with the world insinuating thus,
 ' And under so allowable pretence,
 ' Closely encroaching on man's genius,
 ' In good and evil taking residence ;
 ' And having got this small preeminence,
 ' When to thy self a being thou would'st frame,
 ' Art in conclusion only but a name.

' Those ignorant, which made a God of nature,
 ' And nature's God divinely never knew,
 ' Were those to fortune that first built a stature,
 ' For whom thy worship ignorantly grew,
 ' Which being ador'd foolishly by few,
 ' Grounded thy looser and uncertain laws
 ' Upon so weak and indigent a cause.

' First sloth did hatch thee in her sleepy cell,
 ' And thee with ease dishonourably fed,
 ' Deliv'ring thee with cowardice to dwell,
 ' Which with base thoughts continually thee bred ;
 ' By superstition idly being led,
 ' It an imposture after did thee make,
 ' Whom for a goddess fools do only take.

' Nor never dost thou any thing forecast,
 ' But as thou art improvident, so light ;
 ' And this most wicked property thou hast,
 ' That against virtue thou bend'st all thy might,
 ' With whom thou wagest a continual fight ;
 ' The yielding spirit in fetters thou dost bind,
 ' But art a mere slave to the constant mind.

' Such is thy froward and malignant kind,
 ' That what thou do'st, thou still do'st in despight,
 ' And art enamour'd of the barbarous hind,
 ' Whom thou dost make thy only favourite :
 ' None but the base in baseness do delight ;
 ' For wert thou heavenly, thou in love would'st be
 ' With that which nearest doth resemble thee.

' But I alone the herald am of heaven,
 ' Whose spacious kingdom stretcheth far and wide,
 ' Through ev'ry coast upon the light'ning driven,
 ' As on the sun-beams gloriously I ride,
 ' By them I mount, and down by them I slide,
 ' I register the world's long-during hours,
 ' And know the high will of th' immortal pow'rs.

' Men to the stars me guiding them do
 ' That all dimensions perfectly express,
 ' I am alone the vanquisher of time,
 ' Bearing those sweets which cure death's ill
 ' I all good labours plentifully bless,
 ' Yea, all abstruse profundities impart
 ' Leading men through the tedious w

' My palace placed betwixt earth and ill
 ' Which many a tower ambitiously up
 ' Whereof the windows are all glaz'd w
 ' The walls as neatly builded are of ear
 ' Where ev'ry thing in heaven and earth
 ' Nothing so softly whisper'd in the
 ' But through my palace presently de

' And under foot floor'd all about with
 ' The rafters trumpets admirably clear,
 ' Sounding aloud each name that thither
 ' The crannies tongues, and talking ev'
 ' And all things past in memory do bea
 ' The doors unlock with ev'ry little
 ' Nay, open wide with each word w
 ' faith,

' And hung about with arms and conque
 ' The posts whereon the goodly roof do
 ' Are pillars graven with Herculean toi
 ' Th' achievements great of many a war
 ' As well in christned, as in heathen lan
 ' Done by those nobles that are most
 ' That there by me immortally are c

' Here, in the body's likeness whilst it
 ' Appear the thoughts proceeding from t
 ' To which the place a glorious habit g
 ' When once to me they freely are refu
 ' To be preserv'd here : and are so resu
 ' That when the corps by death d
 ' perish,
 ' Then doth this place the mind's tr
 ' cherish.

' My beauty never fades, but still new-l
 ' As years encrease, so ever waxing you
 ' My strength is not diminished, nor w
 ' Time weak'ning all things, only makes
 ' Nor am I subject to base worldly wro
 ' The power of kings I utterly defy,
 ' Nor am I aw'd by all their tyranny

' The brow of heav'n my monuments c
 ' (And is the mighty register of fame)
 ' Which there in fiery characters remai
 ' The gorgeous cieling of th' immortal
 ' The constellations publishing my nam
 ' Where my memorials evermore abi
 ' So by th' old poets was I glorify'd.

Fame having ended, fortune soon began
 Further to urge what the before had said
 ' When lo (quoth she) Duke Robert is
 ' Which, as my prisoner, I in bonds do
 ' For whom thou com'st against me her

- ' Who I alone deprived of his crown ;
' Who can raise him, that Fortune will have
' down ?'
- ' A fitter instance (Fame replying) none
' Than is Duke Robert ; Fortune, do thy worst,
' Greater on man thy might was never shewn,
' Doing to him all that thou could'st or durst :
' And since thy turn allotted is the first,
' Proceed ; see which the Norman duke shall
' have,
' After so long being laid up in his grave.'
- Quoth Fortune : ' Then I found th' unfated star,
' Whose luckless working limited his fate,
' That mark'd his sad nativity with war,
' And brothers most unnatural debate,
' As to be punish'd by his parents hate :
' For that the kingdom, which the conqueror
' won,
' Should be the wrack of him, his first-born
' son.
- ' By that which nature did on him bestow,
' In him her best that strained her to try,
' Thenceby himself I made him overthrow,
' In human birth so powerful am I ;
' Marking his breast too openly to lye,
' From both his brothers different too far,
' Too mild for peace, too merciful for war.
- ' And yet the courage that he did inherit,
' And from the greatness of his blood did take,
' Though shrouded in so peaceable a spirit,
' When once his wrongs came roughly to a-
' wake,
' Forth with so strange and violent fury brake,
' As made the world apparently to see
' All human actions managed by me.
- ' That till revenge was wholly him bereft,
' (In ev'ry thing oppos'd by my pow'r)
' For him to lean to, nothing being left,
' And danger him most threat'ned to devour,
' To the last period of the utmost hour,
' Oft by vain hopes that he might get my love,
' There was no peril but I made him prove.
- ' For whilst his father with the Norman sword,
' His prosperous entrance upon England made,
' I hid the project, that this youthful lord
' In the mean time did Normandy invade,
' Upon his fire and made him draw his blade ;
' The mean whereby he thought he could
' not miss,
' That which he else might fail of to make his.
- ' That Robert daily in disgrace might run
' With the great conqueror, as he still did grow
' Nearer his death ; who vexed by his son,
' (His pride which but too openly did shew)
' His fate devised wisely to bestow
' Upon his second, that his days to close,
' Himself he might more quietly repose.
- ' And then, left time might chance to cool his
' blood,
' That luckless war by ling'ring I supply'd,
' That while Duke Robert justly censur'd stood
' For disobedience and unnatural pride,
' In heat of this the conqueror William dy'd,
' Setting young Rufus upon England's throne,
' Leaving his eldest struggling for his own.
- ' Which in short time so many mischiefs bred,
' (As sundry plagues on William's offspring sent)
' Which soon rose to so violent a head,
' That policy them no way could prevent,
' When to destruction all things headlong went ;
' And in the end, as consummating all,
' Duke Robert's irrecoverable fall.
- ' Whom then I did auspiciously persuade,
' Once more with war to fright the English fields,
' His brother (then King William) to invade,
' To make him know the difference of their
' shields ;
' Where though his arms he ne'er so wisely wielded,
' And though by him the kingdom were not
' taken,
' His sceptre should be violently shaken.
- ' These sundry foils, in both of which was sown
' (By so approv'd and fortunate a hand)
' Seed, which to both might prosperously have
' grown,
' Had they remain'd in friendship's sacred band :
' In opposition when they came to stand,
' Far wider wounds to either of them lent.
' Than all the pow'r that Europe could have
' sent.
- ' Thus did I win King William in his life,
' His conquer'd realm on Rufus to bestow ;
' What he had got by strength, to leave in strife,
' Those to molest that from his stock should grow :
' Which by my cunning I contrived so,
' To plague his issue with a general ill,
' Yet the extreme to fall on Robert still.
- ' That Prelate Odo (that with William held)
' To Bishop Lanfrank for his deadly spite,
' That William lov'd, against the king rebell'd,
' With all his power abetting Robert's right,
' Aided by Mortain's and Montgom'ry's might,
' Upon this land to bring a second war,
' Of her late conquest whilst she bear the scar.
- ' And when he was in so direct a way,
' Great friends at hand his enterprise to back,
' Ready before him when his entrance lay,
' Nor could he think of aught that he did lack,
' Yet won I him his enterprise to slack,
' Stopping the course which rightly he had run,
' All to undo that he before had done.
- ' Thus did I first provoke him to that rage,
' Which had so far prevail'd upon his blood,
' And at my pleasure did the same assuage,

- ' When this brave heat in stead might him have
 ' flood,
 ' So to my humour alter'd I his mood,
 ' By taking arms, his cost and coin to lose,
 ' And leaving them to animate his foes.

 ' That by concluding this untimely peace,
 ' I might thereby a ling'ring war begin,
 ' That whilst these tumults for a while did cease,
 ' William on Robert might advantage win :
 ' Thus let I treason secretly in,
 ' Giving deceitful policy the key,
 ' Into the closet where his counsels lay.

 ' Thus, in the habit of a faithful friend,
 ' I drew into him a most dang'rous foe,
 ' His wit that used to no other end,
 ' But to cloath treason in a virtuous shew,
 ' Which he for current so contriv'd to go,
 ' As he in secret hurt Duke Robert more
 ' By this soft peace, than in the war before.

 ' And to thee, Fame, I then my pow'r address'd,
 ' Nay, thee mine only instrument I made,
 ' That whilst these brothers at this point did rest,
 ' Robert to war I won thee to persuade,
 ' With those that went the soldan to invade,
 ' With great Duke Godfrey's pressing forth his
 ' bands
 ' From his proud pow'r to free the Holy Lands.

 ' Thus by thee, Fame, did I his humour seed,
 ' The only way to draw this duke abroad,
 ' That whilst at home his presence most should
 ' need,
 ' In foreign parts to fasten his abode,
 ' Him in this manner wisely I bestow'd ;
 ' That William dying, Robert being gone,
 ' Henry might seat him on the English throne.

 ' His ear so seas'ning with the sound of arms,
 ' As in aught else no music it could find,
 ' Neither had any feeling of his harms,
 ' On Palestine so plac'd he his mind,
 ' (Clearly that shew'd the greatness of his kind)
 ' And him so high and with such force did
 ' bear,
 ' As when he had most cause, he left did fear.

 ' Thus was he thrown into his endless thrall,
 ' Which though the mean devised was by me,
 ' And ev'ry thing was fitted to his fall,
 ' Which none could hinder, though the most
 ' foresee,
 ' Yet here I made an instrument of thee :
 ' For where destruction I do once pretend,
 ' All that man doth, still sorteth to that end.

 ' He gone, and Rufus being robb'd of breath,
 ' And Henry Beauclerk coveting to reign,
 ' Offer'd so fairly by King William's death,
 ' Whilst Robert doth in Palestine remain,
 ' Whereby a kingdom he might eas'ly gain :
 ' What by his pow'r and science to persuade,
 ' Himself a monarch absolutely made.

 ' Whilst this great duke embraced was by thee,
 ' Which thou as thine do'st absolutely claim,
 ' But finds mere shadows, only missing me,
 ' And idle castles in the air doth frame ;
 ' Lo, such a mighty monarcheth is Fame,
 ' That what she gives, so easy is to bear,
 ' As none therefore needs violence to fear.

 ' Till Robert safely from the holy wars
 ' Returning, honour'd by the Pagans flight,
 ' From foreign battles into civil jars,
 ' From getting others, for his own to fight,
 ' Inforc'd to use the utmost of his might,
 ' With that brave sword, in Pagan blood im-
 ' bru'd,
 ' To save himself, by his own friends pursu'd.

 ' When wanting sums, the finews of a force,
 ' (Which his high spirit too quickly came to find,
 ' E'er he could put himself into his course)
 ' Most strangely seem'd to mollify his mind ;
 ' And on the sudden Henry seeming kind,
 ' Offer'd his love at any rate to buy,
 ' So that fast to him he the duke might tie.

 ' Thus of Duke Robert wisely did he win,
 ' Not then so well establish'd as he would,
 ' Till he by craft had closely copen in,
 ' Setting himself substantially to hold,
 ' Off'ring him great sums of bewitching gold,
 ' As yearly tribute from this realm to rise,
 ' Quite to blot out all former injuries.

 ' Which to the poor duke yielding much relief,
 ' Henry to pass his purposes so brought,
 ' Whilst Robert yet suspected not that thief,
 ' Which underhand so cunningly him caught :
 ' Of whom, the least when princely Robert thought,
 ' Ev'n in a moment did annoy him more,
 ' Than all those ills that happ'd to him before.

 ' Which to this Lord (believing well) unknown,
 ' And he not finding eas'ly could not fly,
 ' For it a bait into his way was thrown,
 ' Which to avoid, Duke Robert look'd too high :
 ' (Into good minds craft can eas'liest pry :)
 ' For in his pliant nature, as a mould,
 ' Well could I cast what form soe'er I would.

 ' For by this tribute cutting off the claim,
 ' Which he, the elder, to his England made ;
 ' His former hopes he forcibly did maim,
 ' Which for a while by Henry being paid,
 ' But after by him fraudulently stay'd,
 ' As from a fountain, plentifully did spring
 ' Th' efficient cause of Robert's ruining.

 ' When as his friends, so well to him that meant,
 ' To take his part and did their force prepare,
 ' Finding him thus their purpose to prevent,
 ' And how thereby 'twas like with him to fare ;
 ' Upon King Henry planted all their care,
 ' Giving their pow'rs, their peace with him
 ' to make,
 ' Gather'd at first the Norman part to take.

hat friendly evermore had been
 tont Normans, which by me had won,
 e myself the earth's imperious queen,
 w the world by me what can be done,
 it this Robert, William conqu'ror's son,
 England against Normandy do stand,
 her'd but lately by the Norman hand.

we, which were conqu'rors of this isle,
 aga which the Englishmen did tame,
 ivea, graced with the English stile,
 first country carry back their claim,
 : returning whence it lately came;
 mee as England felt Nuefria's stroke,
 the Nuefria to bear England's yoke.

gry brothers in the field of arms,
 ous there were not two more deadly
 ring other in the hott'ft alarms, [focs,
 heir meeting changing deadly blows,
 hat meant to win, or soon to lose:
 : would fain releafe himself of thrall;
 again doth hotly put for all.

which late in Palestine I smil'd,
 , at fatal Tenachray I frown,
 i his dukedom him that day exil'd,
 id he won it, might have worn a crown:
 e sure him in mishap to drown,
 himself he in the fight did lose,
 a prisoner by his trait'rous focs.

ound to England basely did him bring,
 bus'd and mockt at of his own,
 : where he should have been a king;
 the lot by me upon him thrown:
 lament his misery alone,
 b'd to one poor solitary place, [space.
 ould have progress'd all a kingdom's

man knowledge comprehend my hate,
 found the depth of things divine,
 d amazed at Duke Robert's state,
 ink no pow'r to be compar'd to mine,
 the gods would all to me resign:
 man's fall apparently might see,
 the stars what might there rests in me.

le on him, in battle which had pow'r,
 much blunted to abridge his days;
 u so fast from all away doth scour.
 end with dilatory stays,
 : his brother's tyranny obeys,
 e in life a thousand deaths might die.
 I will plague, so tyrannous am I.

: in Cardiff he a captive lies,
 indows were but niggards of their light,
 t, this Henry's rage not to suffice,
 he robb'd Duke Robert of his fight,
 his little piece of day to night;
 ough that sense, whose want should be
 e last
 things living, he the first should taste.

' That Robert so unfortunately blind,
 ' No outward object might disperse his care,
 ' The better to illuminate his mind,
 ' To see his sorrows throughly what they were,
 ' To do so much to this great prince I dare,
 ' By taking from him that which serv'd him
 ' To his affliction to turn all the rest. [best.

' And when he was bereaved of his case,
 ' With the remembrance of so heinous wrong,
 ' Upon his breast so strongly that did seize,
 ' And his sad heart so violently stung;
 ' Yet made I nature in that prince so strong,
 ' That grief, which many doth of life deprive,
 ' Seem'd to preserve and keep him still alive.

' Him I forbade that any foe should kill,
 ' Nor by his own hand suffer'd him to die,
 ' That life to Robert should be loathsome still,
 ' And that death from him evermore should fly,
 ' Making them both to him an enemy;
 ' Willing to die, by life him doubly killing;
 ' Urged to live, twice dying, he unwilling.

' So many years as he had worn a crown,
 ' So many years as he had hop'd to rise,
 ' So many years upon him did I frown,
 ' So many years he liv'd without his eyes,
 ' So many years in dying, e'er he dies;
 ' So many years shut up in prison strong,
 ' Though sorrow make the shortest time seem
 ' long.

' Thus sway I in the course of earthly things.
 ' To make time work him everlasting spite,
 ' To shew how I can tyrannize on kings,
 ' And in the fall of great ones do delight,
 ' In finite things my working infinite:
 ' All worldly changes at my will disposed,
 ' For that in me all wonder is inclosed.'

At fortune's speech amazed whilst they stand,
 And fame herself much wonder'd at his woe,
 When from Duke Robert, fortune took her hand,
 Whose misery she thus had let them know;
 When now to answer her despightful foe,
 Fame from deep silence seeming to awake,
 For her dear client modestly thus spake.

' What time I held my residence in Rome,
 ' Striving myself o'er Europe to advance,
 ' To win her princes to regain the tomb,
 ' Which had been lost by their misgovernance,
 ' Awaking England, Germany, and France;
 ' All which were woo'd, and bravely won by me,
 ' From the proud Pagans Palestine to free.

' Peter, that holy hermit putting on,
 ' T' all Christian Princes to preach out the loss,
 ' And stirring brave Duke Godfrey to be gone,
 ' Under the banner of the bloody cross,
 ' And whilst in so fair forwardness it was,
 ' And every ear attentive seem'd to stand,
 ' To hear what pow'r brave Bulloyn should
 ' command;

- Thither did T all happy spirits exhort,
- As to that bus'ness luckily to bring,
- Allured by the confident report,
- That from so great an enterprise did spring,
- T' adventure in so popular a thing,
- And deemed no man worthy to be mine,
- That was found backward in this great design.

What time this Duke, great William's conqueror's son

- That in his native Normandy did rest :
- For of what else his valiant father won,
- His brother William Rufus was possessor,
- Which, whilst he striveth from his hands to wrest,
- This brave attempt brake like a deluge forth,
- By my shrill trumpet sounded through the north.

- Which having got free entrance to his ear,
- Such entertainment happen'd there to find,
- As suffer'd no persuasion to be there,
- From that high purpose to divert his mind :
- For being most religiously inclin'd,
- Woo'd with this offer, wisely did prepare
- Himself to furnish for this great affair.

- That kingdom he doth carelessly neglect,
- Which William Rufus wrongfully did keep,
- And only that death constantly respect,
- Where he once in his sepulchre did sleep,
- At whose dear death the very rocks did weep :
- His crown of gold this Christian Prince doth scorn,
- So much he lov'd him that was crown'd with thorn.

- And though his wants him grievously oppress'd,
- Of those great sums which lately he had spent
- In levying pow'r, which him should have possess'd
- Of England, and much hinder'd his intent ;
- Yet his brave purpose it could not prevent,
- Although a while it seem'd delay to make
- Of that, which he resolv'd to undertake.

- Wherefore this noble and clear-spirited Lord,
- Whilst the great bus'ness standeth at this stay ;
- And since his state no better could afford,
- In gage to William Normandy doth lay,
- Providing first his soldiers how to pay :
- And of the two, yet rather chose to leave
- His crown, than he that army would deceive.

- To his victorious ensign came from far
- Th' enisled Redhanks, touch'd with no remorse ;
- The nimble Irish, that with darts do war ;
- The Scot, that is so cunning on his horse ;
- The English archer, of a lion's force ;
- The valiant Norman, not the least among ;
- The Camber-Briton, hardy, big, and strong.

- Which long enclos'd within these colder climes,
- He to the blessed sepulchre did bring,
- And taught them how they should redeem the times,

- Whence their eternal memory might far
- To see the place whereas their heav'nly
- Their dear redemption happily began
- Living on earth, that was both god and

- Ye islanders, bound in the ocean's chain,
- Lock'd up like pris'ners from the cheerfulness
- Your brave commander brought ye to th
- Which to my court shew'd ye the open
- And his victorious hand became the key
- To let ye in to my rich treasure, when
- None ever come, but those that I hold

- And did thereto so zealously proceed,
- That these fair locks, whose curls did him
- Till he had seen the holy city freed,
- He deeply vow'd he never would have sh
- Which, for they so religiously were worn
- In every eye did beautify him more,
- Than did the crown of Normandy bef

- No threats his hand could cause him to
- As I the sequel briefly shall relate,
- Yet bare himself right wisely as he could
- And best became his dignity and state ;
- Teaching how his themselves should mod
- Not following life, so with his chance c
- Nor flying death, so truly valiant.

- So did he all his faculties bestow,
- That every thing exactly might be done,
- That true foresight before the act might
- Others gross errors happily to shun,
- Wisely to finish well what was begun,
- Justly directed in the course of things,
- By the strait rule which sound exp
- brings.

- Idle regards of greatness he did scorn,
- Careless of pomp, magnificent to be,
- That man reputing to be noblest born,
- Which was the most magnanimous and
- In honour so impartial was he,
- Esteeming titles meritless and nought,
- Unless with danger absolutely bought.

- Giving the soldier comfortable words,
- And oft imbalm'd his well-received wou
- And in his need him maintenance affords
- To brave attempts encouraging the found
- Never dismay'd in any danger found :
- His tent a seat of justice to be griev'd ;
- And 'twas a court, when want sho
- reliev'd.

- So perfectly celestial was that fire,
- Bestow'd in the composure of his mind,
- To that high pitch as rais'd his desire
- Above the usual compass of his kind,
- And from all dross so clearly him refin'd,
- As did him wholly consecrate to glory,
- And made him a fit subject for a story.

- Who on embassy to the emperor sent,
- Passing along through Macedon and Th

in bed, nor slept out of his tent,
:w'd Duke Godfrey's rev'rend face;
came into that hallow'd place,
ree hours by night he never slept:
e the cares his troubled brain that kept.

ore thou great finger of thy days,
Tasso, in thy noble story,
o slack in this great worthy praise,
nuch should'st set forth others glory?
or this thou canst not be but sorry,
u should'st leave another to recite
ch so much thou didst neglect to write.

not found in all the Christian host,
re more forward to the field;
he army of another host,
nself more bravely with his shield;
arms this noble duke could wield,
one he properly should be,
d mean to consecrate to me.

ved and deliver force,
us lance, or brandishing his blade:
had the leading of their host,
e he charg'd, he slaughter ever made;
s so happy to invade, [chase,
re he absent when they gave the
ppos'd the day did lose the grace.

ights, where danger hap'd to fall,
be present ever by his will;
: the Christians for supplies did call,
rough peril Robert pressed still,
courage, or relieve by skill:
y place so providently seeing,
r in him had absolutely being.

he morn his courser he besetrid,
compos'd essentially of fire,
he field he ever drooping rid,
e vanquish'd, only to retire;
rest, the furth'ft from his desire:
he spoils his soldiers shar'd the crowns,
ch in gold, he only rich in wounds.

they had the holy city won,
thereof they gladly would him make,
gu titles he so much did shun,
s'd the charge on him to take,
in world so clearly did forsake;
was from his religious mind,
vile things with those of heav'nly kind.

that him no triumph should adorn,
gh praise for sinful man that dy'd;
mark of victory was worn,
d cross, to tell him crucify'd;
glories he himself deny'd:
life but willingly he leads,
ng alms, and bidding of his beads.

pilgrim he return'd again;
ing arms, in palmers homely gray,

' Leaving his lords to lead his warlike train,
' Whilst he alone came sadly on the way,
' Dealing abroad his lately purchas'd prey,
' A hermit's staff his careful hand did hold,
' That with a lance the heathen foe controul'd.

' But now to end this long-continued strife,
' Henceforth thy malice takes no further place;
' Thy hate began and ended with his life;
' By thee his spirit can suffer no disgrace,
' Now in mine arms his virtues I embrace;
' His body thine, his crosses witness be; [free.
' But mine his mind, that from thy pow'r is

' Thou gav'st up rule, when he gave up his breath,
' And where thou endedst, there did I begin,
' Thy strength was buried in his timeless death,
' And as thy conqueror lastly come I in;
' And all thou gott'st, from thee again I win:
' To me thy right I call thee to resign,
' And make thy glory absolutely mine.

' To the base world then, fortune, get thee back,
' The earth with dreary tragedies to fill;
' Empires and kingdoms bring thou there to wrack,
' And on weak mortals only work thy will:
' And since thou only do'st delight in ill,
' Hear his complaint, who wanting eyes to see,
' Can lend thee sight, which art as blind as he.'

At her great words amazed whilst they stand,
The prince, which look'd most fearfully and grim,
Bearing his eyes in his distressful hand,
Whose places stood with blood up to the brim;
And as in anguish quaking ev'ry limb,
After deep sighs and lamentable throws,
Thus to the world disburthened his woes,

' Dear eyes, adieu, by envy thus put out,
' Where in your places buried is my joy,
' With endless darkness compassed about,
' Which death would scarce have dared to destroy;
' To breed my more perpetual annoy,
' That even that sense I only should forego,
' That could alone give comfort to my woe.

' Ye which beheld fair Palestine restor'd,
' From the profane hands of the Pagans freed,
' The sepulchre of that most glorious Lord,
' And seen that place where his dear wounds did
' bleed,
' Which with the sight my zealous soul did feed,
' Sith from your functions night doth you dis-
' sever,
' Seclude me now from worldly joys for ever.

' Ye saw no sun, nor did ye view the day;
' Except a candle, ye beheld no light;
' The thick stone walls those blessing kept away.
' What could be fear'd? ye could not hurt the
' night,
' For then tears wholly hinder'd ye of sight;
' O then, from whence should Henry's hate arise,
' That I saw nothing, yet that I had eyes?

- The wretched'st thing, the most despised beast,
- Enjoys that sense as gen'rally as we,
- The very gnat, or what than that is least,
- Of sight by nature kindly is made free.
- What thing hath mouth to feed, but eyes to
 • see?
- O that a tyrant then should me deprave,
- Of that, which else all living creatures have !

- Whilst yet the light did mitigate my moan,
- Tears found a mean to sound my sorrows deep,
- But now (ah me !) that comfort being gone,
- By wanting eyes wherewith I erst did weep,
- My cares alone concealed I must keep.
- O God, that blindness, dark'ning all delight,
- Should above all things give my sorrow
 • fight !

- Where sometime stood the beauty of this face,
- Lamps clearly lighted as the Vestal flame,
- Is now a dungeon, a distressful place,
- A harbour fit for infamy and shame ;
- Which but with horror one can scarcely name :
- Out of whose dark grates misery and grief,
- Starv'd for vengeance, daily beg relief.

- The day abhors me, and from me doth fly,
- Night still me follows, yet too long doth stay,
- Th' one I o'ertake not though it still be nigh ;
- The other coming, vanisheth away.
- But what availeth either night or day ?
- All's one to me, still day, or ever night ;
- My light is darkness, and my darkness light.

- O ye, wherewith I did my comfort view,
- Th' all-covering heaven, and glory that it bears,
- No more that sight shall e'er be seen of you !
- The blessed sun, that every mortal cheers,
- Eclips'd to me eternally appears ;
- Robert, betake thee to the darksome cell,
- And bid the world eternally farewell.

His speech thus ending, fortune discontent,
 Turned herself as she away would sie,
 Playing with fools and babes incontinent,
 As never touch'd with human misery ;
 As what she was, herself to verify,
 And straight forgetting what she had to tell,
 To other speech and girlish laughter fell.

When graceful fame conveying thence her charge,
 (As first with him she thither did resort)
 Gave me this book, wherein was writ at large
 His life, set out though in this legend short,
 T' amaze the world with this so true report :
 But fortune, angry with her foe therefore,
 Gave me the gift that I should still be poor.

T H E
L E G E N D
O F
MATILDA THE FAIR.

a Muse there happily remain,
by truth so diligently taught,
ing not on foolish things to fain,
eak but what with modesty she ought;
be such, which I so long have sought,
er I crave my life may be reveal'd,
ch black oblivion hath too long conceal'd.

such favour I might hap to find,
n the earth but once to speak again,
disburthen my oppressed mind,
endeavour of a powerful pen,
: my sorrows happy were I then :
hundred years by all men overpast,
ing one friend to pity me at last.

of him so happily elect,
I entreat to prosecute my story,
oft dear, most worthy of respect,
rld's rar'st jewel, and your sex's glory,
suffice, if you for me be sorry,
ing my legend builded by his verse
h must hereafter serve me for a herse.

he pattern, by whose perfect view,
or fair self he wisely may me make,
alive none sitter is than you,

Whose form unspotted chastity may take :
Be you propitious, for whose only sake,
For me, I know, he'll gladly do his best,
So you and I may equally be blest.

Bright Rosamond exceedingly is graced,
Inrolled in the register of fame,
Nay, in our faintest kalender is placed,
By him who strives to stellify her name.
Yet will the modest say, she was to blame :
Though full of state, and pleasing be his rhyme,
Yet all his skill cannot excuse her crime.

The wife of Shore wins general applause,
Finding a pen laborious in her praise.
Elstred reviv'd to plead her pitied cause
After the envy of so many days
And happy's he their glory high't can raise.
Thus the loose wanton liked is of many ;
Vice still finds friends, but virtue seldom any.

To vaunt of my nobility were vain,
Which were, I know, not better'd of the best,
Nor would befeem an honourable strain,
And me a maiden fits not of the rest :
All transitory titles I detest,

A virtuous life I mean to boast alone;
Our birth's our fires, our virtues be our own.

Thou that do'st fetch thy long descent from Kings,
If from the Gods derived thou could'st be, [things,
And shew'st th' achievements of those wondrous
Which thou thyself then lived'st not to see,
These were their own, and not belong to thee,
If thou do'st stain that honour which was theirs,
Who could not leave their virtues to their heirs

Heaven pour'd down more abundance on my birth,
Than it before had usually bestow'd,
And was in me so bountiful to earth,
As though her very utmost she had shew'd,
Her graces so immeasurably flow'd,
That such a shape, with such a spirit inspir'd,
Even of the wisest made me most admir'd.

Upon my brow sat beauty in her pride,
To her beholders ministring her law,
And to them all her bounties so divide,
As did to her their due attention draw;
And yet mine eye did keep her so in awe,
As that which only could true virtues measure;
Ordain'd by nature to preserve her treasure.

My carriage such, as did content the wise
My tongue did that sweet decency retain,
As of the younger was not deem'd precise,
Nor of the aged was accounted vain,
So well instructed to observe the mean,
As if in nature there were scarce that good,
Which wanted in the temper of my blood.

In me so did the her perfections vary,
As that the least allow'd not of compare,
And yet so well did teach me them to carry;
Than they could be, as made them seem more rare,
Or in my portion would have none to share;
Or in her grace would none should be but I,
Which she had made the minion of the sky.

Whence fame began my beauty first to blaze,
And soon became to lavish in the fame:
For she so stuff'd her trumpet with my praise,
That every place was fill'd up with my name,
For which, report, thou too wert much to blame:
But to thy doom is Beauty subject still,
Which hath been cause of many Ladies ill.

This tattling gossip hath a thousand eyes,
Her airy body hath as many wings;
Now about earth, now up to heav'n she flies,
And here and there with every breath she flings
Hither and thither lies and tales she brings;
Nothing so secret, but to her appeareth,
So doth she credit every thing she heareth.

And princes ears stand open to report,
All strive to blaze a beauty to a king,
Which is the only subject of a court,
Whither fame carries, and whence the doth bring,
And which of either she doth loudly ring;

Thither (ah!) me unhappily she brought,
Where I my bane unfortunately caught.

There stood my beauty boldly for the prize,
Where the most clear and perfect judgments be
And of the same the most judicial eyes
Did give the goal impartially to me:
So did I stand unparallel'd and free;
And, as a comet in the evening-sky,
Struck with amazement every wond'ring eye

Which soon possess'd me of Imperial John,
And of my sov'reign, him my subject made;
By this his freedom was quite overthrow'n,
Him and his powers this wholly did invade,
From this no reason could the King dissuade:
This taught his eyes their due attendance still,
This held the reins which over-rul'd his will.

When my grave father, great that time in cow
And by his blood thought equal to the best,
Having his ear oft struck with this report,
Which, as ill news, it hardly could digest:
And on my good since all his hopes did rest,
He soon pursu'd it by those secret spies,
Which still in court attend the Prince's eyes.

And to the world although he seem'd to sleep,
Yet fought he then the King's intent to sound,
And to himself as secrets he did keep,
What his his foresight had providently found;
So well this wise Lord could conceal his wound:
Yet wiselier cast how dang'rous it might
prove,
To cross the course of this impatient love.

For as he found how violent a flame
My youth had kindled in this lustful King;
So found he too, if he should stop the same,
Upon us both what mischief it might bring:
Which known to him so dangerous a thing,
He thought to prove how he could me persuade
E'er for my safety further means he made.

' Dear girl, quoth he, thou seest who doth await
' T' intrap thy beauty, bred to be thy foe,
' That is so fair and delicate a bait,
' As every eye itself would here bestow,
' Whose power the king too sensibly doth know
' Of his desire that what the end may be,
' Thy youth may fear, my knowledge doth
foresee.

' Think how thou liv'st here publicly in court
' Whose privilege doth every mean protect,
' Where the ensample of the greater sort
' Doth more than opportunity effect,
' None thriving here that stand upon respect;
' Being a lottery whereat few do win,
' And yet those seldom neither, but by sin.

' Here every day thou hast to tempt thy sight,
' All that thy youth to pleasure may provoke,
' That still at hand, wherein thou tak'st delight

' Which with thy sex doth strike too great a
 ' stroke,
' Having withal imperious power thy cloke,
 ' With such strong reasons on his part pro-
 ' pounded,
 ' As may leave virtue seemingly confounded.

' Many the ways that lead thee to thy fall,
' But to thy safety few or none to guide thee,
' And when thy dangers is the greatest of all
' Even then thy succour is the most deny'd thee :
' Sundry the means from virtue to divide thee,
 ' Having withal mortality about thee,
 ' Fraiky within, temptation near without thee.

' The lecher's tongue is never void of guile,
' Nor wants he tears, when he would win his
 ' prey ;
' The subtil' st tempter hath the smoothest stile,
' Sirens sing sweetliest when they would betray :
' Left of itself had never any stay,
 ' Nor to contain it, bounds could have devised,
 ' But most when fill'd, is least of all sufficed.

' And to avail his pleasure is there aught,
' That such a prince hath not within his power ?
' And thus be sure he'll leave no means unfought,
' Soft golden drops did pierce the brazen tow'r,
' Watching th' advantage of each sitting hour,
 ' Where every minute serves to do amiss,
 ' Thy baneful poison spiced with thy bliss.

' And when this lustful and unbridled rage,
' Which in him now doth violently reign,
' Time shall by much satiety assuage,
' Then shall thy fault apparent be and plain,
' To after ages ever to remain :
 ' Sin in a chain leads on her sister shame,
 ' And both on gyves are fetter'd to defame.

' Kings use their loves as garments they have worn,
' Or as the meat whercon they full have fed :
' The faint once gone, who doth the shrine adorn ?
' Or what is nectar on the ground if shed ?
' What prince's wealth redeems thy maiden-head,
 ' Which should be held as precious as thy
 ' breath,
 ' Whose dissolution consummates thy death ?

' The stately eagle from his highest stand,
' Through the thin air the fearful fowl doth smite,
' Yet scorns to touch it lying on the land,
' When he hath felt the sweet of his delight,
' But leaves the same a pray to every kite.
 ' With much we surfeit, plenty makes us poor,
 ' The wretched Indian scorns the golden ore.'

When every period pointing with a tear,
He in my bosom made so wide a breach,
As it each precept firmly fixed there,
His counsel as continually to preach,
My father so effectually could teach ;
So that his words I ever after found,
As grav'd on an inviolable ground.

The King, whose love deluded was the while.
Yet in his bosom bare this quenchless fire,
Finding his hopes like flatt'ers to beguile,
And not one jot to further his desire,
But gone thus far, he meant not to retire :
And thinks, if firy he could find but place,
His words had power to purchase him my grace.

For since all former practices did fail,
Nor to his mind aught kindly took effect,
He with himself resolv'd me to assail,
And other means doth utterly neglect :
In spite what fear could any way object,
His courage doth all hindrances confute,
And me accosting thus commenc'd his suit.

' Know, girl, quoth he, that nature thee ordained,
' (As her brav' st piece, when she to light would
 ' bring,
' Wherein her former workmanship she stained)
' Only a gift to gratify a King,
' And from all other, as a feld-seen thing,
 ' Seal'd thee a charter dated at thy birth,
 ' To be the fair' st that e'er was made of earth.

' Hoard not thy beauty, when'thou hast such store,
' Wer't not great pity it should thus lye dead,
' Which by thy lending might be more much
 ' more ?
' (For by the use should every thing be fed)
' Yea, and to him so hard for thee bestead, [light,
 ' Yet no more less'n'd than the sun, whose
 ' Though it light all things, loseth not his
 ' light.

' From those two stars such streams of lightning
 ' glide, [heart,
' As through men's eyes do pierce the faintest
' Which thou by closing striv'st in vain to hide,
' For through their lids their subtle rays do dart,
' Such power wife nature did to them impart ;
' Those two bright planets, clearer than the
 ' seven, [heaven.
 ' That with their splendor light the world to

' Were art so curious in herself to know
' Thy rare perfections rightly in their kind,
' In beauty thy divinity to shew,
' Oh ! it were able to transport the mind,
' Beyond the bounds by heaven to it assign'd :
 ' But oh ! in thee their excellence is such,
 ' As thought cannot ascend to, once to touch.

' He is thy king, who is become thy subject ;
' Sometime thy Lord, now servant to thy love ;
' Thy angel beauties be his only object,
' Who for thy sake a thousand deaths dare prove.
' A prince's pray'r should much compassion move :
 ' Let wolves and bears be cruel in their kinds,
 ' But women meek, and have relenting minds.

' Vouchsafe to look upon these brimful eyes,
' With tides of tears continually frequented
' Where love without food hunger-starven lies,

' Which to, betray me traiterously consented,
' And for the fact being lawfully convicted,
' Is in these waters judg'd to have his being,
' For his presumption through these eyes thee
' seeing.

' Sit thou commanding under mine estate,
' Having thy temples honour'd with my crown,
' A beauty destin'd for no meaner fate,
' And make the proud'st to tremble with a frown,
' Raise whom thou wilt, cast whom it please thee
' down :

' Be thou alone the rector of this isle,
' With all the titles I can thee instill.

' What if my Queen, repining at our bliss,
' Thee, as did Juno Jove's dear darling, keep ?
' Mine I'll preserve, as that great God did his;
' Wife Mercury lull'd Argus' eyes to sleep :
' Love ever laughs, when jealousy doth weep.
' When must she stir, my pow'r shall keep her
' under, [thunder.]
' She may raise storms, but I do rule the

Thus having made an entrance for his love,
Which he believ'd assuredly in time
Of better news the messenger might prove,
By which he after to his joys might climb,
Hoping a fair full to ensue this prime.

Leaves me, not knowing well which way to
turn me, [burn me.]
Warm'd with the fire that unawares might

Upon my weakness which so strongly wrought,
That in my breast a mutiny arose,
Fear and desire a doubtful combat fought,
Like two most eager and ambitious foes,
Th' one fain would win, the other would not lose;
By this oft cleared, and by that accused,
Whilst still I fear'd by both to be abused,

And in my self, my self suspected treason,
Knowing who watch'd to win me for his prey,
And in so fit and dangerous a season,
When youth and beauty bore so great a sway,
And where he battery still to me might lay,
Who girt so strongly every way about,
Well might I fear I could not long hold out.

But setting all these sundry doubts aside,
From court resolv'd I secretly to go,
And to what place my happy stars should guide,
There I my self determin'd to bestow,
Until time might this passion over-blow;
Or if at least it wrought not, the extrusion
Might strengthen me yet in my resolution.

When my brave fire, that never me forsook,
But many a sweet sleep for my safety brake,
Much being pleas'd with the course I took,
As one that truly suffer'd for my sake,
Did his abode at Baynards-castle make,
Whom since I thus had left the court, to leave me
To his protection, gladly did receive me.

Whence all those sorrows seem'd to me end'd,
Wherein my life I long before did waste,
The present time and happily beguill'd,
To think what peril I had lately past,
There in my freedom fortunately plac'd,
Even as a bird escap'd the fowler's snare,
Which former danger warn'd to beware.

When the proud King, whose purposes were cross'd
Which this my flight had happen'd to prevent,
And that those means to which he trusted most
Were those, which most had hinder'd his intent
Finding his suit preposterously went,
Another course bethinks himself to run,
Else farther off than when he first began.

And thenceforth plotteth to disperse the mass,
Which lay so full betwixt him and the light,
That in his suit the only hindrance was,
And (least expected) wrought him most despight
Finding the cause why matters went not right
He most forecast my father to remove,
Or he was like to walk without his love.

Thus scarcely cur'd of this late sickly quail,
And that my heart sat happily at ease,
But as a ship, that in a quiet calm
Floats up and down on the unfurging seas,
By some rough gust, which some ill star doth raise
Is driven back into the troubled main;
Even so was I, that safely else had lain.

For this great king, whom thus I did reject,
First seeks in court my father to disgrace,
Thereby to give the people to suspect,
To fault in something fitting near his place,
Them by all means it urging to embrace;
To which, if clearly he could find the way,
He made no doubt but once to have a day.

And for his purpose to promote his hate,
Into the plot he his court-devils drew,
Cunning in all the stratagems of state,
Which he suborn'd my father to pursue;
By whose devices he soon overthrew
That noble lord, which succour should have give
To me, that then was from all refuge driven.

And not their clear and far-discerning sight,
Into the quarrel that did thoroughly look,
Nor our allies, that to their utmost might
Gainst his proceedings on our part that stuck,
And at our need us never once forsook,
Of the king's malice could th' effect prevent,
But to exile my father must be sent.

Not all his service to his sovereign done,
In war courageous, and in counsel sound,
Which from King John compassion might have won
To him, who faithful evermore was found :
Ingratitude, how deeply dost thou wound !
Sure, first devised to no other end,
But to grieve those whom nothing could offend.

nd hopeless, left before my foe,
 fortune basely thus betray'd,
 or maiden was besieged so,
 lepressed that should lend me aid;
 ght the heaven upon my birth had laid!
 t herself true virtue never loseth,
 : her fair course, though hell it self op-
 sseth.

I for France, his sad dejected eyes
 p with tears in most abundant store,
 ck threat'ned by the louring skies,
 behind, and sorrow him before;
 fail, from sight of either shore,
 h wical his sad laments in vain,
 : rude waters only to complain.

x a deer before the hounds imbost,
 n his strength beginneth to forsake,
 ie smooth lawns, to which he trusted most,
 be covert doth himself betake,
 ;, and creeps from brake again to brake:
 kill I shift me from the prince's face,
 ad me then continually in chace.

t thus clear'd, suspicion laid to rest,
 a thing fit to further his intent,
 uch pleasure quieted his breast,
 ry thing so prosperously went;
 he rest successively consent,
 mer aid I being quite forsaken,
 pes the fort might in short time be taken.

's arms are stretch'd from shore to shore;
 :eping, see with eyes of other men.
 ds a key to open any door,
 boots my self in walls to pen;
 b was clofed in the lion's den,
 : watchful eyes too easily descry'd me,
 ound me soon'ft, where fur'ft I thought to
 ide me.

is by spies he diligently noted;
 he held so vigilant a watch,
 my beauty he so fondly doated,
 each look he enviously did catch,
 dy still attending at my latch
 id those, that continually did ward,
 on my handmaid, falsehood was my guard.

ce with me it sell so crosly out,
 my shifts so hardly he me drave,
 e new course I thought to cast about,
 later harbour happily to have:
 was not sufficient me to save,
 ower so spacious every way did lie,
 till I stood in his ambitious eye.

r, which taught me every mean to prove,
 th my self of many to debate,
 he last it pleas'd the pow'rs to move,
 upon me a religious state,
 oly cloister none might violate,
 e after all these storms I did endure,
 I at last might hope to live secure,

Wherefore to Dunmow I my self convey'd,
 Into an abbey, happily begun
 By Juga, of our ancestry, a maid,
 At whose sole charge that monast'ry was done,
 Wherein she after did become a Nun,
 And kept her order strictly with the rest,
 Which in that place virginity profest.

Where I my self did secretly bestow
 From the vain world, which I too long had try'd,
 Me my affliction taught myself to know,
 My youth and beauty gently that did chide;
 And by instruction, as a skilful guide,
 Printed withal such coldness in my blood,
 That it might so perpetuate my good.

The king, who hear'd me safely thus to be
 Set in my cloister, strongly discontent,
 That me from thence he had not power to free,
 Which his sad breast seem'd strongly to torment:
 But since that I so wilfully was bent,
 And he past hope then ever to enjoy me,
 Resolv'd by some means lastly to destroy me.

And finding one most fit for such a fact,
 To whom he durst his secret thoughts impart,
 One, for his king, that any thing would act,
 And for the purpose wanted not his art,
 That had a strong hand and relentless heart,
 On him the king (with me poor maid enrag'd)
 Impos'd my death, and him thereto engag'd.

Who making haste the fatal deed to do,
 Thither repairs, but not as from the king:
 For well he knew what did belong thereto,
 Nor therein needed any tutoring;
 But as one sent upon some needful thing,
 With a smooth count'nance and a settled brow,
 Obtain'd to get in where I paid my vow.

Where I alone, and to his tale expos'd,
 (As one to him a willing ear that lent)
 Himself to me he but too soon disclos'd,
 And who it was that thither had him sent,
 From point to point relating his intent;
 Who, whilst I stood struck dumb with this in-
 vasion,
 He thus pursues me strongly with persuasion.

' Hear but (saith he) how blindly thou do'st err,
 ' Fondly to doat upon thine own perfection,
 ' When as the king thee highly will prefer,
 ' Nay, and his power attendeth thy protection;
 ' So indiscreetly fort not thy election,
 ' To shut that in a melancholy cell,
 ' Which in a court ordained was to dwell.

' Yet further think, how dangerous is his of-
 ' fer,
 ' If thy neglect do carelessly abuse it:
 ' Art thou not mad, that thus do'st see a coffer
 ' Fill'd up with gold, and proffer'd, to refuse it?
 ' So far, that thou want'st reason to excuse it,
 ' Thyself condemning in thine own good hap,
 ' Spilling the treasure cast into thy lap.

Writing not thy fair youth, nor the world deprive
Of these rare parts which nature hath thee lent,
'Twere pity thou by niggard life should'st thrive,
Whole wealth by waxing craveth to be spent;
For which, thou of the wisest shalt be shent,
' Like to some rich churl hoarding up his pelf,
' Both to wrong others, and to starve himself.

- ' What is this vain and idle reputation,
- ' Which to the shew you seemingly respect?
- ' Only the weakness of imagination,
- ' Which, in conclusion, worketh no effect,
- ' And lesser can the worshippers protect;
' That only standeth upon fading breath,
' And hath at once the being and the death,

- ' A fear that grew from doating superstition,
- ' To which your weak credulity is prone,
- ' And only since maintained by tradition,
- ' Into our ears impertinently blown,
- ' By folly gathered, as by error sown;
' Which us still threatening, hind'reth our
' desires,
' Yet all it shews us be but painted fires.

- ' Persuade thyself this monast'ry to leave,
- ' Which youth and beauty justly may forsake;
- ' Do not thy prince of those high joys bereave,
- ' Which happy him, more happy thee may make,
- ' Who sends me else thy life away to take:
' For dead to him if needily thou wilt prove,
' Die to thyself, be bury'd with his love.'

Rage, which resum'd the likeness of his face,
Whose eye seem'd as the basilisk to kill;
The horror of the solitary place,
Being so fit wherein to work his will,
And at the instant he my life to spill;
All seem'd at once my overthrow to further,
By fear dissuaded, menaced by murder.

In this so great and peremptory trial,
With strong temptations sundry ways afflicted,
With many a yielding, many a denial,
Often-times acquitted, often-times convicted,
Terror before me lively stood depicted;
When as it was, that but a little breath
Gave me my life, or sent me to my death.

But soon my soul had gather'd up her pow'rs,
Which in this need might friend-like give her aid,
The resolution of so many hours,
Whereon herself she confidently stay'd
In her distress, whose helps together lay'd,
Making the state which she maintained good,
Expell'd the fear usurping on my blood.

And my lock'd tongue did liberally enlarge,
From those strict limits wherein long confin'd
Care had it kept, my bosom to discharge,
And my lost spirits their wonted strength assign'd,
Into mine eyes which coming as refin'd,
Most bravely there mine honour to maintain,
Checkt his presumption with a coy disdain.

Who finding me inviolably bent,
And for my answer only did abide;
Having a poison murder'd by the scent,
If to the organ of that sense apply'd,
Which for the same, when fittest time he spy'
Into my nostrils forcibly did strain,
Which in an instant wrought my deadly fate

With his rude touch my veil disorder'd then,
My face discovering, my delicious cheek
Tincted with crimson, faded soon again,
With such a sweetness as made death seem
And was to him beholding it most like
A little spark extinguish'd to the eye,
That glows again e'er suddenly it dye.

And whilst thereat amazed he doth stand,
Wherein he then such excellency saw,
Ruining the spoil done by his fatal hand,
What naught before, him this at last could
From his stern eyes as though it tears would dash
Which wanting them, wax'd suddenly as d
Grieving for me that they had none to see

When life grown faint, hies lastly to my heart
The only fort to which she had to take,
Feeling cold death to seize on every part,
A strong invasion instantly to make:
Yet e'er she should me utterly forsake,
To him who sadly stood me to behold,
Thus in mild words my grief I did unfold.

- ' Is this the gift the king on me bestows,
- ' Which in this fort he sends thee to present?
- ' I am his friend, what gives he to his foes,
- ' If this in token of his love be sent me?
- ' But 'tis his will, and must not discontent me
' Yet after, sure, a proverb this will prove,
' The gift King John bestow'd upon his love

- ' When all that race in memory are set,
- ' And by their statues their achievements don
- ' Which won abroad, and which at home did,
- ' From son to fire, from fire again to son,
- ' Grac'd with the spoils that gloriously th
' won:
' Oh! that of him it only should be said,
' This was King John, the murder'er of a man

- ' Oh! keep it safely from the mouth of fame,
- ' That none do hear of his unhallowed deed;
- ' Be secret to him, and conceal his shame,
- ' Lest after-ages hap the same to read,
' And that the letters shewing it do bleed!
' Oh! let the grave mine innocence hold,
' Before of him this tyranny be told!

Thus having spoke, my sorrows to assuage,
The heavy burthen of my pensive breast,
The poison then that in my brain did rage,
His deadly vigour forcibly exprest,
Not suffering me to stand upon the rest,
Longer for him it was no time to stay;
And death call'd on, to hasten me away.

my closet being left alone,
 he floor uncomfortably lying,
 & committed, and the murth'rer gone,
 I at the utmost point of dying,
 if the sisters me by chance espying,
 & all the rest, that in most woful plight
 : to behold that miserable sight.

ke a rose by some unkindly blast,
 t many buds that round about it grow,
 th'ring leaves improsp'rously doth cast,
 all the rest their sovereign beauties shew :
 this goodly sisterhood even so,
 with cold death untimely did I fade,
 & they about me piteous wailing made.

y sad soul upon her sudden sight,
 forsaken of each several sense,
 ll the horror death could her affright,
 y disturbed at her parting hence,
 isort fled her! for her last defence,
 to her spotless innocence betake her,
 sh left her not, when all the rest forsake
 her.

v our pleasures are but children's toys,
 mere shadows, or like bubbles pass,
 s encrease, so waning are our joys,
 cn as our favours in a glass,
 tale of that which never was :
 so, death us and our delights can sever,
 & alone abandoneth us never.

it thus from imprisonment enlarg'd,
 have got out of her earthly room,
 t to nature faithfully discharg'd,
 the hour appointed on my tomb ?
 as the heaven's inevitable doom,
 Baynard's-castle to the world did bring,
 now again my place of burying.

rcely was my breathless body cold,
 ry where my tragedy was spread,
 ing fame in ev'ry place had told
 III.

My resolution, being lately dead,
 Ruining my blood so prodigally shed ;
 And to my father flies with this mischance,
 That time remaining in the court of France,

His loss too great to be bewail'd with tears,
 It was not words that could express his woe,
 Grief had herself so settled in his ears,
 No more might enter, nothing out might go ;
 Scarce since man was, was man perplexed so :
 Enough of sorrow is already shewn,
 And telling his, were to renew mine own.

Let it suffice me, that I here relate,
 And bear myself the burthen of my ill,
 If to the life I have express'd my fate,
 Its all I ask, and I obtain my will
 For that true sorrow needs not others skill ;
 Enough's that present bitterness we taste,
 Without remembring of that which is past.

Some say, the king repentant for this deed,
 When his remorse to think thereof him drave,
 Poorly disguised in a pilgrim's weed,
 Offered his tears on my untimely grave,
 For which, no doubt, but heaven his sin forgave ;
 And my blood calling for revenge appeas'd,
 He from the sin, I from my labours eas'd.

Thus told my story, I my love devise
 To you, dear madam, fitt'ft with you to rest,
 Which all my virtues daily exercise,
 That be imprinted on your patient breast,
 By whom alone I rightliest am express'd ;
 For whom my praise, it grieves me, is too scant ;
 Whose happy name an epithet shall want.

Then, most sweet lady, for a maiden's sake,
 To shed one tear if gently you but deign,
 For all my wrongs it full amends shall make,
 And be my pass to the Elysian plain.
 In your chaste eyes such pow'r there doth remain,
 As can th' afflicted prosp'rously deliver ;
 Happy be they, who look upon them ever.

T H E
L E G E N D
O F
PIERCE GAVESTON.

From gloomy shadows of eternal night,
Shut up in darkness endlessly to dwell,
Oh! here behold me miserable wight,
A while releas'd, my tragedy to tell;
Let me have leave my sorrows to impart,
Somewhat to ease my sad afflicted heart.

Goddes of arms and arts Pallas divine,
Let thy bright fauchion lend me cypress boughs,
Be thou assisting to this poet of mine,
With funera' wreaths ingarlanding his brows;
Pitying my woes, when none would hear me
weep,
That for my sorrows lays his own to sleep.

Thou mournfull'A maiden of the sacred nine,
That baleful sounds immoveably do'st breath,
With thy swol'n visage and thy blubber'd eie,
Let me to thee my sad complaints bequeath,
Ne'er to thyself canst thou win greater glory,
Than in exactly setting forth my story.

Tell how the fates my giddy course did guide,
Th' inconstant turns of ev'ry changing hour,
By many a low ebb, many a lusty tide,
Many a smooth calm, many a fowling show'r,
The height whereto I lastly did ascend,
Send my beginning to my fatal end.

When our first Edward sat on England's throne,
Longshanks, who long victoriously did reign,
First of that name, and second yet to none,
In what to knighthood ever did pertain;
My life began, a life so full of bliss,
Then in his days, those happy days of his.

Virtue did then men's hearts so much inflame,
That no promotion could be got with gold:
For in his days he that desired fame,
Bought it of him that it full dearly sold;
Hateful excess did not so much devour,
Law had less force, and honesty more pow'r.

And since swift Time so violently preys
Upon those ages that even holiest be;
Let me remember those so happy days,
In these sad hours which my vex'd eyes do see,
With greater grief to make me to deplore
These, when I think of those that were of yore.

Then Muse, lo, I obsequiously appeal
To thee (my life since I intend to shew)
That thou of me wilt faithfully reveal
Even what the most inquisitive would know,
Whilst here my soul embodied did abide
In this vain world, which pamper'd me with
pride.

th a Gascoigne, of a fair descent,
four house, the heir my father born,
his wars that with King Edward went,
n his liegeman, and a soldier sworn,
l in our country left his whole estate,
follow him, who seem'd to govern fate.

trust that great king highly did employ,
car his person had him for the same,
with myself, then but a little boy,
e court of famous England came,
ereas the king, for service by him done,
le me a page to the brave prince his son.

in in shape I did so far excell,
parts in me such harmony did bear)
my model nature seem'd to tell,
her perfection she had placed here,
from each age reserving the rarest feature,
make me up her excellentest creature.

oks so powerful, adamants to love,
ad such virtue to attract the fight,
hey could fix it, or could make it move
ough it follow'd some celestial light;
t where my thoughts intended to surprise,
my pleasure conquer'd with mine eyes.

ome great Apelles in his art [know,
l that the world his master-piece should
ation doing then her part;
he had done the utmost he could do,
that rare picture to fit out a mind,
one was I, the wonder of my kind.

ainty bait I laid for Edward's love,
soon upon him got so sure a tie,
misfortune e'er could it remove,
she the utmost of her force did try;
death itself had after power to sunder;
ld-seen friendship, in the world a wonder!

in this earth the only mean thou art,
by we hold intelligence with heav'n,
is thou that only do'st impart
od that to mortality is given.
cred bond, by time that art not broken:
ing divine, by angels to be spoken!

rith young Edward bath'd in worldly bliss,
tutors care his wand'ring years did guide,
enjoying whatsoever was his,
e'er my pleasure any thing deny'd:
the watchful eye so duly me attended,
a my safety if his life depended.

ether it my rare perfections were,
ron my youth such favour in his eye,
less'd heav'n (to shew it held me dear)
w'r on me this blessing from the sky,
ow not; but it rightly could direct,
t could produce so pow'ful an effect.

dread book, where our fates are enroll'd,
ath so clear eyes as to look into thee?

What is that man, by whom thou art controul'd,
Or hath the key of reason to undo thee?

When none but heaven thy dark decrees can
know,
Whose depth we found not which dwell here
below.

The soul her liking eas'ly can espy
(By sympathy, to her by heav'n assign'd)
Through her clear windows, the well-seeing
eye,

Which doth convey the image to the mind
Without advisement, and can apprehend
That, whose :rue cause man's knowledge doth
transcend.

This Edward in the April of his age,
Whilst yet the crown sat on his father's head,
Like sportful Jove with his rapt Phrygian page,
Me with ambrosial delicacies fed:

He might command, who was the sov'reign's
But my direction only must be done. [son,

My will a law authentically pass;
My Yea by him was never cross'd with No;
In his affection chain'd to me so fast,
That as my shadow still he seem'd to go;
To me this prince so pliant was in all,
Still as an echo answ'ring to my call.

My smiles, his life; so joy'd he in my sight,
That his delight was led by my desire,
From my clear eyes so borrowing all his light,
As pale-fac'd Cynthia from her brother's fire.
He made my cheek the pillow for his head,
My brow his book, my bosom was his bed.

Like fair Idalia, bent to amorous sport
With young Adonis in the pleasant shade,
Expressing their affections in that sort,
As though her utmost passion should persuade
The one of us the other still to move
To all the tender dalliances of love.

The table thus of our delight was lay'd,
Serv'd with what dainties pleasure could devise,
And many a Syren sweetly to us play'd,
But youth had not us therewith to suffice:
For we on that infatigably did feed,
Which our confusion afterwards did breed.

For still I spurr'd up his untam'd desire,
Then sitting in the chariot of the sun;
My blandishments were fuel to that fire
Wherein he fry'd: I for his flight begun
To wax his wings, and taught him art to fly,
Who on his back might bear me through the
sky

Whilst the vain world so cunningly could win
Us, her false flatteries who too long did trust,
Till having lost the clue which led us in,
We wander'd in the labyrinth of lust.

For when the soul is nuzled once in vice,
The sweet of sin makes hell a paradise.

Who to the full thy villainess, World, e'er told?
 What is in thee, that's not extremely ill?
 A loathsome shop, where poison's only fold,
 Whose very entrance instantly doth kill;
 Nothing in thee but villany doth dwell,
 And all thy ways lead headlong into hell.

The king, whose trust I lewdly had betray'd,
 His son, like Phaeton, vent'ring on the skies,
 Perceiv'd his course was per'lous to be stay'd,
 For he was grave, and wonderfully wise,
 And if with skill he curb'd not his desire,
 Edward might eas'ly fet his throne on fire.

This was a cor'sive to old Edward's days,
 And without ceasing fed upon his bones,
 That in the day bereav'd him of his ease,
 Breaking his sleep with continual moans;
 This more depress'd and sadder weigh'd him
 down,
 Than the care else belonging to the crown.

And though he had judicially descry'd
 The cause from whence this malady first grew,
 It was no cure, unless he could provide
 Means to prevent the danger to ensue;
 Wherefore he for his purpose made them way,
 Against my courses that had ought to slay.

When those in court my opposites that were,
 This fair advantage and could finely take,
 And for my fall what did to them appear
 So fitly for their purposes to make,
 Thereon their forces instantly to ground,
 Me to the world perpetually to wound.

What thing so false, but taken was for truth,
 So that on me a scandal it might bring,
 By such as stuck not to accuse my youth,
 To sin in the unnaturalst thing,
 And all forepassed outrages awake,
 Me to mankind contemptible to make?

Wherefore the prince more straitly was bestow'd,
 In foreign realms and I adjudg'd to roam,
 And sharply censur'd to be held abroad,
 Who had betray'd my hopeful trust at home;
 Adjudg'd to die, were I by any found,
 After my set day, on the English ground.

That, as astounded with a mighty blow,
 I stood a while insensible of pain,
 'Till somewhat waken'd by my colder woe,
 I felt the wound by which my joys were slain,
 By which I fainted hourly more and more,
 Nor could I think what cure could me restore.

But as a turtle for her loved make,
 Whose youth her dear virginity enjoy'd,
 Sits throw'd in some solitary brake,
 With melancholy pensiveness annoy'd:
 Thus without comfort sat I all alone,
 From the sweet presence of Prince Edward
 gone.

My beauty, that disdain'd the summer's
 Now foully beaten with bleak winter's
 My limbs were put to travel day and nig
 So often hugg'd in Princely Edward's ar
 Those eyes oft viewing pleasure in her
 Saw fearful objects on their either side

Whilst in these tempests I was strangely
 Myself confining in my native France,
 By many a sad calamity still crost,
 Inseparables to my sore mischance;
 Others, that stem'd the current of the
 Whence I had fall'n, suddenly to clim

Like the chameleon, whilst Time turns
 And with false Proteus puts on sundry
 This change scarce gone, a second doth
 One fill'd, another for promotion gapes:
 Thus do they swarm like flies about
 Some drown'd, and some do with muc
 swim.

And some, on whom the sun shone wond'
 Yet of the season little seem'd to vaunt,
 For there were clouds hung in the troubl
 Threat'ning that they of their desires mig
 Which made them flag, prepared else
 Whilst with their falls they fading ho

When passing Time, that never turns ag
 Whose winged feet fly swiftly with the
 By the fleet hours attending on his train,
 His revolution fatally begun,
 And in his course brought suddenly ab
 That, which before the wiser sort did

For whilst King Edward wholly doth at
 A happy voyage to the Holy Land,
 For which the laity mighty sums did len
 Even whilst this business hotly was in ha
 See but to me what fortune there can
 This conqueror's death hath quickly a

Should I presume his praises to report,
 Thinking thereby to grace his so great
 My mean endeavours would fall far too
 And I too much should but impair his fa
 I'll leave that to some sacred muse to
 Upon whose life a poet's pen might d

Scarce was his body lap'd up in the lead
 Before his doleful obsequies were done,
 When England's crown was set on Edwa
 With whom too soon my joyful days be
 As the black night at the approachin
 My former sorrows vanished away.

Edward Carnarvon calls me from exile,
 Whom Edward Longshanks banish'd to
 I, whom the father held most safe and v
 Was to the son as precious as his breath
 What th' old king writ, the young k
 did blot,
 Th' alive's remembered, dead men's

r wind wafts me to that with'd-for place,
 Is me safely on that blessed shore,
 Whence I seem'd but banish'd for a space,
 My return might honour'd be the more,
 E to my lov'd lord happily to leave me,
 'E arms were cast wide open to receive me.

ould have seen that noble Roman dame,
 Ye with joy, give up her vital breath,
 Returning founded in by fame,
 Thankful Rome had mourned for his
 Death,
 T here behold her personated right,
 Y approach to my dear Edward's sight.

z, now Lord of the ascendent is,
 Perfect to promise happy speed,
 Hon me that influence of his,
 'd the course wherein we did proceed;
 'Tis prodigious it to some appears,
 'Tis the troubles of ensuing years.

ike to Midas, all I touch'd was gold,
 E show'd, as into Danac's lap,
 Gained any thing I would,
 Had fortune lotted out my hap:
 Rinces treasures like to oceans are,
 Born all rivers naturally repair.

of Man the first to me he gave,
 Did not stay, until I would demand;
 Be sore to give e'er I could crave,
 Ceived from his bounteous hand
 Wallingford, which many years had been
 Wealthy dow'r of Elenor the Queen.

ms his father had been levying long
 Exactions for the war abroad,
 'S princely benefits among,
 On me he liberally bestow'd,
 Some that saw how much on me he cast,
 W'd his wealth could not maintain his
 Waste.

me then his secretary's place,
 To train me in affairs of state;
 Those rooms, that I was in, to grace,
 I of Cornwall frankly did create;
 As, in court more freely to partake me,
 Pland he High Chamberlain did make me.

he royal blood me to ally,
 Did but back my humour of ambition)
 Of wedlock did to me ally
 In an excellent condition,
 Joan of Arches his dear sister bare
 Earl of Glo'ster, that right noble Clare,

I bounty giving all content!
 'S fauress of all noble arts,
 D'st success to every good intent,
 That rests in the most godlike hearts,
 Even to none but happy souls infused,
 Is that e'er thou wast abused.

When those here first that my exile procur'd,
 Which in my heart still hated did abide,
 As they before by no means me endur'd,
 So were they now impatient of my pride:
 For emulation ever did attend
 Upon the great, and shall so to the end.

To cross whom, into favour I wrought those,
 That from mean places lifted up by me,
 Being factious spirits, were fittest to oppose
 Them, that perhaps too pow'ful else might be,
 That against envy raised by my hand,
 Must uphold me, to make themselves to stand.

Having my frame so cunningly contriv'd,
 To bolster me in my ambitious ways,
 I shew'd the king my hate to be deriv'd
 From those high honours that he on me lays,
 Drawing him on (my courses to partake)
 Still to maintain what he himself did make.

Thus did my youth but exercise extremes,
 My heed was rashness to fore-run my fall,
 My wit but folly, and my hopes but dreams,
 My counsel serv'd myself but to intrall,
 Abusing me but with a vain illusion,
 And altogether hastening my confusion.

When as King Edward hast'neth his repair,
 T' espouse the Princess Isabel of France,
 Daughter to Philip that was call'd the Fair,
 By which he thought his strength much to ad-
 vance;
 And here at home to perfect my command,
 He left me the protection of the land.

Giving me power so absolute withal,
 That I drank pleasure in a plenteous cup,
 When there was none me to account to call,
 All to my hands so freely render'd up,
 That heav'n on me no greater bliss could bring,
 Except to make me greater than my king.

Thus being got as high as I could climb,
 With this abundance beyond measure blest,
 I thought t' embrace the benefit of time,
 Fully to take what freely I possess;
 Holding for truth, that he is worse than mad,
 Fondly to spare, a prince's wealth that had.

Their counsel then continually I cross'd,
 As scorning their authority and blood,
 And those things that concern'd their honours
 Most,
 In those against them evermore I stood,
 And things for public, privately did spend
 To feed my riot, that could find no end.

Until false fortune, like a treacherous foe,
 Which had so long attended on my fall,
 In the plain path wherein I was to go,
 Lay'd many a bait to train me on withal,
 Till by her skill she cunningly had brought me
 Into the trap where she at pleasure caught me.

For when the barons hotly went in hand,
 With tilts and tourneys for the king's return,
 To shew the French the glory of the land,
 The fixed day I labour'd to adjourn,
 Till all their charge was lastly overthrown,
 Who could abide no glory but mine own.

Thus fought my fate me forward still to set,
 As though some engine seiz'd me with a flight:
 One mischief soon a second doth beget,
 The second brings a third but on too right,
 And every one itself employeth wholly
 In their just course to prosecute my folly.

For when the barons found me to retain
 Th' ambitious course wherein I first began,
 And deeply felt, that under my disdain,
 Into contempt continually they ran,
 They took up arms to remedy their wrong,
 Which their cold spirits had suffer'd but too long.

Me boldly charging to abuse the king,
 A wasteful spender of his wealth and treasure,
 A secret thief of many a sacred thing,
 And that I led him to unlawful pleasure;
 Who never did in any thing delight,
 But what might please my bestial appetite.

That like a sickness on the land was sent,
 Whose hateful courses the chief cause had been
 The commonwealth thus totter'd was and rent,
 And worse and worse yet every day foreseen.
 'Twas I scandal'd publicly of many,
 Who pitied none, nor pitied was of any.

And since I thus was match'd by men of might,
 The king, my danger that discreetly weigh'd,
 Seeing them to pursue me with such spight,
 Me into Ireland secretly convey'd,
 Till with my peers my peace he might procure,
 Or might my safety otherwise assure.

I like one, whose house remedilessly burning,
 Seeing his goods long heap'd together lost,
 The mischief no whit lessen'd by his mourning,
 Taketh some one thing that he loveth most,
 And to some sure place doth with that retire,
 Leaving the rest to th' mercy of the fire.

And he that nought too dear for me did deem,
 So it might serve to cover my disgrace,
 To make my absence otherwise to seem,
 And to the world to bear a fairer face,
 Left my exile, suggested by their hate,
 In England here perhaps might wound my state:

By their wife counsel that were him about,
 Of Ireland he me deputy doth make,
 And caus'd it each where to be given out,
 My journey therefore thither I did take,
 To stop their mouths, that gladly would embrace
 The least thing that might sound to my disgrace.

Whereas he set me in that princely fort,
 As in my place might purchase me renown,

With no less bounty to maintain a court,
 Than hourly crav'd th' revenues of a crown,
 Thither his bounty so much did me bring,
 That though he reign'd, yet there was I a kin

There were few weeks, but some the Channel cru
 With sundry presents of a wondrous price,
 Some jewel that him infinitely cost,
 Or some rich robe of excellent device,
 That they which saw what he upon me threw
 Well might discern some change must see
 ensue.

And since the flow me follow'd in this wife,
 The fulness I as amply entertain,
 It had been folly to have seem'd precise,
 To take that which fell on me like the rain,
 Such as before no age had ever seen,
 And since he was, I think, hath seldom been.

So that, when the bold barony had found
 The cunning us'd in covering of my flight,
 That shifted me but to a surer ground,
 On which they vainly had bestow'd their might,
 Perceiv'd far off that greater peril rose,
 Than they could find how fitly to dispose.

Like those that strive to stop some swelling source
 (Whose plenty none can comprehend in bounds,
 Which climbs above th' opposers of his course,
 And that which should encircle it surrounds,
 That so innated in itself is blest,
 That 'tis the more, the more it is deprest.

For fearing much the force I had abroad,
 Who knew the way the Irish hearts to win,
 They thought me better here to be bestow'd,
 And for the state more safely far therein,
 Where though my spoil they hop'd not to
 prevent,
 Yet could they see the giddy course I went.

Of which they scarcely had conceiv'd the thought
 And did thereto but seemingly descend,
 But that the king immediately it caught,
 Nor car'd he by it what they did intend,
 Plot what they could, so he thereby might ga
 me,
 Once in his court again to entertain me.

What is so hard, but majesty commands,
 Yea, and severely humbleth with the eye?
 Whose very nod acts with a thousand hands,
 In it such virtue secretly doth lye,
 Having t' uphold it the high power of fate,
 It is imperious both o'er love and hate.

This king, who no occasion could neglect,
 That aught me to my happiness might win,
 Did with such care my business effect,
 And ever was so fortunate therein,
 That he to pass in little time did bring,
 What most men thought to be a doubtful thing

When posts away with their full packets went,
 Me out of Ireland instantly to call,

the general consent,
lik'd of inwardly of all;
efficient that it freedom gave me,
ere where he desir'd to have me.

swelling with a prosp'rous wind,
seas did homage to mine eyes,
ve their usual course were kind,
ouds abandoning the skies,
ern'd in any star to fear me,
self sat at the helm to steer me.

king a progress needs would make
ales, his native place to see,
leed but only for my sake,
Chester knew to meet with me,
wish all the state he could devise,
onour in the people's eyes.

landing long he did provide,
sight want to nourish my delight,
dging as along we ride,
me with some pleasing sight;
: realm our friendship might report,
London in this royal fort.

sharp spurs to my untam'd desire,
eins to my lascivious will,
rth upon my full career,
ery, and my manage ill;
relight, and over much my haste,
(alas!) unfortunately cast.

ear when having at command,
ould have, he must me entertain;
: it past to my grapple hand,
at't part to my private gain;
what from any I could wring,
oin into my coffers bring.

gg'd I great monopolies,
ods belonging to the crown,
all the best commodities
land, needed of her own,
sold all offices, till then
vard of well-deserving men,

onsiderately proud,
s vile that suited not my vein;
t pass, but that which I allow'd,
n to my wit to gain,
terms and nicknames of disgrace,
great birth, and of greater place.

e out that execrable rage,
fore had boiled in their blood,
oath against me they engage,
all authority withstood,
quarrel up their arms do take,
ll, or better it to make.

irm my mother was a witch,
e condemned burnt to be,
, so rightly of her pitch,
ash'd her sorceries to me;

Urging it on, for a most certain thing,
That I by magic wrought upon the king.

And into France they charg'd me to convey
A goodly table of pure massy gold,
A relique kept in Windsor many a day,
Which to King Arthur did belong of old,
Upon whose margent, as they did surmise,
There were engraven Merlin's prophecies.

And by appealing to the see of Rome,
They soon procur'd a legate to the land,
With malediction by the church's doom,
Upon that man, which on my part should stand;
The king suspending, should he not consent,
To ratify the barony's intent.

Which they to purpose prosp'rously effect,
Then at full strength, to counterpoise his force;
Having withal the clergy to direct
Them the best way in their restless course,
Till at the last King Edward they procure,
By solemn oath me ever to abjure.

Th' uncertain issue of each earthly thing,
Set out most lively in my star-cross'd fate,
That doth remain in fortune's managing,
Appearing in my variable fate:
On me that frown'd and flatter'd me so oft,
Casting me down, then setting me aloft.

To Flanders then my present course I cast,
Which as the fair'st, so fittest for my case:
That way is saf'st that soonest can be past,
All not my friends that were abroad at seas;
Such friends in France they daily did procure,
That there myself I doubted to secure.

Where, though I chang'd my habit and my name,
Hoping thereby to live unknown to any;
Yet swift report had so divulg'd my shame,
My hateful life was publish'd to too many,
That as I pass'd through every street along,
I was the tale of every common tongue.

From whence I found a secret means, to have
Intelligence with my kind lord the king,
Who fail'd no month, but he me notice gave
What the proud barons had in managing;
And labour'd thence, as he had done before,
Me into England safely to restore.

For which relying on my sovereign's love,
To whom as life I had been ever dear,
Which ne'er than now I had more need to prove,
Who strove t' obtain, if any mean there were,
A dispensation for his former oath,
In their despight that thereto seem'd most loth

Which long debating, we resolv'd at length,
Since I by marriage strongly was ally'd,
I at this pinch should stand upon my strength
And should for England, hap what could best
And in a ship that for my passage lay,
Thither myself to secretly convey.

O liij

Where safely landed on the wished shore,
 With speed to court I closely me betook,
 Yet gave the king intelligence before,
 About what time he there for me should look,
 Who was devising, when I should arrive,
 The surest way my safety to contrive.

Which the lords finding, whilst their blood was
 hot,
 That to themselves then only were to trust;
 For what before was done, avail'd them not,
 And for my sake they found the king unjust.
 Bringing thereby, whilst trifling they do stand,
 Spoil on themselves, and peril on the land.

Who was so dull, that did not then distrust,
 That thus the king his nobles should neglect?
 And those in court we for our purpose plac'd,
 Gave us just cause their dealings to suspect,
 And they that view'd us with the pleas'd eye,
 Yet at our actions often look'd awry.

Which made King Edward presently provide
 A chosen convoy of his chiefest friends,
 To guard me safe to York, to be supply'd
 With foreign succours, and to Scotland sends
 To warlike Baliol, and to Wales, from whence
 He hop'd for power to frustrate their pretence.

But they his agents quickly intercept,
 Not then to seek in so well known a thing,
 And both the marches they so strictly kept,
 That none could enter to assist the king,
 Only to chastise my abhorred sin,
 Who had the cause of all these troubles been.

Thus like a ship, despoiled of her sails,
 Shov'd by the wind against the streamful tide,
 This way the one, that way the other halcs,
 Now tow'rd's this shore, and now tow'rd's that
 doth ride,
 As that poor vessel's, such my brittle stay,
 The nearer land, the nearer cast away.

Thou kingdom's corsive, home-begotten hate,
 In any limits never that wast bounded,
 When didst thou yet seize upon any state,
 By thee that was not utterly confounded?
 How many empires be there that do rue thee?
 Happy the world was till too well it knew thee.

Thus of all succour utterly bereft,
 Only some small force that we had at sea,
 For us to truil to, fortune had us left,
 On which our hopes upon this up-cast lay,
 Which we to hasten speed ly do make,
 Our former counties forced to forsake.

Our present peril hap'ning to be so,
 'T had d for aid importunately call,
 Wherefore in York, as fast it from the foe,
 He left me to the keeping of the wall,
 Till his return me further aid might give,
 When more and more he studied to relieve.

The barons then from Bedford setting on,
 Th' appointed rendy where they gath' red head,
 When they had notice that the king was gone,
 Tow'rd's Yorkshire with celerity them sped,
 To seize my person purposed that were,
 Whose presence else might make them to fo
 bear.

When leaving York, to Scarborough I post,
 With that small force the city had to lend me,
 The strongest fort that stood upon the coast,
 And of all other likest to defend me,
 Which at the worst, from whence in the
 despight,
 The hills at hand might privilege my flight.

But they which kept the country round about,
 Upon each passage set so watchful spies,
 Of well-wall'd York that I was scarcely out,
 But on their light-horse after me they rise,
 And suddenly they in upon me came,
 E'er I had time to get into the same.

Thence with intent tow'rd's Oxford to convey
 When by the way, as birds do at the owl,
 Some wonder'd at me, some again did bay me,
 As hungry wolves at passengers do howl:
 Each one rejoicing that I thus was caught,
 Who on the land these miseries had brought.

Conducted thus to Dedington at last,
 Where th' Earl of Pembroke will'd me to be stay
 To understand before they further pass,
 What by the king could on my side be said
 About this business, and tow'rd's Edward we
 T' acquaint him with the general intent.

But th' Earl of Warwick (lying but too near)
 The dog of Arden that I us'd to call,
 Who mortal hatred did me ever bear,
 He whom I most suspected of them all,
 Thither repairing with his powerful band,
 Seiz'd upon me with a violent hand.

To Warwick castle carrying me along,
 (Where he had long desired me to get)
 With friends and tenants absolutely strong,
 Whom all the puissant barony abet,
 Which since occasion offer'd them such hold,
 Hasten my death by all the means they coul

North from the town, a mile or very near,
 A little hill in public view doth lye,
 That's called Blacklow of the dwellers there,
 Near to the ancient hermitage of Guy,
 To which the lords me as a traitor led,
 And on a scaffold took away my head.

My life and fortunes lively thus express,
 In the sad tenor of my tragic tale,
 Let me return to the fair fields of rest,
 Thither transported with a prosperous gale,
 And leave the world my destiny to view,
 Bidding it thus eternally adieu.

T H E
L E G E N D
O F
T H O M A S C R O M W E L L,
E A R L O F E S S E X.

o, and trembling betwixt rage and dread
e loud slander (by the impious time)
my actions every where is spread,
h which to honour falsely I should climb :
e sad dwelling of th' untimely dead,
me of that execrable crime,
well appears, his wretched plight to shew,
i that can tell, as one that much did
now.

r not made up in the common mould,
th the vulgar vilely I should die,
ing so strange of Cromwell is not told ?
nan more prais'd ? who more condemn'd
than I ?
th the world when I am waxed old,
were unfit that Fame of me should lie,
fables vain my history to fill,
ag my good, excusing of my ill.

You, that but hearing of my hated name,
Your ancient malice instantly bewray,
And for my sake your ill deserved blame
Upon my legend publicly shall lay,
Would you forbear to blast me with defame,
Might I so mean a privilege but pray,
He that three ages had endur'd your wrong,
Hear him a little, who hath heard you
long.

Since Rome's sad ruin here by me began,
Who her religion pluckt up by the root,
Of the false world such hate for which I wan,
Which still at me her poisoned't darts doth
shoot ;
That to excuse it, do the best I can,
Little, I fear, my labour me will boot :
Yet will I speak, my troubled heart to ease,
Much to the mind herself it is to please.

O powerful number, from whose stricter law
Heart-moving music did receive the ground,
Which man to fair civility did draw,
With the brute beast when lawless he was found :
O, if according to the wiser saw,
There be a high divinity in found,
Be now abundant, prosp'rously to aid
The pen prepar'd my doubtful case to plead.

Putney the place made blessed by my birth,
Whose meanest cottage simply me did shroud,
To me as dearest of the English earth ;
So of my bringing that poor village proud,
Though in a time when never less the dearth
Of happy wits, yet mine so well allow'd,
That with the best she boldly durst prefer
Me, that my breath acknowledged from her.

Twice flow'd proud Thames, as at my coming
woo'd,
Striking the wond'ring borderers with fear,
And the pale genius of that aged flood,
To my sick mother labouring did appear,
And with a countenance much distracted flood,
Threat'ning the fruit her pained womb should
bear :
My speedy birth being added thereunto,
Seem'd to fore-tell that much I came to do.

Who was reserved for those worse days,
As the great ebb unto so long a flow,
When what those ages formerly did raise,
This, when I liv'd, did lastly overthrow,
And that great'st labour of the world did seize,
Only for which immedicable blow,
Due to that time, me dooming heaven or-
dain'd,
Wherein confusion absolutely reign'd,

Vainly yet noted this prodigious sign,
Often predictions of most fearful things,
As plagues, or war, or great men to decline,
Rising of commons, or the death of kings ;
But some strange news though ever it divine,
Yet forth them not immediately it brings,
Until th' effects men afterward did learn,
To know that me it chiefly did concern.

Whilst yet my father by his painful trade,
Whose labour'd anvil only was his fee,
Whom my great tow'rdness strongly did persuade,
In knowledge to have educated me ;
But death did him unluckily invade,
E'er he the fruits of his desire could see,
Leaving me young, then little that did know,
How me the heavens had purpos'd to bestow.

Hopeless as helpless most might me suppose,
Whose meanness seem'd their abject breath to
draw :

Yet did my breast that glorious fire inclose,
Which their dull purblind ignorance not saw,
Which still is settled upon outward shows,
The vulgar's judgment ever is so raw,

Which the unworthiest sottishly do love,
In their own region properly that move.

Yet me my fortune so could not disguise,
But through this cloud were some that did :
know,
Which than the rest more happy, or more wif
Me did relieve, when I was driven low,
Which, as the stairs by which I first did rise,
When to my height I afterward did grow,
Them to requite, my bounties were so high,
As made my name through every ear to fly.

That height and god-like purity of mind,
Resteth not still, where titles most adorn
With any, nor peculiarly confin'd
To names, and to be limited doth scorn :
Man doth the most degenerate from kind,
Richest and poorest both alike are born ;
And to be always pertinently good,
Follows not still the greatness of our blood.

Pity it is, that to one virtuous man
That mark him lent, to gentry to advance,
Which first by noble industry he won,
His baser issue after should inhance,
And the rude slave not any good that can,
Such should thrust down by what is his by chance
As had not he been first that him did raise,
Ne'er had his great heir wrought his grandfath
praise.

How weak art thou, that makest it thy end
To heap such worldly dignities on thee,
When upon fortune only they depend,
And by her changes governed must be ?
Besides the dangers still that such attend,
Liveliest of all men pourtray'd out in me,
When that, for which I hated was of all,
Soon'ft from me fled, scarce tarrying for a
fall.

You that but boast your ancestors proud file,
And the large stem whence your vain greatness
grew,
When you yourselves are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,
That all good spirits would utterly exile,
Doubting their worth should else discover you,
Giving yourselves unto ignoble things,
Bast I proclaim you, though deriv'd from him

Virtue, but poor, God in this earth doth place,
'Gainst the rude world to stand up in his right,
To suffer sad affliction and disgrace,
Nor ceasing to pursue her with despight :
Yet when of all she is accounted base,
And seeming in most miserable plight,
Out of her power new life to her doth take,
Least then dismay'd, when all do her forsake.

That is the man of an undaunted spirit.
For her dear sake that offereth him to die,
For whom, when him the world doth disdain

Looketh upon it with a pleased eye,
 What's done for virtue thinking it doth merit,
 Daring the proudest menaces defy, [rate him,
 More worth than life, 'twere the base world
 Belov'd of heaven, although the earth doth
 hate him.

Injurious time, unto the good unjust,
 O! how may weak posterity suppose
 Ever to have their merit from the dust,
 'Gainst them thy partiality that knows?
 To thy report, O who shall ever trust,
 Triumphant arches building unto those,
 Allow'd the longest memory to have,
 That were the most unworthy of a grave?

But my clear metal had that powerful heat,
 As it not turn'd with all that fortune could:
 Nor when the world me terriblest did threat,
 Could win that place, which my high thoughts
 did hold,
 That waxed still more prosperously great,
 The more the world me strove to have controll'd,
 On mine own columns constantly to stand,
 Without the false help of another's hand.

My youthful course thus wisely did I steer,
 To avoid those rocks my wrack that else did threat;
 Yet some fair hopes from far did still appear,
 Which too much my wants did me not let:
 Wherefore myself above myself to bear,
 Still as I grew, I knowledge strove to get,
 To perfect that which in the embryo was,
 Whose birth, I found, time well might bring
 to pass.

As when my means to fail me I did find,
 Myself to travel presently I took:
 For 'twas distasteful to my noble mind,
 That the vile world into my wants should look,
 Being besides industriously inclin'd,
 To measure others' actions with my book,
 My judgment more to rectify thereby,
 In matters that were difficult and high.

When lo it hapt, that fortune, as my guide,
 Of me did with such providence dispose,
 That th' English merchants then, who did reside
 At Antwerp, me their secretary chose,
 (As though in me to manifest her pride)
 Whence to those principalities I rose,
 To pluck me down, whom afterward she fear'd,
 Beyond her power that almost she had rear'd.

When first the wealthy Netherlands me train'd,
 In wise commerce most proper to that place,
 And from my country carefully me wain'd,
 As with the world it meant to win me grace,
 Where great experience happily I gain'd;
 Yet here I seem'd but tutor'd for a space,
 For high employment otherwise ordain'd,
 Till which the time I idly entertain'd.

For Boston bus'ness hotly then in hand,
 The charge thereof on chambers being laid,

Coming to Flanders, hapt to understand
 Of me, whom he requested him to aid;
 Of which, when I the benefit had scan'd,
 Weighing what time at Antwerp I had stay'd,
 Soon it me won fair Italy to try,
 Under a cheerful and more lucky sky.

For what the meanest clearly makes to shine,
 Youth, wit, and courage, all in me concur:
 In every project, that so powerful trine,
 By whose kind working bravely I did stir,
 Which to each high and glorious design
 (The time could offer) freely did me spur,
 As forcing fate some new thing to prepare,
 (Shewing success) t' attempt that could me
 dare.

Where now my spirit got roomth itself to show,
 To the fair'st pitch to make a gallant flight,
 From things that too much earthly were and low,
 Strongly attracted by a genuine light,
 Where higher still it every day did grow;
 And being in so excellent a plight,
 Crav'd but occasion happily to prove,
 How much it sat each vulgar spirit above.

The good success th' affairs of England found,
 Much prais'd the choice of me that had been
 made:

For where most men the depth durst hardly sound,
 I held it nothing boldly through to wade,
 Myself and through the straitest ways I wound.
 So could I act, so well I could persuade,
 As meely jovial in myself was I,
 Compos'd of freedom and alacrity.

Not long it was e'er Rome of me did ring,
 (Hardly shall Rome so full days see again)
 Of freemen catches to the Pope I sing,
 Which wan much licence to my countrymen,
 Thither the which I was the first did bring,
 That were unknown to Italy till then:
 Light humours them when judgment doth
 direct,
 Even of the wife win plausible respect.

And those, from whom that pensions were allow'd,
 And there did for intelligence remain,
 Under my power themselves were glad to shrowd,
 Russell and Pace yea oftentimes were fain,
 When as their names they durst not have avow'd,
 Me into their society t' retain,
 Rising before me, mighty as they were,
 Great though at home, yet did they need me
 there.

In foreign parts near friends I yet forsoke,
 That had before been deeply bound to me,
 And would again I use of them should make,
 But still my stars command I should be free,
 And all those offers lightly from me shake,
 Which to requite, I fetter'd else might be;
 And though that oft great perils me oppugn,
 And means were weak, my mind was ever
 strong.

Yet those great wants fate to my youth did tie,
 Me from the pomp of those rich countries drive,
 Thereby enforc'd with painful industry,
 Against affliction manfully to strive,
 Under her burthen faintly not to lie :
 But since my good I hardly must derive,
 Into the same I thought to make my way,
 Through all the pow'r against me she could lay.

As a comedian and my life I led,
 For so a while my need did me constrain,
 With other my poor countrymen (that play'd)
 Thither that came in hope of better gain :
 Whereas when fortune seem'd me low to tread
 Under her feet, she set me up again,
 Until her use bade me her not to fear,
 Her good and ill that patiently could bear.

Till Charles the Fifth th' Imperial pow'r did bend
 'Gainst Rome, which Bourbon skilfully did guide,
 Which fast-declining Italy did rend;
 For th' right that him her holiness deny'd,
 Wholly herself enforced to defend
 'Gainst him that justly punished her pride,
 To which myself I lastly did partake,
 To see thereof what fortune meant to make.

And at the siege with that great gen'ral serv'd,
 When he first girt her stubborn waift with steel,
 Within her walls who well near being starv'd,
 And that with faintness she began to reel,
 Shewing herself a little as she swerv'd :
 First her then noting I began to feel,
 She, whose great pow'r so far abroad did roam,
 What in herself she truly was at home.

That the great school of the false world was then,
 Where her's their subtle practices did vie,
 Amongst that mighty confluence of men,
 French plots prompt up by English policy,
 The German powers false shuffling, and again
 All countermin'd by skilful Italy;
 Each one in possibility to win,
 Great shifts were up, and mighty hands were in.

Here first to work my busy brain was set,
 (My inclination finding it to please,
 This stirring world which strongly still did whet)
 To temper in so dangerous essays,
 Which did strange forms of policies beget;
 Besides in times so turbulent as these,
 Whereto my studies wholly I did bend
 To that, which then the wisest made their end.

And my experience happily me taught
 Into the secrets of those times to see,
 From whence to England afterward I brought
 Those sights of state deliver'd there to me,
 Int' which there then were very few that sought,
 Nor did with th' humour of that age agree,
 Which after did most fearful things effect,
 Whose secret working few did then suspect.

When though 'twere long, it happen'd yet at last
 Some hopes me homeward secretly allur'd,

When many perils strangely I had pass'd,
 As many sad calamities endur'd :
 Beyond the moon when I began to cast,
 By my rare parts what place might be prov'd
 If they at home were to the mighty known
 How they would seem compar'd with these

Of if that there the great should me neglect,
 As I the worst that vainly did not fear,
 To my experience how to gain respect,
 In other countries that do hold it dear,
 I no occasion vainly did reject,
 Whil'st still before me other rising were,
 And some themselves hath mounted to the
 Little before unlike to thrive as I.

When now in England bigamy with blood,
 Lately begot by luxury and pride,
 In their great'st fulness peremptory flood;
 Some that those courses diligently ey'd,
 Silly were fishing in that troubled flood,
 For future changes wisely to provide,
 Finding the world so rankly then to swell,
 That till it brake, it never could be well.

But floating long upon my first arrive,
 Whil'st many doubts me seemed to appall,
 Like to a bark that with the tide doth drive,
 Having nought left to fasten it withall,
 Thus with the time by suffering I do drive,
 Into what harbour doubtful yet to fall;
 Until inforc'd to put it to the chance,
 Casting the fair'st, my fortune to advance.

Making myself to mighty Woolsey known,
 That Atlas, with the government up-bay'd,
 Who from mean place in little time was grow
 Up to him, which that wight upon him lay'd
 And being got the nearest to his throne,
 He the more eas'ly this great kingdom sway'd
 Leaning thereon his wearied self to breath,
 Whil'st even the greatest sat him far beneath

Where learned More and Gardiner I met,
 Men in those times immatchable for wit,
 Able that were the dullest spirit to whet,
 And did my humour excellently fit,
 Into their rank and worthily did get,
 There as their proud competitor to sit.
 One excellence to many is the mother,
 Wits do, as creatures, one beget another.

This founder of the palaces of Kings,
 Whose veins with more than usual spirit
 fill'd,
 A man ordain'd to the mightiest things,
 In Oxford then determining to build
 To Christ a college, and together brings
 All that thereof the great foundation wills.
 There me employs, whose industry he fees
 Worthy to work upon the noblest grounds.

Yet in the entrance wisely did he fear
 Coin might fall short, yet with this work
 Wherefore such houses as religious were,

ing no necessity require,
be greater very well might bear,
ne the Card'nal cunningly did hire,
g withal his sovereign to consent,
ring with so holy an intent.

a symptom to a long disease,
overrunner to this mighty fall,
too unadvisedly did seize
part that ruined all,
id the work been of so many days,
: again recover hardly shall :
it sunk, which time did long up-hold,
now it lies even levell'd with the mold.

, great Rome, here first waft overthrown,
c harms that blindly couldst not see,
is work they only were thine own,
nowledge lent that deadly wound to thee,
the world before had they not shown,
l those secrets been descry'd by me,
thy wealth so many from the plow.
those high types wherein they flourish
nw.

after Woolsey might and main,
favour with the King me brought
whom myself so well I did demean,
seem'd to exercise his thought,
reat liking strongly did retain,
at before that Card'nal had me taught,
whose example, by those cells but small,
the subversion lastly of them all.

r a let was cast into the way,
I ran so steadily and right,
y a snare my adversaries lay, [their flight,
ought they with their power, much with
rceiving that my smallest stay
uir'd the utmost of their might,
ascendant hasting then to climb,
as the first predonating the time.

; what wealth me earnestly did woo,
through Woolsey happen'd had to find,
id the path most perfectly unto,
g thereafter earnestly inclin'd,
:sides what after I might do,
at power me fully were assign'd,
their means against me strongly wrought,
ng as fast to bring their church so nought.

o the King continually I sue,
his bus'ness faithfully did stir,
to prove my judgment to be true,
hose who most supposed me to err ;
least means, which any way I knew
race me, or my purposes perfer,
omit, till I had won his ear [to hear,
that me mark'd, when least he seem'd

and to them thus violently given,
me her sharpest darts did rove,
g the supremacy of heaven,

As the first giants warring against Jove,
Hcap'd hills on hills, the gods till they had driven,
The meanest shapes of earthly things to prove :
So must I shift from them that 'gainst me rose,
Mortal their hate, as mighty were my foes.

But their great force against me wholly bent,
Prevail'd upon my purposes so far,
That I my ruin scarcely could prevent,
So momentary worldly favours are,
That till the utmost of their spight was spent,
Had not my spirit maintain'd, a manly war,
Risen they had, when I had lain full low,
Upon whose ruin after I did grow.

When the great King, the strange reports that
Who as pernicious as they potent were, [took,
And at the fair growth of my fortune strook,
Whose deadly malice blame me not to fear,
Me at the first so violently shook,
That they this frame were likely down to bear,
If resolution with a settled brow
Had not upheld my preumptory vow.

Yet these encounters thrust me not awry,
Nor could my courtes force me to forsake,
After this shipwrack I again must try,
Some happier voyage hopeful still to make :
The plots that barren long we see do lie,
Some fitting season plentifully take :
One fruitful harvest frankly doth restore
What many winters hinder'd have before.

That to account I strictly call my wit,
How in it this while had managed my state ;
M. soul in counsel summoning to sit,
If possible to turn the course of fate ;
For ways there be the greatest things to hit,
If men could find the peremptory gate :
And since I once was got so near the brink,
More than before 'twould grieve me now to sink.

Ruffel, whose life (some said) that I had sav'd
In Italy, one that me favour'd most,
And reverend Hailes, who but occasion crav'd
To shew his love, no less that I had cost,
Who to the King perceiving me disgrac'd,
Whose favour I unluckily had lost,
Both with him great, a foot set in withall,
If not to stray, to qualify my fall.

High their regard, yet higher was their hap,
Well-near quite sunk, recover me that could,
And once more get into fortune's lap,
Which well myself might teach me there to hold,
Escap'd out of so dangerous a trap,
Whose praise by me to ages shall be told,
As the two props by which I only rose,
When most supprest, most trod on by my foes.

This me to urge the premunire won,
Ordain'd in matters dangerous and high,
In t' which the heedless prelates were run
That back unto the papacy did sue

Sworn to that see, and what before was done,
Due to the King, dispensed were thereby,
In t' which first entering offer'd me the mean,
That to throw down, already that did lean.

This was to me that over-flowing source,
From whence his bounties plentifully spring,
Whose speedy current with unusual force
Bare me into the bosom of the King,
By putting him into that ready course,
Which soon to pass his purposes might bring,
Where those which late imperiously controll'd
me, [me.
Struck pale with fear, stood trembling to behold

When state to me those ceremonies show'd,
That to so great a favourite were due,
And fortune still with honours did me load,
As though no mean she in my rising knew,
Or heaven to me more than to a man had ow'd,
(What to the world unheard of was and new)
And was to other sparing of her store,
Till she could give, or I could ask no more.

Those high preferments he upon me lay'd,
To make the world me publicly to know,
Were such, in judgment rightly being weigh'd,
Seemed too great for me to undergo;
Nor could his hand from pouring on be stay'd,
Until I so abundantly did flow,
That looking down whence lately I was clomb,
Danger bad fear, if further I should roam.

For first from knighthood rising in degree,
The office of the jewel-house my lot,
After, the rolls he frankly gave to me,
From whence a privy counsellor I got,
Then of the garter; and then Earl to be
Of Essex: yet sufficient these were not,
But to the great vicegerency I grew,
Being a title as supreme as new.

So well did me these Dignities besit,
And honour to me every way became,
As more than man I had been made for it,
Or as from me it had deriv'd the name:
Where was he found whose love I not requit,
Beyond his own imaginary aim,
Which had me succour'd, nearly being driven,
As things to me that idly were not given?

What tongue so slow, the tale shall not report
Of hospitable Frisecobald and me,
And shew in how reciprocal a fort
My thanks did with his courtesy agree,
When as by means in Italy were short,
That me reliev'd? I, less that would not be,
When I of England was vicegerent made,
His former bounties lib'rally repay'd,

The manner briefly gentler muse, relate,
Since oft before it wisely hath been told,
The sudden change of unavowed fate,

That famous merchant, reverend Frisecobald,
Grew poor, and the small remnant of his state,
Was certain goods to England he had sold,
Which in the hands of creditors but bad,
Small hope to get, yet lesser means he had,

Hither his wants him forcibly constrain'd,
Though with long travel both by land and sea,
Led by this hope, that only now remain'd,
Whereon his fortune finally he lays;
And if he found that friendship here were feign'd,
Yet at the worst, it better should him please,
Far out of sight to perish here unknown,
Than unreliev'd be pited of his own.

It chanc'd as I tow'rd Westminster did ride,
'Mongst the great concourse passing to and fro,
An aged man I happily esp'y'd,
Whose outward looks much inward grief did show
Which made me note him, and the more I ey'd
Him, methought more precisely I should know
Revolving long, it came into my mind,
This was the man to me had been so kind.

Was therewithall so joyed with his sight,
(With the dear sight of his so reverend face)
That I could scarcely keep me from t' alight,
And in mine arms him kindly to embrace:
Weighing yet (well) what some imagine might,
He being a stranger, and the public place,
Checkt my affection, till some sifter hour
On him my love effectually might show'r.

'Never, quoth I, was fortune so unjust,
'As to do wrong to thy most noble heart:
'What man so wicked could betray the trust
'Of one so upright, of so good desert?
'And though obey necessity thou must,
'As when th' wast great'st, the same to me thou
'Let me alone the last be left of all, (art
'That from the rest declin'd not with thy fall

And calling to a gentleman of mine,
Wife and discreet that well I knew to be,
Shew'd him that stranger, whose dejected eyne,
Fixt on the earth, ne'er once lookt up at me:
'Bid yonder man come home to me and dine,
'(Quoth I) bespeak him reverently you see;
'Scorn not his habit; little canst thou tell,
'How rich a mind in those mean rags doth
'dwell.'

He with my name that kindly did him greet,
Slowly cast up his deadly-moving eye,
That long time had been fixt on his feet,
To look no higher than his misery,
Thinking him more calamity did greet,
Or that I had supposed him some spy;
With a deep sigh that from his heart he drew,
Quoth he, "His will accomplisht be by you."

My man departed, and the message done,
He whose sad heart a strange impression struck,
To think upon this accident began,

himself suspiciously to look;
doubts he fearfully doth run,
left cheering, oft himself forsook:
pely perplex, he to my house doth come,
knowing why judg'd, nor dreading yet his
oom.

ants set his coming to attend,
re therein not common for their skill,
sage yet the former did amend:
d not good, nor guilty was of ill;
man, whose thoughts were at an end,
se, quoth he, then work on me thy will:
er than man I think he were that knew
ence this may come, or what will it ensue."

ur'd preface so did me inflame,
ng then in preface of my peers,
d not to meet him as he came,
ry hardly could contain my tears)
late him, call him by his name,
together ask him how he cheers:
still along maintaining the extreme,
an thought sure he had been in a dream.

h to wake him gently, I began
in demand, if once he did not know
was Cromwell, a poor Englishman,
reliev'd, when he was driven low?
perceiv'd he my remembrance wan,
his tears it silently did show,
for woe, to see mine host distress;
for joy, to see his happy guest.

he Lords I publish by my praise,
y table carefully him set,
ing them the many sundry ways
this good gentleman in debt;
at he was in Florence in those days,
that grace or reverence him might get:
h all the while yet silently he hears,
ing among his viands with his tears

end fulness lastly to his fate,
ms I gave him, and what was his due.
own, myself became his advocate,
my charge his creditors I sue,
ing him unto his former state:
the world began by me anew,
shall to all posterity express
onour'd bounty, and my thankfulness.

se, recount before thou farther pass,
is great change so quickly came about,
at the cause of this sad downfall was,
part the spacious realm throughout,
fected in so little space;
ot thereof posterity to doubt,
the world obscured else may be,
his place revealed not by thee.

hole land did on the church rely,
full pow'r Kings to account to call,
the world read only policy,

Besides heaven's keys to stop or let in all,
Let me but know from her supremacy
How she should come so suddenly to fall:
'Twas more than chance sure put a hand there-
That had the power so great a thing to do. [to,

Or aught there were had biding under sun,
Who would have thought those edifices great,
Which first religion holily begun,
The church appov'd, and wisdom richly feat,
Devotion nourish'd, faith allowance won,
With what might make them any way complete,
Should in their ruins lastly bury'd lie,
But that begun and ended from the sky?

And the King, late obedient to her laws,
Against the clerk of Germany had writ,
As he the first that stirr'd in the church's cause,
Against him greatli'ft that oppugned it;
And wan from her so grateful an applause,
Then in her favour chiefly that did sit,
That as the prop whereon she only stay'd,
Him she instil'd Defender of the Faith.

But not their power, whose wisdoms them did
In the first rank, the oracles of state, [place
Who that opinion strongly did embrace,
Which through the land received was of late,
Then aught at all prevailed in this case.
O powerful doom of unavoided fate,
Whose depth not weak mortality can know!
Who can uphold, what heaven will overthrow.

When time now univ'rsally did show
The power to it peculiarly annex'd,
With most abundance then when she did flow,
Yet every hour still prosp'rously she wax'd,
But the world poor did by loose riots grow
Which served as an excellent pretext,
And colour gave to pluck her from her pride,
Whose only greatness suffer'd none beside,

Likewise to that, posterity did doubt
Thole at the first not rightly to adore,
Their fathers that, too credulous devout,
Had to the church contributed their store,
And to recover only went about
What their great zeal had lavished before,
On her a strong hand violently lay'd,
Preying on that they gave for to be pray'd.

Besides, the King set in a course so right,
Which I for him laboriously had trackt,
(Who, till I learn'd him, had not known his
might)

I still to prompt his power with me to act,
Into those secrets got so deep a sight,
That nothing lastly to his furtherance lackt
And by example it to him was shown,
How Rome might here be eas'ly overthrown.

In taking down yet of this goodly frame,
He suddenly not brake off every band,
But took the power first from the papal name,

After, a while let the religion stand,
When limb by limb he daily did it lame;
First, took a leg, and after took a hand,
Till the poor semblance of a body left,
But all should stay it utterly bereft.

For if some abby happen'd void to fall,
By death of him that the superior was
Gain, that did first church-liberty enthrall,
Only supreme promoted to the place,
'Mongst many bad, the worst most times of all
Under the colour of some other's grace,
That by the slander which from him should
spring,
Into contempt it more and more might bring.

This time from heaven when by a secret course
Dissension universally began,
(Prevailing as a planetary source)
I' th' church believing, as Mahumetan,
When Luther first did these opinions nurse,
Much from great Rome in little space that wan,
It to this change so aptly did dispose,
From whose sad ruin ours so great arose.

When here that fabric utterly did fail,
Which powerful fate had limited to time,
By whose strong law it naturally must quail,
From that proud height to which it long did
climb,
Letting 'gainst it the contrary prevail,
Therein to punish some notorious crime,
For which at length just-dooming heaven de-
creed,
That on her buildings ruin here should feed.

Th' authority upon her she did take,
And use thereof in every little thing,
Finding herself how oft she did forsake,
In her own bounds herself not limiting,
That awful fear and due obedience brake,
Which her reputed holiness did bring.
From slight regard and brought her into hate,
With those that much dislike'd of her estate.

Seeing those parts she cunningly had play'd,
Belief to her great miracles to win,
To the wise world were every day bewray'd,
From which the doubt did of her pow'r begin,
Damnation yet to question what she said,
Made most suspect the faith they had been in,
When their salvation eas'ly might be bought,
Found not this yet the way that they had
fought.

Whence those ill humours ripen'd to a head,
Bred by the rankness of the plenteous land,
And they not only strangely from her fled,
Bound for her ancient liberty to stand,
But what their fathers gave her being dead,
The son's rap'd from her with a violent hand,
And those her buildings must of all abus'd,
That with the weight their fathers coffins
bruise'd.

The wisest and most provident but build
For time again but only to destroy,
The costly piles and monuments we gild,
Succeeding time shall reckon but a toy :
Vicissitude impartially will'd,
The goodliest things be subject to annoy,
And what one age did studiously maintain
The next again accounteth vile and vain.

Yet time doth tell, in some things they did e
That put their help her bravery to deface,
When as the wealth that taken was from her
Others soon raised, that did them displace,
Their titles and their offices confer
On such before as were obscure and base,
Who would with her, they likewise d
should go,
And o'erthrew them that her did overthre

And th' Romish rites, that with a clearer sigl
The wisest thought they justly did reject,
The after saw, that the received light
Not altogether free was from defect,
Mysterious things being not conceived right,
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect :
For in opinion something short doth fall,
Wants there have been, and shall be still in

But negligent security and ease,
Unbridled sensuality begat,
That only sought his appetite to please,
As it in midst of much abundance sat;
The church not willing others should her prai
That she was lean, when as her lands were fat
Herself to too much liberty did give, [1
Which some perceiv'd that in those times

Pierce the wife plowman, in his vision saw
Conscience sore hurt, yet sorer was afraid
The seven great sins to hell him like to draw,
And to wife clergy mainly cry'd for aid;
Fal'n e'er he wist (whom peril much did awe
On unclean priests whil'st faintly he him staid
Willing good clergy t' ease his wretched ca
Whom these strong giants hotly had in cha

Clergy call'd friers, which near at hand did dw
And them requests to take in hand the cure,
But for their leechcraft that they could not w
He list not their dressing to endure,
When in his ear need softly did him tell
(And of his knowledge more did him assure)
They came for gain, their end which they
make,
For which on them the charge of souls they t

And voluntary poverty profess,
By food of angels seeming as to live;
But yet with them th' accounted were the bel
That most to their fraternity did give,
And beyond number that they were increast.
' If so (quothe conscience) thee may I believe,
' Then 'tis in vain more on them to bestow
' If beyond number like they be to grow.'

The Frier soon feeling conscience had him found,
And hearing how hypocrisy did thrive,
That many teachers every where did wound,
For which contrition miserably did grieve :
Now in deceit to shew himself profound,
His former hopes yet lastly to revive,
Gett the Pope's letters, whereof he doth shape
Him a disguise from conscience to escape.

And so tow'rds goodly unity he goes,
A strong-built castle standing very high,
Where conscience liv'd, to keep him from his foes,
Whom, lest some watchful sentinell should spy,
And him should to the garrison disclose,
His cowl about him carefully doth tie,
Creeps to the gate, and closely thereat beat,
As one that entrance gladly would entreat.

Peace, the good porter, ready still at hand,
He doth unpin, and prays him God to save,
And after salving, kindly doth demand
What was his will, or who he there would have?
The Frier low'lowting, crossing with his hand,
'T speak with contrition (quoth he) I would
crave.'
'Nather (quoth peace) your coming is in vain,
'For him of late hypocrisy hath slain."

'God shield! (quoth he, and turning up his eyes),
'To former health I hope him to restore,
'For in my skill his sound recovery lies ;
'Doubt not thereof, if setting God before.'
'Are you a surgeon?' (peace again replies)
'Yea (quoth the Frier, and sent to heal his sore.'
'Come near (quoth peace) and God your
" coming speed,
'Never of help contrition had more need."

And for more haste he haileth in the Frier,
And his lord conscience quickly of him told,
Who entertain'd him with right friendly cheer :
'O fir, (quoth he) entreat you that I could
'To lend your hand to my dear cousin here,
'Contrition, whom a sore disease doth hold,
'That wounded by hypocrisy of late,
'Now lieth in most desperate estate.'

'Sir, (quoth the Frier) I hope him soon to cure,
'Which to your comfort quickly you shall see,
'Will be a while my dressing but endure."
And to contrition therewith cometh he,
And by fair speech himself on him assure,
But first of all going thorough for his fee :
Which done, quoth he, "If outwardly you show
" Sound, 't not avails if inwardly or no."

But secretly assailing of his sin,
No other medicine will he to him lay,
Saying, that heaven his silver him should win ;
And to give Friars, was better than to pray ;
So he were shriv'd, what need he care a pin ?
Thus with his patient he so long did play,
Until contrition had forgot to weep.
Thus the wise plowman shew'd me from his
sheep.

Vol. III.

He saw their faults that loosely lived then,
Others again our weaknesses shall see :
For this is sure, he bideth not with men,
That shall know all to be what they should be :
Yet let the faithful and industrious pen
Have the due merit; but return to me,
Whose fall this while blind fortune did devise,
To be as strange as strangely I did rise.

Those secret foes yet subtly to deceive,
That me maligning, lifted at my state,
The King to marry forward still I have,
(His former wife being repudiate)
With Ann the sister of the Duke of Cleve,
The German princes to confederate, [lay,
To back me still 'gainst those that against me
Which as their own retain'd me here in pay.

Which my destruction principally wrought,
When afterwards, abandoning her bed,
Which to his will to pass could not be brought,
So long as yet I bare about my head,
The only man her safety that had fought,
Of her again and only favoured,
Which was the cause he hasted to my end.
Upon whose fall hers likewise did depend.

For in his high distemp'rance of blood,
Who was so great whose life he did regard ?
Or what was it that his desires withstood,
He not invested, were it ne'er so hard ?
Nor held he me so absolutely good,
That though I cross'd him, I could not be spar'd :
But with those things I lastly was to go,
Which he to ground did violently throw.

When Winchester, with all those enemies
Whom by much power from audience had debar'd
The longer time their mischiefs to devise,
Feeling with me how lastly now it far'd,
When I had done the King what did suffice,
Lastly, thrust in against me to be heard,
When what was ill, contrarily turn'd good,
Making amain to th' shedding of my blood.

And that the King his action doth deny,
And on my guilt doth altogether lay,
Having his riot satisfy'd thereby,
Seems not to know how I therein did sway,
What late was truth, now turn'd to heresy :
When he by me had purchased his prey,
Himself to clear, and satisfy the sin,
Leaves me but late his instrument therein.

Those laws I made myself alone to please,
To give me power more freely to my will,
Even to my equals hurtful sundry ways,
(Forced to things that most do say were ill)
Upon me now as violently seize,
By which I lastly, perish'd by my skill,
On mine own neck returning (as my due)
That heavy yoke wherein by me they drew.

My greatness threaten'd by ill-boding eyes
My actions strangely censured of all,
Yet in my way, my giddiness not sees

The pit wherein I likely was to fall.
 O, were the sweets of man's felicities
 Often amongst not temper'd with some gall,
 He would forget by his o'erweening skill,
 Just heaven above doth censure good and ill!

Things over-rank do never kindly bear,
 As in the corn, the fluxure when we see
 Fills but the straw, when it should fill the ear;
 Rotting that time in ripening it should be,
 And being once down, itself can never rear :
 With us well doth this simile agree,
 (By the wife man) due to the great in all,
 By their own weight being broken in their fall.

Self-loving man what sooner doth abuse,
 And more than his prosperity doth wound ?
 Into the deep but fall how can he choose,
 That over-strides whereon his foot to ground ?
 Who sparingly prosperity doth use,
 And to himself doth after-ill propound,
 Unto his height who happily doth climb,
 Sits above fortune, and controlleth time.

Not choosing what us most delight doth bring,
 And most that by the general breath is freed,
 Wooing that suffrage but the virtuous thing,

Which in itself is excellent indeed,
 Of which the depth and perfect managing
 Amongst the most but few there be that heed,
 Affecting that agreeing with their blood,
 Seldom enduring, and as seldom good.

But whilst we strive too suddenly to rise,
 By flatt'ring princes with a servile tongue,
 And being soothers to their tyrannies,
 Work our much woes by what doth many wrong
 And unto others tending injuries,
 Unto ourselves it hap'ning oft among,
 In our own snares unluckily are caught,
 Whilst our attempts fall instantly to naught.

The council-chamber place of my arrest,
 Where chief I was, when greatest was the store
 And had my speeches noted of the best,
 That did them as high oracles adore :
 A Parliament was lastly my inquest,
 That was myself a Parliament before,
 The Tower-hill scaffold last I did ascend :
 Thus the great'st man of England made his
 end.

THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA:

in the groves were clad in green,
is drest all in flowers,
the fleck-hair'd nymphs were seen
in their summer bowers:

I by the sliding rills,
where Cynthia sat,
was so often from the hills
besides wonder'd at.

Upon my quest to bring,
a sure might excell,
a grove which should sweetliest sing,
a place which should sweetest smell.

I ring in the wood, said I,
where's Cynthia gone?
The echo doth reply
Aft' word,—"go on,"

Upon a lofty fir
my chance to find,
the dear name most due to her,
was upon the rind.

I lift with wonder I beheld,
as their honey brought,
the carved letters fill'd,
with gold were wrought.

That tree's more spacious root,
sinking on the ground,
of her most dainty foot
beside there I found.

As there like a curious seal,
though it should forbid
the mortals, to reveal
under it was hid.

As flowers which it had press'd,
brought to my view
more lovely than the rest,
the meadows grew.

The clear drops, in the steps that flood
Of that delicious girl,
The nymphs, amongst their dainty food,
Drunk for dissolved pearl.

The yielding sand, where she had trod,
Untoucht yet with the wind,
By the fair posture plainly shew'd,
Where I might Cynthia find.

When on upon my wayless walk
As my desires me draw,
I like a madman fell to talk
With every thing I saw:

I ask'd some lilies, "Why so white
"They from their fellows were?"
Who answer'd me, "That Cynthia's light
"Had made them look so clear."

I ask'd a nodding violet "Why
"It sadly hung the head?"
It told me, "Cynthia late past by,
"Too soon from it that fled."

A bed of roses saw I there,
Bewitching with their grace;
Besides so wondrous sweet they were,
That they perfum'd the place:

I of a shrub of those inquir'd,
From others of that kind,
Who with such virtue them inspir'd?
It answer'd (to my mind):

"As the base hemlock were we such,
"The poisoned 'st weed that grows,
"Till Cynthia, by her godlike touch,
"Transform'd us to the rose,

"Since when those frosts that winter brings
"Which candy every green,
"Renew us like the teeming springs,
"And we thus fresh are seen."

At length I on a fountain light,
Whose brim with pinks was platted;
The bank with daffadillies dight,
With grafs like fleeve was matted :

When I demanded of that well,
What pow'r frequented there ;
Desiring, it would please to tell
What name it us'd to bear :

It told me, ' it was Cynthia's own,
' Within whose cheerful brims,
' That curious nymph had oft been known
' To bathe her snowy limbs ;

' Since when that water had the pow'r
' Lost maidenhoods to restore,
' And make one twenty in an hour,
' Of Æson's age before,

And told me ' That the bottom clear,
' Now lay'd with many a fett
' Of seed pearl, e'er she bath'd her there,
' Was known as black as jet :

' As when she from the water came,
' Where first she touch'd the mould,
' In balls the people made the same,
' For pomander and fold.'

When chance me to an arbour led,
Whereas I might behold;
Two blest clysums in one sted,
The less the great infold ;

The place which she had chosen out,
Herself in to repose :
Had they come down, the gods no doubt
The very same had chose.

The wealthy Spring yet never bore
That sweet, nor dainty flower,
That damask'd not the chequer'd floor
Of Cynthia's summer bower.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,
Like friends did all embrace ;
And their large branches did display,
To canopy the place.

Where she like Venus doth appear
Upon a rosy bed ;
As lilies the soft pillows were,
Whereon she lay'd her head.

Heav'n on her shape such cost bestow'd,
And with such bounties blest,
No limb of her's but might have made
A goddess at the least.

The flies by chance mesht in her hair,
By the bright radiance thrown
From her clear eyes, rich jewels were,
They so like diamonds shone.

The meanest weed the soil there bare,
Her breath did so refine,
That it with woodbine durst compare,
And heard the Eglantine:

The dew which on the tender grafs
The evening had distill'd,
To pure rose-water turned was,
The shades with sweets that fill'd.

The winds were hush'd, no leaf so small
At all was seen to stir :
Whilst tuning to the waters fall,
The small birds sang to her.

Where she too quickly me espies,
When I too plainly see
A thousand cupids from her eyes
Shoot all at once at me.

" Into these secret shades (quoth she)
" How dar'st thou be so bold
" To enter, consecrate to me,
" Or touch this hallowed mould ?

" Those words (quoth she) I can pronounce,
" Which to that shape can bring
" Thee, which that hunter had, who once
" Saw Dian in the spring."

' Bright nymph, again I thus reply,
' This cannot me affright :
' I had rather in thy presence die,
' Than live out of thy sight.

' I first upon the mountains high
' Built altars to thy name,
' And grav'd it on the rocks thereby,
' To propagate thy fame.

' I taught the shepherds on the downs
' Of thee to form their lays :
' 'Twas I that fill'd the neighbouring towns
' With ditties of thy praise.

' Thy colours I devis'd with care,
' Which were unknown before :
' Which since that, in their braided hair
' The nymphs and sylvans wore.

' Transform me to what shape you can,
' I pass not what it be :
' Yea, what most hateful is to man,
' So I may follow thee.'

Which when she heard, full pearly floods
I in her eyes might view,
(Quoth she) " Most welcome to these woods
" Too mean for one so true.

" Here from the hateful world we'll live,
" A den of mere desight :
" To idiots only that doth give,
" Which be for sole delight.

o people the infernal pit,
That more and more doth strive;
Here only villany is wit,
And devils only thrive.

Those vilencs us shall never awe:
But here our sports shall be,
Ach as the gilded world first saw,
Most innocent and free.

f simples in these groves that grow,
We'll learn the perfect skill;
The nature of each herb to know,
Which cures, and which can kill.

The waxen palace of the bee,
We seeking will surprisè,
The curious workmanship to see
Of her full-laden thighs.

We'll suck the sweets out of the comb,
And make the gods repine,
As they do feast in Jove's great room;
To see with what we dine.

Yet when there haps a honey fall,
We'll lick the syrup leaves;
And tell the bees, that their's is gall
To this upon the greaves.

The nimble Squirrel noting here,
Her mossy dray that makes;
And laugh to see the duffy deer
Come bounding o'er the brakes.

" The spider's web to watch we'll stand,
And when it takes the bee,
We'll help out of the tyrant's hand
The innocent to free.

" Sometime we'll angle at the brook;
The freckled trout to take,
With filken worms and bait the hook,
Which him our prey shall make.

" Of meddling with such subtle tools,
Such dangers that enclose,
The mortal is, that painted fools
Are caught with filken shews.

" And when the moon doth once appear,
We'll trace the lower grounds,
When fairies in their ringlets there
Do dance their nightly rounds.

" And have a flock of turtle doves,
A guard on us to keep,
As witness of our honest loves
To watch us till we sleep."

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires
To overspread my breast,
As lent life to my chaste desires,
And gave me endless rest.

By Cynthia thus do I subsist,
On earth heaven's only pride;
Let her be mine, and let who list
Take all the world beside.

THE SHEPHERD'S SIRENA.

DORILUS, in sorrows deep,
 Autumn waxing old and chill,
 As he sat his flocks to keep,
 Underneath an easy hill,
 Chanc'd to cast his eye aside
 On those fields, where he had seen
 Bright Sirena, Nature's pride,
 Sporting on the pleasant green :
 To whose walks the shepherds oft
 Came, her god-like foot to find ;
 And in places that were soft,
 Kist the print there left behind :
 Where the path which she had trod,
 Hath thereby more glory gain'd,
 Than in heav'n that milky road,
 Which with nectar Hebe stain'd.
 But bleak winter's boist'rous blasts
 Now their fading pleasures chide,
 And so fill'd them with his wailes,
 That from sight her steps were hid.
 Silly shepherd, sad the while
 For his sweet Sirena gone,
 All his pleasures in exile,
 Laid on the cold earth alone :
 Whilst his gamesome cut-tail'd curr
 With his mirthless master plays,
 Striving him with sport to stir,
 As in his more youthful days.
 Dorilus his dog doth chide,
 Lays his well-tun'd bagpipe by,
 And his sheep-hook casts aside,
 There (quoth he) together lie.
 When a letter forth he took,
 Which to him Sirena writ,
 With a deadly downcast look,
 And thus fell to reading it.
 ' Dorilus, my dear, (quoth she)
 ' Kind companion of my woe,
 ' Though we thus divided be,
 ' Death cannot divorce us so :
 ' Thou whose bosom hath been still
 ' Th' only closet of my care,
 ' And in all my good and ill
 ' Ever had thy equal share :
 ' Might I win thee from thy fold,
 ' Thou should'st come to visit me ;

' But the winter is so cold,
 ' That I fear to hazard thee.
 ' The wild waters are wax'd high,
 ' So they are both deaf and dumb ;
 ' Lov'd they thee so well as I,
 ' They would ebb when thou should'st come :
 ' Then my cott with light should shine
 ' Purer than the vestal fire ;
 ' Nothing here but should be thine,
 ' That thy heart can well desire :
 ' Where at large we will relate
 ' From what cause our friendship grew,
 ' And in that the varying fate,
 ' Since we first each other knew :
 ' Of my heavy pass'd plight,
 ' As of many a future fear,
 ' Which, except the silent night,
 ' None but only thou shalt hear.
 ' My sad heart it shall relieve,
 ' When my thoughts I shall disclose,
 ' For thou canst not chuse but grieve,
 ' When I shall recount my woes.
 ' There is nothing to that friend,
 ' To whose close uncranied breast
 ' We our secret thoughts may send,
 ' And there safely let 'hem rest :
 ' And thy faithful counsel may
 ' My distressed case assist ;
 ' Sad affliction else may sway
 ' Me, a woman, as it list.
 ' Hither I would have thee haste,
 ' Yet would gladly have thee stay,
 ' When those dangers I forecast,
 ' That may meet thee by the way.
 ' Do as thou shalt think it best,
 ' Let thy knowledge be thy guide ;
 ' Live thou in my constant breast,
 ' Whatsoever shall betide.'
 He her letter having read,
 Puts it in his scrip again,
 Looking like a man half dead,
 By her kindness strangely slain :
 And as one who inly knew
 Her distressed present state,
 And to her had still been true,
 Thus doth with himself dilate,

ill not thy face admire,
 rable though it be,
 nine eyes, whose subtle fire
 ch wonder win in me :
 y marvel shall be now,
 of long it hath been so)
 womankind that thou
 ordain'd to taste of woe.
 eauty so divine,
 life in little done)
 : fortune should assign
 : but what thou well might'st shun !
 y counsels such must be,
 gh as yet I them conceal)
 :ir deadly wound in me,
 thy hurt must only heal.
 I give what thou dost crave,
 at pass thy state is grown,
 :by thy life may save,
 n sure to lose mine own.
 at joy thou do'st conceive,
 gh my heart the way doth lie,
 in two for three must cleave,
 hat thou should'st go awry.
 my death must be a toy,
 a my pensive breast must cover;
 eloved to enjoy,
 be taught thee by thy lover.
 the choice I have to chuse;
 yself if friend I be,
 : my Sirena lose;
 so, she loseth me.'
 whilst he doth cast about
 herein were best to do,
 old yet resolve the doubt,
 r he should stay or go :
 : fields not far away
 as many a frolic swain,
 ruffs day by day,
 pt revels on the plain.
 Tom, firnam'd the Tup,
 pipe without a peer,
 old tickle *Trenchmore* up,
 ould joy your heart to hear :
 is much renown'd for skill,
 e tabor touch'd so well :
 gittern little Gill,
 l other did excel :
 id Rollo every way,
 ll led the rustic ging,
 old troul a roundelay,
 ould make the fields to ring :
 n his shalm so clear,
 . high-pitch'd note that had,
 old make the echoes near
 s they were waxen mad :
 . luffy swain beside,
 r nought but pleasure car'd,
 Dorilus espy'd,
 th him knew how it far'd,
 it from him they would remove
 ong melancholy fit ;
 should it not behove,
 o put him out of's wit :

Having learnt a song which he
 Sometime to Sirena sent,
 Full of jollity and glee,
 When the nymph liv'd near to Trent ;
 They behind him softly got,
 Lying on the earth along,
 And when he suspected not,
 Thus the jovial Shepherds song.

NEAR to the silver Trent
 Sirena dwelleth,
 She to whom nature lent
 All that excelleth ;
 By which the Muses late,
 And the neat Graces,
 Have for their greater state
 Taken their places ;
 Twisting an Anadem,
 Wherewith to crown her,
 As it belong'd to them
 Most to renown her.
Cbo. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Tagus and Pactolus
 Are to thee debtor,
 Nor for their gold to us
 Are they the better :
 Henceforth of all the rest,
 Be thou the river,
 Which as the daintiest,
 Puts them down ever.
 For as my precious one
 O'er thee doth travel,
 She to Pearl paragon
 Turneth thy gravel.
Cbo. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Our mournful Philomel,
 That rarest tuner,
 Henceforth in April
 Shall wake the sooner ;
 And to her shall complain
 From the thick cover,
 Redoubling every strain
 Over and over :
 For when my love too long
 Her chamber keepeth ;
 As though it suffered wrong,
 The morning weepeth.
Cbo. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Oft have I seen the Sun,
To do her honour,
Fix himself at his noon
To look upon her,
And hath gilt every grove,
Every hill near her,
With his flames from above,
Striving to cheer her :
And when she from his sight
Hath herself turned,
He, as it had been night,
In clouds hath mourned.

*Cbo. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

The verdant meads are seen,
When she doth view them,
In fresh and gallant green
Strait to renew them ;
And every little grass
Broad itself spreadeth,
Proud that this bonny lass
Upon it treadeth :
Nor flower is so sweet
In this large cincture,
But it upon her feet
Leaveth some tincture.

*Cbo. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

The fishes in the flood
When she doth angle,
For the hook strive agood
Them to entangle ;
And leaping on the land
From the clear water,
Their scales upon the sand
Lavishly scatter ;

Therewith to pave the mold
Whereon she paces,
So herself to behold
As in her glasses.

*Cbo. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

When she looks out by night,
The stars stand gazing,
Like comets to our sight
Fearfully blazing ;
As wond'ring at her eyes,
With their much brightness,
Which so amaze the skies,
Dimming their lightness.
The raging tempests are calm
When she speaketh,

Such most delightful balm
From her lips breaketh.

*Cbo. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

In all our Brittany
There's not a fairer,
Nor can you fit any,
Should you compare her.
Angels her eye-lids keep,
All hearts surprizing ;
Which look whilst she doth sleep
Like the sun's rising :
She alone of her kind
Knoweth true measure,
And her unmatched mind
Is heaven's treasure.

*Cbo. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

Fair Dove and Darwent clear,
Boast ye your beauties,
To Trent your mistress here
Yet pay your duties.
My love was higher born
Tow'rs the full fountains,
Yet she doth Moorland scorn,
And the Peak mountains ;
Nor would she none should dream
Where she abideth,
Humble as is the stream,
Which by her slideth.

*Cbo. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

Yet my poor rustic Muse,
Nothing can move her,
Nor the means I can use,
Though her true lover :
Many a long winter's night
Have I wak'd for her,
Yet this my piteous plight
Nothing can stir her.
All thy sands, silver Trent,
Down to the Humber,
The sighs that I have spent
Never can number.

*Cbo. On thy bank,
In a rank,
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.*

Taken with this suddain song,
Least for mirth when he doth look,

I heart more deeply stung
 the former care he took.
 In laughter and amas'd,
 while he sat aghast;
 little having gar'd,
 as them bespake at last.
 this time for mirth (quoth he)
 a man with grief oppress'd?
 Al wretches as you be,
 the sorrows in my breast
 it upon you one by one;
 as now you mock my woe,
 in your mirth is turn'd to moan,
 your like then serve you so.
 as one swain among the rest
 him merrily bespake:
 thee up, thou arrant beast,
 this season love to make!
 as thy sheep-hook in thy hand,
 p thy car and set him on;
 our fields 'tis time to stand,
 they quickly will be gone,
 with swincherda, that repine
 our flocks, like beastly clowns,
 that they will bring their swine,

And will root up all our downs:
 They their holly whips have brac'd,
 And tough hazel goads have got;
 Soundly they your sides will baste,
 If their courage fail them not.
 Of their purpose if they speed,
 It is neither droan nor reed,
 Shepherds, that will serve your turn.
 Angry Olcon sets them on,
 And against us part doth take,
 Ever since he was out-gone,
 Off'ring rhymes with us to make.
 Yet if so our sheep-hooks hold,
 Dearly shall our downs be bought;
 For it never shall be told,
 We our sheep-walks sold for naught.
 And we here have got us dogs,
 Best of all the Western breed,
 Which though whelps shall lug their hogs,
 Till they make their ears to bleed:
 Therefore, shepherd, come away.
 When as Dorilus arose,
 Whistles cut-tail from his play,
 And along with them he goes.

POLY-OLBION.

PREFACE TO THE GENERAL READER.

[When Mr. Drayton published eighteen Songs only of this Poem.]

IN publishing this my poem, there is this great disadvantage against me, that it cometh out at this time, when verses are wholly deduced to chambers, and nothing esteemed in this lunatic age, but what is kept in cabinets, and must only pass by transcription. In such a season, when the idle humerous world must hear of nothing that either favours of antiquity, or may awake it to seek after more than dull and slothful ignorance may easily reach unto: these, I say, make much against me; and especially in a poem, from any example, either of ancient, or modern, that have proved in this kind; whose unusual tract may perhaps seem difficult to the female sex; yea, and I fear, to some that think themselves not meanly learned, being not rightly inspired by the Muses: such I mean, as had rather read the fantasies of foreign inventions, than to see the rarities and history of their own country delivered by a true native Muse. Then, whosoever thou be, possessed with such stupidity and dulness, that, rather than thou wilt take pains to search into ancient and noble things, chooseth to remain in the thick fogs and mists of ignorance, as near the common lay-stall of a city; refusing to walk forth into the tempe and fields of the Muses; where, through most delightful groves, the angelic harmony of birds shall steal thee to the top of an easy hill, where in artificial caves, cut out of the most natural rock, thou shalt see the ancient people of this isle delivered thee in their

lively images; from whose height thou mayest behold both the old and later times, as in thy prospect, lying far under thee; then conveying thee down by a soul-pleasing descent through delicious embroidered meadows, often veined with gentle gliding brooks; in which thou mayest fully view the dainty nymphs in their simple naked beauties, bathing them in crystalline streams; which shall lead thee to most pleasant downs, where harmless shepherds are, some exercising their pipes, some singing roundelays to their gazing flocks. If, as I say, thou hadst rather (because it asks thy labour) remain where thou wert, than strain thyself to walk forth with the Muses, the fault proceedeth from thy idleness, not from any want in my industry. And to any that shall demand wherefore, having promised this poem of the general reader, so many years, I now publish only this part of it, I plainly answer, that many times I had determined with myself to have left it off, and have neglected my papers sometimes two years together, finding the times since his Majesty's happy coming in, to fall so heavily upon my distressed musings, after my zealous soul had laboured so long in that, which, with the general happiness of the kingdom, seemed not then impossible somehow also to have advanced me. But I instantly for all my long-nourished hopes even buried alive before my face: so uncertain in this world be the ends of our clearest endeavours! And whatever is

herein that tastes of a free spirit, I thankfully confess to proceed from the continual bounty of my truly noble friend Sir Walter Aston; which hath given me the best of those hours, whose leisure hath effected this which I now publish. Sundry other songs I have also, though yet not so perfect that I dare commit them to public censure; and the rest I determine to go forward with, God enabling me, may I find means to assist my endeavour. Now, reader, for the farther understanding of my poem, thou hast two especial helps: First the argument, to direct thee still where thou art, and through what shires the muse makes her

journey, and what she chiefly handles in the song thereto belonging. Next hast thou the illustrations of this learned gentleman, my friend, to explain every hard matter of history, that, lying far from the way of common reading, may (without question) seem difficult unto thee. Thus wishing thee thy heart's desire, and committing my poem to thy charitable censure, I take my leave.

Thine, as thou art mine,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

TO MY FRIENDS THE CAMBRO-BRITONS.

To have you without difficulty understand, how in this my intended progress through these united kingdoms of Great Britain, I have placed your (and, I must confess, my) loved Wales, you shall perceive, that after the three first songs beginning with our French islands, Guernsey and Jersey, with the rest; and perfecting in those first three the survey of these six our most Western counties, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Hants, Wilts, and Somerset; I then make over Severn into Wales, not far from the midst of her broad-side that lieth against England. I term it her broad-side, because it lieth from Shrewsbury still along with Severn, till she lastly turn sea. And to explain two lines of mine (which you shall find in the fourth song of my poem, but it is the first of Wales), which are these:

*And e'er seven books have end, I'll strike so big a ring,
Thy lands shall stand amaz'd with wonder whilst I sing.*

Looking of seven books, you shall understand that I pursue Wales through so many; beginning in

the fourth song (where the nymphs of England and Wales contend for the isle of Lundy) and ending in the tenth; striving, as my much-loved the learned Humphry Floyd, in his description of Cambria to Abraham Ortelius, to uphold her ancient bounds, Severn and Dee, and therefore have included the parts of those three English shires of Gloucester, Worcester and Salop, that lie on the West of Severn, within their ancient mother Wales: in which, if I have not done her right, the want is in my ability, not in my love. And beside my natural inclination to love antiquity (which Wales may highly boast of) I confess, the free and gentle company of that true lover of his country (as of all ancient and noble things) Mr. John Williams, his Majesty's goldsmith, my dear and worthy friend, hath made me the more seek into the antiquities of your country. Thus wishing your favourable construction of these my faithful endeavours, I bid you farewell.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

PERMIT me thus much of these notes to my friend. What the verse oft, with allusion, as supposing a full-knowing reader, lets slip; or in winding steps of personating fictions (as sometimes) so infolds, that sudden conceit cannot abstract a form of the clothed truth, I have, as I might, illustrated. Brevity and plainness (as the one endured the other) I have joined; purposely avoiding frequent commixture of different language; and whenever it happens, either the page or margin (specially for gentlewomen's sake) summarily interprets it, except where interpretation aids not. Being not very prodigal of my historical faith, after explanation, I oft adventure on examination and censure. The author, in passages of first inhabitants, name, state, and monarchic succession in this isle, follows Geoffrey ap Arthur, Polychronicon, Matthew of Westminster, and such more. Of their traditions, for that one so much controverted, and by Cambro-Britons still maintained, touching the Trojan Brute, I have (but as an advocate for the Muse) argued; disclaiming it, if alleged for my own opinion. In most of the rest, upon weighing the reporters credit, comparison with more persuading authority, and synchronism (the best touch-stone in this kind of trial) I leave note of suspicion, or add conjectural amendment: as for particular examples, among other, in Brennus mistook by all writers of later time, following Justin's epitome of Trogus ill conceived; in Robert of Swapham's story of King Wulpher's murdering his children, in Rollo first Duke of Normandy his time; none of them yet rectified (although the first hath been adventured on) by any that I have seen; and such more. And indeed my jealousy hath oft vexed me with particular inquisition of whatsoever occurs, bearing not a mark of most apparent truth, ever since I found so intolerable antichronisms, incredible reports, and bards' impostures, as well from ignorance as assumed liberty of invention in some of our ancients; and read also such palpable falsities of

nation, thrust into the world by later time. (1) (to give a taste) that of Randall Higden, affirms the beginning of wards in 6. Henry III. Polidore's assertion (upon mistaking of the statute, Henry VII.) that it was death by the English law for any man to wear a vizard; with many blunders in his history, of our trials by twelve, shrieves, coat of the kingdom, parliaments, and other like; Bartol's delivering the custom in this to be, (a) *quod primogenitus succedit in omnibus bonis*. The Greek Chalcondylas his slanderous description of our usual form of kind entertainment, to beg with the wives courteous admission to that most affected pleasure of lascivious fancy (he was deceived by misunderstanding the reports of our kissing) (b) salutations, given and accepted among us with more freedom than in any part of the Southern world, erroneously thinking, perhaps that every kiss must be thought seconded with the addition to the seven promised by Mercury: name of Venus to him that should find Psyche or as wanton as Aristophanes his *Menaxenes*, and many untruths of like nature in others. Concerning the Arcadian deduction of our British monarchy; within that time, from Brute, supposed about 2850 of the world (Samuel then judge of Israel) unto some fifty-four before Christ (about when Julius Cæsar visited the island) relation was extant, which is now left to our use. How then are they, which pretend chronology of that age without any fragment of authors before Gildas, Talieffin, and Nenius (the eldest of which was since 500 of Christ) to be credited? For my part, I believe as much in them as I do the sinking of Hiero's ship mast in our (c) mountain which is collected upon a corrupted place in Athenæus, cited out of Moschion; or that Ptolemy Philadelph sent to Reutha King of Scots some 1900 years since, for discovery of this countrey which Claude Ptolemy afterward put in his geography: or that Julius Cæsar built Arthur's hollen in Stirling shrieffdom; or that Britons

(a) *Ad. C. de summ. Trinit. l. 1. num. 42.*

(b) *Unum blandientis, ad pulsam lingua longè mellitum.* Apuleius de *Aur. Asia*. 6. And you may remember (as like enough he did) that in *Plautus Curcul.* *Qui vult cubere pangit saltem suavius*; and such more in other wanton poets, with the opini-

on of *Baldus*, that a kiss in those Southern nation is sufficient consent to imperfect espousals, nothing of that kind, but copulation, with us and our neighbouring Dutch being so.

(c) *Ἐν τοῖς ἱσπ. τῶν Βελγίων, ἀπὸ τοῦ Βελγίου, quæ nempe verior videtur lectio.*

at the rape of Hefione with Hercules, as excellent wit, Joseph of Excester (published under name of Cornelius Nepos) singeth : h are even equally warrantable, as Ariosto's tions of persons and places in his Rowland's fer's Elfin Story, or Rabelais's strange discos- s. Yet the capricious faction will (I know) r quit their belief of wrong, although some or Delian diver should make open what is fo ired after. Briefly, until Polybius, who wrote 1800 since (for Aristotle *επι Κέρων* is clearly terfected in title) no Greek mentions the isle ;

Læcretius (some hundred years later) no an hath expressed a thought of us; until r's commentaries, no piece of its description known, that is now left to posterity. For therefore preceding Cæsar, I dare trust ; but with others adhere to conjecture. In ent matter since I rely on Tacitus and Dio tially, Vopiscus, Capitolin, Spartian (for fo h as they have, and the rest of the Augustan) afterward Gildas, Nennius, (but little is last em, and that of the last very imperfect) Bede, rio, Ethelwerd (near of blood to King Alfred) liam of Malmfbury, Marian, Florence of Wor- tr (that published under name of Florence the very syllables of most part of Marian the 's story, fraught with English antiquities ; h will shew you how easily to answer Bu- an's objection against our historians about istan's being king of all Albion, being ded when he imagined that there was no other Marian but the common printed chronicle, h is indeed but an epitome or defloration e by Robert of Lorraine bishop of Hereford r Henry I.) and the numerous rest of our kish and succeeding chronographers. In all, ieve him most, which, freed from affection hate (causes of corruption) might best know- hath with most likely assertion delivered his rt. Yet so, that, to explain the author, car- g himself in this part an historical, as in the other a chorographical poet, I insert oft, out e British story what I importune you not to it. Of that kind are those prophecies out of lin sometime interwoven. I discharge my- , nor impute you to me any serious respect of u. Inviting, not wrestling in occasion, I add etime what is different from my task, but such gues would any where please an understand- reader. To aid you in course of times, I e in fit place drawn chronologies upon credit the ancients, and for matter of the kind have nonished (to the fourth Canto) what as yet iver saw by any observed, for wary confi- ration of the Dionysian cycle and misinterpreted t of his Dominical year. Those old rhimes, hich (some number) you often meet with, are fered the willing, both for variety of your

mother-tongue, as also because the author of them (Robert of Gloucester) never yet appeared in com- mon light. He was, in time, an age before ; but, in learning and wit, as most others, much behind our worthy Chaucer : whose name by the way occurring, and my work here being but to add plain song after Muses discanting, I cannot but digress to admonition of abuse, which this learned allusion in his *Troilus*, by ignorance hath endured.

I am till God me better mind send,

At (a) Dulcarnon, right at my wits end.

It is not Necham, or any else, that can make me entertain the least thought of the signification of *Dulcarnon* to be Pythagoras's sacrifices after his geometrical theorem in finding the squares of an orthogonal triangle's sides, or that it is a word of Latin deduction ; but indeed by easier pronunciation it was made of (b) [zu 'l'kurnein], i. e. *two-horned* : which the Mahometan Arabians use for a *root* in calculation, meaning Alexander, as that great dictator of knowledge Joseph Scaliger (with some ancients) wills, but by warranted opinion of my learned friend Mr. Lydyat in his *Emendatio temporum*, it began in Seleucus Nicanor, twelve years after Alexander's death. The name was applied, either because after time that Alexander had persuaded himself to be Jupiter Hammon's son, whose statue was with rams horns, both his own and his successors coins were stamp'd with horned images : or else in respect of his two pillars erected in the east, as a (c) *nihil ultra* of his conquest ; and some say, because he had in power the eastern and western world, signified in the two horns. But howsoever, it well fits the passage, either as if he had personated Creseide at the entrance of two ways, not knowing which to take ; in like sense as that of Prodicus his Hercules, or Pythagoras his Y, or the Logicians Dilemma express ; or else, which is the truth of his conceit, that she was at a nonplus, as the interpretation in his next staff makes plain. How many of noble Chaucer's readers never so much as suspect this his short essay of knowledge, transcending the common road ? And by his treatise of the *Astrakabe* (which, I dare swear, was chiefly learned out of *Messalah*) it is plain he was much acquainted with the mathematics, and amongst their authors had it. But I return to myself. From vain loading my margin with books, chapters, folios, or names of our historians I abstain ; course of time as readily directs to them. But where the place might not so easily occur, (chiefly in matter of Philology) there only (for view of them which shall examine me) I have added assisting references. For most of what I use of Chorography, join with me in thanks to that most learned nourice of antiquity,

(a) Chaucer explained.

(b) *Epocha Seleucidarum.*

(c) *Christman. Commentar. in Alfragan. c. II.*

Lyfimachi Cornuum apud Cor. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 20. c. 12. hic genuina interpretatio.

(d) τὸν τις καὶ τηλόθι νόμον
Τιμὰ ἀνὴρ Ἀγαθός.

my instructing friend Mr. Camden Clarencieux. From him and Girald of Cambria also comes most of my British; and then may Mercury and all the Muses deadly hate me, when, in permitting occasion, I profess not by whom I learn! let them vent judgment on me which understand. I justify all, but when of necessity I must. My thirst compelled me always to seek the fountains, and by that, if means grant it, judge the rivers nature. Nor can any conversant in letters be ignorant what error is oft-times fallen into, by trusting authorities at second hand, and rash collecting (as it were) from visual beams refracted through another's eye. In performance of this charge (undertaken at request of my kind friend the author) brevity of time (which was but little more than since the poem first went to the press) and that daily discontinued, both by my other most different studies seriously attended, and interrupting business, as enough can witness, might excuse great faults, especially of omission. But I take not thence advantage to desire more than common courtesy in censure, nor of this, nor of what else I heretofore have published, touching (e) historical deduction of our ancient laws, wherein I scape not without tax.

*Sunt quibus in verbis videtur; obscurior, hoc est,
Evandri cum matre loqui, Fœnisq; Numaq;
Nec secus ac si auctor Saliaris carminis essem.*

I have read in Cicero, Agellius, Lucian's Lexiphanes, and others, much against that form: but withal, this later age (wherein so industrious search is among admired ruins of old monuments) hath, in our greatest Latin critics Hans Douz, P. Merula, Liplius, and such more, so revived that Saturnian language, that, to students in Philology, it is now grown familiar; and as (f) he saith) *erba à vetustate repetita non solum magnos assertatores habent, sed etiam afferunt orationi maiestatem aliquam, non sine deletionibus.* Yet for antique terms, to the learned, I will not justify it without exception (disliking not that of Phavorin, *Vive moribus præteritis, loquere verbis præsentibus*; and as coin, so words, of a public and known stamp, are to be used) although so much as that way I offend, is warranted by example of such, of whom to en-

deavour imitation allows me more than the title of blameless. The purblind ignorant lute with the English of that monitory epigram

(g) Ἐὰν γὰρ πώποτε
Νῆϊς ἔσται Μυρίων, ῥίπον δὲ μὴ νοῖσιν.

reprehension of them, whose language and learning is purchased from such volumes as F. lais reckons St. Victor's library, or barbarous glosses,

Quam nihil ad genium, Papiniane, tuum!

or which are furnished in our old story, only of the common Polychronicon, Caxton, Fab Stow, Grafton, Lanquet, Cooper, Holingshed (perhaps with gift of understanding) Polydore, and rest of our later compilers; or, of any adventitious Therites daring find fault even with the Graces, in a strain

Cornua quæ vincatque tubas

I regard as metamorphosed, Lucius's looking at window; I slight, scorn, and laugh at it. Sections [§] in the verses you know what I meet with in the illustrations; but so, that with I tude, the direction admonishes sometimes as for explaining a following or preceding passage its own.

Ingenuous readers, to you I wish your best fires; to the author I wish, (as an old Cosmogonical poet did long since to himself.)

(b) Ἄλλὰ σοὶ θύμων
Λύττων ἐκ μακάρων ἀνταΐσιος ἐπὶ ἡμῶν.

To gentlewomen and their loves is consecrated all the wooing language, allusions to love-passion and sweet embraces feigned by the Muses amongst hills and rivers. Whatsoever tastes description, battle, story, abstruse antiquity, (which my particular study caused me sometimes remember) law of the kingdom, to the more reverent reader. To the one, be contenting enjoyments of their auspicious desires; to the other happy attendance of their chosen Muses.

FROM THE INNER TEMPLE,
MAY 9. 1612.

(d) Of whom even every ingenious stranger makes honourable mention. Comitem verò illum Palatinum R. Vitum Basingstochium (Cujus Historiæ magnam partem quasi *Βιργιλίου* Chorographica substructio pleraq; ad Antiquitatis amulsum, ab Erudicissimo hoc suo populari accepta, ne dicam suppletata, est) adeò inhumanum fuisse miror, ut bene merentem non tam libenter agnoscat, quam Clariss. Viri syllabis et inventis codicem suum

sæpius perquam ingrâtè suffarcinet. Atque ferè genus Plagiarios, rudes omnino, et *Ἀσπί* et vernacules nimirum Nostrates jam nunc innere sarcinam vides indignanter & ringor.

(e) Janus Anglorum. (f) Quintilian.

(g) If thou halt no taste in learning, meddle more with what thou understandest not.

(b) That the godlike sort of men may wot guerdon his labour.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE FIRST SONG.

The Argument.

The sprightly Muse her wing displays,
And the French islands first surveys;
Bears up with Neptune, and in glory
Transcends proud Cornwall's promontory;
There crowns Mount-Michael, and describes
How all those rivcrets fall and rise;
Then takes in Tamer, as she bounds
The Cornish and Devonian grounds.
And whilst the Dev'nshire nymphs relate
Their loves, their fortunes, and estate,
Dert undertaketh to revive
Our Beute, and sings his first arrive:
Then northward to the verge she bends,
And her first song at Ax she ends.

bion's glorious isle the wonders whilst I
write,
andry varying soils, the pleasures infinite,
e heat kills not the cold, nor cold expels
the heat,
has too mildly small, nor winds too roughly
great,
ght doth hinder day, nor day the night
doth wrong,
summer not too short, the winter not too
long)

What help shall I invoke to aid my muse the
while?
Thou genius of the place (this most renowned
isle)
Which lived'st long before the all-earth-drown-
ing flood)
Whilst yet the world did swarm with her gi-
gantic brood,
Go thou before me still thy circling shores about,
And in this wand'ring maze help to condu& me
out

Direct my course so right, as with thy hand to
 show [flow;
 Which way thy forests range, which way thy rivers
 Wise genius, by thy help that so I may descry
 How thy fair mountains stand, and how thy
 vallies lie;
 From those clear pearly cliffs which see the morn-
 ing's pride,
 And check the furlly imps of Neptune when they
 chide,
 Unto the big-swoln waves in the (a) Iberian stream,
 Where Titan still unyokes his fiery-hoofed team,
 And oft his flaming locks luscious nectar steeps,
 When from Olympus' top he plungeth in the deeps:
 That from (b) th' Armotie sands, on surging
 Neptune's leas,
 Through the Hibernic gulf (those rough Ver-
 givian seas)
 My verse with wings of skill may fly a lofty gait,
 §. As Amphitrite clips this island fortunate,
 Till through the sleepy main to (c) Thuly I have
 gone,
 And seen the frozen isles, the cold (d) Deucalidon,
 §. Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn yet re-
 mains, [chains.
 Bound in those gloomy caves with adamantine
 Ye sacred (e) bards, that to your harps melo-
 dious strings
 Sung th' ancient heroes deeds (the monuments
 of Kings)
 And in your dreadful verse ingrav'd the pro-
 phesies,
 The aged world's descents and genealogies;
 If, as those (f) Druids taught, which kept the
 British rites,
 And dwelt in darksome groves, there counselling
 with sprites
 (But their opinions fail'd, by error led awry,
 As since clear truth hath shew'd to their posterity)
 When these our souls by death our bodies do for-
 sake,
 §. They instantly again do other bodies take;
 I could have wisht your spirits redoubled in my
 breast,
 To give my verse applause to time's eternal rest.
 Thus scarcely said the muse, but hovering
 while she hung
 Upon the (g) Celtic wastes, the sea-nymphs loudly
 sung:
 * O ever-happy isles, your heads so high that bear,
 * By nature strongly fenc'd, which never need to
 fear [wars,
 * On Neptune's watry realms when Eolus raiseth
 And every billow bounds, as though to quench
 the stars:
 Fair Jersey first of these here scatter'd in the
 deep,
 * Particularly that boasts thy double horned sheep:

(a) The western or Spanish ocean.

(b) Bretagne coasts.

(c) The farthest isle in the British ocean.

(d) The sea upon the north of Scotland.

(e) The old British poets.

(f) Priests of the ancient Britons.

(g) The French seas.

* Inferior nor to thee, thou Guerns
 * crown'd
 * With rough-embattled rocks, who
 * hating ground
 * The hard'n'd emeril hath, which t
 * dost send:
 * Thou Ligon her beloved, and Serk
 * attend
 * Her pleasure every hour; as Jetho
 * need,
 * With pheasants, fallow deer, and
 * dost feed:
 * Ye seven small sister isles, and forling
 * see
 * The half-sunk sea-man joys; or wh
 * From fruitful Aurney, near the an
 * shore,
 To Ushant and the Seams, whereas
 * of yore
 * §. Gave answers from, their caves
 * what shapes they please:
 * Ye happy islands set within the Bri
 * With shrill and jocund shouts, th'
 * deeps awake,
 * And let the Gods of sea their se
 * forsake,
 * Whilst our industrious muse Great E
 * shall bring,
 * Crown'd with those glorious wreath
 * tify the spring;
 * And whilst green Thetis' nymphs,
 * an amorous lay
 * Sing our invention safe unto her long
 Upon the utmost end of Cornwall's
 beake,
 Where (h) Bresan from the land the t
 doth break;
 The shore let her transcend, the (i)
 descry,
 And view about the point th' unnu
 that fly;
 Some rising like a storm from off t
 sand,
 Seem in their hov'ring flight to sha
 Some sitting on the beach to prune th
 breasts,
 As if both earth and air they only did
 Whence climbing to the cliffs, herse
 sets
 The bourns, the brooks, the becks, t
 Exactly to derive; receiving in her w
 That fireightned tongue of land, whe
 Michael's bay,
 Rude Neptune cutting in a cantele fort
 And on the other side, Hayle's vallee
 make
 A * chersonese thereof, the corner cli
 Whereto th' industrious muse the mou
 begin:
 * Before thou further pass, and leav
 * §. Whose towns unto the saints th
 * of yore

(h) A small island upon the very point of

(i) A hill lying out as an elbow of land into

(Their fishing, works and pray'r, remaining to
our shames
Were rear'd, and justly call'd by their peculiar
names, [have,
The builders honour still; this due and let them
As deign to drop a tear upon each holy grave;
Whose charity and zeal, instead of knowledge
flood: [good.
Not surely in themselves they were right simply
If credulous too much, thereby th' offended
heaven;
In their devout intents yet to their sin forgiven.
Then from his rugged top the towers down trick-
ling fell;
And in his passion stir'd, again began to tell
Strange things that in his days time's course had
brought to pass:
That fifty miles now far; sometimes firm fore-
land was;
That that a forest then, which now with him is
flood,
Whence he first was call'd the Hoar-rock in
the wood;
Telling then how long this soil had laid forlorn,
And her genius now had almost her forsworn,
Of the ancient love did utterly repent,
To destroy herself that fatal soul she lent;
Which th' infectious slave her intrails out doth
draw, [maw;
And thrusts his gripple into her golden
And for his part doth wish, that it were in his
pow'r
To the ocean in, her wholly to devour.
Which Hays doth overhear, and much doth
blame his rage,
And told him (to his teeth) he doated with his
age. [play,
Hays (a lusty nymph, bent all to amorous
Having quick recourse into the severn sea,
Neptune's pages oft disporting in the deep;
Never touch'd with care, but how herself to
keep
Constant estate) doth thus again intreat;
Leave the wayward mount to his dis-
per'd heat,
For nothing can produce what doth taste
of sight,
How thee the things of ours most worthy
thy delight.
And our diamonds here, as in the quarre they
stand,
Nature neatly cut, as by a skilful hand,
Do varieth them in forms, both curiously and
oft;
Which for the (wanting power) produceth them
too soft,
Virtue which she could not liberally impart
Direct to amend by her own proper art.
The sea-holm here, that spreadeth all our
shore,
Is a confounding man so powerful to restore,
He root th' eringo is, the reins that doth
inflame
To hugly to perform the Cytherman game,
Vol. III.

That generally approv'd both far and near is
fought;
[And our Main-Amber here, and Burian
trophy, thought
Much wrong'd, nor yet prefer'd for wondera
with the rest.
But the laborious muse, upon her journey prest,
Thus uttereth to herself; To guide my course
aright, [fight
What mound or steddly mere is offer'd to my
Upon this out-stretch'd arm, whilst sailing here
at ease,
Betwixt the southern waste, and the Sabrian
sea;
I view those wanton brooks, that waxing still
do wane;
That scarcely can conceive, but brought to bed
again; [mother)
Scarce rising from the spring (that is their natural
To grow into a stream, but buried in another.
When Chere doth call her on, that wholly doth
betake
Herself unto the Loo; transform'd into a lake,
Through that impatient love she had to entertain
The lustful Neptune oft; whom when his wracks
restrain,
Impatient of the wrong, impetuously he raves;
And in his rageful flow, the furious King of waves
Breaks foaming o'er the beach, whom nothing
seems to cool,
Till he have wrought his will on that capacious
pool:
Where Menedge, by his brooks, a (4) chersonese
is cast,
Widening the slender shore to ease it in the waste;
A promont jutting out into the dropping south,
That with his threat'ning cliffs in horrid Nep-
tune's mouth,
Derides him and his pow'r: nor cares how him
he greets.
Next Roseland (as his friend, the mightier Men-
edge) meets
Great Neptune when he swells, and rageth at the
rocks [shocks
(Set out into those seas) inferring through his
Those arms of sea that thrust into the tinny
strand,
By their meandred creeks indenting of that land,
Whose fame by every tongue is for her minerals
hurl'd,
Near from the mid-day's point, throughout the
western world.
Here vale a lively flood, her nobler name that
gives [lives,
To (i) Falmouth; and by whom, it famous ever
Whose entrance is from sea so intricately wound,
Her haven angled so about her harb'rous found,
That in her quiet bay a hundred ships may ride,
Yet not the tallest mast be of the tall'st deserv'd;
Her bravery to this nymph when neighbouring
rivers told,
Her mind to them again she briefly doth unfold:

(4) A place almost surrounded by the sea.
[i] The bravery of Falmouth haven.

' Let (m) Camel of her course and curious
' windings boast
' In that her greatness reigns sole mistress of that
' coast
' Twixt Tamer and that bay, where Hayle pours
' forth her pride;
' And let us (nobler nymphs) upon the mid-day
side [all,
' Be frolic with the best. Thou Foy, before us
' By thine own named town made famous in thy
' fall,
' As low amongst us here, a most delicious brook,
' With all our sister nymphs, that to the noon-
' fled look,
' Which gliding from the hills upon the tinny ore,
' Betwixt your high rear'd banks, resort to this
our shore;
' Lov'd streams, let us exult, and think ourselves
' no less
' Than those upon their side, the setting that
' possess.
Which Camel over-heard: but what doth she
respect [neglect?
Their taunts, her proper course that loosely doth
As frantic, ever since her British Arthur's blood,
By Mordred's murderous hand was mingled with
her flood.
For as that river best might boast that conquer-
or's breath,
So sadly she bemoans his too untimely death;
Who after twelve proud fields against the Saxon
fought,
Yet back unto her banks by fate was lastly brought:
As though no other place on Britain's spacious
earth [birth:
Were worthy of his end, but where he had his
And careless ever since how she her course doth
steer, [there:
This mutt'reth to herself, in wand'ring here and
' Even in the aged'st face, where beauty once
' did dwell,
' And nature (in the least) but seemed to excel,
' Time cannot make such waste, but something
' will appear,
' To shew some little tract of delicacy there,
' Or some religious work, in building many a
' day,
' That this penurious age hath suffer'd to decay;
' Some limb or model dragg'd out of the ruin-
' ous mass,
' The richness will declare in glory whilst it was:
' But time upon my waste committed hath such
' theft,
' That it of Arthur here scarce memory hath left,
' The nine-mon'd trophy thus whilst she doth
entertain,
Proud Tamer swoops along with such a lusty train,
As fits so brave a flood, two countries that di-
vides: [sides:
So to increase her strength, she from her equal
Receives their several rills; and of the Cornish
kind,
First taketh Atre in; and her not much behind

m) This is also called Alan.

Comes Kensey: after whom, clear
doth make,
In Tamer's room thier banks their rest
ly take.
Then Lynner, though the while aloof
to keep,
Her sovereign when she sees t' app-
surgeful deep,
To beautify her fall, her plenteous trib-
This honours Tamer much, that she v-
teous springs
Those proud aspiring hills, Bromwel
friend
High Rowter, from their tops impar-
And is by (n) Carew's muse the riv-
nown'd,
Associate should her grace to the Devon
Which in those other brooks doth
breed.
Of which, first Car comes crown'd v-
segs and reed:
Then Lid creeps on along, and taking
throws
Herself amongst the rocks; and so
That of the blessed light (from other
barr'd,
To bellow underneath she only can be
As those that view her tract, seem
to affright:
So Toovy straineth; and Plym, v-
by right
The christning of that bay, which
nobler name.
Upon the British coast (o) what shi-
came,
That not of Plymouth hears, where v-
navies lie,
From cannons thund'ring throats th-
world defy?
Which to invasive spoil, when th' v-
to draw,
Have check'd Iberia's pride, and he
in awe:
Oft furnishing our dames with India
vices,
And lent us gold, and pearl, rich
dainty spices.
But Tamer takes the place, and all
here,
A faithful bound to both; and two
For likeliness of soil, and quantity they
Before the Roman came; whose pe-
of old
§. Known by one general name,
point that dwell,
All other of this isle in wrestling that v-
With collars be they yok'd, to prov-
at length,
Like bulls set head to head, with n-
strength;

(m) A worthy gentleman, who wrote the
Cornwall.

(o) The praise of Plymouth.

girdles graspt, they practise with the
 forward, backward, falk, the mar, the
 n, the trip,
 ipt into their shirts, each other they
 rade
 spacious ring, by the beholders made,
 to the law. Or when the ball to
 ow, [go:
 it to the goal, in squadrons forth they
 oid the troops their forces that fore-lay,
 likes and rivers make, in this robustious
 Y;
 the toils of war most lively are exprest.
 Use, may I demand, Why these of all
 : rest,
 y Albion's eld'lt) most active are and
 ng?
 Corin came it first, or from the use so
 g?
 t this fore-land lies farth'ft out into
 light,
 reads his vigorous flames on every
 er light?
 virtue of his beams, this place that
 h inspire,
 gnant womb prepar'd by his all-pow'r-
 fire,
 ely hot and moist, projects that fruit-
 seed,
 rongly doth beget, and doth as strong-
 breed:
 -disposed heaven here proving to the
 th [birth,
 d furthering fruit, a midwife helping
 ult' th' industrious muse thus labours
 relate
 ets that attend proud Tamer and her
 te,
 ursor of this nymph's, as high in for-
 ne's grace,
 ice calm Tamer trips, clear Towridge in
 at place
 from her spring, and seems at first to
 w
 y which Tamer strains; but as the great
 th grow,
 reth to forsee what rivals she should
 id
 upt her course; whose so unsettled mind
 ing in perceives, and thus doth her per-
 ade:
 eptune shield, bright nymph, thy beau-
 ty should be made
 ject of her scorn, which (for thou can't
 not be
 he southern side so absolute as she)
 ve thee in thy course. Wherefore, fair
 flood, recoil,
 here thou may'st alone be sov'reign of
 the foil,

s of art in wrestling.
 first great wrestler, arriving here with Brute.

' These exercise thy pow'r, thy braveries and dis-
 ' play: [sea,
 ' Turn Towridge, let us back to the Sabrinian
 ' Where Thetis' handmaids still in that recourseful
 ' deep,
 ' With those rough Gods of sea continual revels
 ' keep;
 ' There may'st thou live admir'd, the mistress of
 ' the lake.
 Wife Ock she doth obey, returning, and doth
 take
 The Taw; which from her fount forc'd on with
 amorous gales,
 And eas'ly ambling down through the Devonian
 dales,
 Brings with her Moul and Bray, her banks that
 gently bathe;
 Which on her dainty breast, in many a silver
 swathe,
 She bears into that bay where Barstaple beholds
 How her beloved Taw clear Towridge there un-
 folds,
 The confluence of these brooks divulg'd in
 Dertmoor, bred
 Distrust in her sad breast, that she so largely
 spread,
 And in their spacious shire the near'st the cen-
 tre set [get
 Of any place of note, that these should bravely
 The praise from those that sprung out of her
 pearly lap:
 Which, nourish'd and bred up at her most plen-
 teous pap,
 No sooner taught to dade, but from their mother
 trip, [strip.
 And in their speedy course strive others to out-
 The Yalm, the Awn, the Aum, by spacious Dert-
 moor fed,
 And in the southern sea b'ing likewise brought
 to bed;
 That these were not of power to publish her de-
 sert,
 Much griev'd the ancient moor; which under-
 stood by Dert
 (From all the other floods that only takes her
 name, [fame)
 And as her eld'lt, in right the heir of all her
 To shew her nobler spirit it greatly doth behove.
 ' Dear mother, from your breast this fear (quoth
 she) remove;
 ' Defy their utmost force; there's not the proud-
 ' est flood
 ' That falls betwixt the Mount and Exmore,
 ' shall make good
 ' Her royalty with mine, with me nor can com-
 ' pare:
 ' I challenge any one to answer me that dare;
 ' That was, before them all, predestinate to meet
 ' My Britain-founding Brute, when with his puif-
 ' sent fleet
 ' At Totncfs first he touch'd; which shall renown
 ' my stream
 ' §. Which now the envious world doth slander
 ' for a dream:.)

- ' Whose fatal flight from Greece, his fortunate
 ' arrive
 ' In happy Albion here whilst strongly I revive,
 ' Dear Harburn, at thy hands this credit let
 ' me win,
 ' Quoth she, that as thou hast my faithful hand-
 ' maid been,
 ' So now, my only brook, assist me with thy
 ' spring, [sing.
 ' Whilst of the godlike Brute the story thus I
 ' When long-renowned Troy lay spent in
 ' hostile fire,
 ' And aged Priam's pomp did with her flames
 ' expire,
 ' Æneas (taking thence Ascanius, his young son,
 ' And his most rev'rend fire, the grave Anchises,
 ' won
 ' From shoals of slaught'ring Greeks) set out
 ' from Simois' shores,
 ' And through the Tyrrhene sea, by strength of
 ' toiling oars,
 ' Raught Italy at last; where King Latinus lent
 ' Safe harbour for his ships, with wrackful tem-
 ' pests rent:
 ' When in the Latin court, Lavinia young and
 ' fair, [heir,
 ' Her father's only child, and kingdom's only
 ' Upon the Trojan Lord her liking strongly
 ' plac'd,
 ' And languish'd in the fires that her fair breast
 ' embrac'd
 ' But Turnus (at that time) the proud Rutulian
 ' king,
 ' A suitor to the maid, Æneas malicing,
 ' By force of arms attempts his rival to extrude:
 ' But by the Teucrian power courageously sub-
 ' du'd,
 ' Bright Cytheræa's son the Latin crown ob-
 ' tain'd,
 ' And dying, in his stead his son Ascanius reign'd.
 ' §. Next Sylvius him succeeds, begetting Brute
 ' again:
 ' Who in his mother's womb whilst yet he did
 ' remain,
 ' The oracles gave out, that next-born Brute
 ' should be
 ' §. His parents only death: which soon they
 ' liv'd to see.
 ' For, in his painful birth his mother did depart;
 ' And ere his fifteenth year, in hunting of a hart,
 ' He with a luckless shaft his hapless father
 ' slew:
 ' For which, out of his throne their King the
 ' Latins threw.
 ' Who wand'ring in the world, to Greece at
 ' last doth get,
 ' Where whilst he liv'd unknown, and oft with
 ' want beset,
 ' He of the race of Troy a remnant hapt to find,
 ' There by the Grecians held; which having still
 ' in mind
 ' Their tedious ten years war, and famous heroes
 ' slain) [tain;
 ' In slavery with them still those Trojans did de-
- ' Which Pyrrhus thither brought, an
 ' hate pursue,
 ' To wreak Achilles' death, at Troy
 ' There by Pandarus kept in sad-and-
 ' Who when they knew young Br
 ' brave shape they saw,
 ' They humbly him desire, that he a
 ' be,
 ' From those imperious Greeks his co
 ' He, finding out a rare and spri
 ' to fit
 ' His humour every way, for cour
 ' and wit,
 ' Assaracus, (who though that by his
 ' A Prince among the Greeks, yet he
 ' jans dear;
 ' Descended of their stock upon t
 ' side,
 ' For which he by the Greeks his bir
 ' deny'd)
 ' Impatient of his wrongs, with him
 ' And of the Trojan youth courage
 ' chose,
 ' Rais'd earth-quakes with their dru
 ' sling ensigns rear,
 ' And gath'ring young and old that
 ' jan were,
 ' Up to the mountains march, throug
 ' forests strong:
 ' Were taking-in the towns preten
 ' Unto that (r) Grecian Lord, some
 ' they put:
 ' Within whose safer walls their wiv
 ' ren shut,
 ' Into the field they drew, for liberty
 ' Which when Pandarus heard,
 ' strict command
 ' To levy all the power he presently
 ' So to their strengths of war the T
 ' betake.
 ' But whilst the Grecian guides (r
 ' how or where)
 The Teucrians were, entrench'd or
 ' forces were.
 ' In foul disorder'd troops yet stragg
 ' This looseness to their spoil the Tr
 ' lure,
 ' Who fiercely them assail'd: when
 ' fury rap'd
 ' The Grecians in so fast, that scar
 ' cap'd;
 ' Yea, Proud Pandarus' flight h
 ' hardly free.
 ' Who, when he saw his force thus
 ' be,
 ' And by his present loss his passed e
 ' As by a later war to cure a former
 ' Doth reinforce his power, to ma
 ' fight;
 ' When they, whose better wits had
 ' his might,

(r) Assaracus;

' Loth what they got to lose, as politicly cast
 ' His armies to intrap, in getting to them fast
 ' Antigonus as friend, and Anaclet his peer
 ' (Surpriz'd in the last fight) by gifts who hired
 ' were
 ' Into the Grecian camp th' ensuing night to go,
 ' And feign they were stol'n forth, to their allies
 ' to show
 ' How they might have the spoil of all the Tro-
 ' jan pride;
 ' And gaining them belief, the credulous Gre-
 ' cians guide
 ' Into the ambushment near, that secretly was
 ' laid : [tray'd;
 ' So to the Trojans hands the Grecians were be-
 ' Pandrusus self surpriz'd; his crown who to re-
 ' deem
 ' (Which scarcely worth their wrong the Trojan
 ' race esteem)
 ' Their slavery long sustain'd did willingly re-
 ' lease :
 ' And (for a lasting league of amity and peace)
 ' Bright Innogen, his child, for wife to Brutus
 ' gave
 ' And furnisht them a fleet, with all things they
 ' could crave
 ' To set them out to sea. Who launching, at the
 ' last, [past,
 ' They on Lergesia light, an isle; and e'er they
 ' Unto a temple built to great Diana there,
 ' The noble Brutus went; wife [4] Trivia to en-
 ' quire,
 ' To shew them where the stock of ancient Troy
 ' to place.
 ' The Goddess, that both knew and lov'd the
 ' Trojan race,
 ' Reveal'd to him in dreams, that farthest to the
 ' West, [blest;
 ' f. He should descry the isle of Albion, highly
 ' With giants lately stor'd; their numbers now
 ' decay'd :
 ' By vanquishing the rest, his hopes should there
 ' be staid :
 ' Where from the stock of Troy, those puissant
 ' kings should rise,
 ' Whose conquests from the West, the world
 ' should scant suffice.
 ' Thus answer'd; great with hope, to sea
 ' they put again,
 ' And safely under sail, the hours do entertain
 ' With sights of sundry shores, which they from
 ' far descry :
 ' And viewing with delight th' Azarian moun-
 ' tains high,
 ' One walking on the deck, unto his friend
 ' would say
 ' (As I have heard some tell) so goodly Ida lay.
 ' Thus talking 'mongst themselves, they sun-
 ' burnt Afric keep
 ' Upon the leeward still, and (sulking up the
 ' deep)

[4] One of the titles of Diana.

' For Maamritania make : where putting-in, they
 ' find
 ' A remnant (yet reserv'd) of th' ancient Dardan
 ' kind,
 ' By brave Antenor brought from out the Greek-
 ' ish spoils
 ' (O long renowned Troy! of thee and of thy
 ' toils,
 ' What country had not heard?) which to their
 ' general then
 ' Great Corineus had, the strong't of mortal
 ' men ;
 ' To whom (with joyful hearts) Diana's will
 ' they show.
 ' Who cas'ly being won along with them to
 ' go,
 ' They all together put into the wat'ry plain :
 ' Oft times with pirates, oft with monsters of
 ' the main
 ' Distressed in their way; whom hope toroids
 ' to fear.
 ' Those pillars first they pass which Jove's great
 ' son did rear,
 ' And cussing those stern waves which like huge
 ' mountains roll,
 ' (Full joy in every part possessing every soul)
 ' In Aquitain at last the Ilion race arrive ;
 ' Whom strongly to repulse when as those re-
 ' creants strive,
 ' They (anchoring there at first but to refresh
 ' their fleet,
 ' Yet saw those savage men so rudely them to
 ' greet)
 ' Unshipt their warlike youth, advancing to the
 ' shore.
 ' The dwellers, which perceiv'd such danger
 ' at the door,
 ' Their king Groffarius get to raise his powerful
 ' force :
 ' Who must'ring up an host of mingled foot
 ' and horse,
 ' Upon the Trojans set; when suddenly began
 ' A fierce and dangerous fight; where Corineus
 ' ran
 ' With slaughter through the thick-set squadrons
 ' of the foci,
 ' And with his armed ax laid on such deadiy
 ' blows,
 ' That heaps of lifeless trunks each passage stopt
 ' up quite.
 ' Groffarius having lost the honour of the
 ' fight,
 ' Repairs his ruin'd pow'rs; not so to give
 ' them breath :
 ' When they, which must be freed by conquest
 ' or by death,
 ' And conquering them before, hop'd now to do
 ' no less,
 ' (The like in courage still) stand for the like
 ' success.
 ' Then stern and deadly war put on his horrid
 ' shape,
 ' And wounds appear'd so wide, as if the grave
 ' did gape

' To swallow both at once; which strove as both
 ' shall fall,
 ' When they with slaughter seem'd to be en-
 ' circled all:
 ' Where Turon (of the rest) Brute's sister's va-
 ' liant son
 ' (By whose approved deeds that day was chiefly
 ' won)
 ' Six hundred flew outright through his pecu-
 ' liar strength:
 ' By multitudes of men yet over-press'd at length,
 ' His nobler uncle there, to his immortal name,
 ' §. The city Turon built, and well endow'd the
 ' same, [here,
 ' For Albion sailing then, th' arriv'd quickly
 ' (O! never in this world men half so joyful
 ' were,
 ' With shouts heard up to heaven, when they be-
 ' held the land)
 ' And in this very place where Totness now
 ' doth stand,
 ' First set their Gods of Troy, kiss'd the blessed
 ' shore; [fore,
 ' Then foraging this isle, long promis'd them be-
 ' Amongst the ragged cliffs those monstrous giants
 ' sought,
 ' Who (of their dreadful kind) t'appall the Tro-
 ' jans, brought
 ' Great Gogmagog, an oak that by the roots
 ' could tear:
 ' So mighty were (that time) the man who lived
 ' there:
 ' But for the use of arms he did not understand
 ' Except some rock or tree, that coming next to
 ' hand
 ' He raz'd out of the earth to execute his rage)
 ' He challenge makes for strength, and offereth
 ' there his gage.
 ' Which Corin taketh up, to answer by and by,
 ' Upon this son of earth his utmost power to try.
 ' All doubtful to which part the victory would
 ' go, [Hoe,
 ' Upon that lofty place at Plimmouth call'd the
 ' an ireful look
 ' Who turcat'ned, as the one hold of the other
 ' took:
 ' But, grappled, glowing fire shines in their
 ' sparkling eyes.
 ' And whilst at length of arm one from the other
 ' lies:
 ' Their luty sinews swell like cables, as they strive:
 ' Their feet such trampling make, as though they
 ' fire'd to drive
 ' A thunder out of earth, which stagger'd with
 ' the weight:
 ' Thus, either's utmost force urg'd to the great-
 ' est height,
 ' Whilst one upon his hip the other seeks to lift,
 ' And th' adverse (by a turn) doth from his cun-
 ' ning shift,

" Description of the wrestling betwixt Corineus and
 Salmacris.

' Their short-fetcht troubled breath a hollow
 ' noise doth make
 ' Like bellows of a forge. Then Corin up doth
 ' take [hold
 ' The giant twixt the grains; and voiding of his
 ' (Before his cumbrous feet he well recover
 ' could)
 ' Pitcht headlong from the hill; as when a man
 ' doth throw
 ' An axtree, that with slight deliver'd from the
 ' toe [fall
 ' Roots up the yielding earth; so that his violent
 ' Strook Neptune with such strength, as should-
 ' er'd him withal;
 ' That where the monstrous waves like mountains
 ' late did stand,
 ' They leapt out of the place, and left the bare
 ' sand [gave.
 ' To gaze upon wide heaven: so great a blow it
 ' For which, the conquering Brute on Corineus
 ' brave
 ' This horn of land bestow'd and mark it with
 ' his name;
 ' §. Of Corin, Cronwal call'd, to his immortal
 ' fame.
 Clear Dert delivering thus the famous Brute's
 ' arrive [strive
 Inflam'd with her report, the straggling rivulets
 So highly her to raise, that 'Ting (whose banks
 ' were blest
 By her beloved nymph dear Leman) which ad-
 ' dress'd,
 And fully with herself determined before
 To sing the Danish spoils committed on her shore,
 When hither from the east they came in mighty
 ' swarms,
 Nor could their native earth contain their nume-
 ' rous arms,
 Their surcrease grew so great, as forced them at
 ' last
 To seek another soil, as bees do when they cast;
 And by their impious pride how hard she was
 ' bested,
 When all the country swam with blood of Sar-
 ' on: shed:
 This river, as I said, which had determin'd long
 The deluge of the Danes exactly to have long,
 It utterly neglects; and studying how to do
 The Dert those high respects belonging her unto,
 Inviteth goodly Ex, who from her full-fed spring
 Her little Barlee hath, and Dunsbrook her to
 ' bring
 From Exmore; when she hath scarcely found
 ' her course,
 Than Credly cometh in, and Forto, which in-
 ' force
 Her faster to her fall; as Ken her closely clips,
 And on her eastern side sweet Leman gently slips
 Into her widen'd banks, her sovereign to assist;
 As Columb wins for Ex clear Weaver and the
 ' Clit,
 Contributing their streams their mistress' fame
 ' to raise.
 As all assist the Ex, so Ex consumeth these;

Like some unthrifty youth, depending on the
 court, [port;
 To win an idle name, that keeps a needless
 And raising his old rent, exacts his farmers store
 The landlord to enrich, the tenants wond'rous
 poor:
 Who having lent him theirs, he then consumes
 his own,
 That with most vain expense upon the Prince is
 thrown:
 So these, the lesser brooks unto the greater pay;
 The greater, they again spend all upon the sea:
 As, Otrey (that her name doth of the otters take
 Abounding in her banks) and Ax, their utmost
 make
 To aid stout Dert, that dar'd Brute's story to
 revive.
 For when the Saxon first the Britons forth did
 drive,

Some up into the hills themselves o'er Severn
 shut:
 Upon this point of land, for refuge, others put,
 To that brave race of Brute still fortunate. For
 where
 Great Brute first disembark'd his wand'ring
 Trojans, there
 §. His offspring (after long expulst the inner
 land,
 When they the Saxon power no longer could
 withstand)
 Found refuge in their flight; where Ax and
 Otrey first
 Gave these poor souls to drink, oppress'd with
 grievous thirst.
 Here I'll unyoke awhile, and turn my steeds
 to meat:
 The land grows large and wide; my teem begins
 to sweat.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Is in prose and religion it were as justifiable as in
 poetry and fiction, to invoke a local power (for
 anciently both Jews, Gentiles, and Christians have
 supposed to every country a singular (a) genius)
 I would therein join with the author. Howsoever,
 in this and all (b) is *δὴ ἀρχαῖα*; and so I begin
 to you.

As Amphitrite clips this island fortunate.

When Pope Clement VI. granted the fortunate
 isles to Lewis Earl of Clermont, by that general
 name (meaning only the seven Canaries, and pur-
 posing their Christian conversion) the English em-
 bassadors at Rome seriously doubted, (c) lest their
 own country had been comprised in the donation.
 They were Henry of Lancaster Earl of Derby,
 Hugh Spenser, Ralph Lord Stafford, the Bishop
 of Oxford, and others, agents there with the Pope,
 that he as a private friend, not as a judge or party
 interested, should determine of Edward the third's
 right to France: where you have this embassy

in Walsingham, (d) correct *regnum Anglie*, and
 read *Francie*. Britain's excellence in earth and
 air (whence the Macares, (e) and particularly
 Crete among the Greeks, had their title) together
 with the Pope's exactions, in taxing, collating,
 and providing of benefices (an intolerable wrong
 to laymen's inheritances and the crown revenues)
 gave cause of this jealous conjecture; seconded in
 the conceit of them which derive Albion from (f)
Ἀλβιος; whereto the author in his title and this
 verse alludes. But of Albion more presently.

Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn yet remains.

Fabulous Jupiter's ill dealing with his father
 Saturn is well known; and that after deposing
 him, and his privities cut off, he perpetually im-
 prisoned him: Homer joins (g) Japet with him,
 living in eternal night about the utmost ends of
 the earth: which well fits the more northern
 climate of these islands. Of them (dispersed in
 the Deucalidonian sea) in one most temperate, of

(a) Rabb. ad. 10. Dan. Macrob. Saturnal. 3.
 c. 9. Symmach. epist. 40. l. 1. D. Th. 2. dist. 10.
 art. 3. alii.

(b) God afore.

(c) Rob. Avesburienf. ann. 17 Ed. 3. The for-
 tunate isles.

(d) Hypodigmati Neultrix locus emendatis,
 sub an. 1344.

(e) Pomp. Mel. l. 2. c. 7.

(f) Happy.

(g) Iliad. 9 & Hesiod. in Theogon.

gentle air, and fragrant with sweetest odours, lying towards the north-west, it is reported, (*b*) that Saturn lies bound in iron chains, kept by Briareus, attended by spirits continually dreaming of Jupiter's projects, whereby his ministers prognosticate the secrets of fate. Every thirty years, divers of the adjacent islanders, with solemnity for success of the undertaken voyage, and competent provision, enter the vast sea, and at last, in this (*i*) Saturnian isle (by this name the sea is called also) enjoy the happy quiet of the place; some in studies of nature and the mathematics which continue; others in sensuality, which after thirty years return perhaps to their first home. This fabulous relation might be, and in part is, by chymics as well interpreted for mysteries of their art, as the common tale of Dædalus's labyrinth, Jason and his Argonautics, and almost the whole chaos of mythic inventions. But neither geography (for I guess not where or what this isle should be, unless that *des (k) Muteæon*: which Pantagruel discovered) nor the matter's self permits it less poetical (although a learned Greek father (*l*) out of some credulous historian seems to remember it) than the Elysian fields, which with this, are always laid by Homer about the (*m*) *νῆαρα νῆερα γαίης*; a place whereof too large liberty was given to feign, because of the difficult possibility in finding the truth. Only thus note seriously, that this revolution of thirty years (which with some latitude is Saturn's natural motion) is especially (*n*) noted for the longest period, or age also among our Druids; and that in a particular form, to be accounted yearly from the sixth moon, as their new years day; which circuit of time, divers of the ancients reckon for their generations in chronology; as store of (*o*) authors shew you.

They instant'y again do other bodies take.

You cannot be without understanding of this Pythagorean opinion of transmutation (I have like liberty to naturalize that word, as Liplius had to make it a Roman, by turning (*p*) *μετεμύωσις*) if ever you read any that speaks of Pythagoras (whom, for this particular, Epiphanius reckons among his heretics) or discourse largely of philosophical doctrine of the soul. But especially, if you affect it tempered with inviting pleasure, take Lucian's cock and his necromancy; if in serious discourse, Plato's Phædon, and

Phædrus with his followers. Liplius (whether Pythagoras received it from them or they from him, because in his travel versed as well with Gaulish as Indian Philosophy) Out of Cæsar and Lucan, inform you full testimony of this their opinion, too among the heathen and Jews also, which our (*r*) Saviour to be Jeremy or Elias error: irreligious indeed, yet such a strongly erected moving spirits, that never

— (*s*) *red tura parcere vi*

but most willingly devote their whole the public service: and this was in full politic envoys wherewith Pluto and Cæsar closed their commonwealths, as Macrobius observed. The author, with pity, in them their being led away in blind time and errors of their fancies; as all most divine philosophers (not lighten true word) have been, although (me sufficiencies only considered) some of them sublimed far above earthly conceit: as Hermes, Orpheus, Pythagoras, (first less soul's immortality of (*t*) Pherecydes Seneca, Plato and Plutarch; which last a Greek hymn of an eastern (*u*) bishop mended to Christ for such as came nearliness of any untaught Gentiles. Of more large in fitter place.

*Gave answer for their caves, and took
they please.*

In the Seam (an isle by the coast of the Bretagne) nine virgins consecrate to chastity, were priests of a famous oracle by Mela. His printed books have vacant; where that great critic Turnebus *Galli cœnas*, or *lenas vacant*. But White-stroke will have it (*y*) *cenas*, as interpret profession and religion, which was in an metamorphosing themselves, charming (as of later times the witches of Lapland) skill in predictions, more than medicine and such like; their kindness all chiefly to (*z*) sailors. But finding the Syllies were also of both sexes such kin

(*b*) Plutarch. de facie in orbe Lunæ, & cld. defect. Oracui.

(*i*) *Κέλευς π. ογμ.*

(*k*) Rablais.

(*l*) Clem. Alexandrin. Stromat. c. Odyss. l. Iliad. l.

(*m*) Utmost ends of the earth. Upon affinity of this with the Cape de Finistère, Goropius thinks the Elysian fields were by that promontory of Spain. Vide Strab. lib. 7.

(*n*) Plin. Hist. natur. x6. c. 44.

(*o*) Eustath. ad Iliad. c. Herodot. lib. 2. Suid. in γυναι. Canforin, de dic. nat. c. 17.

(*p*) A passing of souls from one to another.

(*q*) Physiolog. Stoic. l. 3. dissert. 12.

(*r*) Just. Mart. dialog.

(*s*) Spare in spending their lives, waded to receive again.

(*t*) Cicero. Tusculan. 1.

(*u*) Joan. Euchaitenf. Jampriden Etoi editur.

(*x*) The Gauls call them Jupiter's laws.

(*y*) Vain.

(*z*) Sulin, Polybist. c. 35.

lessors, that they were (a) Samnita, strangely superstitious in their Bacchanals, in an isle of this coast (as is delivered by Strabo) and that the Gauls, Britons, Indians (twixt both whom and Pythagoras is found no small consent of doctrine) had their philosophers (under which name both priests and prophets of those times were included) called (b) Samanæi, and Semni, and (perhaps by corruption of some of these) Samothei, which, to make it Greek, might be turned into Semnothes. I doubted whether some relic of these words remained in that of Mela, if you read (c) Cenas or Senas, as contracted from Samanæi; which by deduction from a root of some eastern tongue, might signify as much as what we call astrologers. But of this too much.

Wife towns unto the Saints that lived here of yore.

Not only to their own country Saints (whose names are there very frequent) but also to the Irish; a people anciently (according to the name of the (d) Holy Island given to Ireland) much devoted to, and by the English much respected for their holiness and learning. I omit their fabulous Cæsarea niece to Noah, (e) their Bartholan their Rann, who, as they affirm, first planted religion before Christ among them: nor desire I your belief of this Rufas's age, which by their account (supposing him living 300 years after the flood, and threatened by Saint Patrick) exceeded 1700 years, and so was elder than that impostor, (f) whose signed continuance of life and restless travels, ever since the passion, lately offered to deceive the credulous. Only thus I note of venerable Bede, that in the Saxon times it was usual for the English and Gaulish to make Ireland as it were, both their university and monastery, for studies of learning and divine contemplation, as the life of (g) Gildas also, and other frequent testimonies discov-

From which he first was call'd the Hoar-rock in the wood.

That the ocean (as in many other places of other countries) hath eaten up much of what was here once Thore, is a common report, approved in the Cornish name of St. Michael's Mount; which is (h) *Carry Cove in Gloucs.* i. e. the Hoar-rock in the wood.

And our Main-amber here, and Aurien trophy—

Main-amber, i. e. Ambrose's stone (not far from Penfance) so great, that many men's united strength cannot remove it, yet with one finger you may wag it. The Burién trophy is 19 stones, circularly disposed, and, in the middle, one much exceeding the rest in greatness: by conjecture of most learned Camden, erected either under the Romans, or else by King Athelstan in his conquest of these parts.

Were worthy of his end, but where he had his birth,

Near Camel about Camblan, was (i) Arthur slain by Mordred, and on the same shore, cast from the river's mouth, born in Tintagel castle. Gorlois Prince of Cornwall, at Uther-Pendragon's coronation, solemnized in London, upon divers too kind passages and lascivious regards betwixt the king and his wife Igerne, grew very jealous, in a rage left the court, committed his wife's chastity to this castle's safeguard; and to prevent the wasting of his country, which upon this discontent was threatened, betook himself in other sorts to martial preparation. Uther (his blood still boiling in lust) upon advice of Ulfín Rhicaradoch, one of his knights, by Ambrose Merlin's magic personated like Gorlois, and Ulfín like one Jordan, servant to Gorlois, made such successful use of their imposture, that (the Prince in the mean time slain) Arthur was the same night begotten, and verified that (j) *Nobis vi nullas ignominias admittimus*; although Merlin by the rule of Hermes, or astrological direction, justified, that he was conceived three hours after Gorlois' death; by this shift answering the dangerous imputation of bastardy to the heir of a crown. For Uther taking Igerne to wife, left Arthur his successor in the kingdom. Here have you a Jupiter, an Alcmena, an Amphitryo, a Sosias, and a Mercury; nor wants there scarce any thing, but that truth-passing reports of poetical bards have made the birth an Hercules.

Known by one general name upon this point that dwell.

The name Dumnonii, Dimponii, or Danmonii, in Solinus and Ptolemy, comprehended the people of Devonshire and Cornwall: whence the Lizard promontory is called Damnum in (l) Marcan Heracleotes; and William of Malmesbury, Florence

(a) *Ἀσπίς* Dionys. Afro in *εἰρημ.* multis, n. pro arbitrio antiquorum *S* litera adest vel abest. *saubon*, ad a. Strab.

(d) Origen, *κατὰ κληρ.* lib. a. Clem. Alex. *en. a* & C. Diog. Laert. lib. a.

(b) Conjecture upon Mela.

(c) Fest. Avieno insul. sacra dicta Hibernia.

(d) Giraldus Cambrensis, dist. 3. c. 2.

(e) *Asserius* Cordennier (dictum in hist. Gal. *Victoria ante triennium ed. de la paix, &c.*) *insularum olim episcopi videntur* Josephus Charphymene (referentur episcopi Armeniaci apud

Matt. Paris in Henr. III.) & Joannes ille (Guidoni Bonato in astrologia sic indigitatus) Butta-deus.

(g) In biblioth. Floriacens. edit. per Joan à Bosto.

(h) Carew descrip. Corn. lib. 2.

(i) Dictus hinc in Merlini vaticinio, *Aper Cornubiz.*

(j) Euripid. *Andromach.* Bastards are often times better than legitimates.

(l) *Τὸ δάμον α νημ.*

of Worcester, Roger of Hoveden and others, stile Devonshire by name of Domnonia, perhaps all from *Duffneint*. i. e. low valleys in British; wherein are most inhabitants of the country, as judicious Camden teaches me.

*Or that this foreland lies furtib'ft out into his fight,
Which spreads his vigorous flames—*

Fuller report of the excellence in wrestling and nimbleness of body, wherewith this western people have been and are famous, you may find in Carew's description of his country. But to give reason of the climate's nature for this prerogative in them, I think as difficult as to shew why about the Magellanic freights they are so white, about the Cape de Buon Speranza so black, (m) yet both under the same tropic; why the Abyssins are but tawny moors, when as in the East-Indian isles, Zeilau and Malabar, they are very black, both in the same parallel; or why we that live in this Northern latitude; compared with the southern, should not be like affected from like cause. I refer it no more to the sun, than the special horsemanship in our northern men, the nimble ability of the Irish, the fiery motions of the French, Italian jealousy, German liberty, Spanish puff-up vanity, or those different and perpetual carriages of state government, haste and delay, which as (n) inbred qualities were remarkable in the two most martial people of Greece. The cause of Æthiopian blackness and curled hair was long since judiciously (o) fecht from the disposition of soil, air, water, and singular operations of the heavens: with confutation of those which attribute it to the sun's distance. And I am resolv'd that every land hath its so singular self nature and individual habitude with celestial influence, that human knowledge, consisting most of all in universality, is not yet furnished with what is requisite to so particular discovery. But for the learning of this point in a special treatise, Hippocrates, Ptolemy, Bodin, and others have copious disputes.

Which now the evovous world doth flander for a dream.

I should the sooner have been of the author's opinion (in more than poetical form, standing for Brute) if in any Greek or Latin story authentic, speaking of Æneas and his planting in Latium, were mention made of any such like thing. To reckon the learned men which deny him, or at least permit him not in conjecture, were too long

a catalogue; and indeed, this critic age scarce any longer endures any nation their first supposed author's name; not Italus to the Italians; not Hifpalus to the Spaniard, Bato to the Hollander, Brabo to the Brabantine, Francio to the French, Celtes to the Celt, Galathes to the Gaul, Scota to the Scot; no, nor scarce Romulus to his Rome, because of their unlikely and fictitious mixtures: especially this of Brute, supposed long before the beginning of the Olympiads (whence all time backward is justly called by (p) Varro, unknown or fabulous) some two thousand seven hundred and more years since, about Samuel's time, is most of all undoubted. But (reserving my censure) I thus maintain the author, although nor Greek nor Latin, nor our country stories of Bede and Malmesbury especially, nor that fragment yet remaining of Gildas speak of him; and that his name were not published until Geoffrey of Monmouth's edition of the British story, which grew and continues much suspected, in much rejected; yet observe that Talieffin a (q) great bard, more than a thousand years since, affirms it, Nennius (in some copies he is under name of Gildas) above eight hundred years past, and the gloss of Samuel Beaulan, or some other, crept into this text, mention both the common report and descent from Æneas; and withal (which I take to be Nennius his own) make his son to one Ilicio or Hefichio (perhaps meaning Aschenaz, of whom more is the fourth song) continuing a pedigree to Adam, joining these words: (r) "This genealogy I found by tradition of the ancients, which were first inhabitants of Britain." In a manuscript epistle of Henry of Huntingdon (s) to one Warin, I read the Latin of this English; "You ask me Sir, why omitting the succeeding reigns from Brute to Julius Cæsar, I begin to my story at Cæsar? I answer you, That neither by word nor writing could I find any certainty of those times; although with diligent search I oft enquired it, yet this year in my journey towards Rome in the abbey of Beccensam, even with amazement, I found the story of Brute;" and in his own printed book he affirms, that what Bede had in this part omitted, was supplied to him by other authors; of which Girald seems to have had use. The British story of Monmouth was a translation (but with much liberty, and no exact faithfulness) of a Welsh book, delivered to Geoffrey by one Walter archdeacon of Oxford, and hath been followed (the translator being a man of some credit, and bishop of St. Asaph's under

(m) Ortelius theatro.

(n) Thucyd. ii. & passim de Athen. & Lacedæm. & de Thabiz & Chalcide. v. Calumell. i. de re rustic cap. 4.

(o) Onclerit. apud Strabon. lib. ii.

(p) Apud Censorin. de die natal. cap. 21. Christoph. Helvici chronologiam sequimur, nec, ut accuratius temporum subauctiori hoc loco incumbimus, res postulat; verum & ille satis accuratè,

qui Samuelis præfecturam Ann. 3850. haut iniquo computo posuit.

(q) Jo. Prif. defenf. hist. Brit.

(r) Ex vetust. & perpulechrè MS. Nennio sub titulo Gildas.

(s) Lib. de summitatibus rerum qui 10. est historiarem in MS. Huntingdon began his history at Cæsar, but upon better inquisition added Brute. Librum illum, in quem ait se incidisse, Nennium fuisse obfignatis fermè tabulis sum potis addidit.

phen) by Ponticus Virunnius an Italian; our country historians of middle times age, speaking so certainly of him, that on his coat (*t*) to you, *two lions combatant, and Or, in a field gules*: others' or a *ant gules*; and lastly by Dr. White of like, lately living at Doway, a Count; according to the title bestowed by Imperials upon their professors. Are there also drawn from some affinity reek (*x*) tongue, and much of Trojan names with the British. These things more enforced by the Cambro-Britons, that universal desire, bewitching our European their blood from Trojans, which might as well be (*y*) by supposition of estors marriages with the hither deduced colonies, who by original were certainly if their antiquities deceive not. You this weak conjecture; that in those large of the Gauls, Cimmericians, and Celts hem I doubt not but were many Britons, with them community of nation, manners, customs; and Brennus himself is affirmed which under indistinct names when this world was undiscovered, overran Italy, and part of Asia, it is (*z*) reported that to Troy for safeguard; presuming per like kindness, as we read of betwixt the and Romans, in their wars with (*a*) An which was loving respect through con of blood) upon like cause remembered by tradition. Briefly, seeing no rational ept such as Thucydides, Xenophon, Po tesar, Tacitus, Procopius, Cantacuzen, Guicciardin, Commynes, Machiavel, and , which were employed in the state of ca, can justify themselves but by tradi that many of the fathers and ecclesi historians, especially the Jewish Rabi ing their highest learning of Cabala, but ique and successive report) have inserted dition many relations current enough, ly writ crosses them not: you shall e- case Saturn and Mercury, presidents of and learning, if with the author you s belief. Where are the authorities (at he names) of Jannes and Jambres, (*c*) ngs of Enoch, and other such like, which e by divine tradition were? The same might be of that infinite lots of authors, mes are so frequent in Stephen, Athe-

nzus, Plutarch, Clemens, Polybius, Livy, others. And how dangerous it were to examine antiquities by a foreign writer (especially in those times) you may see by the stories of the Hebrews, delivered in Justin, Strabo, Tacitus, and such other discording and contrary (beside their infinite omissions) to Moses's infallible context. May he with his successor Joshua, is copious in the Israelites entering, conquering, and expelling the Gergesites, (*d*) Jebusites, and the rest out of the holy land; yet no witness have they of their transmigration and peopling of Afric, which by testimony of two pillars (*e*) erected and engraven at Tingis, hath been affirmed. But you blame me thus expatiating. Let me add for the author, that our most judicious antiquary of the last age, John (*f*) Leland, with reason and authority hath also for Brute argued strongly.

Next Sylvius him succeeds—————

So goes the ordinary descent; but some make Sylvius son to Æneas, to whom the prophesy was given:

—————(*g*) *Serum Lavinia conjunx,*
Educi sylvis regem regumque parentem;

as you have it in Virgil.

His parents only death—————

From these unfortunate accidents (*b*) one will have his name Brutus, as from the Greek *βρῦτης*, *i. e.* mortal; but rather (if it had pleased him) from *βρῦνός*, *i. e.* bloody.

He should desert the isle of Albion, high'st blest.

His request to Diana in an hexastich, and her answer in an ogdoastich, hexameters and pentameters, discovered to him in a dream, with his sacrifice and ritual ceremonies, are in the British story: the verses are pure Latin, which clearly (as is written of (*i*) Apollo) was not in those times spoken by Diana, nor understood by Brute: therefore in charity believe it a translation; by Gildas a British poet, as Virunnius tells you. The author takes a justifiable liberty, making her call it Albion, which was the old name of this isle, and remembered in Pliny, Marcian, the book *εἰρηνοποιήσεως*, falsely attributed to Aristotle, Stephen, Apuleius, others. And our monk of (*l*) Bury calls Henry the Fifth,

rding. Nich. Upton. de re militar. 2.
tit. de professorib. l. unica.
rald. descript. c. 15.
mden.
gesianax apud Strab. lib. 17.
og. Pomp. lib. 31.
Ichior Canus libr. 11. de aut. his hum. de
22.
gen. ad 35. Matth.
the sixth song.

(*e*) Procopius de bell. Vandilic. lib. 2.
(*f*) Ad Cyng. Cant.
(*g*) Æneid. 6. & ibid. Serv. Honoratus. After
thy death Lavinia brings a king born in the woods,
father of kings.
(*b*) Basingstoch. lib. 1.
(*i*) Cicero de divinat. l. 2.
(*l*) J. Lidgat. lib. de bello Trojan. 5. & alibi
sæpius.

——— *Proteſtor of Brute's Albion.*

often uſing that name for the iſland. From Albina, daughter to Diocleſian *(1)* King of Syria, ſome fetch the name; others from a lady of that name, one of the Danaids; affirming their *(m)* arrival here, copulation with ſpirits, and bringing forth giants, and all this above 200 years before Brute. But neither was there any ſuch king in Syria, nor had Danaus (that can be found) any ſuch daughter, nor travelled they for adventures, but by their father were newly *(n)* married, after ſlaughter of their husbands: briefly, nothing can be written more impudently fabulous. Others from King Albion, Neptune's ſon; from the Greek *(o)* Ἀλβιον, others, or from (I know not what) Olibus, a Celtic king, remembered by the falſe Manethon. Follow them rather which will it *(p)* *ab albis rupibus*, whereby it is ſpecially conſpicious. So was an iſle in the Indian ſea called Leuca, *i. e.* white; and *(q)* another in Pontus, ſuppoſed alſo fortunate, and a receptacle of the ſouls of thoſe great heroes, Peleus and Achilles. Thus was a place by Tyber called *(r)* Albiona; and the very name of Albion was upon the Alps, which from like cauſe had their denomination; Alpum in the Sabin tongue (from the Greek ἄλφω) ſignifying *white*. Some much diſlike this derivation, *(s)* becauſe it comes from a tongue (ſuppoſe it either Greek or Latin) not anciently communicated to this iſle. For my part, I think (clearly againſt the common opinion) that the name of Britain was known to ſtrangers before Albion. I could vouch the *(t)* finding of one of the mauls of Hero's ſhip, *(u)* *ἡ τῆς ἡρώος τοῦ Βριτανίας*, if judicious correction admoniſhed me not rather to read *Βρετανίας*, *i. e.* the lower Calabria in Italy, a place above all other, I remember, for ſtore of ſhip-timber; commended *(x)* by Alcibiades to the Lacedæmonians. But with better ſurety can I produce the expreſs name of *(y)* *Βριταννίων νῆσος*, out of a writer that *(z)* lived and travelled in warfare with Scipio; before whole time Scylax (making a catalogue of twenty other iſles) and Herodotus (to whom theſe weſtern parts were by his confeſſion unknown) never ſo much as ſpeak of us by any name. After-

ward was Albion impoſed upon the can- touched, expreſſing the old Britiſh name *quin*: which argument moves me before- for that I ſee it uſual in antiquity to have among ſtrangers, in their tongue juſt ſi with the ſame in the language of the co which they are applied; as the red ſea is bo, Curtius, Stephen, others) named from of that coaſt called Erythræus (for to red ſand, as ſome, or red hills, as an old ter, were but refuges of ſhameful ig which was ſurely the ſame with Eſau, call ly writ *Ædom*; *(c)* both ſignifying (th Greek, the other in Hebrew) red. So Nile, *(d)* in Hebrew and *Ægyptian* called *i. e.* black, is obſerved by that mighty learning's ſtate, Joſeph Scaliger, to ſi ſame colour in the word *Αἴγυψος*, uſed *(e)* Homer; which is inforced alſo by *(f)* ſtatutes among the Greeks, erected i of Nile, named alſo expreſſly *(g)* *Μελαι* proper names of men; Simon *(h)* *Zelotes* is but Simon the Canaanite, and *(i)* *Τὸν* Orpheus the ſame with Moſes, Janus wi trus: and in our times thoſe authors, I thon, Magirus, Theocrenus, Pelargus, own language, but Swerterarth, Cooke, de Dieu, Storke. Divers ſuch other pla ples might illuſtrate the conceit; but th cient. Take largeſt etymological liberty, may have it from *(j)* *Ellan-ban*, *i. e.* the iſle, in Scottiſh, as they call their Alba to fit all together, the name of Britain from *inis*, *i. e.* the coloured iſle in Welch; which and the Greek *(k)* *Βρίων* or *Βρίων* a kind of drink nearly like our beer) I we the French Forcatulus think affinity (as called Oenotria, from the name of wine not for that *Βρίων* may be had from an primitive, or elſe from *Βρίον*, *i. e.* ſweet teaches, making Britomart ſignify as ſweet virgin) in the Cretic tongue. But play with ſyllables, and abuſe precious ti

The city Turon Built ———

- (1)* Chronic. S. Albani.
(m) Hugo de Geneſ. apud Harding. c. 3.
(n) Pausanias in Laconic.
(o) Happy.
(p) From white cliffs.
(q) Παρὰ τὴν λευκὴν ἀκτὴν uti Euripides in Andromach. magis vellem, quàm εἶκα ἐν τῇ παραλίῳ καὶ λευκῇ τίτρυται quod canit Dionyſius Afer.
(r) Strab. lib. 2. & Sixtus Pompeius in Alpum.
(s) H. Lbuid in Breviar.
(t) Moichion apud Athen. dipnoſoph. 1.
(u) In the hills of Britany.
(x) Thucyd. hiſt. 6.
(y) Britiſh iſles.
(z) Polyb. hiſt. γ. qui Jul. Cæſarem ducentos ferme annos antevertit.
(a) The white iſle.

- (b)* Uranius in Arabic. apud Steph. *Ἐρυθρὰ*.
(c) Gen. 36. Num. 20.
(d) Iſai. 23. Jerem. 2.
(e) Odyſſ. 2. — Αἴγυψος εἰρητισ
Fortè tamen fluvius *Ægypti*, ut Heb. *יָרְדֵן* Gen. 15. com. nat. 17.
(f) Pausan. Arcadic. 1.
(g) Feſtus in Alcedo.
(h) Nebriffeuſ. in quinquag. cop. 40.
(i) Camden.
(k) Vocabulo *Βρίων* uſi ſunt *Æſchylus*, *Hellanicus*, *Archilocus*, *Hecateus* ap næum. dipnoſoph. 10. α τὴν εὐκρίνην ὕδα, ferè naturæ cum Scytho & Curmithe ap coridem lib. 2. cap. 102. & 103. fortè *Ἐρυθρὰ*

Tours upon Loire in France, whose dation the inhabitants (*1*) refer to : same time with Æneas, but whence which Virgil speaks of, they know monuments they yet shew, boast of, idly derive the word Torneaments. ry says Brute built it (so also Nennius one Iaron, Brute's nephew there t the name. Homer is cited for his works extant it is not found.

had divers others (which wrong-licht from us) as appears in Hero-as; you may in favour think it to hofe lost; yet I cannot in conscience de you that he ever knew the con-(now, in part, France) although a rman endeavours by force of wit, to carry Ulysses (which he makes oëfus) into Spain, and others before ally) into the northern parts of for Homer's knowledge, see the sixth song.

re that time the men that lived there.

our stories, you must believe the led with giants, of vast bodily com-re read of the Nephilim, the Re-n, Og, Goliath, and other in holy, Tityus, Antæus, Turnus, and the rer, Virgil, Ovid; and of Adam's ing to Jewish (*e*) fiction) equalling ld's diameter; yet seeing that nar-tile as of old) hath in her effects nits of quantity, that in Aristotle's r two thousand years since) their fix foot ordinarily (nor is the dif-ixt ours and Greeks dimension, at near the same length was our hre, as Adamnan informed (*g*) King I think that there now are some as for the most part have been, and re but of a somewhat more than illence in body, and martial perfor-1 object the finding of great bones, d by proportion, largely exceed our answer, that in some singulars, as r than natural, such proof hath hal, that both uow and of ancient re's judgment in such like hath been,

and is, subject to much imposture; mistaking bones of huge beasts for human. (*1*) Claudius brought over his elephants hither, and perhaps Julius Cæsar some, (for I have read (*u*) that he terribly af-frighted the Britons with sight of one at Coway-stakes) and so may you be deceived. But this is no place to examine it.

Of Corin Cornwall call'd, to his immortal fame.

So, if you believe the tale of Corin and Gogmagog: but rather imagine the name of Cornwall from this promontory of the land's end, extending itself like a (*u*) horn, which in most tongues is *Corn*, or very near. Thus was a (*y*) promontory in Cyprus called Cerales, and in the now Candy or Crete, and Gazaria (the old Taurica Cherfone-sus) another titled (*x*) *Καὶ πέρας*: and Brundisium in Italy had name from Brendon or (*a*) Bren-tion, i. e. a Hart's head, in the Messapian tongue, for similitude of horns. But (*b*) Malmesbury thus: "They are called Cornwallamen, because " being seated in the western part of Britain, they " lie over against a horn (a promontory) of Gaul." The whole name is as if you should say Corn-wales; for hither in the Saxon conquest the Brit-ish called Welsh (signifying the people rather than strangers, as the vulgar opinion wills) made transmigration: whereof an old (*c*) rhimer:

*The verse that ever of him believed, as in Cornwall
and Wailis,*

Brutus nev namore ycluped, at Walys grais.

Such was the language of your fathers between three and four hundred years since: and of it more hereafter.

The deluge of the Dane exactly to have song.

In the fourth year of (*d*) Brithric, King of the West-Saxons, at Portland, and at this place (which makes the fiction proper) three ships of Danish pirates enter'd: the King's Lieutenant offering inquisition of their name, state, and cause of ar-rival, was the first Englishman, in this first Danish invasion, slain by their hand. Miserable losses and continual had the English, by their frequent irruptions, from this time till the Norman con-quest; twixt which intercedes two hundred se-

1 Chesne en les recherchez des villes

is in Hispanio. 4. v. Strab. geo-as de Olyssippon.

olyhist. cap. 35.
leazar apud Riccio in epit. Tal-in hâc re all oriam v. apud D. Cy-montibus Sina & Sion.

μνηχ. us.

2. Ecclesiast. 5. c. 17.

3. και ἱσχυισμένοι πύλινον. Baruch.

2, si placet, Scaliger. exercitation.

an. 2. Augull. Civ. Dei 15. c. 23.

Clem. Rom. recognit. 1. Lactant, &c.

(1) Sueton. in Octav. c. 72.

(1) Dio. Cass. lib. 5.

(u) Polyæn. stratagemat. 7. in Cæfare.

(x) Cornugallia dicta est H. Huntingdonio, aliis.

(y) Strabo lib. 5. & 1. Stephan. Melanct. Plin. geogr. passim.

(z) Ram's head.

(a) Seleucus apud Stephan. Β. 1777. & Suidas in Β. 1777.

(b) De gest. reg. 2. c. 6.

(c) Robertus Glocestrenf.

(d) Anno 787.

venty-nine years : and that less account of (e) two hundred and thirty, during which space this land endured their slaughters, according to some men's calculation, begins at King Ethelwulph ; to whose time Henry of Huntingdon and Roger of Hoveden, refer the beginning of the Danish mischiefs, continuing so intolerable, that under King Ethelred was there begun a tribute insupportable (yearly afterward exacted from the subjects) to give their King Swain, and so prevent their insatiate rapine. It was between thirty and forty thousand (f) pounds (for I find no certainty of it, so variable are the reports) not instituted for pay of garrisons employed in service against them (as upon the misunderstanding of the Confessor's laws some ill affirm) but to satisfy the wasting enemy ; but so that it ceased not, although their spoils ceased, but was collected to the use of the crown, until King Stephen promised to remit it. For indeed St. Edward, upon imagination of seeing a devil dancing about the whole sum of it lying in his treasury, moved in conscience, caused it to be repayed, and released the duty, as Ingulph abbot of Crowland tells you : yet observe him, and read Florence of Worcester, Marian the Scot, Henry of Huntingdon, and Roger Hoveden, and you will confess that what I report thus from them is truth, and different much from what vulgarly is received. Of the Danish race were afterward three Kings, Cnut, Hardecnut, and Harold the first.

His offspring after long expulst the inner land.

After some one thousand five hundred from the (g) supposed arrival of the their posterity were by encroachment of Jutes, Angles, Danes (for among the Saxons noble (b) Deuz wills that surely Danes Frisians (i) and Franks driven into those parts of the now Wells and Cornwall : stories have this at large, and the Saxon chy ; which at last by public edict of King was called *Engle-land*. But John, Bishop Chartres saith it had that name from coming of the Angles ; others from the Hengist (j), (a matter probable enough) name, wars, policies, and government, being invited by Vortigern in Kent, are above other Germans most notable in the British and Harding.

————— *He called it Engestes land,
Which afterward was shorted, and called E*

Herto accords that of one of our (m) old Poets :

————— (n) *Engisti linguâ canit insula B*

If I should add the idle conceits of God Viterbo, drawing the name from I know what Angri, the insertion of *l* for *r* by Gregory, or the conjecture of unlimitable, I should unwillingly, yet with the pudently, err.

(e) Andæster lege ducentos vice æ̃ trecentos in fol. 237. Hoveden, cui prologum libro quinto H. Huntingdon. committas licet. Danegelt shewed against a common error both in remission & institution.

(f) Mariane Scoto 3600 libræ, & Florentio Wigorn.

(g) Chronologiam huc spectantem consulas in Illustrat. ad 4. Cant.

(b) Jan. Douz. annal. Holland. 1. & 6.

(i) Procopius in fragm. 3. lib. Gothic. apud den. Name of England.

(j) Polieratic. lib. 6. c. 17.

(l) Chronicon S. Albani. Hector. Boët. rum hist. 7.

(m) J. Gower epigram. in confess. aman.

(n) Britain sung in Hengist's tongue.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE SECOND SONG.

The Argument.

The Muse from Marthwood way, commands
Along the shore through Chesil's sands;
Where, over-toil'd, her heat to cool,
She bathes her in the pleasant Pool:
Thence, over land again doth scow'r,
To fetch in Froom and bring down Stour;
Falls with New-Forest, as she sings
The wanton wood-nymphs revellings.
Whilst Itchin in her lofty lays
Chaunts Bevis of Southampton's praise,
She Southward with her active flight
Is wafted to the Isle of Wight,
To see the rout the sea-gods keep,
There swaggering in the Solent deep.
Thence Hampshire ward her way she bends;
And visiting her forest friends,
Near Sals'bury her rest doth take:
Which she her second pause doth make.

strongly forth, my muse, whilst yet the
temperate air
as eas'ly on to hasten our repair.
w'ful God of flames (in verse divinely
reat) [heat,
my invention so wit. thy true genuine
h and noble things I lightly may not tell,
t and idle toys my uncs may vainly swell;
my subject serves, so high or low to strain,
he varying earth so sure my varying vein,

That nature, in my work thou may'st thy pow'r
avow : [allow;
That as thou first found'st art, and didst her rules
So I, to thine own self that gladly near would be,
May herein do the best, in imitating thee:
As thou hast here a hill, a vale there, there a
flood,
A mead here, there a heath, and now and then a
wood,

These things so in my song I naturally may show ;
Now, as the mountain high; then as the valley low ;

Here, fruitful as the mead ; there, as the heath be bare ;

Then, as the gloomy wood, I may be rough, though rare.

Though the Dorsetian fields, that lie in open view,

My progress I again must seriously pursue,
From Marshwood's fruitful vale my journey on to make

(As Phœbus getting up out of the eastern lake,
Refresh'd with ease and sleep, is to his labour prest ;

Even so the labouring muse, here baited with this rest.)

Whereas the little Lim along doth eas'ly creep,
And Car, that coming down unto the troubled deep,

Brings on the neighb'ring bert, whose bat'ning mellow'd bank,

From all the British soils, for hemp most hugely rank

Doth bear away the best : to Bert-port, which hath gain'd

That praise from every place, and worthily obtain'd

Our cordage from her store (a), and cables should be made,

Of any in that kind most fit for marine trade.

Not sever'd from the shore, aloft where Chesil lifts

Her ridged snake-like sands, in wrecks and smould'ring drifts,

Which by the south-wind rais'd, are heav'd on little hills :

Whose vallies with his flows when foaming Neptune fills :

Upon a thousand (b) swans the naked sea-nymphs ride

Within the ouzy pools, replenish'd every tide :

Which running on, the isle of Portland pointeth out ;

Upon whose moist'nd skist, with sea-weed fring'd about, [brack,

The bastard coral breeds, that, drawn out of the A brittle stalk becomes, from greenish turn'd to black ; [bare

Which th' ancients for the love that they to Isis (Their goddess most ador'd) have sacred for her hair.

Of which the Naiads and the blue (c) Nereids make

Them (d) taudries for their necks : when sport- ing in the lake,

They to their secret bow'rs the sea-gods entertain.
Where Portland from her top doth over-peer the main ;

Her rugged front empal'd (on every part) with rocks,

Though indigent of wood, yet fraught with woolly flocks ;

Most famous for her folk excelling with the sing' Of any other here this land inhabiting ;

That therewith they in war offensively might wound,

If yet the use of shot invention had not found.

Where from the neighb'ring hills her passage way doth path,

Whose haven, not our least that watch the mid-day, hath

The glories that belong unto a complete port ;
Though way the least of all the Naiads that resort To the Dorsetian sands from off the higher shore.

Then From (a nobler flood) the muses doth implore (beware,

Her mother Blackmoor's state they sadly would Whose big and lordly oaks once bore as brave a sail,

As they themselves that thought the largest shades to spread :

But man's devouring hand, with all the earth not fed,

Hath hew'd her timber down : which wounded, when it fell,

By the great noise it made, the workman seem'd to tell

The loss that to the land would shortly come thereby,

Where no man ever plants to our posterity :

That when sharp winter shoots her fleet and harden'd hail,

Or sudden gusts from sea the harmless deer assail,
The shrubs are not of pow'r to shield them from the wind.

' Dear mother, quoth the Froom, too late (alas) we find

' The softness of thy sword, continued through thy soil,

' To be the only cause of unrecover'd spoil ;

' When scarce the British ground a finer grass doth bear :

' And wish I could, quoth she, (if wishes helpful were)

' § Thou never by [that name of white-hart hadst been known,

' But stiled Black-moor still, which rightly was thine own.

' For why ? that change fortold the ruin of thy state :

' Lo, thus the world may see what 'tis to invade !

By this, her own nam'd (e) town the war- d'ring Froom had past,

And quitting in her course old Dorchester at last Approaching near the Pool, at Wareham on her way,

As eas'ly she doth fall into the peaceful bay,
Upon her nobler side, and to the southward near,

Fair Purbeck she beholds, which no where hath her peer :

(a) By Act of Parliament in the 21st of Hen. VIII.

(b) The beauty of the many swans upon the Chesil, rated in this poetical delivery.

(c) Scamorphs.

(d) A kind of neckpiece worn by country wenches.

(e) Frampton,

To pleasantly in-^(f)id on mighty Neptune's marge,
A fresh-nymph, and one of chaste Diana's charge,
Bask'd in woods and laws her deer to feed and
kill :

On whom the watty God would oft have had
And often her lach woe'd, which never would
be won :

But Furbeck, as profess a Mistress and a Nun,
The wide and weakly sea, nor all his power re-
spects;

Her marble-minded breast, impregnable, rejects
The ugly ^(f) oris, that for their Lord and Ocean
were.

Whilst Froon was troubled thus, where nought
she hath to do,

The Fiddle, that this while bestir'd her nimble
feet,

In falling to the Pool her sister Froon to meet,
And having in her train two little slender rills
Bask'd her proper spring, wherewith her banks
she fills,

To whom since first the world this later name
has lent,

She anciently was known to be intitled ^(g) Trent,
Her small distant brooks her second name
have gain'd.

Whilst Fiddle and the Froon each other enter-
tain'd,

On praising lovely Pool, their best-beloved bay,
The Fiddle her bespake, to pass the time away :

When ^(h) Pool (quoth she) was young, a lusty
sea-born lad,

Great Albion to this nymph an earnest suitor
was;

And bare himself so well, and so in favour
That he in little time upon this lovely dame

Got three maiden isles, his darlings and de-
light :

The eldest, Brankley call'd; the second, Fursey
The youngest and the last, and lesser than the

other,

Saint Hellen's name doth bear, the dilling of
her mother.

And for the goodly Pool was one of Thetis'
train,

Who scorn'd a nymph of hers her virgin-band
should stain;

Great Albion (that fore-thought the angry God-
dess would

Both on the dam and brats take what revenge
she could)

First bellow of the Pool his little children plac'd;
First Brankley, Fursey next, and little Hellen

last :

Then with his mighty arms doth clip the Pool
To keep the angry queen (fierce Amphitrite)

near ;

Against whose hardly might she musters up her
waves ;

And strongly thence repul'd, with madness
scolds and raves.

(f) Members of the sea, supposed Neptune's guard.

(g) The ancient name of Fiddle.

(h) The story of Pool.

When now from Pool, the muse (up to her
pitch to get)

Herself in such a place from sight doth almost set,
As by the active power of her commanding wings,
She (falcon-like) from far doth fetch those plen-
teous springs.

Where ⁽ⁱ⁾ Stour receives her strength from six
clear fountains fed ;

Which gathering to one stream from every several
head,

Her new-beginning bank her water scarcely
wields ;

And fairly ent'reth first on the Dorsetian fields ;
Where Gillingham with gifts that for a God were

meet,

(Esamell'd paths, rich wreaths, and every sov'-
reign sweet

The earth and air can yield, with many a pleasure
mint)

Receives her. Whilst there pass'd great kindness
them betwixt,

The forest her bespake : ' How happy, floods,
are ye,

From our predestin'd plagues that privileged be
Which only with the fish which in your banks do

breed,

And daily there increase, man's gormandice
can feed !

But had this wretched age such uses to employ
Your waters, as the woods we lately did enjoy,

Your channels they would leave as barren by
their spoil,

As they of all our trees have lately left our soil.
Insatiable time thus all things doth devour :

What ever saw the sun, that is not in time's
power ?

Ye fleeting streams last long, out-living many a
But on more steadfast things time makes the

strongest prey.

Now tow'rd's the Solent sea as Stour her way
doth ply,

On Shaftsbury (by chance) she cast her crystal eye,
From whose foundation first such strange reports

arise,

As brought into her mind the Eagle's prophecies;
Oft that so dreadful plague, which all great Britain

swept,

From that which highest flew, to that which
lowest crept,

Before the Saxon thence the Briton should expell,
And all that thereupon successively befell,

How then the bloody Dane subdu'd the Saxon
race ;

And, next, the Norman took possession of the
Those ages once expir'd, the fates to bring about,

The British line restor'd ; the Norman lineage out.
Then, those prodigious signs to ponder she

began,

Which afterward again the Britons wrack fore-
How here the owl at noon in public streets was
seen,

As though the peopled towns had wayless deserts

(i) Stour riseth from six fountains.

And whilst the loathly toad out of his hole doth
crawl,
And makes his fullsome stool amid the Prince's hall,
The crystal fountain turn'd into a gory wound,
And bloody issues hrake (like ulcers) from the
ground; [return,
The seas, against their course, with double tides
And oft were seen hy night like boiling pitch to
burn.

Thus thinking, lively Stour bestirs her tow'rds
the main;

Which Lidden leadeth out; then Dulas bears
her train

From Blackmore, that at once their watry tribute
bring:

When, like some childish wench, she loosely wan-
With tricks and giddy turns seems to insite the
shore. [scow'r

Betwixt her fishful banks then forward she doth
Until she lastly reach clear Alen in her race:

Which calmly cometh down from her dear moth-
er (†) chafe, [fee

Of Cranbourn that it call'd; who greatly joys to
A river born of her, for Stour's should reckon'd be,
Of that renowned flood a favourite highly grac'd.

Whilst Cranbourn, for her child so fortunately
plac'd,

With echoes every way applauds her Alen's state,
A sudden noise from (‡) Holt seems to congratu-
late [stow'd,

With Cranbourn, for her brook so happily be-
Where, to her neighb'ring chafe the courteous
forest shew'd

So just-conceived joy, that from each rising (¶)
hust,

Where many a goodly oak had carefully been nurs'd,
The Sylvens in their songs their mirthful meet-
ing tell;

And Satyrs, that in shades and gloomy dimbles
dwell, [hands,

Run whooting to the hills to clap their ruder
As Holt had done before, so Canford's goodly
launds [veins,

(Which lean upon the Pool) enrich'd with cop'ras
Rejoice to see them join'd. When down from
Sarum plains

Clear Avon coming in, her sister Stour doth call,
& And at New-forest's foot into the sea do fall,

Which every day bewail that deed so full of
dread, [ested:

Whereby she (now so proud) became first for-
She now, who for her site ev'n boundless seem'd
to lie,

Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny,
Providing laws to keep those beafts here planted
then, [men;

Whose lawless will from hence before had driven
That where the hearth was warm'd with winter's
feasting fires,

The melancholy hare is form'd in brakes and
bricks:

(†) Cranbourn chafe.

(‡) Holt-forest.

(¶) A wood in English.

The aged rampick trunk, where plowmen cast
their feed,

And churches overwhelm'd with nettles, fern and
weed, [trade,

By Conq'ring William first cut off from every
That here the Norman still might enter to invade;

That on this vacant place, and unfrequented shore,
New forces still might land, to aid those here
before. [great,

But she, as hy a King and Conqueror made so
By whom she was allow'd and limited her feat,

Into her own self-praise most insolently brake,
And her less fellow-nymphs New-forest thus be-
spoke:

'Thou (n) Buckholt, bow to me; so let thy
sister (n) Bere;

'(n) Chute, kneel thou at my name on this side
'of the shire:

'Where, for their Goddes, me the (o) Dryads
'shall adore,

'With Waltham and the Bere, that on the sea-
'worn shore

'See at the southern isles the tide at tilt to run;
'And Wolmer, placed hence upon the rising sun,

'With Ashholt thine ally (my wood-nymphs)
'and with you,

'Proud Pamber tow'rds the north, ascribe me
'worship due.

'Before my Princely state let your poor great-
'ness fall;

'And vail your tops to me, the Sovereign of you
'all. [fell

Amongst the River, so, great discontent there
Th' efficient cause thereof (as loud report doth tell)

Was, that the sprightly Test arising up in Chute,
To Itchin, her ally, great weakness should impete,

That she, to her own wrong, and every other's
grief,

Would needs be telling things exceeding all belief:
For she had giv'n it out, South-hampton should
not lose

§ Her famous Bevis so, were 't in her pow'r to
choose; [pricks,

§ And for great Arthur's seat, her Winchester
Whose old Round-table yet she vaunteth to be
hers;

And swore, the inglorious time should not bereave
her right;

But what it would obscure, she would reduce to
light.

For, from that wondrous (p) pond, whence she
derives her head,

And places by the way, by which she's honoured,
Old Winchester, that stands near in her middle
way,

(And Hampton, at her fall into the Solent sea)
She thinks in all the isle not any such as she,

And for a Demigod she would related be.
'Sweet sister mine (quoth Test) advise you
'what you do;

'Think this; for each of us, the forests here are
'two;

(n) The forests of Hampshire, with their situations.
(o) Nymphs that live and die with oaks.

(p) A pool near unto Alresford, yielding an unusual
abundance of water.

Speak a thing whereof they hold
like,
or be't much, they double will it
[stood,
helpeth out; a handsome proper
all skill'd and one that knew her

soth this nymph, the times be
is now,
of that kind will any way allow.
Muse had next the British cause in

[stand.
s later done that now she cannot
think her persuade, the more she
rft;
what they will, she will do what

If their chief, and swears she will
nd;
or she faith, for oracles must stand.
the Rivers heard, they farther
orbear.

afe herself that only seem'd to care)
ievements great Bevis thus began:
Knight, quoth she, O most red-
ed man!

hou wert but young, thy mother
reprove
dly seduced by th' unlawful love
at that time the Almain Emper-

oy fire to death disloyally had

nce whereof she largely did relate;
ong pursu'd his mother's deadly

Saber's hand) when she suppos'd
ad,

pon the downs a shepherd's life he
[know
reat recourse, he came at length to
ereabout could hardly hold the

[drew,
narriage-feast to fair Southampton
to that Lord who late her husband

[deep,
breast which pierc'd so wond'rous
oor attire he us'd to tend the sheep,
d his hook) unto the town he went;
his heart a resolute intent

o die, or to revenge his wrong:
g at the gate the multitude among,
that place, his entrance that forbad,
m some swain, some boist'rous
'lad)

l he lent so violent a stroke,
' empty skull like some thin pot-
roke,
d mingled blood were spirtled on
ll.

on, he came into the upper hall,
ous Mordure fate embraced by his

n himself) had he not Bevis spy'd,

His bones had with a blow been shatter'd; but
by chance

He shifting from the place, whilst Bevis did advance
His hand, with greater strength his deadly foe to
hit,

And missing him, his chair he all to shivers split:
Which struck his mother's breast with strange
and sundry fears,

That Bevis being then but of so tender years,
Durst yet attempt a thing so full of death and
doubt.

And, once before deceiv'd, she newly cast about
To rid him out of sight; and, with a mighty wage,
Won such, themselves by oath as deeply durst
engage,

To execute her will: who shipping him away
(And making forth their course into the midland
sea)

As they had got before, so now again for gold
To an Armenian there that young Alcides sold:
Of all his gotten prize, who (as the worthiest
thing,

And fittest wherewithal to gratify his King)
Presented that brave youth; the splendor of
whose eye

A wond'rous mixture shew'd of grace and majesty:
Whose more than man-like shape, and matchless
stature, took

The King; that often us'd with great delight to
look

[bore
Upon that English Earl. But though the love he
To Bevis might be much, his daughter ten times
more

Admir'd the godlike man: who, from the hour
that first

His beauty she beheld, felt her soft bosom pierc'd
With Cupid's deadliest shaft; that Josian, to her
guest,

Already had resign'd possession of her breast.

Then sang she, in the fields how as he went to
sport,

And those damn'd Panims heard, who in de-
spightful sort

Derided Christ the Lord: for his Redeemer's sake
He on those heathen hounds did there such slaugh-
ter make,

That whilst in their black mouths their blasphemies
they drew

They headlong went to hell. As also how he
slew

That cruel boar, whose tusks turn'd up whole
fields of grain

(And, rooting, raised hills upon the level plain;
Digg'd caverns in the earth, so dark and won-
d'rous deep,

As that, into whose mouth the desperate (g)
Roman leapt)

And cutting off his head, a trophy thence to bear;
The foresters, that came to intercept it there,
How he there scalps and trunks in chips and pieces
cleft,

[left.
And in the fields, like beasts, their mangled bodies

(g) Curtius.

R ij

As to his farther praise, how for that dangerous fight

The great Armenian King made noble Bevis Knight :

And having raised power, Damascus to invade,
The General of his force this English hero made.
Then how fair Josian gave him Arundel his steed,
And Morglay his good sword, in many a valiant deed

Which manfully he try'd. Next, in a (r) busk-in'd strain,

Sung how himself he bore upon Damascus' plain,
That dreadful battle where with Brandamon he fought;

And with his sword and steed such earthly wonders wrought,

As even amongst his foes him admiration won ;
Incount'ring in the throng with mighty Radifon,
And lo'ping off his arms, th' imperial standard took.

At whose prodigious fall, the conquer'd foe for-
The field; where, in one day so many Peers they lost,

So brave commanders, and so absolute an host,
As to the humbled earth took proud Damascus down,

Then tributary made to the Armenian crown.
And how, at his return the King (for service done,
The honour to his reign, and to Armenia won)
In marriage to this Earl the Princess Josian gave.

As into what distress him Fortune after drove,
To great Damascus sent ambassador again ;
When, in revenge of theirs, before by Bevis slain,
(And now, at his return, for that he so despis'd
Those idols unto whom they daily sacrific'd,
Which he to pieces hew'd, and scatter'd in the dust) [thrust ?

They, rising, him by strength into a dungeon
In whose black bottom, two long serpents had remain'd [drain'd)

(Bred in the common sewer that all the city
Impoisoning with their smell; which seiz'd him their prey :

With whom in struggling long (besmear'd with blood and clay)

He rent their squalid chaps, and from the prison leap'd.

As how adul'terous J-ur, the King of Mambrant, rap'd

Fair Josian his dear love, his noble sword and steed ;

Which afterward by craft he in a palmer's weed Recover'd, and with him from Mambrant bare away. [fray,

And with two Lions how he held a desperate
Assaying him at once, that fiercely on him flew ;
Which first he tam'd with wounds, then by the necks them drew,

And 'gainst the harden'd earth their jaws and shoulders burst ;

And that Golich-I he great Ascupart inforc'd
To serve him for a slave, and by his horse to run.

A: Colein as again the glory that he won

On that huge dragon, like the country to destroy;
Whose sting struck like a lance, whose venom did destroy

As doth a general plague : his scales like shields of brass ;

His body, when he mov'd, like some unwieldy mass,

Ev'n bruise'd the solid earth. Which boldly having song,

With all the sundry turns that might thereto belong,

Whilst yet the shapes her course how he came back to shew,

What powers he got abroad, how them he did bestow ;

In England here again, how he by dint of sword
Unto his ancient lands and titles was restor'd,

New-forest cry'd, " Enough : and Waltham with the Bere,

Both bade her hold her peace ; for they no more would hear.

And for she was a flood, her fellows sought would say ;

But slipping to their banks, slid silently away. [Wight;

When as the pliant Muse, with fair and even flight,

Betwixt her silver wings is wafted to the (s) That isle, which jutting out into the sea so far,

Her offspring traineth up in exercise of war ;
Those pirates to put back, that oft purloin her trade,

Or Spaniards or the French attempting to invade.
Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,

And evermore had been the great'st in Britain's grace ;

Not one of all her nymphs her Sovereign loveth thus,

Imbraced in the arms of old Oceanus.
For none of her account so near her bosom stand,

Twixt (t) Penwith's farthest point and Goodwin's quagmy sand,

Both for her seat and soil, that far before the other
Most justly my account great Britain for her mother. [boast,

A finer decree than hers not Lemster's self can
Nor Newport, for her mast, o'er-macht by any coast,

To theie the gentle South, with kisses smooth and soft,

Doth in her bosom breathe, and seems to court her oft,

Besides, her little rills, her inlands that do feed,
Which with their lavish streams do furnish every need; [land

And meads, that with their fine soft grassy towch
To wipe away the drops and moisture from her hand ;

And to the North, betwixt the fore-land and the firm,
She hath that narrow sea, which we the Solent tern ;

(s) Isle of Wight.

(t) The Forclands of Cornwall and Kent.

ose rough ireful tides, as in her streights
 ey meet,
 ist'rous shocks and roars each other
 idely greet :
 ereely when they charge, and sadly make
 treat, [beat,
 bulwark forts of (a) Hurst and Calshot
 South-hampton run : which by her
 ores supply'd,
 mouth by her strength) doth vilify their
 ide ;
 ads, that with our best may boldly hold
 eir plea,
 outh's self hath born more braver ships
 an they,
 n their anchoring bays have travelled to
 d
 ina's wealthy realms, and view'd the
 ther Ind,
 ly rich Peru ; and with as prosperous fate
 n their full-spread sails upon the streams
 of Plate :
 easant harbours oft the sea-man's hope
 new, [clue ;
 his late-craz'd bark, to spread a wanton
 y with lusty sack, and mirthful sailore
 ngs, [wrongs :
 r passed storms, and laugh at Neptune's
 er quite forgot wherein they were of late,
 f so merry now as Master and his Mate ?
 ualling again, with brave and man-like
 inds [winds,
 and cast their eyes, and pray for happy
 ty by the floods sent thither from the
 ore,
 ds that are set the bord'ring coast before ;
 among the rest, a brave and lusty dame
 ortsey, whence that bay of Portsmouth
 ath her name ;
 two little isles, her handmaids (which
 mpar'd
 se within the Pool, for destines not out-
 ar'd [much,
 ater Haling hight ; and fairest though by
 ney very well, but somewhat rough in
 uch :
 eauties far and near divulged by report,
 he (x) Tritons told in mighty Neptune's
 ourt,
 Proteus hath been known to leave his
 inny herd,
 heir fight to sponge his foam-bespawled
 eard. [keep,
 gods, which about the watry kingdom
 en for their sakes abandoned the deep ;
 etis many a time to Neptune hath com-
 lain'd,
 those wanton Nymphs her Ladies were
 lisdain'd :
 se arose such rut th' unruly rout among,
 on the noise thereof through all the ocean
 ung.

a castle in the sea.
 impeters of Neptune.
 a god, who changes himself into any shape.

§ When Portsey, weighing well the ill to her
 might grow,
 In that their mighty stirrs might be her overthrow,
 She strongly streightneth-in the entrance to her
 bay ;
 That, of their haunt debarr'd, and shut out to
 the sea
 (Each small conceived wrong helps on distemp-
 er'd rage)
 No counsel could be heard their choler to assuage :
 When every one suspects the next that is in place
 To be the only cause and means of his disgrace.
 Some coming from the east, some from the set-
 ting sun,
 The liquid mountains still together mainly run ;
 Wave woundeth wave again ; and billow, billow
 gores ;
 And topfy-turvy so fly tumbling to the shores.
 From hence the Solent sea, as some men thought
 might stand
 Amongst those things which we call wonders of
 our land.
 When towing up that (a) stream, so negligent
 of fame,
 As till this very day she yet conceals her name ;
 By Bert and Waltham both that's equally em-
 brac'd,
 And lastly, at her fall, by Tichfield highly grac'd :
 Whence, from old Windsor hill, and from the
 aged (b) Stone,
 The muse those countries sees, which call her to
 be gone.
 The forests took their leave : Bere, Chute, and
 Buckholt, bid
 Adieu : so Wolmer, and so Ashholt kindly did ;
 And Pamber shook her head, as grieved at the
 heart ;
 When far upon her way, and ready to depart,
 As now the wand'ring Muse so sadly went along,
 To her last farewell, thus, the goody forests song.
 ' Dear Muse, to plead our right, whom time at
 ' last hath brought,
 ' Which else forlorn had lain, and banish'd every
 ' thought,
 ' When thou ascend'st the hills, and from their
 rising shrouds
 ' Our sister shalt command, whose tops once toucht
 ' the clouds ;
 ' Old (c) Arden when thou meet'st, or dost fair
 (d) Sherwood see,
 ' Till them, that as they waste, so every day do
 ' we : [heirs ;
 ' With them, we of our griefs may each other's
 ' Let them lament our fall, and we will mourn
 ' for theirs.
 Then turning from the south, which lies in
 public view,
 The Muse an oblique course doth seriously pursue ;
 And pointing to the plains, she thither take her
 way ; [stay.
 For which to gain her breath, she makes a little

(a) Tichfield river.

(b) Another little hill in Hampshire.

(c) A great and ancient forest in Warwickshire

(d) A little town in Nottingham.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE Muse, yet observing her began course of chorographical longitude, traces eastward the southern shore of the isle. In this second sings Dorset and Hampshire; fitly here joined, as they join themselves, both having their south limits washed by the British ocean.

Which th' ancients, for the love that they to Isis bore.

(a) Juba remembers a like coral by the Trogloditique isles, as is here in this sea, and styles it (b) *Isidis plocamas*. True reason of the name is no more perhaps to be given, than why *Adiantum* is called *Capillus Veneris*, or Sengreen *Barba Jovis*. Only thus: You have in Plutarch and Apuleius such variety of Isis' titles, and, in Clemens of Alexandria, so large circuits of her travels, that it were no more wonder to hear of her name in this northern climate than in Egypt; especially we having three rivers of note (c) synonymies with her. Particularly to make her a sea-goddess, which the common story of her and Osiris her husband (son to Cham, and of whom Bale dares offer affirmance, that in his travelling over the world he first taught the Britons to make beer instead of wine) does not; (e) Isis Pelagia, after Pausanias's testimony, hath an (f) old coin. The special notice which antiquity took of her hair is not only shewed by her (g) attribute of (b) *λινισμοσ*, but also in that her hair was kept as a sacred relic in (i) Memphis, as Geryon's bones at Thebes, the boar's skin at Tegea, and such like elsewhere. And after this, to fit our coral just with her colour, (k) *Æthiopis solibus Isu furva*, she is called by (l) Arnobius. Gentlewomen of black hair (no fault with brevity to turn to them) have no simple pattern of that part in this great goddess, whose name indeed comprehended whatsoever in the deity was feminine, and more too; nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love) intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of women's special ornament, (m) well-haired, thought of this, when he gave his painter direction to make her picture black-haired. But thus much out of the way.

Thou never by that name of White-hart hadst been known.

Very likely from the soil was the old name Blackmore. By report of this country, the change was from a white hart, reserved here from chase

by express will of Henry III. and afterwards by Thomas de la Lynd, a gentleman of the For the offence, a mulct imposed on the of Blackmore (called (n) White-hart this day paid into the exchequer. The de of woods here bewailed by the Muse, occasion too often given) often second while the Muse bewails them, it is (o) and his countrymen that most want then

On whom the watry God would oft have bin.

Purbeck (named, but indeed not, an if joined to the firm land) stored with game forest.

Thence alluding to Diana's devotions thor well calls her an huntress and a nu doth the embracing force of the ocean (she is adjacent) although very violent, p gainst her stony cliffs. To this purpose it is here wanton with Neptune's wooing.

That in little time upon this lovely dame

Begat three maiden isles, his darlings and del

Albion (son of Neptune) from whom name of this Britain was supposed, is w to the fruitful bed of this pool, thus perke a sea-nymph. The plain truth (as wo certify your eyes, saving all impropriety o is, that in the Pool are seated three Brunksey, Furfey, and St. Helen's, in and magnitude as I name them. Nor i tion of begetting the isles improper; scir (g) antiquities tell us of divers in the M mean and the Archipelagus, as Rhode Hiera, the Echinades, and others, whi been as it were brought forth out of the fa of Amphitrite.

*Put tow'rd the Solent sea, as Stour her way
On Shaftsbury, &c.*

The streight betwixt the Wight and H. is titled, in Bede's story, (r) *Pelagus I trium millium, quod vocatur Solente*; famous double, and thereby most violent flood ocean (as Scylla and Charybdis betwi and Italy in Homer) expressed by the au words the end of this song, and reckone our British wonders. Of it the author more presently. Concerning Shaftsbury beside other names, from the (s) coi

(a) Apud Plin. hist. natur. l. 13. c. 15.

(b) Isis' hair.

(c) Ouse. Leland. ad Cygn. Cant.

(e) Isis of the sea.

(f) Goltz. thes. antiq.

(g) Loose-hair'd.

(b) Philostrat. in six.

(i) Lucian. in six.

(k) Æthiopian sun-burnt.

(l) Adv. gent. 1 Black-hair.

(m) *καλλοτριχες καλλιςυρος*, i. e. well-

haired and pretty-footed; two special co- tions, dispersed in Greek poets, joined in.

(n) Camden.

(o) Destruction of woods.

(p) Isles newly out of the sea.

(g) Lucian. dialog. Pindar. Olymp. 2 Pausanias.

(r) A sea three miles over, called Solen hist. eccles. cap. 16.

(s) Malmeth. l. 2. de Pontific. S. Edwa

Edward, murdered in Corfe-castle, through procurement of the bloody hate of his step-mother *Elfrith*, hither translated, and some three years lying buried, was once called St. Edward's) you shall hear a piece out of Harding :

(*t*) *Caird Paladour, that now is Shaftesbury*
Where an eagle spake sitting on the wall
While it was in working over all.

Speaking of Rhododendrus's fabulous building it. I scite it, both to mend it, (*s*) reading *eagle* for *angel*, and also that it might then, according to the British story, help me to explain the author in this,

As brought into her mind the eagle's prophecies.

This eagle (whose prophecies among the Britons, with the later of Merlin, have been of no less respect than those of Bacis were to the Greeks, or the Sybillines to the Romans) foretold of a reverting of the crown, after the Britons, Saxons, and Normans, to the first again, which in Henry the Seventh, grand-child to Owen Tyddour, hath been (*s*) observed, as fulfilled. This in particular is peremptorily affirmed by that Count Palatine of Basingstoke. (*y*) *Et aperte dicit, tempus aliquando fore, ut Britannum imperium deponat ad veteres Britones post Saxones et Normannos restitutum*, are his words of the eagle. But this prophecy in manuscript I have seen; and without the help of Albertus's secret, Canace's slag in Chaucer, or reading over Aristophanes's comedy of birds, I understood the language; neither find I in it any such matter expressly. Indeed (as in Merlin) you have in him the white dragon, the red dragon, the black dragon for the Saxons, Britons, Normans; and the fertile tree, supposed for Brute, by one that of later time hath given his obscurities (*z*) interpretation; in which, not from the eagle's, but from an angelical voice, almost seven hundred years after Christ, given to Cadwallader (whom others call Cedwalla) that restitution of the crown to the Britons is promised, and grounded also upon some general and ambiguous words in the eagle's text, by the author here followed; which (provided your faith be strong) you must believe made more than two thousand five hundred years since. For a corollary, in this not unfit place, I will transcribe a piece of the gloss of an old copy, speaking thus upon a passage in the prophecy: (*a*) *Fenricus W.* (he means Henry III. who by the ancient account is regard of Henry, son to Henry Fite-lemprea,

crowned in his father's life, is in Bracon and others called the fourth) *concessit omne jus et clameum, pro se et heredibus suis, quod habuit in ducatu Normannie imperpetuum. Tunc fractum fuit ius sigillum et mutatum; nam prius tenebat in sceptro gladium, nunc tenet virgam; qui gladius fuit de conquestu ducis Willielmi bastardi; et ideo dicit aquila, separabitur gladius a sceptro.* Such good fortune have these predictions, that either by conceit (although strained) they are applied to accident, or else ever religiously expected; as (*b*) Buchanan of Merlin's,

Then these prodigious signs to ponder she began.

I would not have you lay to the author's charge a justification of these signs at those times: but his liberty herein it is not hard to justify,

Obsidique frequens castrorum limina bibe:

and such like hath Silius Italicus before the Roman overthrow at Cannæ: and historians commonly affirm the like; therefore a poet may well guess the like.

And at New-forest's foot into the sea doth fall.

The fall of Stour and Avon into the ocean is the limit of the two shires; and here limits the author's description of the first, his Muse now entering New-forest in Hampshire.

Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny.

New-forest (it is thought the newest in England, except that of Hampton-court, made by Henry VIII.) acknowledges William her maker, that is, the Norman Conqueror. His love to this kind of possession and pleasure was such, that he constituted loss (*c*) of eyes punishment for taking his venery: so affirm expressly Florence of Worcester, Henry of Huntingdon, Walter Mapez, and others, although the author of *Distinctio Aquile*, with some of later time, falsely laid it to William Rufus's charge. To justify my truth, and for variety, see these rhimes, (*d*) even breathing antiquity:

Game of boundes be lowde inou, and of wild best,
*And (*e*) is forest and is wodes, and mest the newe*
forest,
That is in Southamptonsire, for thulke be lowde inou,
*And aflored well (*f*) mid bestes, and (*g*) lese mid*
gret wou:

(*y*) Camden takes this Cair for Bath.

(*s*) Harding amended.

(*z*) Twin. in Albion. 2. See the fifth song.

(*y*) He plainly said, that there would be a time of this reverting of the crown.

(*z*) *Distinct. Aquil. Sceptouiz.* A prophecy of an angel to Cadwallader.

(*s*) A sceptre instead of a sword first in Henry the third's seal. But believe him not; the seals of these times give no warrant for it; and even

in King Arthur's, Leland says, there was a fleury sceptre; but that perhaps as feigned as this false.

(*b*) Hist. Scot. lib. 5. in Congallo.

(*c*) Matth. Puris. post. Henric. Hunting. And under Will. II. it was capital to steal deer.

(*d*) Rob. Glocestrenf.

(*e*) His.

(*f*) With.

(*g*) Pastures.

R iiii

For he cast out of house and home of men a great
route,
And (b) binom their loud thritti mile and more there-
abouts,
And made it all forests and lest the best war to
fede,
Of power men deserited be now let el bede :
Therewore therein cell many mischeuing,
And is fane was therein (i) iftute William the red
king,
And (k) is o fene, that bet Richard, coght there is
deth also,
And Richard (h) is o newen, bres there his neck
thereto,
As he red an hunteth, and perawntre his horse spend,
The unright ide to power men to such misfauntre trend.

But to quit you of this antique verse, I return to
the pleasanter Muse.

Her famous Bevis so were 't in her power to choofe.

About the Norman invasion was Bevis famous
with title of the Earl of Southampton; Dunston
in Wiltshire known for his residence. What cre-
dit you are to give to the hyperbolies of Itchin in
her relation of Bevis, your own judgment, and the
author's censure in the admonition of the other ri-
vers here personated, I presume, will dire&. And
it is wished that the poetical Monks in celebration

of him, Arthur, and other such worthies, had con-
tained themselves within bounds of likelihood; or
else that some judges, proportionate to those (f) of
the Grecian games, (who always by public autho-
rity pulled down the statutes erected, if they ex-
ceeded the symmetry of the victors) had given
such exorbitant fictions their desert. The sweet
grace of an Enchanting poem (as unimitable (m).
Pindar affirms) often compels belief; but so far
have the indigested reports of barren and monkish
invention expatiated out of the lifts of truth, that
from their intermixed and absurd fancies both
proceeded doubt, and, in some, even denial of
what was truth. His sword is kept as a relic in
Arundel castle, not equalling in length (as it is
now worn) that of Edward III. at Westminster.

*And for great Arthur's feat her Winchester prefers,
Whose old round table yet, &c.*

For him, his table, order, knights, and places
of their celebration, look to the fourth song.

When Portsey, weighing well the ill to her might grew.

Portsey, an island in a creek of the Solent, co-
ming in by Portsmouth, endures the forcible vio-
lence of that troublesome sea, as the verse tells
you in this fiction of wooing.

(b) Took.

(i) Shot by Walter Tirrell.

(k) His own.

(f) Ελληνισται. Lucian. επι δαίμν.

(m) Olymp. u. & Nem. ζ. ορμη δε αλίστην ορμη
γυναι μίσην.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE THIRD SONG.

The Argument.

In this third song great threat'nings are,
And tending all to nymphish war.
Old Wansdyke uttereth words of hate,
Depraving Stonenedge's estate.
Clear Avon and fair Willy strive,
Each pleading her prerogative.
The plain the forests doth disdain :
The forests rail upon the plain.
The Muse then seeks the shire's extremes,
To find the fountain of great Thames ;
Falls down with Avon, and defcries
Both Bath's and Bristol's braveries :
Then views the Somersetian foil ;
Through marshes, mines, and mores doth toil,
To Avalon to Arthur's grave,
Sadly bemoan'd of Ochy cave.
Then with delight she bravely brings
The princely Parret from her springs ;
Preparing for the learned plea
(The next in song) in the Severn sea.

1 the jocund lark (too long we take our
rest)
let the blushing dawn out of the checr-
ful East
sing forth the day to light the Muse along ;
most delightful touch, and sweetness of
her song,
see the lusty swains out of the country
towns,
the loving girls in dances to the downs.

The nymphs, in Selwood's shades and Braden's
woods that be, [thee.
Their oaken wreaths, o Muse, shall offer up to
And when thou shap'st thy course tow'rds where
the soil is rank, [bank
The Somersetian maids, by swelling Sabrin's
Shall strew the way with flowers (where thou
art coming on)
Brought from marshy grounds by aged (e) A-
valon.

From Sarum thus we set, remov'd from whence
it flood
By Avon to reside, her dearest-loved flood;
Where her imperious (b) fane her former seat
disdains,
And proudly over-tops the spacious neighbour-
ing plains.
What pleasures hath this isle, of us esteem'd
most dear,
In any place, but poor unto the plenty here?
The chalky (c) Chiltern fields, nor Kelmarsh
self compares
With (d) Everley, for store and swiftness of her
hares:
A horse of greater speed, nor yet a righter bound,
Not any where 'twixt Kent and (e) Caledon
is found.
Nor yet the level South can shew a smoother
race,
Whereas the (f) ballow nag outstrips the winds
in chase;
As famous in the West for matches yearly try'd,
As (g) Garterly, possessor of all the Northern pride;
And on his match as much the Western horse-
man lays,
As the rank-riding Scots upon their (h) Gallo-
ways.
And as the Western foil as found a horse
doth breed,
As doth the land that lies betwixt the Trent and
Tweed:
No hunter, so, but finds the (i) breeding of the
West [best;
The only kind of hounds for mouth and nostril
That cold doth seldom fret, nor heat doth over-
hail;
As standing in the flight, as pleasant on the trail;
Free hunting, eas'ly checkt, and loving every
chase; [pace;
Strait running, hard and tough, of reasonable
Not heavy, as that hound which Lancashire doth
breed;
Nor as the Northern kind, so light and hot of
speed,
Upon the clearer chase, or on the foiled train,
Doth make the sweetest cry, in woodland or
on plain.
Where she, of all the plains of Britain, that
doth bear
The name to be the first (renowned every where)
Hath worthily obtain'd that Sionendge there
should stand:
She, first of plains; and (k) that, first wonder of
the land.

(a) Glastonbury.
(b) Salisbury church.
(c) Two places famous for hares, the one in Bucking-
hamshire, the other in Northamptonshire.
(d) Everley warren of hares.
(e) The farthest part of Scotland.
(f) Gant.
(g) The best kind of Scottish nags.
(h) A famous Yorkshire horse-race.
(i) The Western hounds generally the best.
(k) Sionendge, the greatest wonder of England.

She Wanfdike also wins, by whom &
brac'd,
That in his aged arms doth gird her
Who (for a mighty mound fith long he
main
{ Betwixt the Mercians rule, and the
Saxons reign,
And therefore of his place himself he
bare) [;
Had very oft been heard with Stow
Whom for a paltry ditch, when S
pleas'd t' upbraid,
The old man taking heart, thus to the
said:
' Dull heap, that thus thy head above
' doth rear,
' Precisely yet not know'st who first d
' thee there;
' But traitor basely turn'd, to Merli
' doth fly,
' And with his magicks doth thy make:
' bely:
' Conspirator with time, now grown:
' and poor,
' Comparing these his spirits with th
' went before;
' Yet rather art content thy builder's
' lose,
' Than pass'd greatness should thy
' wants disclose.
' Ill did those mighty men to trust th
' their story,
' That hast forgot their names, who re:
' for their glory:
' For all their wond'rous cost, thou that h
' them so,
' What 'tis to trust to tombs, by thee v
' know.'
In these inventions thus whilst W
doth complain,
He interrupted is by that imperious (l) I
{ To hear two crystal floods to court h
apply
Themselves, which should be seen most
in her eye.
First, Willy boasts herself more wort
the other,
And better far deriv'd: as having to her
Fair (m) Selwood, and to bring up (n) l
her train;
Which, when the envious foil would fr
course restrain,
A mile creeps under earth, as flying all re
And how clear Nader waits attendance
court;
And therefore claims of right the Plair
hold her dear,
Which gives that town the name; whi
wife names the (o) shire.

(l) Salisbury Plain.
(m) A forest betwixt Wiltshire and Somersetshire.
(n) Of diving under the earth.
(o) Wilton of Willy, and Wiltshire of Wilton.

The Eastern Avon vaunts, and doth upon
her take
To be the only child of shadeſul (p) Savernake,
As Ambray's ancient flood; herſelf and to en-
ſtile
The Stonendge's beſt-lov'd, firſt wonder of
the iſle;
And what (in her behoof) might any want ſupply,
ſhe vaunts the goodly ſeat of famous Sal'ſbury;
Where meeting pretty Bourne, with many a
kind embrace,
Betwixt their cryſtal arms they clip that loved
place.

Report, as lately rais'd, unto theſe rivers came,
; That Bath's clear Avon (waxt imperious
through her fame)

Their dalliance ſhould deride; and that by her
diſdain,

ſome other ſmaller brooks, belonging to the
Plain,

A queſtion ſeem'd to make, whereas the ſhire
ſent forth

Two Avons, which ſhould be the flood of great-
eſt worth;

This ſtream, which to the South the (q) Celtick
ſea doth get,

Or that which from the North ſaluteth Somerſet.

This when theſe rivers heard, that even but
lately ſtrove

Which beſt did love the Plain, or had the Plain's
beſt love,

They ſtraight themſelves combine: for Willy
wiſely weigh'd,

That ſhould her Avon loſe the day for want of
aid,

If one ſo great and near were overpreſt with
power,

The foe (ſhe being leſs) would quickly her
devour.

Aſtwo contentious kings, that on each little jar,
Defiances ſend forth, proclaiming open war,

Unto ſome other realm, that on their frontiers
lies,

Be hazard'd again by other enemies,
Do then betwixt themſelves to compoſition fall,

To countercheck that ſword, elſe like to con-
quer all:

So falls it with theſe floods, that deadly hate do
bear.

And whiſt on either part ſtrong preparations
were,

It greatly was ſuppos'd ſtrange ſtrife would there
have been,

Had not the goodly Plain (plac'd equally be-
tween)

Fore-warn'd them to deſiſt, and of their pur-
poſe brake;

When in behalf of plains thus gloriously ſhe
ſpoke:

' (r) Away ye barb'rous woods; how ever ye
be plac'd

' On mountains, or on dales, or happily be
grac'd

' With floods, or marſhy (s) fells, with paſture,
' or with earth

' By nature made to till, that by the yearly birth

' The large-bay'd barn doth fill, yea though the
' fruitfull'ſt ground.

' For, in reſpect of Plains, what pleaſure can be
' found

' In dark and ſleepy ſhades? where miſts and
' rotten fogs

' Hang in the gloomy thicks, and make unſted-
' faſt bogs,

' By dropping from the boughs, the o'er-grown
' trees among,

' With caterpillars kells, and duſky cobwebs
' hong.

' The deadly ſcreech-owl ſits, in gloomy co-
' vert hid:

' Whereas the ſmooth-brow'd Plain, as liberally
' doth bid:

' The lark to leave her bow'r, and on her trem-
' ling wing

' In climbing up tow'rd heaven, her high-pitcht
' hymns to ſing

' Unto the ſpringing day; when 'gainſt the Sun's
' ariſe

' The early dawning ſtrews the goodly eaſtern ſkies

' With roſes every where: who ſcarcely liſts
' his head

' To view this upper world, but he his beams
' doth ſpread

' Upon the goodly Plains; yet at his noonſted's
' height,

' Doth ſcarcely pierce the brake with his far-
' ſhooting ſight.

' The gentle ſhepherds here ſurvey their gent-
' ler ſheep:

' Amongſt the buſhy woods luxurious Satyrs
' keep.

' To theſe brave ſports of field, who with deſire
' is won,

' To ſee his grey-hound courſe, his horſe (in
' diet) run,

' His deep-mouth'd hound to hunt, his long-
' wing'd hawk to fly,

' To theſe moſt noble ſports his mind who doth
' apply,

' Reforts unto the plains. And not a ſoughten
' Where kingdoms rights have lain upon the

' ſpear and ſhield,

' But plains have been the place; and all thoſe
' trophies high,

' That ancient times have rear'd to noble me-
' mory: [ſlain

' As, Stonendge, that to tell the Britiſh Princes
' By thoſe falſe Saxons fraud, here ever ſhall re-
' main.

(p) A forest in Wiltshire.

(q) The French ſea.

(r) The Plain of Salisbury's ſpeech in defence of all
Plains.

(s) Boggy places. A word frequent in Lancaſhire.

' It was upon the Plain of Mamre (to the same
 ' Of me and al. our kind) whereas the Angels
 ' came
 ' To Abraham in his tent, and there with him
 ' did feed;
 ' To Sara his dear wife then promising the seed,
 ' By whom all nations should so highly honour'd be.
 ' In which the Son of God they in the flesh
 ' should see.
 ' But Forests, to your plague there soon will
 ' come an age,
 ' In which all damned sins most vehemently
 ' shall rage
 ' An age! what have I said? nay ages there shall
 ' rise,
 ' So senseless of the good of their posterities,
 ' That of your greatest groves they scarce shall
 ' leave a tree
 ' (By which the harmless deer may after shelter'd
 ' be)
 ' Their luxury and pride but only to maintain,
 ' And for your long excess shall turn ye all to
 ' pain.'

Thus ending; though some hills themselves
 that do apply
 To please the goodly Plain, still standing in her
 eye,
 Did much applaud her speech (as *(s)* Haradon,
 whose head
 Old Ambry still doth awe, and Bagden from his
 bed,
 Surveying of the flies, whose likings do allure
 Both Ouldby and Saint Ann; and they again
 procure
 Mount Marting-fall: and he those hills that
 stand aloof,
 Those brothers Barbury and Badbury, whose
 proof
 Adds much unto her praise) yet in most high
 disdain
 The Forests take her words, and swear the prat-
 ing Plain
 Grown old, began to doat: and Savernake so
 much
 Is galled with her taunts (whom they so nearly
 touch)
 That she in spiteful terms defies her to her face:
 And Alburn with the rest, though being but a
 Chase,
 At worse than nought her sets: but Bradon
 all afloat
 When it was told to her, set open such a throat,
 That all the country rang. She calls her barren
 jade,
 Base quean, and rivell'd witch, and wish'd she
 could be made
 But worthy of her hate (which most of all her
 grieves)
 The basest beggar's bawd, a harbourer of thieves.
 Then Peasam, and with her old Blackmore
 (not behind)
 Do wish that from the seas some sultry Southern
 wind,

C. Divers hills near and about Salisbury Plain.

The foul infectious damps and poison'd airs
 would sweep,
 And pour them on the Plain, to rot her and her
 sheep.

But whilst the sportive Muse delights her with
 these things,
 She strangely taken is with those delicious springs
 Of Kennet rising here, and of the nobler stream
 Of Isis, setting forth upon her way to Tame,
 § By Greeklade; whose great name yet vaunts
 that learned tongue,

Where to great Britain first the sacred Muses
 song;

Which first were seated here, at Isis' bounteous
 head,

As telling that her fame should through the world
 be spread;

And tempted by this flood, to Oxford after
 came,

There likewise to delight her bridegroom, lovely
 Tame:

Whose beauty when they saw, so much they
 did adore,

That Greeklade they forsook, and would go back
 no more.

Then Bradon gently brings forth Avon from
 her source:

Which Southward making soon in her most
 quiet course,

Receives the gentle Calne: when on her rising
 side,

First Blackmoor crowns her bank, as Peasam
 with her pride

Sets out her murmuring shoals, till (turning to
 the West)

Her, Somerset receives, with all the bounties
 blest

That nature can produce in that Bathonian spring,
 Which from the sulph'ry mines her medicinal
 force doth bring;

As physic hath found out by colour, taste, and
 smell,

Which taught the world at first the virtue of that
 What quickliest it could cure: which men of
 knowledge drew

From that first mineral cause: but some that
 little knew

(Yet felt the great effects continually it wrought)
 § Ascrib'd it to that skill, which Bladud hither
 brought,

As by that learned king the Baths should be be-
 gun:

' Not from the quick'ned mine by the begetting
 Giving that natural pow'r, which by the vig'rous
 sweat,

Doth lend the lively springs their perdurable heat
 In passing through the veins, where matter doth
 not need;

Which in that minnerous earth insup'rably doth
 breed:

So nature hath purvey'd, that during all her reign
 The Baths their native power for ever shall retain:

Where time that city built, which to her greater
 fame,

Preserving of that spring, participates her name;

Preserving of that spring, participates her name;

c tutelage whereof (as those past worlds did please)
 ne to (u) Minerva gave, and some to Hercules:
 and Phœbus' loved spring, in whose diurnal course,
 When on this point of earth he bends his greatest force,
 his so strong approach, provokes her to desire,
 ag with the kindly rage of love's impatient fire:
 [birth]
 ich boiling in her womb, projects (as to a h marter as she takes from the gross humourous earth;
 l purg'd of dregs and slime, and her complexion clear,
 smileth on the light, and looks with mirthful cheer.
 Then came the lusty Froom, the first of floods that met
 Avon ent'ring into fruitful Somerset,
 h her attending brooks; and her to Bath doth bring,
 ch honour'd by that place, Minerva's sacred spring.
 noble Avon, next, clear Chute as kindly came,
 (u) Bristol her to bear, the fairest seat of fame:
 entertain this flood, as great a mind that hath,
 l striving in that kind far to excel the Bath.
 when some wealthy Lord prepares to entertain
 an of high account, and feast his gallant train;
 him that did the like, doth seriously inquire
 diet, his device, his service, his attire;
 a varying every thing (exempl'd by his store)
 every way may pass what th' other did before:
 n so this city doth; the prospect of which place
 her fair building adds an admirable grace;
 B fashion'd as the best, and with a double wall,
 brave as any town; but yet excelling all
 easement, that to health is requisite and meet;
 : piled shores, to keep her delicate and sweet:
 eto, she hath her tides; that when she is oppress'd
 th heat or drought, still pour their floods upon
 her breast.
 To Mendip then the Muse upon the South inclines,
 ich is the only store and coffer of her mines;
 where the fields and meads their sundry trafficks suit;
 e forests yield her wood, the orchards give
 her fruit.
 in some rich man's house his several charges lie,
 ere stands his wardrobe, here remains his treasury;

r. Minerva and Hercules, the protectors of these towns.
 z. The delicacies of Bristol.

His large provision there, of fish, of fowl, and neat,
 His cellars for his wines, his larders for his meat;
 There banquet-houses, walks for pleasure; here again
 Cribs, grainers, stables, barns, the other to maintain:
 So this rich country hath itself what may suffice,
 Or that which through exchange a smaller want supplies,
 Yet Ochy's dreadful (y) hole still held herself disgrac'd,
 § With th' wonders of this isle that she should not be plac'd;
 But that which vext her most, was, that the (z) Peakish cave
 Before her darksome self such dignity should have;
 And (a) th' Wyches for their salts such state on them should take;
 Or Cheshire should prefer her sad (b) death-boding-lake;
 And Stonedge in the world should get such high respect,
 Which imitating art but idly did erect:
 And that among the rest, the vain inconstant (c) Dee,
 By changing of his fords, for one should reckon'd be;
 As of another sort, wood turn'd to (d) stone; among
 Th' anatomized (e) fish, and fowls from (f) planchers sprung:
 And on the Cambrian side those strange and wond'rous (g) springs
 Our (b) beasts that seldom drink; a thousand other things
 Which Ochy inly vext, that they to fame should mount,
 And greatly griev'd her friends for her so small account;
 That there was scarcely rock or river, marsh or That held not Ochy's wrongs (for all held Ochy's wrongs)
 § In great and high disdain. and Froom for her disgrace
 Since scarcely ever wash'd the coalseck from her face;
 But (melancholy grown) to Avon gets a path,
 Through sickness forc'd to seek for cure unto the Bath:
 § And Chedder, for mere grief his teen he could not wreak,
 Gush'd forth so forceful streams, that he was like to break

- (y) A catalogue of the many wonders of this land.
 (a) The Devil's arse.
 (d) The salt wells in Cheshire.
 (b) Bruerton's pond.
 (c) A river by Westchester.
 (d) By sundry soils of Britain.
 (e) Our Pikes ript and forc'd up, five.
 (f) Barnacles, a bird breeding upon old ships.
 (g) Wondrous springs in Wales.
 (b) Sheep.

The greater banks of Ar, as from his mother's
cave,
He wander'd towards the sea; for madness who
doth rave
At his dread mother's wrong; but who so woe
begun

For Ochy, as the isle of antient Avalon?
Who having in herself as inward cause of grief,
Neglecteth yet her own, to give her friend re-
lief;

The other so again for her doth sorrow make,
And in the isle's behalf the dreadful cavern spake:

' O three times famous isle, where is that
' place that might
' Be with thyself compar'd for glory and delight,
' Whilst Glasfenbury stood? exalted to that
' pride,

' Whose monastery seem'd all other to deride:
' O who thy ruin sees, whom wonder doth not
' fill

With our great fathers pomp, devotion and
' their skill?

' Thou more than mortal power (this judgment
' rightly weigh'd)

' Then present to assist, at that foundation
' lay'd;

' On whom for this sad waste, should justice lay
' the crime?

' Is there a power in fate, or doth it yield to
' time?

' Or was their error such, that thou could'st
' not protect

' Those buildings which thy hand did with their
' zeal erect?

' To whom didst thou commit that monument
' to keep,

' That suffereth with the dead their memory to
' sleep?

' { When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy
' (i) Joseph's grave,

' From sacrilege had power their sacred bones
' to save;

' He who that God in man to his sepulchre
' brought,

' Or he which for the faith twelve famous
' battles fought.

' What! did so many kings do honour to that
' place,

' For avarice at last so vilely to deface?

' For reverence, to that seat which had ascribed
' been,

' (i) Trees yet in winter bloom, and bear their
' summer's green.'

This said, she many a sigh from her full
stomach cast,

Which issued through her breast in many a
boist'rous blast;

And with such floods of tears her sorrows doth
condole,

As into rivers turn within that darksome hole.

Like sorrow for herself, this goodly life deli-
try;

{ Embrac'd by Selwood's son, her flood the
lovely Bry,

On whom the fates bestow'd (when he conceiv-
ed was)

He should be much below'd of many a dainty
lady;

Who gives all leave to like, yet of them think
none,

But his affection sets on beauteous Avalon;
Though many a plump-thigh'd moor, and fat-
flank'd marsh do prove

To force his chaste desires, so dainty of his love.
First (i) Sedgmore shows this flood, her before
all unbrac'd,

And casts her wanton arms about his slender
waist:

Her lover to obtain, so amorous Andry seeks:
And Gedney softly steals sweet kisses from his
cheeks.

One takes him by the hand, intrusting him to
stay;

Another plucks him back, when he would fain
But, having caught at length, whom long he
did pursue,

Is so intranc'd with love, her goodly parts to
view,

That all'ring quite his shape, to her he dath
appear,

And casts his crystal self into an ample mirror;
But for his greater growth whom needs he must
depart,

And forc'd to leave his love (though with a
heavy heart)

As he his back doth turn, and is departing out,
The batt'ning marshy Brent environs him about;

But loathing her embrace, away in haste he sings,
And in the Severn sea surrounds his pleasant
spring.

But, dallying in this place so long, why dost
thou dwell,

So many sundry things here having yet to tell?
Occasion calls the Muse her pinions to prepare.

Which (striking with the wind the vast and
open air)

Now in the fenny heaths, then in the champagne
roves,

Now measures out this plain, and then surveys
those groves;

The batful pastures fenc'd, and moist with quick-
set mound,

The sundry sorts of soil, diversity of ground;
Where plow-men cleanse the earth of rubbish,

weed and filth,
And give the fallow lands their seasons and their
tilth;

Where best for breeding horse, where cattle sit
to keep,

Which good for bearing corn, which pasturing
for sheep:

(i) Joseph of Arimathea.

(i) The wondrous tree at Glasfenbury.

(i) Fruitful moors upon the banks of the Bry.

The lean and hungry earth, the fat and marly mould,
Where sands be always hot, and where the clays be cold;
Where plenty where they waste, some others toucht with want;
Here set, and there they sow; here prune and there they plant

As Wiltshire is a place best pleas'd with that resort,
Which spend away the time continually in sport;
So Somerset herself to profit doth apply,
As given all to gain, and thriving housewifery.
For, whereas in a land one doth consume and waste,

'Tis fit another be to gather in as fast:
This liketh moory plots, delights in sedge bow-ers,

The grassy garlands loves, and oft attir'd with
Of rank and mellow gleebe; a sward as soft as wool,

With her complexion strong, her belly plump and
Thus whilst the active Muse strains out these various things,

Clear Parret makes approach, with all those
plenteous springs

Her fruitful banks that bless; by whose monarch-
al sway

she fortifies herself against that mighty day,
Wherein her utmost power she should be forc'd
to try:

For, from the Druids time there was a prophecy,
That there should come a day (which now was
near at hand

By all fore-running signs) that on the Eastern
strand,

¶ (a) Parret stood not fast upon the English side,
They all should be suppress'd: and by the British
pride

in coming over-come; for why, impartial Fate
(Yet constant always to the Britons crazed
state)

Perad they yet should fall; by whom she meant
to shew

How much the present age, and after-times
should owe

Unto the line of Brute. Clear Parret therefore
prest

Her tributary streams, and wholly her address
Against the antient foe; first, calling to her aid
Two rivers of one (a) name, which seem as though
they stay'd

Their empress as she went, her either hand that
take:

The first upon the right, as from her source,
doth make

Large Muchelney an isle, and unto Ivel lends
Her hardly-rendred name: That on her left de-
scends

From Neroch's neighbouring woods; which of
that forest born,

Her rival's profer'd grace opprobriously doth
corn.

(a) A supposed prophecy upon Parret.

(b) Ivel: from which the town Ivel is denominated.

She by her wand'ring course doth Athelney in-
isle,

And for the greater state, herself she doth infile
§ The nearest neighbouring flood to Arthur's
ancient seat,

Which made the Britons name through all the
world so great.

Like Camelot, what place was ever yet renown'd?
Where, as at Caerleon oft, he kept the table
round,

Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,
From whence all knightly deeds, and brave at-
chievements sprang,

As some soft-sliding rill, which from a lesser
head

(Yet in his going forth, by many a fountain fed)
Extends itself at length unto a goodly stream:

So, almost through the world his fame flew from
this realm;

That justly I may charge those ancient Bards of
wrong,

So idly to neglect his glory in their song:
For some abundant brain, oh there had been a
story

Beyond the (a) blind-man's might to have in-
hanc'd our glory.

Tow'rs the Sabrinian sea then Parret setting
on,

To her attendance next comes in the beauteous
Crown'd with embroider'd banks, and gorgeously
array'd,

With all the enamell'd flowers of many a goodly
In orchards richly clad, whose proud aspiring
boughs

Even of the tallest woods do scorn a jot to lose,
Though Selwood's mighty self and Neroch stand-
ing by;

The sweeten'd of her soil through every coast
doth fly.

What ear so empty is, that hath not heard the
sound

Of Taunton's fruitful (p) Dean? not match'd by
any ground:

By (g) Athelney ador'd, a neighbourer to her
land:

Whereas those higher hills to view fair Tone
that stand,

Her coadjuting springs with much content be-
hold,

Where seaward Quantock stands, as Neptune he
control'd,

And black down inland born, a mountain and a
As though he stood to look about the country
round:

But Parret as a prince, attended here the while,
Inrich'd with every moor, and every inland isle,
Upon her taketh state, well forward tow'rs her
fall:

Whom lastly yet to grace, and not the least of all,
Comes in the lively Carr, a nymph most lovely
clear,

From Somerton sent down, the sovereign of the
shire:

(a) Homer.

(p) One of the fruitful places of this land.

(g) Interpreted the noble isle.

Which makes our Parret proud. And wallowing
in excess,
Whilst like a Prince she vaunts amid the watry
profes,

The breathless Muse a while her wearied wings
shall ease,
To get her strength to stem the rough Sabrinian
scas.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

DISCONTINUING her first course, the Muse returns to Somerset and Wiltshire, which lie betwixt the Severn and Hantshire; as the song here joins them :

*From Sarum thus we set, remov'd from whence it
flood.*

Old Salisbury seated North-east from the now famous Salisbury some miles distant, about Richard Cœur de Lion's time had her name and inhabitants hither translated, upon the meeting of Avon and Aderborn; where not long after she enjoy'd, among others that glorious title of admiration for her sumptuous church-buildings. Of that, one of my authors thus :

† *In the year of grace
Twelf hundred and to and twentieth, in the waire place
Of the noble munstre of Salefburi bi leide the beiste
stone,
That me not in Christendom vaivore work non.
Ther was Pandulf the Legat, and as beyt of echon,
He leide vice the veyste stones : as vor the Pope put
on,
The other vorare (a) yonge king, the thriddle as
me fye
Ber the gods Erle of Salisburi, William (b) the
Longspei,
The writt ber the Cont-fre, the vifte be leide the
Ber the (c) Bishop of Salefburi, and be ne leide na
me.*

This work then began, was by Robert of Bingham, next succeeding bishop to that excellency, prosecuted.

*Hadst worthily obtain'd that stonehenge there should
stand.*

Upon Salisbury plain, stones of huge weight and greatness, some in the earth pitch, and in form erected, as it were circular; others lying cross over them, as if their own poise did no less than their supporters give them that proper place, have this name of Stone-henge;

*But so confus'd, that neither any eye
Can count them just, nor reason reason try,
What force brought them to so unlikely ground.*

As the noble (d) Sidney of them.

No man knows, faith (e) Huntingdon (making them the first wonder of this land, as the author doth) how, or why they came here. The cause thus take from the British story: Hengiſt under colour of a friendly treaty with Vortigern at Amesbury, his falsehood's watchword to his Saxons (provided there privily with long knives) being (f) *Nimew your faxes*, there traiterously slew ed. ix. noble Britons, and kept the king prisoner. Some thirty years after K. Ambrase (to honour with one monument the name of so many murder'd worthies) by help of Uterpendragon's forces and Merlin's magick, got them transported from off a plain (others say a hill) near (g) Naas in Kildare in Ireland, hither, to remain as a trophy, not of victory, but of wronged innocency. This Merlin persuaded the King that they were medicinal, and first brought out of the utmost parts of Afrique by giants, which thence came to inhabit Ireland. (h) *Non of di lapie qui medicamento caret*, as in Merlin's person Geoffrey of Monmouth speaks; whose authority in this treacherous slaughter of the Britons, I respect not so much as Nennius, Malmesbury, Sigebert, Matthew of Westminster, and others, who report it as I deliver. Whether they be

† Rob. Gloucester.

(a) Hen. III.

(b) Willielm de Longa spatha.

(c) Richard Poor.

(d) In his Sonnets.

(e) Hister. lib. I.

(f) i. e. Take your fwords.

(g) Girald. Cambrensis Topograph. Hib. dist. 2. cap. 18. Chorea gigantum.

(h) Not one of the stones but is good for somewhat in physic.

solid, or with cement artificially com-
will not dispute. Although the last be-
redit; yet I would, with our late histo-
re, believe the first sooner, than that
ship was by Neptune turn'd into one
it is in the *Odyſſey*, and that the
King Amafis had a house cut out in
le (which, by Herodotus's description,
after the workmanship have less con-
civ. civ. ccc. xciv. solid cubits, if my
fail me not) or that which the Jews
t ashamed to affirm of a stone, with
ig Og at one throw from his head pur-
ave crushed all the Israelites, had not a
rangely peck'd such a hole through it,
l on his shoulders, and by miracle his
h suddenly extended, kept it there fast
on. It is possible they may be of some
y dust as that of Puzzolo, and by *Ætna*,
into the water turns stony, as Pliny
o of them and other like remembrers.
ertain I find it reported, (4) that in
n upon Snowdon hills is a stone (which
ly, somewhat more than sixty years
d itself out of a lake at the hill's foot)
a large house in greatness, and sup-
moveable by a thousand yoke of oxen.
orm of bringing them, your opinion
freedom. That great one which Her-
wondered at for the carriage was but
oad, which he left for a monument in
Italy: and except Geoffrey of Mon-
th some which follow him, scarce any
eak of it, nor Nennius, nor Malmesbu-
it living somewhat near the supposed

the Mercian rule and the West-Saxons reign.

s our antiquary and light of this king-
to be a limit of those two ancient
etime divided by Avon, which falls
1, Wanſdike crossing the shire west-
the plain was first cast up. Woden-
ld name, is supposed from Woden; of
not greater) esteem to the Saxons, than
elops, Cadmus, and other such to their
but so, that, I guess, it went but for
est God Mercury (he is called rather
om Win, that is, gain, by (a) Lipsius)
nan and English antiquities discover.
ikely, when this limit was made, that
of him, being by name president of
by his office of heraldship *Pacifex*, i. e.
r, as an old stamp titles him, they cal-
kensklike; as not only the Greeks (c)

had their *Εἰμαὶ δένδριον ὑψηλὸν ἀργύρεον* (statues erect-
ed) for limits and direction of ways, and the Lat-
tins their *Terminus*, but the ancient Jews also,
as upon interpretation of כֶּסֶף נֶחֶם (p) in the
Proverbs, i. e. into an heap of Mercury (in the
vulgar) for a heap of stones in that sense, Goropius
in his hieroglyphics affirms, somewhat boldly de-
riving Mercury from *Mere*, which signifies a li-
mit in his and our tongue, and so fits this place in
name and nature. *Stonhenge* and it not impro-
perly contend, being several works of two severa
nations anciently hateful to each other; Britons
and Saxons.

To bear two crystal floods to court her, which apply.

Williborne (by the old name the author calls
her Willy) derived from near Selwood by War-
minster, with her creekly passage crossing to Wil-
ton, naming both that town and the shire, and
on the other side Avon taking her course out of
Savernak by Marlborough through the shire
southward, washing Ambresbury and the Salisbu-
ries (new Salisbury being her episcopal city) both
watering the plain, and furnished with these rea-
sons, are fitly thus personated, striving to endear
themselves in her love: and prosecuting this fic-
tion, the Muse thus adds:

*How that Bath's Avon wax'd imperious through her
fame.*

Divers rivers of that name have we; but two
of eminent note in Wiltshire: one is next before
shewed you, which falls through Dorset into the
ocean; the other here mentioned hath her head
in the edge of Gloucester: and with her snaky
course visiting Malmesbury, Chippenham, Brad-
ford, and divers towns of slight note, turns into
Somerset, passes Bath, and casts herself into the
Severn at Bristol. This compendious contention
(whose proportionate example is a special eleg-
gancy for the expressing of diversity, as in the
pastorals of Theocritus and Virgil) is aptly con-
cluded with that point of ancient politic (f) ob-
servation, that "Outward common fear is the
" surest band of friendship."

*To Grecklade, whose great name yet vaunts that
learned tongue.*

The history of Oxford in the professors book,
and certain old verses, (g) kept somewhere in this
tract, affirm, that with Brute came hither certain
Greek philosophers, from whose name and pro-
fession here it was thus called, and as an univer-

l Munster. ad Deuter. 3. If among
be a whetstone, let the Jew have it.
d ad lib. 2. cap. 9. Girald. itinerarij.
ot. *argi fuisse anserp.*
Ætna.
Germ. Tacit. Woden or Wöden.
III.

(a) *Irmunfull*. Sax. Mercury. Adam Bremenf.
cap. 5. And hence Irmungstreat. Pausan. *Æpius*,
& Theocrit. *id. xg.*

(p) Proverb. 26. v. 8.

(f) In Thucyd. & Liv.

(g) Leland. ad cyg. cant. in *Isle*.

sity afterward translated to Oxford (upon like notation a company retiring to (r) Lechlade in this shire, gave that its title, as J. Rous adds in his story to Henry VII.) But Godwin and a very old Anonymus cited by Br. Twine, refer it to Theodore of Tarsus in Cilicia (made archbishop of Canterbury by Pope Vitalian under Egbert king of Kent) very skilful in both tongues, and an extraordinary restorer of learning to the English Saxons. That he had (among other) Greek schools, is certain by Bede's affirmation, that some of his scholars understood both Greek and Latin as their mother language. Richard of the Vies (s) will that Penda, king of Mercland, first deduced a colony of Cambridge men hither, and calls it Crekelade, as other Kirkclade with variety of names; but I suspect all; as well for omission of it in the best authorities, as also that the name is so different in itself. Grecolade was never honoured with Greek schools, as the ignorant multitude think, saith (t) Leland, affirming it should be rather Creclade, Lechelade, or Lathlade. Nor methinks (of all) stands it with the British story, making the tongue then a kind of Greek (a matter, that way reasonable enough, seeing it is questionless that colonies anciently derived out of the western Asia, Peloponnesus, Hellas, and those continents into the coast whence Brute came, transported the Greek with them) that profession of Grecians should make this so particular a name.

Ascrib'd to that high skill which learned Bladud brought.

You are now in Somersetshire. I doubt not but the true cause is that, which is ordinary of other hot springs; not the sun's heat (saving the author's opinion, which hath warrant enough in others) or agitation of wind, as some will; but either passage through metallic, bituminous, and sulphurous veins, or rather a real subterranean fire, as (u) Empedocles first thought, and with most witty arguments (according to the poetical conceit of Typhon (x), buried in Prochyta; whereto Strabo refers the best baths in Italy (my learned and kind friend Mr. Lydiat, that accurate chronologer, in his ingenious philosophy, hath lately disputed. But, as the author tells you, some British vanity imputes it to Bladud's art, which in a very ancient fragment of rhimes (y) I found express: and if you can endure the language and fiction, you may read it, and then laugh at it.

*Two tunne there beth of bras,
And other two imaked of glas.
Seve seats there buth inne.
And other thing imaked with ginne:
Quick brimston in them alle,
With wild ber maketh thereto:
Sal gemmæ, and sal petræ,
Sal armonack there is she,
Sal albrod and sal alkine,
Sal gemmæ is minged with him.
Sal comin and sal almetre bright,
That burneth both day and night.
All this is in the tunne ido,
And other things many mo,
And burneth both night and day,
That never quench it ne may.
(i) In our wellsprings the tunnes liggeth,
As the philosophers us foggeth,
The hete within, the colder without,
Maketh it hot at about.
The two wellsprings earneth mere,
And the other two beth inner clere.
There is maketh full twis
That kings bath iclupid is.
The rich King Bladud
The king's son Lud,
And when he maketh that bath bot,
And if him failed ought,
Of that bath should thereto,
Derkeneth what he would do,
From Bath to London he would see,
And thulke day selfe againe bee,
And fetch that thereto bivel.
He was quicke and swift fell
Tho the master was ded
And is soule mind to the ded,
For God ne was not yett ybore,
For deth suffred him bicore.*

I will as soon believe all this, as that Devi or Julius (a) Cæsar (who never saw it) was author of it, or that he made Know the Bath. They are not wanting who durst say so.

When on this point of earth he bends his gress

From eight in the morning till three (which time the sun beams make their angles of incidence) it purges itself (as of unclean excrements, nor then do any of which the Muse here expresses in a servery pathy of love betwixt the water and the more properly, because it had the (b) *Aque Solis*.

(r) i. e. The Physicians lake.

(s) Apud Cai de antiq. Cantabrig. lib. 2. & Cod. Nig. Cantabr. apud aut. assert. antiq. Oxon.

(t) Ad Cyg. Cant. in Iside & Isid. vad. Curvus Græcus sermo Britannicus. Galfred. Monumeth. lib. 1.

(u) Scencc. Natural. quæst. lib. 3. cap. 24.

(x) Pyndar. Pyth. a.

(y) Ex antiq. sebed.

(i) See the author's eighth song.

(z) Bal. cert. 1.

(a) Malmesbury, lib. 2. Pontific.

(b) Antoninus in itinerario.

*It wonders of the life that she should not be
in'd.*

key-hole (so called in my conceit, from which is the same with *pic*, signifying a creek passage) in Mendip hills by her spacious vaults, stony walls, creep-inths, unimaginable cause of posture, in, and her neighbours report (all which ual her to that Grotto de la (e) Sibylla in mine of Marca Anconitana, and the ag of little Daniel) might well wonder of place among her country wonders. seems to increase Samuel Beaulan upon reckons thirteen by that name, but and false reports (as that of the Beth to and told, according to the desire of washes) and in some the author of Poon follows him; neither speaking of the last, and Henry of Huntingdon, sly four remarkable; the Peake, Stowhedder-hole, and a hill out of which it at wonder of human excellence, Sir Phil- r, to fit his sonnet, makes six; and to fit ber, conceitedly adds a froward; but y, for the seventh. And the author here the chiefest.

*that From, for her disgrace,
aready over wash'd the conffash from her face.*

f Mendip hills Froom springeth, and the coal pits after a short course cast-ns upward to Bath's Avon. The fiction smear'd face happens the better, in that after our old mother language, signifies hat paradoxal Becanus (f), in exposition yptian Pyromis in Herodotus, (g) would on teach us.

*adder, for more grief his teen he could not
weak.*

Azbridge, Chedder-cliffs, rocky and vault-ontinual distilling, is the fountain of a stream (driving twelve mills within a arter of its head) which runs into Ax de- of Wockey.

at great Arthur's tomb, nor holy Joseph's grave.

the second in his expedition towards entertained by the way in Wales with songs, wherein he heard it affirmed that bury (made almost an isle by the river's ments) Arthur was buried betwixt two ave commandment to Henry of Blois ot, to make search for the corps: which

was found in a wooden coffin (Girald. faith oaken, Leland thinks alder) some sixteen foot deep; but after they had digged nine foot, they (b) found a stone on whose lower side was fixt a leaden cross (crosses fixt upon the tombs of old christians were in all places ordinary) with his name inscribed; and the letter side of it turned to the stone. He was then honoured with a sumptuous monument; and afterward the skulls of him and his wife Guinever were taken out (to remain as separate relics and spectacles) by Edward Longshanks and Eleanor. Of this, Girald; Leland, Pile, divers others (although Polydore make slight of it) have more copious testimony. The Birds songs propose, that after the battle of Camlan in Cernwal; where traitorous Mordred was slain, and Arthur wounded; Morgan le Fay, a great Elfin lady (supposed his near kinswoman) conveyed the body hither to cure it; which done, Arthur is to return (yet expected) to the rule of his country: Read these attributed to the best (i) of the Bards, expressing as much:

*Morgain fufcepit honore,
Inque fide thelamti pofuit fuper aurea regem
Fulcra, manaque fide detexit valnus bonellâ
Infpexitque dixit: tandemque redire falutem.
Poffe fide dixit, fi fecum tempore longo
Effet, ut ipfius vellet medicamine fangu.*

Englified in metre for me thus by the author:

*Morgain with honour took,
And in a chair of fiate doth caufe him to re-
pofe;
Then with a modeft hand his wounds ſhe doth
unclofe:
And having ſearch'd them well, ſhe bade him
not to doubt,
He ſhould in time be cur'd, if he would ſtay
it out,
And would the med'cine take that ſhe to him
would give.*

The ſame alfo in effect, an excellent (k) poet of his time thus ſinging it:

*He is a king crowned in Fairie,
With ſcepter and ſword and with his regally
Shall reſort as lord and ſovereigne
But of Fairie, and reigne in Britaine:
And repaire again (l) the Round Table.
My prophely Merlin ſet the date,
Among princes king incomparable,
His ſeat againe to Carolin to tranſlate,
The Parchas ſuſtren ſpoune ſo his fate,*

r, Ochy.

at. Rhenan. lib. 2. rer. Germanic.
telius theat. mundi.
lerma then. lib. 5.
uterge.

(b) Chronicon. Glaſconienſ.

(i) Talieſſin. ap. Priſ. deſenſ. hiſt. Brit.

(k) Dan Lidgat. lib. 8. verſ. Boccat. cap. 24.

(l) Næniaſ ad haſ reſert Alanus de Inſulis illud
Merlini vaticinium. Exitus ejus dubius erit.

*His (m) epitaph recordeth so certain
Here lieth K. Arthur that shall raigne againe.*

Worthily famous was the Abbey also from Joseph of Arimathea (that (a) *Ευαγγέλιον βελονης*, as S. Mark calls him) here buried, which gives proof of Christianity in the isle before our Lucius. Hence in a charter of liberties by Hen. II. to the Abbey (made in presence of Heraclius Patriarch of Jerusalem, and others) I read, (c) *Olim à quibusdam mater sanctorum dicta est, aliis tumulis sanctorum, quam ab ipsis discipulis Domini edificatam, & ab ipso Domino dedicatam primò fuisse, venerabilis habet antiquarum auctoritas.* It goes for current truth that a hawthorn thereby on Christmas-day always blossometh; which the author tells you in that, *Trees yet in winter, &c.* You may cast this into the account of your greatest wonders.

Embrae' by Selwood's sin, her flood the lovely Bry.

Selwood sends forth Bry, which after a winding course from Bruton, (so called of the river)

through part of Sedgemoor, and Andremoe to Glastenbury, and almost inisles it; to Gedney-noor, and out of Brent-marsh vern.

The nearest neighbouring floods to Arthur's seat.

By South-cadbury is that Camelot; a mile compass at the top, four trenches content of it, within, about twenty acre ruins and reliques of old buildings. An man coins there found, and other works quiry, Stow speaks of a silver horse-shoe tged up in the memory of our fathers: (c) *ni* (saith Leland) *quod hic profundissimarum, quod hi: cetera terra valla? qua demum p: a'que ut paucis finiam, videtur mihi quidem es: tis & Natura miraculum.* An'ique reposit this one of Arthur's places of his Round the Muse here sings. But of this more in canto,

(m) *Hic jacet Arthurus rex quondam Rexque futurus.*

(a) Noble Counsellor.

(c) It was called the mother and tomb of the saints.

(p) The workmanship of the ditches, with strange steepness of them, makes it seem a of art and nature.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE FOURTH SONG,

The Argument,

England and Wales strive, in this song,
To whether Lundy doth belong :
When either's nymphs, to clear the doubt,
By music mean to try it out:
Of mighty Neptune leave they off :
Each one betakes her to her task.
The Britons, with the harp and crowd :
The English, both with still and loud.
The Britons chaunt king Arthur's glory :
The English sing their Saxons story.
The hills of Wales their weapons take,
And are an uproar like to make,
To keep the English part in awe.
There's heave and shove, and hold and draw ;
That Severn can them scarce divide,
Till judgment may the cause decide:

while in Sabrin's court strong factions
strangely grew,
strival for her own, and as her proper due;
Lundy, which was said to Cambria to
belong,
t had sought redress for that her ancient
wrong :
r inveterate foe, born-out by England's
might,
ys her weaker pow'r; that (now in
either's right)

As Severn finds no flood so great, nor poorly
mean,
But that the natural spring (her force which doth
(a) From this or that she takes; so from this
faction free
(Begun about this isle) not one was like to be.
This Lundy is a nymph to idle toys inclin'd;
And, all on pleasure set, doth wholly give her
mind

(a) From England or Wales.

To see upon her shores her fowl and conies fed,
 § And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.
 Of traffic or return she never taketh care;
 Not provident of pelf, as many islands are:

A lusty black-brow'd girl, with forehead broad
 and high,

That often had bewitcht the sea-gods with her eye.
 Of all the inland isles her sovereign Severn keeps,
 That bathe their amorous breasts within her
^{sewer deeps}

(To love (b) her Baxry much and Scilly though
 she seem,

The Flat-holm and the Steep as likewise to ef-
 teem)

This noblest British (c) nymph yet likes her
 Lundy best, [rest.

And to great Neptune's grace prefers before the
 Thus, (d) Cambria to her right that would
 herself restore,

And rather than to lose (e) Loëgia, looks for
 more.

The nymphs of either part, whom passion doth
 invade,

To trial straight will go, though Neptune should
 dissuade:

But of the weaker sex, the most part full of spleen,
 And only wanting strength to wreck their angry
 teen,

For skill their challenge make which every one
 profess,

And in the learned arts (of knowledges the best,
 And to th' heroic spirit most pleasing under sky)
 Sweet Music, rightly matcht with heavenly
 Poësy,

In which they all exceed: and in this kind alone
 They conquerors vow to be, or lastly overthrown.

Which when fair Sabrin saw (as she is won-
 d'rous wife)

And that it were in vain them better to advise,
 Sith this contention sprang from countries like

ally'd side,
 That she would not be found t'incline to either

To mighty Neptune sues to have his free con-
 sent

Due trial they might make; when he incontinent
 His Tritons sendeth out the challenge to pro-
 claim.

No sooner that divulg'd in his so dreadful
 name,

But such a shout was sent from every neigh-
 b'ring spring,

That the report was heard through all his court
 to ring:

And from the largest stream unto the lesser
 brook,

Them to this wond'rous task they seriously betook.
 They curl their ivory fronts; and not the smal-
 lest back

But with white pebbles makes her tawdrics for
 her neck;

b Certain little isles lying within Severn.

c Severn.

d Wales.

e England.

Lay forth their amorous breasts unto the public
 view, [blue;

Enameling the white with veins that were as
 Each moor, each marsh, each mead, preparing
 rich array

To set their rivers forth against this general day.
 'Mongst forests, hills, and floods, was ne'er such
 heave and shove

Since (f) Albion wielded arms against the son
 of Jove.

When as the English part, their courage to
 declare,

Them to th' appointed place immediately pre-
 pare.

A troop of stately nymphs proud Avon with her
 brings

(As she that hath the charge of wife (g) Min-
 erva's springs)

From Mendip tripping down, about the tinny
 mine.

And † Ax, no less employ'd about this great de-
 sign,

Leads forth a lusty rout; when † Bry, with all
 her throng (long)

(With very madens swoln, that she had said so
 Comes from the boggy mears and queachy fens
 below:

That † Parret (highly pleas'd to see the gallant
 show)

Set out with such a train as bore so great a sway,
 The full but scarcely serves to give her hugeness
 way.

Then the Devonian Taw, from Dertmore
 deckt with pearl, [girl

Unto the conflict comes: with her that gallant
 § Clear Towridge, whom they fear'd would

have estrang'd her fall: [all

Whose coming, lastly, bred such courage in them
 As drew down many a nymph from the Corn-
 bian shore,

That paints their goodly breasts with fundry sorts
 of ore.

The British, that this while had stood a view
 to take

What to her utmost pow'r the public foe could
 make,

But slightly weigh their strength; for, by her
 natural kind,

As still the Briton bears a brave and noble mind;
 So, trusting to their skill, and goodness of their
 cause,

For speedy trial call, and for indifferent laws.

At length, by both allow'd, it to this issue
 grew;

To make a likely choice of some most expert
 crew,

Whose number coming near unto the other's
 dow'r,

The English should not urge they were o'erborn
 by pow'r.

f Albion, Neptune's son, warred with Hercules

g The bathon.

† All these rivers you may see in the 3d book.

§ Yet ^{to lay,} ^{For that she hath commerce with England every day:} ^{§ Nor Rofs; for that too much she aliens doth respect:} ^{And following them, foregoes her ancient dialect.} ^{The (b) Venedotian floods, that ancient Britons were} ^{The mountains kept them back, and shut them in the rear:} ^{But Brecknock, long time known a country of much worth,} ^{Unto this conflict brings her goodly fountains forth:} ^{For almost not a brook of (i) Morgany, nor Gwent,} ^{But from her fruitful womb doth fetch their high descent,} ^{For Brecon, was a prince once fortunate and great} ^(Who dying, lent his name to that his nobler seat) ^{With (2) twice twelve daughters blest, by one and only wife:} ^{Whose for their beauties rare, and sanctity of life,} ^{To rivers were transform'd; whose pureness doth declare} ^{How excellent they were, by being what they are:} ^{Who dying virgins all, and rivers now by fate,} ^{To tell their former love to the unmarried state,} ^{To Severn shape their course, which now their form doth bear;} ^{For she was made a flood, a virgin as they were.} ^{And from the seas with fear they still do fly:} ^{So much they yet delight in maiden company.} ^{Then most renowned Wales, thou famous ancient place,} ^{Which still hath been the nurse of all the British race,} ^{Since nature thee denies that purple-cluster'd vine,} ^{Which others temples chafes with fragrant sparkling wine;} ^{And being now in hand to write thy glorious praise,} ^{Fill me a bowl of Meath, my working spirit to} ^{And e'er seven books have end, I'll strike so high a string,} ^{Thy Bards shall stand amaz'd with wonder,} ^{whilst I sing;} ^{§ That Taliesin, once which made the rivers dance,} ^{And in his rapture rais'd the mountains from their trance,} ^{Shall tremble at my verse, rebounding from the skies;} ^{Which like an earthquake shakes the tomb where-in he lies.}

(b) Floods of North Wales.

(i) Glamorgan and Monmouthshire.

(2) A supposed metamorphosis of Brecon's daughters.

First our triumphing Muse of sprightly Uik shall tell,
And what to every nymph attending her, befell:
Which Cray and Cymalus first for pages doth retain;
With whom the next in place comes in the tripping Brean;
With Iker; and with her comes Hodny fine and clear, [shire:
Of Brecknock best belov'd, the sovereign of the And Grony, at an inch, waits on her mistress' heels.
But entering (at the last) the Monumethian fields, Small Fidan, with Clelaugh, increase her goodly Menie, [geny.
Short Kobby, and the brook that chrifetheth Aber- With all her watry train, when now at last she came [name,
Unto that happy town which bears her (i) only Bright Birthin; with her friend fair Olwy, kindly meet her;
Which for her present haste, have scantely time to greet her; [gone:
But earnest on her way, she needly will be So much she longs to see the ancient Caerlon.
When Avon cometh in, than which amongst them all A finer is not found betwixt her head and fall.
Then Ebwith, and with her slides Srowy; which forelay [sea.
Her progress, and for Uik keep entrance to the When Munno, all this while, that (for her own behoof) [aloof,
From this their great recourse had strangely stood Made proud by Monmouth's name appointed her by fate,
Of all the rest herein observed spetial state. For once the bards foretold she should produce a (m) king
Which everlasting praise to her great name should bring;
Who by his conquering sword should all the land surprise,
Which 'twixt the (n) Penmenmaur and the (o) Pyrent lies
She therefore is allow'd her leisure; and by her They win the goodly Wye, whom strongly she doth stir [deny'd,
Her powerful help to lend, which else she had Because herself so oft to England she ally'd
But being by Munno made for Wales, away she goes. [throws
Which when a Throggy sees, herself she headlong Into the watry throng, with many another rill.
Repairing to the Welch, their number up to fill. That Remny, when she saw these gallant nymphs of Gwent,
On this appointed match were all so hotly bent, Where she of ancient time had parted, as a mound, The Monumethian fields and Olamorganian ground;

(i) Monmouth.

(m) Henry V. staid of Monmouth.

(n) A hill in Caernarvonshire.

(o) Hills dividing Spain and France.

Intreats the Taff along, as gray as any glafs;
With whom clear Cunnq comes, a luffy Cam-
brian las:

Then Elwy, and with her Ewenny holds her way,
And Ogmor, that would yet be there as soon as
they,

By Avon called in; when nimbler Neath anon
(To all the neighbouring nymphs for her rare
beauties known; [hath

Besides her double head, to help her stream that
Her handmaids, Melta sweet, clear Hepsey, and
Tragath)

From Brecknock forth doth break; then Dulas
and Cledaugh,

By (p) Morgany do drive her through her watry
(q) laugh;

With Tawy, taking part t'assist the Cambrian
power:

§ Then Lhu and Logor, given to strengthen
them by (r)ower.

'Mongst whom, some bards there were, that in
their sacred rage

Recorded the descents, and acts of every age.

Some with their nimbler joints that struck the
warbling string;

In fingering some unskill'd, but only us'd to sing
Unto the others harp; of which you both might
find

Great plenty, and of both excelling in their kind,

§ That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's
praise,

Had won the silver harp, and worn Apollo's bays;
Whose verses they deduc'd from those first golden
times,

Of sundry sorts of feet, and sundry suits of rhimes.

1. (r) Englin's some there were, that on their
subject strain;

Some makers that again affect the loftier vein,
Rehearse their high conceits in Cowiths; other-
some

In Owdells theirs exprefs, as matters haps to come;
So varying still their moods, observing yet in all
Their quantities, their rests, their ceasures me-
trical;

For to that sacred skill they most themselves apply;
Addicted from their births so much to poësy,

That in the mountains those who scarce have seen
a book,

Most skilfully will (s) make, as though from art
they took.

And as Loëgria spares not any thing of worth,
That any way might set her goodly rivers forth;
As stones by nature cut from the Cornubian
strand:

Her Dertmore sends them pearl; Rock-vincent,
diamond:

So Cambria, of her nymphs especial care will have;
For Conway sends them pearl to make them
wond'rous brave:

(p) Glamorgan.

(q) A kind of trench.

(r) Englin, Ewib, and La'ech, British forms or verses.

See the illustrations.

(s) A word, used by the ancients, signifying to versify.

The sacred (t) Virgin's well, her moss moss
sweet and rare,

Against infectious damps for pomander to wear:

And (u) Goldcliff of his ore in plenteous fort al-
lows, [brows,

To spangle their attires, and deck their amorous

And lastly, holy Dee, (whose pray'rs were high-
ly priz'd,

As one in heavenly things devoutly exercis'd;

Who, (v) changing of his fords, by divination
had

Fore-told the neighbouring folk of fortune good
or bad) [ceed,

In their intended course sith needs they will pro-
His benediction sends in way of happy speed.

And though there were such haste unto this long-
look'd hour,

Yet let they not to call upon th' eternal pow'r.

For, who will have his work his wished end to
win,

Let him with hearty pray'r religiously begin.

Wherefore the English part, with full devout in-
tent,

In meet and godly sort to Glastenbury sent,
Beseeching of the saints in Avalon that were,

There off'ring at their tombs for every one a
tear,

§ And humbly to St. George their country's pa-
tron pray,

To prosper their design now in this mighty day.

The Britons, like devout, their messengers direct
To David, that he would their ancient right
protect.

'Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds
are crown'd,

The valley (w) Ewias lies, immur'd so deep and
round,

As they below that see the mountains rise so high,
Might think the straggling herds were grazing
in the sky:

Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,
As nature at the first appointed it for pray'r:

Wherein an aged cell, with moss and ivy grown,
In which not to this day the sun hath ever shone,

That reverend British saint in zealous ages past,
To contemplation liv'd; and did so truly fast,

As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,
And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields.

In memory of whom, in the revolving year
The Welchman on his day that sacred herb do
wear:

Where, of that holy man as humbly they do crave,
That in their just defence they might his forth-
rance have.

Thus either, well prepar'd the other's power
before,

Conveniently b'ing plac'd upon their equal shore;
The Britons, to whose lot the onset doth belong,

Give signal to the foe for silence to their song.

(t) Saint Winifrid's well.

(u) A glittering rock in Monmouthshire.

(v) See the eighth song.

(w) In Monmouthshire.

To tell each various strain and turning of their rhimes,
 w this in compass falls, or that in sharpness climbs
 where they rest and rise, how take it one from one,
 every several chord hath a peculiar tone)
 n memory herself, though striving, would come short:
 the material things, Muse, help me to report.
 first, t'affront the foe, in th' ancient Britons right,
 h Arthur they begin, their most renowned richness of the arms their well-made
 (a) worthy wore,
 temper of his sword (the try'd Escalabour)
 : bigness and the length of Rone, his noble spear:
 h Pridwin his great shield, and what the proof could bear;
 Bandrick how adorn'd with stones of wond'rous price,
 he sacred virgin's shape he bore for his device;
 de monuments of worth, the ancient Britons song.
 few, doubting left these things might hold them but too long,
 ware they took to talk; the land then overlaid
 h those proud German pow'rs; when, calling to his aid
 kinsman Howel, brought from Britany the ir armies they unite, both swearing to suppress
 : Saxon, here that fought through conquest all to gain,
 whom he chanc'd to light at Lincoln; where the plain
 h where from side to side lay scatter'd with the dead.
 l when the conquer'd foe, that from the confix'd fled,
 ook them to the woods, he never left them il the British earth he forc'd them to forswear.
 l as his actions rose, so raise they still their vein
 words, whose weight best suit a sublimated strain.
 They sung how he, himself at Badon bore that day,
 en at the glorious gole his British sceptre lay:
 o days together how the battle strongly stood;
 Penderagon's worthy son, who waded there in blood,
 ee hundred Saxon's slew with his own valiant hand.
 l (after call'd, the Pic't and Irish to withstand)
 w he, by force of arms Albania over-ran,
 fuing of the Pic't beyond mount Caledon:
 re strongly shut them up whom stoutly he subdu'd.
 low Gillamore again to Ireland he pursu'd,

) Arthur, one of the nine worthies,
 King Arthur.

So oft as he presum'd the envious Pic't to aid:
 And having slain the king, the country waste he laid.
 To Goth-land how again this conqu'ror maketh
 With his so prosp'rous pow'rs into the farthest north:
 Where, Iceland first he wen, and Orkney after
 To Norway sailing next with his dear nephew Lot,
 By deadly dint of sword did Ricoll there defeat;
 And having plac'd the prince on that Norwegian seat,
 How this courageous king did Denmark then controul;
 That scarcely there was found a country to the pole
 That dreaded not his deeds, too long that were to tell.
 And after these, in France th' adventures him
 At Paris, in the lists where he with Flollio fought;
 The Emperor Leon's pow'r to raise his siege that brought.
 Then bravely set they forth, in combat how these knights
 On horseback and on foot perform'd their several fights:
 As with what marv'ulous force each other they assail'd,
 How mighty Flollio first, how Arthur then prevail'd;
 For best advantage how they traversed their
 The horrid blows they lent, the world-amazing wounds,
 Until the tribune, tir'd, sank under Arthur's sword.
 Then sing they how he first ordain'd the circled
 The knights whose martial deeds far fam'd that table-round;
 Which, truest in their loves; which, most in arms renown'd:
 The laws, which long up-held that Order, they report;
 § The Pentecosts prepar'd at Carleon in his court,
 That table's ancient seat; her temples and her groves,
 Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and stoves:
 Her academy, then, as likewise they prefer:
 Of Camilot they sing, and then of Winchester.
 The feasts that under-ground the Faery did him make,
 And there how he enjoy'd the lady of the lake.
 Then told they, how himself great Arthar did advance,
 To meet (with his allies) that puissant force in France,
 By Lucius thither led; those armies that while-
 Affrighted all the world, by him struck dead with fear:
 Th' report of his great acts that over Europe ran,
 In that most famous field he with the emperor wan:
 As how great Rythons self he slew in his repair,
 Who ravish'd Howell's niece, young Hellena the fair;

And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
Made of the beards of kings. Then bravely
chaunted they

The several twelve pitch'd fields he with the Sax-
ons fought :

The certain day and place to memory they brought.
Then by false Mordred's hand how last he shane'd
to fall,

The hour of his decease, his place of burial.

When out the English cry'd, to interrupt their
song :

But they, which knew to this more matter must
belong,

Not out at all for that, nor any whit dismay'd,
But to their well-tun'd harps their fingers closely
laid :

'Twixt every one of which they plac'd their
country's croud,

And with courageous spirits thus boldly sang
aloud ;

How Merlin by his skill, and magic's wondrous
might,

From Ireland hither brought the Stonendge in a
night ;

§ And for Carmarden's sake, would fain have
brought to pass,

About it to have built a wall of solid brass ;

And set his friends to work upon the mighty
frame ;

Some to the anvil : some, that still inforc'd the
flame ;

But whilst it was in hand, by loving of an elf
(For all his wond'rous skill) was cozen'd by
himself

For, walking with his Fay, her to the rock he
brought,

In which he oft before his necromancies wrought ;
And going in therat his magics to have shown,

She stoop'd the cavern's mouth with an enchanted
stone :

Whose cunning strongly cross'd, amaz'd whilst he
did stand,

She captive him convey'd unto the Fairy land.

Then, how the lab'ring spirits, to rocks by fet-
ters bound,

With bellows rambling groans, and hammers
thund'ring sound,

A fearful horrid din still in the earth do keep.

Their master to awake, suppos'd by them asleep ;
As at their work how still the griev'd spirits re-
pine,

Tormented in the fire, and tired at the mine.

When now the British side scarce finished
their song,

But th' English that repin'd to be delay'd so long,
All quickly at the hint, as with one free consent,

Struck up at once, and sung each to the instrument ;
(Of sundry sorts that were, as the musician likes)

On which the practis'd hand with perfect skill fin-
g'ring strikes,

Whereby their height of skill might liveliest
be express'd.

The trembling lute some touch, some strain the
viol best,

In sets which there were seen, the must ^{was}
d'rous choice : ^(voice)

Some likewise there affect the gamba with the
To shew that England could variety afford.

Some that delight to touch the sterner wierschord,
The (z) cythron, the pandore, and the theor-
bo strike :

The gittern and the kit the wand'ring fiddlers like.
So were there some again, in this their learn-
ed strife,

Loud instruments that lov'd ; the cornet and
the fife,

The hoboy, sagbut deep, recorder, and the flute :
Even from the shrillest chaum unto the cornshute.

Some blow the bagpipe up, that plays the coun-
try round :

The taber and the pipe, some take delight to sound.
Of Germany they sung the long and ancient fame,

From whence their noble fires the valiant Sax-
ons came,

Who fought by sea and land adventures far and
And seizing at the last upon the Britons here, [near]

Surpriz'd the spacious isle, which still for theirs
they hold :

As in that country's praise how in those times
of old, ^[brought]

§ Tuisco, Gomer's son, from (a) unbuild Babel
His people to that place, with most high know-
ledge fraught,

And under wholesome laws establish'd their abode ;
Whom his Tudelki since have honour'd as a God :

Whose clear creation made them absolute in all,
Retaining till this time their pure original.

And as they boast themselves the nation most
unmixt,

Their language as at first, their ancient customs first,
The people of the world most hardy, wise and
strong ;

So gloriously they show, that all the rest among
The Saxons, of her sorts the very noblest were :

And of those crooked skains they us'd in war
to bear,

Which in their thund'ring tongue, the Germans
handseax name,

§ They Saxons first were called : whose far-ex-
tended fame

For hardiness in war, whom danger never fray'd,
Allur'd the Britons here to call them to their aid :

From whom they after rest Loegria as their own,
Brute's offspring then too weak to keep it be-
ing grown.

This told : the nymphs again, in nimbler strains
of wit,

Next neatly come about, the Englishmen to quit
Of that inglorious blot by Bastard William brought

Upon this conquer'd isle : than which fate never
wrought

A fitter mean (say they) great Germany to grace,
To graft again in one, two remnants of her race :

Upon their several ways, two several times that
went ^{(the sent}

To forage for themselves. The first of which

(z) The sundry musick of England.

(a) Gen. xi. 9. 9,

POLYOLBION

in feat in Gaul: which on Nuef-
ght,
ouswar the Frenchmen put to flight)
ruitful place, where only from their

North-men (from the North of Ger-
that came,
expell'd the Gauls, and did their
supply)
ustria nam'd, was then call'd (c) Nor-
y.

means, the kls (in conquering of
reat)
from their late home unto this am-
eat,
; resign'd what they before had won:
e conquerors blood did to the con-
d run;
ng mixt, and up together grown,
hey were here; united, still her own.
ysterious things desisting now to show
works of heaven) to long descents
ro?

i (the sire of Edward the last king
h-Saxon line) by nobly marrying
Richard's heir, the Norman Emma,

their bloods. Like brooks that from
vays (as though to sundry seas to haste)
arrying soil, int' one again are cast:
in this the nearness of their blood.
England's right in question after flood,
ld, Goodwin's heir, the scepter ha-
won

Etheling young, the outlaw'd Ed-
's son;
Bastard this his only colour made,
ve Norman powers this kingdom to
le.

ng, they proceed to pedigrees again,
kings to fetch from that old Saxon
;
rit; that was made the Scottish Mal-
'd bride,

grandfire had courageous Ironside:
w'd Edward left; whose wife to him
ring
rit queen of Scots, and Edgar Etheling:
rit brought forth Maud; which gra-
Malcolm gave [have]
Beauclerk's bed (so fate it pleas'd to
a daughter brought; which heaven
brangely spare:

special love he to the mother bare,
again he nam'd, to th' Almain Em-
r wed: [Cæsar dead]
rager whilst she liv'd (her puissant

mane and the Saxons of one blood.
mane lost that name and became English.

She th' Earl of Anjou next to husband doth prefer.
The second Henry then by him begot of her,
Into the Saxon line the scepter thus doth bring.

Then presently again prepare themselves to sing
The sundry foreign fields the Englishmen had fought,
Which when the mountains saw (and not in vain)
they thought

That if they still went on as thus they had begun,
Then from the Cambrian symphs (sure) Lundy
would be won.

And therefore from their first they challeng'd
them to fly;

And (idly running on with vain prelixity)

A larger subject took than it was fit they should.
But, whilst those would proceed, these threas-
ning them to hold,

(d) Black-mountain for the love he to his coun-
try bare,

As to the beauteous Ulke, his joy and only care
(In whose defence t' appear more stern and full
of dread)

Put on a helm of clouds upon his rugged head.
Mounchdeny doth the like for his beloved Tawe:
Which quickly all the rest by their example draw.
As Hatterel in the right of ancient Wales will
stand.

To these three mountains, first of the Brekin-
nian bend,

The Monmethian hills, like insolent and stout,
On lofty tip-toes then began to look about;
That Skeridvaur at last (a mountain much in might,
In haunting that had set his absolute delight)
Caught up his (e) country hook; nor cares for
future harms,

But irefully enrag'd would needs to open arms:
Which quickly put (f) Penvayl in such outrage-
ous heat,

That whilst for very teen his hairless scalp doth
sweat,

The Blorench looketh big upon his bared crown:
And tall Tomberlow seems so terribly to frown,
That where it was suppos'd with small ado or none
Th' event of this debate would eas'ly have been
known,

Such strange tumultuous stir upon this strife ensue,
As where all griefs should end, old sorrows still
renew:

That Severn thus forewarn'd to look into the worth
(And finds the latter ill more dang'rous than
the first)

The doom she should pronounce, yet for a while
delay'd,

Till these rebellious routs by justice might be stay'd;
A period that doth put to my discourse so long,
To finish this debate the next ensuing song.

(d) These rest following, the most famous hills in
Brecknock, Glamorgan, and Monmouth.

(e) Welchbrook.

(f) So named of his bald head.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

OVER Severn (but visiting Lundy, a little isle betwixt Hartland and Gouen point) you are transported into Wales. Your travels with the Muse are most of all in Monmouth, Glamorgan, and the South maritime shires.

And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.

Walter Baker, a canon of Osnéy (interpreter of Thomas de la Moor's life of Edward the Second) affirms, that it commonly breeds conies, pigeons, & *frucas*, *quos vocat Alexander Nechamus* (so you must read, (a) not *Nechifum*, as the Francfort print senselessly mistook with *Conday* for *Lundy*) *Ganymedis aves*. What he means by his birds of Ganymede, out of the name, unless eagles or ostriches (as the common fiction of the Catamites ravishment, and this French-Latin word of the translator would) I collect not. But rather read also *Palamedis aves*, i. e. cranes, of which (b) *Necham* indeed hath a whole chapter: what the other should be, or whence reason of the name comes, I confess I am ignorant.

Clear Towydige whom they fear'd would have estrang'd her fall.

For the rising near Hartland, wantonly runs to Hatherlay in Devon, as if she would to the Southern Ocean; but returning, there at last is discharged into the Severn sea.

Yet hardly upon Peruse they dare their hopes to lay.

Wales had (c) her three parts, North-Wales, South-Wales, and Powis. The last, as the middle betwixt the other, extended from Cardigan to Shropshire; and on the English side from Chester to Hereford (being the portion of Anarawd, son to the great Roderique) bears this accusation, because it comprehends, for the most part, both nations and both tongues. But see for this division to the seventh song.

Nor Rest, for that too much for aliens dost

Under Henry the first, a colony of driven out of their country by inundation kindly received here in respect of that which the king had with their earl (for ther Maud, wife to the Conqueror, was d to Baldwin earl of Flanders) afterwards difference betwixt the king and earl were out of divers parts, but especially N berland, where they most of all (as it Hoveden) had residence, constrained in (d) in Penbroke, which retains yet in tongue the notes of being aliens to the Britons. See the author in his next.

That Talieffen, once which made the river

Talieffin (not Telefia, as Bale calls learned Bard, styled (e) *Ben Beirdb*, i. e. chief of the Bards, master to Merlin Sylvest about Arthur's reign, whose acts his M celebrated.

With Lbu and Lhogor given, to strengthen Gower.

Betwixt Neth and Lhogor in Glamorg Gower, a little province, extended into a chersonese; out of it on the west, five rivers meant by the author.

That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's

Understand this Stethva to be the me the British Poets and Minstrels, for their poems and music sufficiencies, where had his reward, a silver harp. Some ex of it under Rees ap. Griffith, prince of Wales, in the year 1170. c. lxx. vi. A good, that, had it been judiciously observ of story had not been so uncertain: for by suppose, a correction of what was

(a) Tho. de la Moor emendatus.

(b) De rerum natur. lib. 1.

(c) Girald descript. cap. 2. & Powel ad Caradoc. Lancharvan.

(d) So called perhaps because it is almost in-filled within the sea and Lhogor, as Rosay in Scotland,

expressing almost an isle. Buchanan. hist. genio 4.

(e) Prif. in descript. Walliz.

(f) Antiquis hujusmodi certamina fuit mur a scholiast. Aristoph. & D. Cypriano Aleator.

form or matter, or at least a censure of the hearers upon what was recited. As (according to the Roman use, it is (g) noted, that Girald of Cambria, when he had written his topography of Ireland, made at three several days several recitals of his three distinctions in Oxford; of which course some have wished a recontinuance, that either amendment of opinion or change of purpose in publishing, might prevent blaz-ned errors. The forts of thre Poets and Minstrels out of Doctor Powel's inserted annotations upon Caradoc Lhancarvon, I note to you; first Beirdha, otherwise Prydvds (called in Athenæus, Lucan and others, Bards) who, somewhat like the *'Pavlos'* among the Greeks, *b fortu virorum illustrum factu herois composita versibus cum dulcibus lyris modulis* (i) *cantitarunt*, which was the chiefest in publishing of the ancientest music among the Gentiles, as (s) Zarlino hath fully collected. Their charge also as heralds, was to describe and preserve pedigrees, wherein their line ascendent went from the Petruccius to B. M. thence to Sylvius and Alcanus, from them to Adam. Thus Girald reporting, hath his B. M. in some copies by (l) transcription of ignorant Monks (forgetting their tenet of perpetual virginity, and (m) that relation of Theodosius) turned into (n) *stant Maria*, whereas it stands for *Belinum Magnum* (that was Heli in their writers. father to Lud and Cabelin) to whom their genealogies had always reference. The second are, which play on the *harp* and *Croud*; their music for the most part came out of Ireland with Gruffith ap Conan prince of North Wales, about King Stephen's time. This Gruffith reformed the abuses of those minstrels by a particular statute, extant to this day. The third are called *Atcanaid*; they sing to instruments played on by others. For the *Englynys*, *Cyendys*, and *-ouds*; the first are couplets interchanged of sixteen and fourteen feet and called *Paladries*, *Penfets*, the second of equal tetrameters, the third of variety in both rhyme and quantity. Subdivision of them, and better information may be had in the elaborate institutions of the Cumreg language by David ap Rees. Of their music anciently, out of an old writer read this: *Non uniformiter, ut alibi, sed multipliciter multisque modis cantiones emittunt, adeo ut, turba cantantium, quot videas capita, tot audias carmina, discrimineque vocum varia, in unam denique, sub B. mollis dulcedine blandi, consonantiam & organicam convenientem melodiam.* A good musician will better understand it, than I that transcribe it. But by it you

see they especially affected the mind composing Doric (which is shewed in that of an old (o) author, affirming that (p) *Ἑλλησπόντιος χῆρος*, the western people of the world constituted use of music in their assemblies, though the (q) Irish (from whence they learned) were wholly for the sprightly Phrygian. See the next canto.

And humbly to St. George their country's patron pray.

Our author (a judgment day thus appointed betwixt the Water-nymphs) seems to allude to the course used of old with us, that those which were to end their cause by combat, were sent to several saints for invocation, as in our (r) law annals appears. For (s) St. George, that he is patron to the English, as St. Dennis, St. James, St. Patrick, St. Andrew, St. Anthony, St. Mark, to the French, Spanish, Irish Scottish, Italian, Venetian, scarce any is that knows not. Who he was, and when the English took him, is not so manifest. The old martyrologies give, with us, to the honour of his birth the twenty-third of April. His passion is supposed in Diocletian's persecution; his country Cappadoce. His acts are divers and strange, reported by his servant Pasocrates, Simeon Metaphrastes, and lately collected by Surius. As for his knightly form, and the dragon under him, as he is pictured in Beryth a city of Cyprus, with a young maid kneeling to him, an unwarrantable report goes, that it was for his martial delivery of the king's daughter from the dragon, as Hecione and Andromeda were from the whales by Hercules and Perseus. Your more neat judgments, finding no such matter in true antiquity, rather make it symbolical than truly proper. So that some account him an allegory of our Saviour Christ; and our admired (t) Spenser hath made him an emblem of religion. So Chaucer to the knights of that order:

—But for God's pleasure
And his mother, and in signifiante
That ye ben of St. George's livery,
Doe: b him service and knightly obeisance:
For Christ's cause is his, well knowen yee.

Others interpret that picture of him as some country or city (signified by the virgin) imploring his aid against the devil, charactered in the dragon. Of him you may particularly see, especially in Usuard's martyrology, and Baronius his annotations upon the Roman calendar, with Erhard

(g) Cambd. in Epist. Fulconi Grevil. ad edit. Ant. &c. Norm. &c.

(h) Did sing the valiant deeds of famous men to the sweet melody of the harp.

(i) Ammian. Merceus. hist. 15.

(j) Parte seconda cap. 4. & 5.

(k) Dav. Powel. ad Girald. descript. cap. 3.

(l) Quid. in lxx.

(m) St. Mary. For the *harp* and other music

instruments, their form and antiquity, see to the sixth song.

(o) Marcian. Heracleot. in *ὑμνήσειν*.

(p) To make them gentle natured.

(q) Girald. Topog. dist. 3. cap. 11.

(r) 3^o Ed. 3. fol. 20.

(s) Tropelophorus dictus in *menologio Græco* apud Baronium, forte *ἑρμολόφου* sive *ἑρμολόφου*. quid n. Tropelophorus?

(t) Fairy Q. lib. 1.

Celly his description of Frederick Duke of Wittenberg's installation in the garter, by favour of our present sovereign. But what is delivered of him in the legend, even the church of Rome (*u*), hath disallowed in these words; *That not so much as any scandal may rise in the holy Roman Church, the passions of St. George, and such like, supposed to be written by heretics, are not read in it.* But you may better believe the legend, than that he was a Coventry man born, with his Caleb lady of the woods, or that he descended from the Saxon race, and such like; which some English fictions deliver. His name (as generally (*x*) also St. Maurice and St. Sebastian) was anciently called on by Christians as an advocate of victory (when in the church that kind of doctrine was) so that our particular right to him (although they say (*y*) king Arthur bare him in one of his banners) appears not until Edward the third consecrated to St. George the knightly order of the Garter, (*z*) soon after the victory at Calais against the French, in which his invocation was *To St. Edward, To St. George.* Some authority (*a*) refers this to Richard *Cœur de Lion*, who supposed himself comforted by St. George in his wars against the Turks and Hagarens. But howsoever, since that he hath been a patron among others, as in that of Frederick the third's institution (*b*) of the quadripartit society of St. George's shield, and more of that nature, you find. And under Henry the eighth, it was enacted, (*c*) that the Irish should leave their *Gramabou* and *Suterrabou*, words of unlawful patronage, and name themselves as under St. George, and the king of England. More proper is St. Dewy (we call him St. David) to the Welsh. Reports of him affirm that he was of that country, uncle to king Arthur (Bale and others say, gotten upon Melaria a nun; by Xantus prince of Cardigan) and successor to Duhrice archbishop of Caerleon upon Usk (whereto (*d*) a long time the British bishoprics, as to their metropolitane see were subject) and thence translated with his nephew's consent the primacy to Menevia, which is now St. David's in Pembroke. He was a strong opposer of the Pelagian heresy. To him our country calendars give the first of March, but in the old martyrologies I find him not remembered: yet I read that (*e*) Calixtus the second, first canonized him. See him in the next canto.

The sacred Virgin's shape he bare for his device.

Arthur's (*f*) shield Pridwen (or his banner) had in it the picture of our lady, and his helm an engraven dragon. From the like form was his father Uter-pen-dragon. To have terrible crests or engraven beasts of rapine (Herodotus and Strabo fetch the beginning of them, and the bearing of arms from the Carians) hath been from inmost antiquity continued; as appears in that epithet of *Tessalopus*, proper to Minerva, but applied to others in Aristophanes, and also (*g*) in the Theban war. Either hence may you derive the English dragon now as a supporter, and usually pitch in fields by the Saxon, English, and Norman kings for their standard (which is frequent in Hoveden, Matthew Paris, and Florilegus) or from the Romans, who after the Minotaur, Horse, Eagle, and other their antique ensigns, took this beast; or else imagine that our kings joined in that general consent, whereby so many nations bear it. For by plain and good authority, collected by a great critic, you may find it affirmed of the Assyrians, Indians, Scythians, Persians, Dacians, Romans; and of the Greeks too for their shields, and otherwise: wherein (*h*) Lipsius unjustly finds fault with Isidore, but forgets that in a number of Greek (*i*) authors is copious witness of as much.

They sing how himself he at Baden bare the day.

That is Baunfiedown in Somerset (not Blackmore in Yorkshire, as Polydore mistakes) as is expressly proved out of a manuscript Gildas (*k*), different from that published by Josselin.

That scarcely there was found a country to the pole,

Some, too hyperbolic, stories make him a large conqueror on every adjacent country, as the Muse recites: and his seal, which Leland says he saw in Westminster-Abbey, of red wax pictured with a mound, bearing a cross in his left hand (which was first (*l*) Justinian's device; and surely, in later time, with the seal counterfeited and applied to Arthur: no king of this land, except the Confessor, before the conquest (*m*) ever using in their charters more than subscription of name and cross.

(u) C. Sancta Rom. eccles. 3. dist. 15. Gelasius PP.

(x) Ord. Rom. de divin. officiis apud Baronium in martyrolog.

(y) Harding cap. 72.

(z) Th. de Walsing. A. M. cccc. & 24. Edw.

3. Fabian puts it before this year, but erroneously.

(a) Ex antiq. M. S. ap. Camd. in Berkseir.

(b) c. c. c. xxviii. Die geschicht. aft. S. Georgen schilt. Martin. Crof. annal. Suevic part. 3. lib. 9.

(c) 10 Hen. 8. in statutis Hibernicis.

(d) Polychronic. lib. 1. cap. 52.

(e) Bal. cent. 1.

(f) Nennius histor. Galfred. lib. 6. cap. 2. & lib. 7. cap. 2.

(g) Æschyl. i. 17. i. 17. Euripid in Phœniss.

(h) Lips. com. ad Polyb. 4. dissert. 5.

(i) Pindar, Pythionic, ad. n. Homer. Iliad. Suid. Epaminon. Heliad. Ar. Hæz. Platarch. Ilysiad. Euripid. in Iph. q. h. Avallid.

(l) Camden.

(m) Suid. in Justinian.

(n) Ingulphus.

(*scs*) and a sceptre fleury in his right, calls him (*n*) *Britannia, Gallia, Germania, Dacia Imperator*. The Bard's songs have, with this kind of unlimited attribute so loaden him, that you can hardly guess what is true of him. Such indulgence to false report hath wronged many worthies, and among them even that great Alexander in prodigious suppositions (like Stichus (*o*) his geography, (laying Pontus in Arabia) as Strabo often complains; and some idle Monk of middle time is so impudent to affirm, that at Babylon he erected a column, inscribed with Latin and Greek verses, as notes of his victory; of them you shall taste in these two:

*Anglicus & Scoticus Britonum superque caterva
Irelandae, Flander, Cornuwallis, & quoque Norwgy.*

Only but that Alexander and his followers were so good Latinists (wherein, when you have done laughing, you may wonder at the decorum) I should censure my lubberly versifier to no less punishment than Marfyas his excoriation. But for Arthur, you shall best know him in this eulogy. 'This is that Arthur of whom the Britons even on this day speak so idly; a man right worthy to have been celebrated by true story, not false tales, seeing it was he that long time upheld his declining country, and even inspired martial courage into his countrymen;' as the Monk of Malmesbury of him:

The Pentecost prepar'd at Caer-leon in his court.

At Caer-leon in Monmouth, after his victories, a pompous celebration was at Whitchfontide, whither were invited divers kings and princes of the neighbouring coasts; he, with them, and his queen Guinever, with the ladies keeping those solemnities in their several conclaves (*;*). For so the British story makes it according to the Trojan custom, that in festival solemnities, both sexes should not sit together. Of the Trojans I remember no warrant for it: but among the Greeks one Sphyromachus (*p*) first instituted it. Tournaments and jousts were their exercises, nor vouchsafed any lady to bestow her favour on him, which had not been thrice crowned with fame of martial performance. For this order (which herein is delineated) know, that the old Gauls (whose customs and the British were near the same) had their orbicular tables to avoid controversy of pre-

cedency (a form much commended by a late (*q*) writer for the like distance of all from the salt, being centre, first, and last of the furniture) and at them every knight attended by his esquire (*ἑπαισφορῶντες*; Athenæus (*r*) calls them) holding his shield. Of the like in Henry III. Matthew Paris, of Mortimer's at Kelingworth, under Edward I. and that of Windsor, celebrated by Edward III. Walsingham speaks. Of the Arthurian our histories have scarce mention. But Havillan's Architrenius, Robert of Gloucester, John Lidgat Monk of Bury, and English rhymes in divers hands, sing it. It is remembered by Leland, Camden, Volateran, Philip of Bergamo, Lily, Aubert Mirce, others, but very diversely. White of Basingstoke defends it, and imagines the original from an election by Arthur and Howel kings of Armoric Britain, of six of each of their worthiest Peers so to be always assistant in counsel. The antiquity of the earldom of (*s*) Mansfield in old Saxony is hence affirmed, because Heger earl thereof was honoured in Arthur's court with this order; places of name for residence of him and his knights were this Caer-leon, Winchester (where his table is yet supposed to be, but that seems of later date) and Camelot in Somersetshire. Some put his number XII. I have seen them anciently pictured XXIV, in a poetical story of him; and in Denbighshire, Stow tells us, in the parish of Lansannan, on the side of a stony hill is a circular plain, cut out of a main rock, with some XXIV seats unequal, which they call Arthur's Round Table. Some catalogues of arms have the coats of the knights, blazoned; but I think with as good warrant as (*t*) Rabelais can justify, that Sir Lancelot du Lac flays horses in hell, and that (*u*) *Tous les chevaliers de la table ronde estoient pauvres gaigne deniers, tirans la rame par passer les rivières de Coccyte, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, & Lethe, quand messieurs les diables se vouloit esbatre sur l'eau, comme font les bacheliers de Lyon et gonteliers de Venise. Mais pour chacune passade ils n'ont qu'un navarde, & sur le soir quelque morceau de pain chaumeny.* Of them, their number, exploits, and prodigious performances, you may read Caxton's published volume, digested by him into twenty-one books, out of divers French and Italian fables. From such I abtain, as I may.

And for Guermardbin's sake————

(*n*) Emperor of Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Denmark; for so they falsely turned Dacia.

(*o*) Plaut. in Stichus.

(*i*) Knights and ladies sat in several rooms.

(*p*) Scholiast. ad. Aristophan. *ἐπαισφορῶντες*. & Suidas.

(*q*) Gemof. halograph. lib. 3. cap. 9.

(*t*) Armigeri, which is express in the word Schilpors in Paul Warfred. lib. 2. de gest. Longobard. c. 28.

(*r*) Dignosiph. lib. 2.

(*s*) Hoppenrod. & spangherb. apud Ortelium in Mansfield. Many places in Wales in hills and rocks, honoured with Arthur's name. Prif. defens. hist. Brit. & *Cadair Arthur*, i. e. Arthur's Chair in Bracknock. Girald. Itin. Camb. c. 2. & *Arthur's Oven* in Stirling of Scotland.

(*t*) Livre 2. cap. 30.

(*u*) The knights of the Round Table use to ferry spirits over Styx, Acheron, and other rivers, and for their fare have a fillop on the nose and a piece of mouldy bread.

Two (w) Merlins have our stories: One of Scotland, commonly titled Sylvester, or Caledonius, living under Arthur; the other Ambrosius (of whom before) born of a nun (daughter to the king of South Wales) in Caermardhin, not naming the place (for names in British his name is Merdhem) but the place (which in Ptolemy is Maridonium) naming him; begotten, as the vulgar, by an Incubus. For his burial (in supposition as uncertain as his birth, actions, and all of those too fabulously mixt stories) and his Lady of the Lake, it is by liberty of profession laid in France by that Italian (x) Ariosto: which perhaps is as credible as some more of his attributes, seeing no persuading authority, in any of them, rectifies the uncertainty. But for his birth are the next song, and, to it, more.

Tuisco Gomer's son from unbuild Babel brought.

According to the (y) text, the Jews affirm that all the sons of Noah were dispersed through the earth, and every one's name left to the land he possessed. Upon this tradition, and false Berosus's testimony, it is affirmed that Tuisco (son of Noah gotten with others after the (z) flood upon his wife Arezia) took to his part the coast about Rhine, and that thence came the name of Teutschland and Teutsch, which we call Dutch, through Germany. (a) Some make him the same with Gomer, eldest son to Japhet (by whom these parts of Europe were peopled) out of notation of his name, deriving Tuisco or Tuiston (for so Tacitus calls him) from the *booth-son*, i. e. the *eldest son*. Others (as the author here) suppose him son to Gomer, and take (b) him for Aschenaz (remembered by Moses as first son to Gomer, and from whom the Hebrews call the Germans (c) Aschenazim) whose relics probably indeed seem to be in Tuisco, which hath been made of Aschen either by the Dutch prepositive article *the* or *lie*, as our *the* (according to Derecto for (d) Atergatis, which should be Adardafa in Ctesias; and Danubius for Adubenus in Festus, perhaps therein corrupted, as Joseph Scaliger observes; as Theudibald for Heibald in Procopius, and Diceneus for Ceneus among the Getes) or through mistaking of N or M or P in the Hebrew, as in Rhodanim for (e) being Dodanim, and in Chalibes and Alybes for Thalybas, from Tubal, by taking P or N for

N; for in ruder manuscripts by an imperfect reader, the first mistaking might be as soon as the rest. I conjecture it the rather, for that in most histories diversity with affinity betwixt the same-mean proper names (especially eastern as this was) is ordinary; as Megabyzus in Ctesias is Bacchabatus in Justin, who calls Aaron Arnas, and Herodotus his Smerdis, Mergidis; Asarhadon, Coras and Esther in the scriptures are thus, Sardanapalus, Cyrus, and Amestris in the Greek stories; Eporedorix, Ambiorix, Ariminus, in Caesar and Sueton, supposed to have been Frederick, Henry, Herman: divers like examples occur; and in comparison of Arrion with Q Curtius very many; like as also in the life of St. John the evangelist, anciently (f) written in Arabic, you have Alubasianuusu, Thithimse, Damthianuusu, for Vespasian, Titus, Domitian; and in our stories Androgeus for Caesar's Mandubratius. From Tuisco is our name of Tuesday; and in that too, taking the place of Mars (the most fiery star, and observe withal that against the vulgar opinion the planetary account of days is very (g) ancient) discovers affinity with Aschenas, in whose notation (as some (h) body observes) WO signifies fire.

They Saxons first were call'd ———

So a Latin rhyme in (i) Engelhufe also;

*Quippe brevis gladius apud illos Saxa vocatur,
Unde sibi Saxo nomen transisse putatur.*

Although from the Sacans, or Sagans, a populous nation in Asia (which were also Scythians, and of whom an old (k) poet, as most others in their epithets and passages of the Scythians,

ἡ Τὰξαι Σακας φησιν οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλο· ἐκ γὰρ
Ταυρῆος, ἢ γὰρ σφί θέναι ἀπὸ μάλιστά βάλαν.

A faculty for which the English have had no small honour in their later wars with the French) both Goropius with long argument in his Betceselana, our judicious Camden, and others, will have them, as it were, Sacai's sons. According hereto is that name of (l) Sacafena, which a colony of them, gave to part of Armenia and the (m) Sasones in Scythia on this side of Imaus. However, the author's conceit thus chosen is very apt, nor disagreeing to this other, in that some

(w) Gicel, Itiner. Camb. 2. cap. 8.
(x) Orland. Parios. cant. 3. See Spenser's Faery Q. lib. 3. cant. 3.
(y) Gen. 10.
(z) Munster. Cosm. l. 3.
(a) Goropius in Ind scythic.
(b) Jodoc. Willich. comm. ad Tacit. Germaniam & Pantaleon. lib. 1. prosopogr.
(c) Elias Levit. in Thibb Arias Mont. in Peleg.
(d) Strab. lib. 2. 4. & 11. de alias quæ hic congerimus.

(e) Broughton in concent præf.
(f) Pet. Kiristenius Grammaticæ Arabicæ subjunxit.
(g) Scalig. in prolegom. ad emendat. temp.
(h) Melanethon ap. Becan. in Indoscyth.
(i) Ap. Camdenum.
(k) Dionys. Afer. in περιμν.
(l) The shooting Saca none can teach them art. For what they looked at, never escapes their dart.
(m) Strabo l. 11.
(n) Ptolem. geograph. lib. 6. cap. 2.

community was betwixt the name of Saccæ or Saggæ, and a certain sharp weapon called Sagaris, used by the Amazons, Sacans, and Persians, as the Greek (α) stories inform us.

The Britons here allur'd to call them to their aid.

Most suppose them sent to by the Britons, much subject to the irruptions of Picts and Scots, and so invited hither for aid: but the stories of Gildas and Nennius have no such thing, but only that there landed of them (as banished their country, which Geoffrey of Monmouth expresses also) three long boats in Kent with Horsa and Hengist, captains. They afterward were most willingly requested to multiply their number by sending for more of their countrymen to help King Vortigern; and under that colour, and by Ronix (daughter to Hengist, and wife to Vortigern) her womanish subtilty, in greater number were here planted. Of this, more large in every common story. But to believe their first arrival rather for new place of habitation, than upon embassy of the Britons, I am persuaded by this, (α) among the Cambrians, Gauls, Goths, Tacians, Scythians, and especially the Sacans (if Strabo deceive not, from whom our Saxons) with other northern people, it was a custom upon numerous abundance to transplant colonies: from which use the Parthians (sent out of Scythia, as the Romans did their (ρ) *Per Sacrum*) retain that name, signifying banished says Trogus; not unlikely, from the Hebrew Paratz q, which is to separate, and also to multiply in this kind of propagation, as it is used in the promise to Abraham, and in Isaiah's consolation to the church. Here being the main change of the British name and fate, a word or two of the time and year is not untimely. Most put it under CD.XL.IX. (according to Bede's copies and their followers) or CD.L. of Christ; whereas indeed by apparent proof it was in CD.XXVIII. and the fourth of Valentinian the Emperor. So Pricc and Camden (out of an old fragment annexed to Nennius) and, before them, the author of *Fasciculus Temporum* have placed it. The error I imagine to be from restoring of worn-out times in Bede and others, by those which fell into the same error with Florence of Worcester and Marian the Scot, who begin the received Christian account but twelve years before the passion, thereby omitting twenty-two. For although Marian's published chronicle (which is but (r) a delation by Robert of Lorain, bishop of Hereford under Henry, the first, and an epitome of Marian) goes near from the ordinary time of incarnation under Augustus, yet

he lays it also, according to the Roman abhor Dionysius, in the twenty-third year following, which was rather by taking advantage of Dionysius's error, than following his opinion. For when he about Justinian's time, made his period of D XXXII years of the golden number and cycle of the sun multiplied, it fell out so in his computation, that the fifteenth moon following the Jews passover, the dominical letter, Friday, and other concurrents according to ecclesiastical tradition supposed for the passion, could not be met in the (s) twelfth year after his birth (a lapse by himself much repeated, and then supposing Christ lived thirty-four years, twenty-two must needs be omitted; a collection directly against his meaning; having only forgotten to fit those concurrents. This account, in itself, and by the abbot's purpose, as our vulgar is now, but with some little difference) erroneously followed, I conjecture, made them, which too much desired correction, add the supposed evangelical XXII. years to such times as were before true, and to came CCCC.XXVIII. to be CCCC.XL.IX. and CCCC.L. which White of Basingstoke (although aiming to be accurate) unjustly follows. Subtraction of this number, and, in some, addition (of addition you shall have perhaps example in amendment of the C.L.VI. year for king Lucius's letters to Pope Eleutherius) will rectify many gross absurdities in our chronologies, which are by transcribing, interpolation, misprinting, and creeping in of anachronisms now and then, strangely disordered.

To get their feet in Gaul, rubb'd on Austria light.

And a little after,

Call'd Northern, from the north of Germany that came.

What is now Normandy is, in some, stiled Neustria and Nueltia corruptly, as most think, for Westria, that is *W. 8-riab*, i. e. the West kingdom (confined anciently betwixt the Meuse and Loire) in respect of *Adrich* or *D. 8-riab*, i. e. the East Kingdom, now Lorrain, upon such reason as the archduke Don hath his name at this day. (s) Rollo son of a Danish potentate, accompanied with divers Danes Norwegians, Scythians, Goths, and a supplement of English, which he had of king Athelstan, about the year D.CCC. made transmigration into France, and there, after some martial discords, honoured in holy tracture of Christianity with the name of Robert, received (u) of Charles the Simple with his daughter (or sister) Gilla this tract as her dower, containing

(α) Herodot. Polyhmn. Xenoph. *anab.* 2. Strabo lib. 2. See the VIII Song.

(ρ) Justin lib. 24. & 41. Herodot. Clit. W. 1. Hypodig. Neu. c. Genetif. Ph. 1. c. 4. Schais & Græci morum hunc hunc nemini leg. le me apud Varroam & Columellam.

Vol. III.

(ρ) Festus in end. & Mamertinis.

(s) *572* Gen. 22. 14. Gen. 34.

(r) Machieth lib. 4. de Pontificib.

(s) Pann. de Meleburgis part. 2. lib. 5.

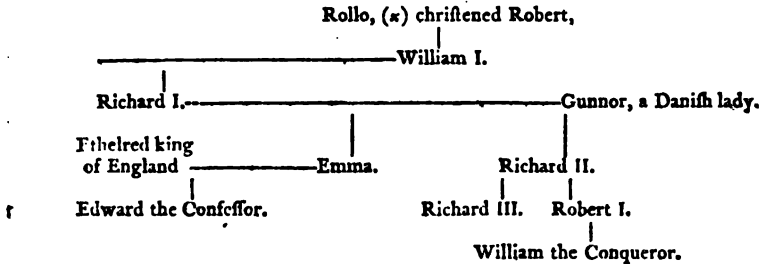
(u) See Song XIII.

(s) Pann. Ann. lib. Franc. 3.

(as before) more than Normandy. It is (v) reported, that when the bishops at this donation required him to kiss the king's foot for homage, after scornful refusal, he commanded one of his knights to do it; the knight took up the king's leg, and in straining it to his mouth, overturned him; yet nothing but honourable respect followed on either part.

That as the conquerors blood did to the conquer'd run.

Our author makes the Norman in reuniting of several kindred, rather than quest by a mere stranger, taking argument from identity of countryship (being all by original, and the people of (w) the Cherfonefus, now Denmark, anciently called as from contingency of blood betwixt Anglo-Saxon kings, and the Norman duke expressed :



Object not that Duke Robert got the Conqueror upon Arletta (from whom perhaps came our name of harlot) his concubine, nor that (y) *Con-sanguinitatis & agnationis jura à patre tantum & legitimis nuptiis oriuntur*, as the civil law, and upon the matter the English also defines; but rather allow it by law of nature and nobility, which justifies the bastard's bearing of his father's coat, distinguished with a bend sinister, Nicolas Upton calls it (z) *Fissura, id quod fudatur à patriâ hereditate*; which is but his conceit: and read Heuter's tract *de liberâ hominis natiuitate*, where you shall find a kind of legitimization of that now disgraceful name Bastard; which in more antique times was, as a proud title, inserted in the style of great and most honourable princes. Pretending this consanguinity, St. Edward's adoption, and King Harold's oath, added by successful arms, the Norman acquired the English crown; although Wil-

liam of (a) Poitiers affirms, that on his bed he made protestations, that his right was hereditary, but by effusion of blood, and many lives.

Who him a daughter brought, which he strangely spurs.

After composition of French troubles the first returning into England, the third in his sons William and Richard were, Barbelieu and Southampton was cast a traitor that heaven only spared him this issue. An Empress, married, at last, to Geoffrey Earl of Anjou, from whom in a country through Henry the second (son to this) until Richard the third, that most noble possessed the royal throne of England.

(v) Guil. Gemiticenf. lib. 2. cap. 17.
 (w) Marcian. Heracleot. *cap. 6.*
 (x) Gemiticenf. lib. 7. cap. 36. & lib. 3. cap. 18.
 (y) ff. Unde cognati l. 4. spurius. & tit. de grad. affin. lib. 4. non facile. § 8. Sciendum. Right of

blood and kindred comes only by law marriage.
 (z) A division, because he is separated from father's inheritance. *cap. lxxvi.*
 (a) Histor. Cadomans.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

T H E F I F T H S O N G .

The Argument.

In this song, Severn gives the doom
What of her Lundy should become.
And whilst the nimble Cambrian rills
Dance hy-day-gies amongst the hills,
The muse them to Camarden brings ;
Where Merlin's wond'rous birth she sings.
From thence to Penbrook she doth make,
'To see how Milford state doth take :
The scattered islands there doth tell :
And, visiting Saint David's cell,
Doth sport her all the shores along,
Preparing the ensuing song.

brine, as a queen, miraculously fair
tely plac'd in her imperial chair
al richly wrought, that gloriously did
ine,
e becoming well, a creature so divine :
her godlike self, so glorious was her
hrone, [known ;
himself to sit great Neptune had been
n there were ingrav'd those nymphs the
god had woo'd,
ry several shape wherein for love he su'd ;
ughter, her estate and beauty, every son ;
ations he had rul'd, what countries he had
won.
in this wide waste, but with exceeding cost
re in antique work most curiously inbuilt.

She, in a watchet weed, with many a curious
wave,
Which as a princely gift great Amphitrite gave ;
Whose skirts were to the knee, with coral fring'd
below,
To grace her goodly steps. And where she
meant to go,
The path was strewn with pearl ; which though
they orient were,
Yet scarce known from her feet, they were so
wondrous clear ; [may see
To whom the mermaids hold her glasse, that she
Before all other floods how far her beauties be ;
Who was by Nereus taught, the most profoundly
wife,
That learned her the skill of hidden prophecies.

By Thetis' special care; as (a) Chiron erst had done
 To that proud bane of Troy, her god-refembling son.
 For her wise censure now, whilst every list'ning flood
 (When Reason somewhat cool'd their late distemper'd mood)
 Inclosed Severn in; before this mighty rout,
 She sitting well prepar'd, with countenance grave and stout,
 Like some great learned judge, to end a weighty
 Well furnish'd with the force of argument and laws,
 And every special proof that justly may be brought;
 Now with a constant brow, a firm and settled thought,
 And at the point to give the last and final doom:
 The people crowding near within the pester'd room,
 A slow, soft murmuring moves amongst the wondring throng,
 At though with open ears they would devour his tongue;
 So Severn bare herself, and silence so she waa
 When to th' assembly thus she seriously began:
 ' My near and loved nymphs, good hap ye
 ' both betide;
 ' Well Britons have ye sung; you English, well
 ' reply'd;
 ' Which to succeeding times shall memorise your
 ' stories
 ' To either country's praise, as both your endless
 ' glories.
 ' And from your listning ears, sith vain it were to
 ' hold
 ' What all-appointing heaven will plainly shall be
 ' told,
 ' Both gladly be you pleas'd; for thus the powers
 ' reveal,
 ' That when the Norman line in strength shall
 ' lastly fail
 ' (Fate limiting the time) th' ancient Briton race
 ' Shall come again to sit upon the sovereign place.
 ' A branch sprung out of Brute, th' imperial top
 ' shall get,
 ' Which grafted in the stock of great Plantagenet,
 ' The stem shall strongly wax, as still the trunk
 ' doth wither;
 ' That power which bare it thence, again shall
 ' bring it thither
 ' By Tudor, with fair winds from Little Britain
 ' driven,
 ' § To whom the goodly bay of Milford shall be
 ' given;
 ' As thy wife prophets, Wales, fore-told his wish't
 ' arrive,
 ' § And how Lewellin's line in him should doubly
 ' thrive.
 ' For from his issue sent to Albany before,
 ' Where his neglected blood, his virtue did re-
 ' store,

(a) Chiron brought up Achilles, son to Thetis.

' He first unto himself in fair succession gain'd
 ' The Steward's nobler name; and afterwards a
 ' tain'd
 ' The royal Scottish wreath, upholding it in stat
 ' This stem, to (b) Tudor's join'd (which this
 ' all-powerful Fate
 ' So happily produc'd out of that prosperous bed
 ' Whose marriages conjoin'd the white-rose an
 ' the red)
 ' Suppressing every plant, shall spread itself
 ' wide,
 ' As in his arms shall clip the life on every side.
 ' By whom three sever'd realms in one shall fir
 ' ly stand,
 ' As Britain-founding Brute first monarchiz'd th
 ' land:
 ' And Cornwall, for that thou no longer shalt co
 ' tend,
 ' But to old Cambria cleave, as to thy ancien
 ' friend,
 ' Acknowledge thou thy brood of Brute's big
 ' blood to be;
 ' And what hath hapt to her, the like t'han
 ' chanc'd to thee;
 ' The Britons to receive, when heaven on them
 ' did lowre,
 ' Loegria forc'd to leave; who from the Sunn
 ' power
 ' Themselves in deserts, creeks, and mount'ain
 ' wastes bestow'd,
 ' Or where the fruitless rocks could promise them
 ' abode:
 ' Why strive ye then for that, in little time that
 ' (As you are all made one) be one unto you all?
 ' Then take my final doom pronounced lastly,
 ' this;
 ' That Lundy like ally'd to Wales and England is,
 ' Each part most highly pleas'd, then up the se
 ' sion brake;
 ' When to the learned maids again invention spake
 ' O ye Pegasian nymphs, that hating viler things
 ' Delight in lofty hills, and in delicious springs,
 ' That on Pierus born, and named of the place,
 ' The Thracian Pimpla love, and Pindus o'm
 ' grace;
 ' In Aganippa's fount, and in Castalia's brims,
 ' That often have been known to bathe your
 ' crystal limbs,
 ' Conduct me through these brooks, and with
 ' fasten'd clue,
 ' Direct me in my course, to take a perfect view
 ' Of all the wandring streams, in whose entrancing
 ' gyres,
 ' Wife nature oft herself her workmanship sh
 ' mires
 ' (So manifold they are, with such manifold
 ' wound,
 ' As may with wonder seem invention to co
 ' found)
 ' That to those British names, untaught the ear
 ' please,
 ' Such relish I may give in my delicious lays,

(b) James IV. surnamed Steward, married Margaret
 eldest daughter to Henry VII. king of England;

at all the armed orks of Neptune's grisly band,
 ich music of my verse, amaz'd may lifting
 'stand; [call,
 when his Tritons trumps do them to battle
 ichin his furling lifts to combat with the
 'whale.
 has have we overgone the Glamorganian
 Gower,
 the promontory (plac'd to check the ocean's
 pow'r)
 e Severn yet herself, till being grown too
 great, [feat;
 with extended arms unbounds her ancient
 turning lastly sea, resigns unto the main
 a sovereignty herself but lately did retain,
 e, Logher leads the way, who with a lusty
 crew
 r wild and wand'ring steps that ceaselessly
 pursue)
 forward is inforc'd; as Amond thrusts her on,
 Morias (as a maid she much relies upon)
 sets her present speed; assuring her withall,
 best-beloved isle, Bachannia, for her fall
 is specially prepar'd, of every thing supply'd.
 hen Guendra with such grace deliberately
 doth glide,
 Tovy doth entice; who setteth out prepar'd
 all points like a prince, attended with a
 guard; [kn
 which, as by her name, the near'st to her of
 sothy, tripping down from Verwin's rushy
 (e) lin, [meet
 nigh Refcob running out, with Pefcover to
 le rills that forest loves; and doth so kindly
 greet,
 o intreat their stay she gladly would prevail.
 n Truant nicely treads upon the watry trail;
 lively skipping Branc, along with Gwethrick
 goes,
 'ovy's wandring banks themselves that scarcely
 lose,
 Mudny, with Cleaugh, and Sawthy, soon
 resort,
 ich at Langaddoc grace their sovereign's
 watry court. [espies,
 is when the servile world some gathering man
 ose thriving fortune shows he to much wealth
 may rise,
 i through his prince's grace his followers may
 prefer,
 by revenue left by some dead ancestor;
 lowting low to him, him humbly they ob-
 serve,
 d happy is that man his nod that may deserve;
 Tovy so they sloop, to them upon the way
 hich thus displays the spring within their view
 that lay.
 Near Denevoir, the seat of the (d) Demethan
 king
 Whilst Cambria was herself, full, strong, and
 'flourishing,

(d) A pool or watry moor;
 (e) Of Southw. Sea.

' There is a pleasant spring, (e) that constant doth
 ' abide
 ' Hard by these winding shores wherein we nim-
 ' bly slide;
 ' Long of the ocean lov'd, since his victorious
 ' hand
 ' First proudly did insult upon the conquer'd land.
 ' And though a hundred nymphs in fair Demetia
 ' be,
 ' Whose features might allure the sea-gods more
 ' than she,
 ' His fancy takes her form, and her he only likes;
 ' (Who e'er knew half the shafts wherewith blind
 Cupid strikes?)
 ' Which great and constant faith, shew'd by the
 ' god of sea, [pay
 ' This clear and lovely nymph so kindly doth re-
 ' As suff'ring for his sake what love to lover owes;
 ' With him she sadly ebbs, with him she proudly
 ' flows;
 ' To him her secret vows perpetually doth keep,
 ' Observing every law and custom of the deep.

Now Tovy tow'rd her fall (Langaddoc over-
 gone)

Het Dulas forward drives; and Cothy coming on
 The train to over-take, the nearest way doth cast
 Ere she Caermarden get; where Gwilly, making
 haste,

Bright Tovy entertains at that most famous town
 Which her great prophet (f) bred, who Wales doth
 so renown;

And taking her a harp, and tuning well the
 strings,

To princely Tovy thus she of the prophet sings:

' Of Merlin and his skill what region doth not
 ' hear?

' The world shall still be full of Merlin every
 ' where. [run,

' A thousand lingering years his prophecies have
 ' And scarcely shall have end till time itself be
 ' done:

' Who of a British nymph was gotten, whilst she
 ' play'd [maid;

' With a seducing spirit, which won the godly
 ' (As all Demetia through, there was not found
 ' her peer)

' Who be'ing so much renown'd for beauty far
 ' and near,

' Great lords her liking sought, but still in vain
 ' they prov'd; [lov'd;

' § That spirit (to her unknown) this virgin only
 ' Which taking human shape, of such perfection
 ' seem'd,

' As (all her suiters scorn'd) she only him esteem'd.
 ' Who, feigning for her sake that he was come
 ' from far,

' And richly could endow (a lusty batchelor)
 ' On her that prophet got, which from his mo-
 ' ther's womb

' Of things to come foretold until the general
 ' doom.

(e) Ebbing and flowing with the sea.
 (f) Merlin, born in Caermarden.

But, of his feigned birth in sporting idly thus,
 Suspect me not, that I this dreamed Incubus
 By strange opinions should licentiously subside;
 Or, self-conceited, play the humorous Platonist,
 Which boldly dares affirm, that spirits themselves
 supply
 With bodies, to commix with frail mortality,
 And here allow them place, beneath this lower
 sphere
 Of the unconstant moon; to tempt us daily here.
 Some, earthly mixture take; as others, which
 aspire, [fire,
 Them subtler shapes resume, of water, air, and
 Being those immortals long before the heaven,
 that fell,
 Whose deprivation thence, determined their hell:
 And losing through their pride that place to them
 assign'd,
 Predestined that was to man's regenerate kind,
 They, for th' inveterate hate to his election, still
 Desist not him to tempt to every damned ill:
 And to seduce the spirit, oft prompt the frailer
 blood,
 Inveigling it with tastes of counterfeited good,
 And teach it all the flights the soul that may ex-
 cite
 To yield up all power unto the appetite.
 And to those curious wits if we ourselves apply,
 Which search the gloomy shades of deep philoso-
 phy,
 They reason so will cloathe, as well the mind can
 show,
 That contrary effects, from contraries may grow;
 And that the soul a shape so strongly may con-
 ceit,
 As to herself the-while may seem it to create;
 By which th' abused sense more easily oft is led
 To think that it enjoys the thing imagined.
 But, toil'd in these dark tracts with sundry
 doubts repeat,
 Calm shades, and cooler streams must quench this
 furious heat;
 Which seeking, soon we find, where Cowen in
 her course
 Tow'ards the Sabrinian shores, as sweeping from
 her source,
 Takes Towra, calling then Carkenny by the way,
 Her through the wayless woods of Cardiff to
 convey;
 A forest, with her floods environ'd so about
 That hardly she restrains th' unruly watry rout,
 When swelling, they would seem her empire to
 invade:
 And oft the lustful fawns and satyrs from her
 shade
 Were by the streams entic'd abode with them to
 make.
 Then Merlas meeting Taw, her kindly in doth
 take:
 Cair coming with the rest, their watry tracts
 tread,
 Increase the Cowen all; that as their general head
 Their largess doth receive, to bear out his expence;
 Who to vast Neptune leads this courtly confluence.

To the Pembrokian parts the muse her fill
 doth keep,
 Upon that utmost point to the Iberian deep,
 By Cowdra coming in; where clear delightful
 air, [pair;
 (That forests most affect) doth welcome her re-
 The Heliconian maids in pleasure groves delight;
 (Floods cannot still content their wanton ap-
 petite)
 And wand'ring in the woods, the neighbouring
 hills below,
 With wise Apollo meet (who with his ivory bow
 Once in the paler shades the serpent Python slew)
 And hunting oft with him, the heartless deer
 pursue;
 Those beams then laid aside he us'd in heaven
 to wear.
 Another forest-nymph is Narber, standing near,
 That with her curled top her neighbour would
 astound,
 Whose groves once bravely grac'd the fair Pen-
 brokian ground,
 When Albion here beheld on this extended land,
 Amongst his well-grown woods, the shag-hair'd
 satyrs stand
 (The Sylvans chief resort) the shores then sitting
 high,
 Which under water now so many fathoms lie:
 And wallowing porpice sport and lord it in the
 flood,
 Where once the portlike oak, and large-limb'd
 poplar stood:
 Of all the forest's kind these two now only left.
 But time, as guilty since to man's insatiate theft,
 Transfer'd the English names of towns and hous-
 holds hither, [gether.
 With the industrious Dutch since sojourning to-
 When wrathful heaven the clouds so lib'ral-
 ly bestow'd,
 The seas (then wanting roomth to lay their
 boist'rous load)
 Upon the Belgian marsh their pamper'd sto-
 machs cast,
 That peopled cities sank into the mighty waste.
 The Flemings were forc'd to take them to
 their oars,
 To try the setting main to find out firmer shores;
 When as this spacious isle them entrance did allow,
 To plant the Belgian stock upon this goodly
 brow: [ly affect,
 These (g) nations, that their tongues did natural-
 Both generally forsook the British dialect:
 As when it was decreed by all-fore-dooming fate,
 That ancient Rome should stoop from her impe-
 rious state,
 With nations from the north then altogether
 fraught,
 Which to her civil bounds their barbarous cus-
 toms brought,
 Of all her ancient spoils and lastly be forlorn,
 From Tyber's hallowed banks to old (b) Bizan-
 tium born:

(g) The colony of Flemings here planted. See to the fourth song.

(b) Now Constantinople.

abundant Latines then old Latium lastly left,
 h of her proper form and elegancy rest;
 are her smoothest tongue, their speech that
 did prefer,
 in her tables fixt their ill-shap'd character.
 divination strange the Dutch-made English
 have, [it gave]
 appropriate to that place (as though some power
 y th' shoulder of a ram from off the right
 side par'd, [bar'd :
 ich usually they boil, the spade-bone being
 ich then the wizard takes, and gazing thereupon,
 ings long to come fore-shows, as things done
 long ago;
 pes secretly at home, as those abroad, and far;
 rthers, adulterous stealths, as the events of war,
 : reigus and death of kings they take on them
 to know :
 ich only to their skill the shoulder-blade
 doth show.
 'on goodly sister floods, how happy is your state!
 should I more commend your features, or
 your fate,
 at Milford, which this isle her greatest port
 doth call
 her your equal floods is lotted to your fall?
 here was fail ever seen, or wind hath ever blown,
 hence Penbrook yet hath heard of haven like
 her own?
 : bids Dungleddy dare (i) Iberia's proudest road,
 d chargeth her to send her challenges abroad
 ing the coast of France, to prove if any be
 r Milford that dare match : so absolute is she.
 d Clethy coming down from Wrenyvaur her
 fire
 hill that thrusts his head into th' etherial fire)
 r sister's part doth take, and dare avouch as
 much : [touch,
 d Percily the proud, whom nearly it doth
 id he would bear her out; and that they all
 should know. [to show
 d therewithal he struts, as though he scorn'd
 is head below the heaven, when he of Milford
 spake :
 at there was not a port the prize durst undertake.
 highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,
 o haven hath ought good, in her that is not found :
 whereas the swelling surge, that with his foamy
 head
 he gentler-looking land with fury menaced,
 ith his encountring wave no longer there
 contends ;
 at sitting mildly down like perfect ancient friends,
 mov'd of any wind which way so e'er it blow,
 nd rather seem to smile, than knit an angry
 brow.
 he ships with shatter'd ribs scarce creeping from
 the seas,
 n her sleek bosom ride with such deliberate ease,
 all her pasted storms she holds but mean and
 base, [place,
 so she may reach at length this most delightful

(i) Spain.

By nature with proud cliffs invironed about,
 § To crown the godly road : where builds the
 falcon stout,
 Which we the gentil call; whose fleet and active
 wings, [on kings :
 It seems that nature made when most she thought
 Which manag'd to the lure, her high and gallant
 flight,
 The vacant sportful man so greatly doth delight,
 That with her nimble quills his soul doth seem
 to hover,
 And ly the very pitch that lusty bird doth cover ;
 That those proud cyries, bred whereas the scorch-
 ing sky
 Doth finge the sandy wilds of spiceful Barbury ;
 Or underneath our pole, where Norway's (A) fo-
 rests wide [do hide,
 Their high cloud-touching heads in winter snows
 Out-brave not this our kind in mettal, nor exceed
 The falcon which sometimes the British cliffs do
 breed :
 Which prey upon the isles in the Vergivian waste,
 That from the British shores by Neptune are
 embrac'd ;
 Which stem his furious tides when wildest they
 do rave, [t'rous wave :
 And break the big-swoln bulk of many a boif-
 As, calm when he becomes, then likewise in
 their glory
 Do cast their amorous eyes at many a promontory
 That thrust their foreheads forth into the smiling
 south; [mouth,
 As Rat and Sheepy, set to keep calm Milford's
 Expos'd to Neptune's power. So (i) Gresholm
 far doth stand :
 Scalm, Stockholm, with Saint Bride, and Catholm,
 nearer land
 (Which with their veiny breasts intice the gods
 of sea,
 That with the lusty isles do revel every day)
 As crescent-like the land her breadth here inward
 bends, [fends ;
 From Milford, which she forth to old Menevia
 Since, holy David's seat ; which of especial grace
 Doth lend that nobler name, to this unnobler place.
 Of all the holy men whose fame so fresh remains,
 To whom the Britons built so many sumptuous
 fanes, [hold,
 This saint before the rest their patron still they
 § Whose birth their ancient bards to Cambria
 long foretold,
 And feated here a see, his bishopric of yore,
 Upon the farthest point of this unfruitful shore ;
 Selected by himself, that far from all resort
 With contemplation seem'd most fitly to comport;
 That, void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and
 dry, [eve :
 No pleasure might allure, nor steal the wand'ring
 Where Ramsey with those rocks, in rank that
 order'd stand
 Upon the farthest point of David's ancient land,

(i) The places from whence the highest flying hawks are brought.

(i) Islands upon the point of Pembrokeshire.

Do raise their rugged heads (the sea-man's noted
marks)
Call'd, of their mitred tops, the bishop and his
clerks;
Into that channel cast, whose raging current roars,
Betwixt the British sands and the Hibernian shores:
Whole grim and horrid face doth pleas'd heaven
neglect,
And bears bleak winter still in his more sad aspect:

Yet Gwin and Nevern near, two fine and fidd
brooks, [look]
Do never stay their course, how stern so e'er he
Which with his shipping once should seem to have
commett, [dash]
Where Fiscard as her floods doth only grace the
To Newport falls the next: there we a while will
rest; [dwell]
Our next ensuing song to wondrous things ad-

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Is you ever read of, or vulgarly understand, the form of the ocean, and affinity betwixt it and rivers, you cannot but conceive this poetical description of Severn; wherein Amphitrite is supposed to have given her a precious robe: very proper in the matter's self, and imitating that (a) father of the muses who derives Agamemnon's sceptre to him by descent joined with gift from Jupiter; Achilles's, armour from Vulcan's bounty, Helen's Nephthe from the Egyptian Polydamma, and such like, honouring the possessors with the giver's judgment, as much as with the gift possen.

To whom the goodly bay of Milford should be given.

At Milford haven arriv'd Henry Earl of Richmond, aided with some forces and sums of money by the French Charles VIII but so entertained and strengthened by divers of his friends, groaning under the tyrannical yoke of Richard III. that, beyond expectation, at Bosworth in Leicester, the day and crown was soon his. Every chronicle tells you more largely.

And how Llewelin's line in him should doubly thrive.

Turn to the Eagle's prophecies in the second song, where the first part of this relation is more manifested. For the rest, thus: about our confessor's time, Macbeth (b) king of Scotland, moved by predictions, affirming that, his line extinct, the posterity of Banquo a noble thane of Loquahry should attain and continue the Scottish reign) and jealous of others hoped-for greatness murdered Banquo, but missed his design; for, one of the same posterity, Fleance son to Banquo, pri-

vily fled to Griffith, or Llewelin then Prince of Wales, and was there kindly received. To him and Nesta the prince's daughter was issue one Walter. He (afterward for his worth favourably accepted, and through stout performance honourably requited by Malcolm III.) was made lord high steward of Scotland; out of whose loins Robert II. was derived: since whom the royal name hath long continued, descending to our mighty sovereign, and in him is joined with the commingling blood of Tyddour and Plantagenet. These two were united, with the (c) white and red roses, in those auspicious nuptials of Henry VII. and Elizabeth daughter to Edward IV. and from them, through the lady Margaret their eldest daughter, married to James the IV. his Majesty's descent and spacious empire observed, easily shews you what the muse here plays withal. The rest alludes to that; 'Cambria shall be glad, Cornwall shall flourish, and the sea shall be filled with Brute's name, and the name of strangers shall perish:' as it is in Merlin's prophecies.

That Spirit to her unknown this Virgin only lov'd.

So is the vulgar tradition of Merlin's conception. Untimely it were, if I should slip into discourse of spirits faculties in this kind. For my own part, unless there be some creatures of such middle nature, as the Rabinnic (d) conceit upon the creation supposes; and the same with Hesiod's nymphs, or Paracelsus his Non-adams, I shall not believe that other than true bodies on bodies can generate, except by swiftness of motion in conveying of stolen seed some unclean spirit might arrogate the improper name of generation. Those

(a) Iliad. β. & σ. Odyss. λ.

(b) Victor Boet. lib. 12. & Buchanan. in reg. 85. & 86. ab. 7. qui eisdem avo ceteriori Stuartos ait dictos, quos omni Thanes nuncupabant. Thani verò quatuordecim erant regij per interpretationem, uti Boetius. Certe in charta illa quæ jure clientelari se Henrico II. obstrinxit Willielmus Scottorum Rex, legitur inter testes Willielmus de Cury Seneschallus, Willielmus filius Adelmi Seneschal-

lus, Aluredus de Sancto Martino Seneschallus. Gilbertus Malet Seneschallus; unde honorarium fuisse hoc nomen patet. Horum bini defuncti apud Hoveden; verum ex vetustiss. anonymo M. S. excerpti.

(c) York and Lancaster.

(d) Rabbi Abraham in Zerror Hamor ap. Munst. ad. 2. Genes.

Augustine (a) calls (f) Dufii, in Gaul, addicted to such filthiness; Fauns, Sylvans, have had as much attributed to it learn of this, from divines upon the him (g) in holy writ, passages of the on this point, and the later authors of in magic and sorcery, as Bodin, Wier, Rio, others. For this Merlin (rather as you see to the fourth song, his true g Ambrose) his own answer to Vortigast that his father was a Roman (h) Consul as informs me) as perhaps it might be, & palliated under name of a spirit; as Ilia supposing, to save her credit, the stars for Romulus his father. But to impolite muse with what is more harsh, herein perhaps not displeasing, I offer atique passage of him.

— the messengers to Kermerdin come,
 iden biwore the gate pleyde bii toke come,
 to another, Merlin wat is the,
 lese (i) strewe, my misdoles me,
 f kinger icome, and thou nart nougti worth
 lle,
 wdelst nevere nanns fader, therevare bold the
 le.

Tagers burde this bii astunte there,
 : men aboute wat the child were.
 as he ne had never fader that me might un-
 foud,
 er au king's daughter was of thulke lond,
 'at St. Petre's in a nonnerie there.

er, (a nun, daughter to Pubidius king
 val, and called Matilda, as by (k) poe-
 ority I find justifiable) and he being
 o the king, the colours it in these words:

— ubanneich ofte was.
 mid mine fellowes, there came to me bi cas,
 r man mid alle, and bi clupt me well softe,
 unce made vaire ynou, and cust me well ofte.

on the story which should follow so kind
 But enough of this.

oulder of a Ram from off the right side par'd.

his as a taste of their art in old time,
 enry II. one William Menguncel, (l) a
 of those parts, finding by his skill of

prediction that his wife had played false with him, and conceived by his own nephew, formally dres-
 ses the shoulder-bone of one of his own rams; and
 sitting at dinner (pretending it to be taken out
 of his neighbour's flock) requests his wife (equal-
 ling him in these divinations) to give her judg-
 ment; she curiously observes, and at last with
 great laughter casts it from her. The gentleman,
 importuning her reason of so vehement an affec-
 tion, receives answer of her, that, his wife, out of
 whose flock the ram was taken, had by incestuous
 copulation with her husband's nephew fraughted
 herself with a young one. Lay all together,
 and judge, gentlewomen, the sequel of this cross
 accident. But why she could not as well divine
 of whose flock it was, as the other secret, when
 I have more skill in Osteomanty, I will tell it you.
 Nor was their report less in knowing things to
 come, than past; so that jealous Panurge, in his
 doubt (m) *de la Cognace*, might have had other
 manner of resolution than Rundibilis, Hippothade,
 Bridoye, Trovillogan, or the oracle itself, were
 able to give him. Blame me not, in that, to ex-
 plain my author, I insert this example.

To crown the goodly road, where built that falcon
 seat.

In the rocks of this maritime coast of Pembroke
 are eyries of excellent falcons. Henry II. here
 passing into Ireland, cast off a Norway goshawk
 at one of these: but the goshawk taken at the
 source by the falcon, soon fell down at the king's
 foot, which performance in this rammage, made
 him yearly afterward send hither for eyresses, as
 Girald is author. Whether these here are the
 Haggarts (which they call Peregrins) or Falcon-
 gentles, I am no such falconer to argue; but thus
 I know, that the reason of the name of Peregrins
 is given, for that they came from remote (n) and
 unknown places, and therefore hardly fits these:
 but also I read in no less than imperial (o) autho-
 rity, that Peregrins never bred in less latitude
 than beyond the seventh climate, *Dia Riphaea*,
 which permits them this place; and that, of true
 falcons-gentle an eyry is never found but in a more
 southern and hotter parallel: which (if it be true)
 excludes the name of gentle from ours, breeding
 near the ninth *Per Roslochium*. And the same au-
 thority makes them (against common opinion)
 both of one kind, differing rather in local and
 outward accidents, than in self-nature.

. 15. de Civ. Dei cap. 23.
 rte Drusij (quod vult Bodinus lib. 2. cap.
 omau.) quasi Sylvani, aut Dryades.
 n. 6. 2.
 istres læpius viros indigetant historici
 sules, unde & ætium & in repudloqu-
 ones Cos, quem tamedsi Consulm fuisse
 ent Fasti, illustriss. tn. blicâ nobilissimum
 diorumque historiz Gothicæ producit.
 cw, now a word applied to the shrewish

sex; but in Chaucer, Lidgate, and Gower, to the
 quieter also.

(k) Spenser's Faery Q. lib. 3. cant. 3.

(l) Girald. Itin. 1. cap. 11. — Quæ te demen-
 tia cepit, Querere sollicitè quod reperire times?
 Th. Mor. Epig.

(m) Of Cuckoldry. Rablais.

(n) Albert de Animal. 23. cap. 8.

(o) Frederic. II. lib. 2. de arte Venand. cap. 4.

Whose birth the ancient Bards to Cambren long foretold.

Of St. Dewy and his bishopric you have more to the fourth song. He was prognosticated (p) above thirty years before his birth; which with other attributed miracles (after the fashion of of that credulous age) caused him be almost paralleled in monkish zeal with that holy John, which, unborn, sprang at presence of the incarnate author of our redemption. The translation

of the archbishopric was also (q) foretold in that of Merlin: *Menevia shall put on the pall of Carrleon; and the preacher of Ireland shall wax dumb by an infant growing in the womb.* That was performed when St. Patrick, at presence of Melaria then with child, suddenly lost use of his speech; but recovering it after some time, made prediction of Dewy's holiness, joined with greatness, which is so celebrated. Upon my author's credit only believe me.

(p) Monumeth. lib. 8. cap. 8. Girald. Nin. 2. cap. 1. Balcont. 1. Vita S. Dewy.

(q) Alan. de insul. 1. ad Prophet. Merlini.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE SIXTH SONG.

The Argument.

With Cardigan the Muse proceeds,
And tells what rare things Tivy breeds :
Next, proud Plynillimon she plys ;
Where Severn, Wy and Rydoll rise,
With Severn she along doth go,
Her metamorphosis to show ;
And makes the wand'ring Wy declaim
In honour of the British name :
Then musters all the watry train
That those two Rivers entertain :
And viewing how those Rilleys creep
From shore to the Vergivian deep,
By Radnor and Mountgomery, then
To Severn turns her course agen :
And bringing all their Riverets in.
There ends ; a new Song to begin.

must stem thy stream, clear Tivy, yet be-
re [shore,
ie vouchsafe to seize the Cardiganian
source willing in all the Cambrian coast ;
thy castors once, but now canst only boast
ons, of all floods most plentiful in thee.
ok, within thy banks if any powers there
e ; [kind
iads, or ye nymphs of their like watry
hose only care great Neptune hath assign'd
lance of those brooks wherein he takes
elight) [cite,
and whilst she your dwelling shall re-

Be present in her work : let her your graces view,
That to succeeding times them lively she may shew ;
As when great Albion's sons, which him a sea-
nymph brought
Amongst the grisly rocks, where with your beau-
ties caught
(Whose only love surpris'd those of the (a) Phle-
grian size, [rise)
The Titanois, that once against high heaven durst
When as the hoary woods, the climbing hills did
hide, [glide ;
And cover'd every vale through which you gently

(a) Giants.

Even for those inly heats which through your
loves they felt,
That oft in kindly tears did in your bosoms melt.
To view your secret bowers, such favour let her
win. [lin,

Then Tivy cometh down from her capacious
*Twixt Mirk and Brenny led, two handmaids, that
do stay

Their mistress, as in state she goes upon her way.
Which when Lanbeder sees, her wondrously she
likes : [strikes,

Whose untam'd bosom so the beauteous Tivy
As that the forest fain would have her there abide.
But she (so pure a stream) transported with her
pride, [shade

The offer idly scorns; though with her flattering
The Sylvan her entice with all that may persuade
A water-nymph; yea, though great Thetis self she
were. [there.

But nothing might prevail, nor all the pleasures
Her mind could ever move one minute's stay to
make. [take :

Mild Mathern then, the next, doth Tivy over-
Which instantly again by Dittor is supply'd.

Then, Keach and Kerry help : 'twixt which on
either side, [shire.

To Cardigan she comes, the sovereign of the
New Tivy, let us tell thy sundry glories here.

When as the salmon seeks a fresher stream to
find [kind,

(Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his
As he in season grows) and stems the watry track,
Where Tivy falling down doth make a ^(b)cataract,
Forc'd by the rising rocks that their her course
oppose,

As though within their bounds they meant her
to inclose ;

Here, when the labouring fish doth at the foot
arrive, [strive,

And finds that by this strength but vainly he doth
His tail takes in his teeth; and bending like a bow,
That's to the compass drawn, aloft himself doth
throw : [wand,

Then springing at his height, as doth a little
That bended end to end, and flirtd from the hand,
Far off itself doth cast; so doth the salmon vault.

And if at first he fail, his second ^(c)summerfaut
He instantly essays; and from his nimble ring,
Still jerking, never leaves, until himself he fling
Above the streamful top of the surrounded heap.

More famous long ago, than for the salmon's
leap,

For bevers Tivy was, in her strong banks that
bred,

Which else no other brook of Britain nourished :
Where nature, in the shape of this now-perish'd
beast [prest;

His property did seem t' have wondrously ex-
Being body'd like a boat, with such a mighty tail
As serv'd him for a bridge, a helm, or for a sail,

When kind did him command the architect to
play, [clay:

That his strong castle built of branched twigs and

(b) Or water-fall.

(c) The word in jumbling, when one casteth himself over
and over.

Which, set upon the deep, but yet not fixed there,
He easily could remove as it he pleas'd to steer
To this side or to that; the workmanship so rare,
His stuff wherewith to build, first being to prepare,
A foraging he goes, to groves or bushes nigh,
And with his teeth cuts down his timber : which
laid by,

He turns him on his back, his belly laid abroad,
When with what he hath got, the other do him
load,

Till lastly by the weight, his burden he hath found.
Then, with his mighty tail his carriage having
bound [grip'd

As carters do with ropes, in his sharp teeth he
Some stronger stick : from which the lesser
branches stript,

He takes it in the midst; at both the ends, the rest
Hard holding with their fangs, unto the labour
prest,

Going backward, tow'rd home their loaded car-
riage led,

From whom, those first here born, were taught
the useful sled. [sighs ;

Then builded he his sort for strong and several
His passages contrived with such unusual sleights,
That from the hunter oft he issu'd undiscern'd,

As if men from this beast to fortify had learn'd;
§ Whose kind, in her decay'd, is to this ill un-
known.

Thus Tivy boasts this beast peculiarly her own.

But here why spend I time these trifles to record?
Now, with thy former task, my muse, again pro-
ceed, [shore

To shew the other floods from the ^(d)Ceretic
To the Vergivian sea contributing their store :

With Bidder first begin, that bendeth all her forces
The Arron to assist, Arth holding on her course

The way the other went, with Werry which doth
win

Fair Istwid to her aid; who kindly coming in,
Meets Rydoll at her mouth, that fair and princely
maid,

Plynillimon's dear child, deliciously array'd,
As fits a nymph so near to Severn and her queen.

Then come the sister Salks, as they before had seen
Those delicater dames so trippingly to tread :

Then Kerry; Cletur next, and Kinver making
head [by her.

With Enion, that her like clear Levant brings
Plynillimon's high praise no longer, muse, defer;

What once the Druids told, how great those floods
should be,

That here (most mighty hill) derive themselves
from thee.

The bards with fury rapt, the British youth among,

§ Unto the charming harp thy future honour sung
In brave and lofty strains; that in excess of joy,

The beldam and the girl, the grandfire and the boy,
With shouts and yearning cries, the troubled air

did load [god

(As when with crown'd cups unto the ^(e)Eliam
Those priests high orgies held; or when the old
world saw

Full Phœbe's face eclips'd, and thinking her to daw,

(d) Of Cardigan.

(e) Bacchus.

Whom they supposed fall'n in some enchanted
 fswound, [sound
 Of beaven tinkling brass still ply'd her with the
 That all the Cambrian hills, which high't their
 heads do bear
 With most obsequious shews of low subjected fear,
 Should to thy greatness stoop: and all the brooks
 that be
 Do homage to those floods that issued out of thee:
 To princely Severn first; next to her sister Wye,
 Which to her elders court her coursedoth still apply.
 But Kydell, young't, and least, and for the others
 pride
 Not finding sitting roomth upon the rising side,
 Alone unto the west directly takes her way.
 So all the neighbouring hills Plynillimon obey.
 For, though Moylvadian bear his craggy top so
 high,
 As scorning all that come in compass of his eye,
 Yet greatly is he pleas'd Plynillimon will grace
 Him with a cheerful look: and, fawning in his
 face, [were
 His love to Severn shews as though his own she
 Thus comforting the flood; (f) "O ever-during
 heir
 Of Sabrina, Locrine's child (who of her life bereft,
 Her ever-living name to thee, fair river, left)
 Brute's first-begotten son, which Gwendolin did
 wed;
 But soon th'inconstant lord abandoned her bed
 (Through his unchaste desire) for beauteous El-
 fted's love,
 Now, that which most of all her mighty heart
 did move,
 Her father, Cornwall's duke, great Corineus dead,
 Was by the lustful king unjustly banished.
 When she, who to that time still with a smoothed
 brow [vow,
 Had seem'd to bear the breach of Locrine's former
 Perceiving still her wrong: insufferable were;
 Grown big with the revenge which her full
 breast did bear,
 And aided to the birth with every little breath
 (Alone she being left the spoil of love and death,
 In labour of her grief outrageously distract,
 The utmost of her spleen on her false lord to act)
 She first implores their aid to hate him whom she
 found; [found.
 Whose hearts unto the depth she had not left to
 To Cornwall then she sends (her country) for
 supplies:
 Which all at once in arms with Gwendolin arise.
 Then with her warlike power her husband she
 pursu'd,
 Whom his unlawful love too vainly did delude.
 The fierce and jealous queen, then void of all
 remorse, [force,
 As great in power as spirit, whilst he neglects her
 Him suddenly surpriz'd, and from her useful heart
 All pity clean exil'd (whom nothing could convert)
 The son of mighty Brute bereaved of his life;
 Amongst the Britons here the first intestine strife,

(f) The story of Severn.

Since they were put a-land upon this promis'd
 shore
 Then crowning Madan Ing, whom she to Loc-
 rine bore, [brought;
 And those which serv'd his fire to his obedience
 Not so with blood suffic'd, immediately she sought
 The mother and the child: whose beauty when
 she saw,
 Had not her heart been flint, had had the power
 to draw [pearl,
 A spring of pitying tears; when, dropping liquid
 Before the cruel queen, the lady and the girl
 Upon their tender knees begg'd mercy. Woe for
 thee [see,
 Fair Elftred, that thou should'st thy fairer Sabrina
 As she should thee behold the prey to her steru
 rage [affluage:
 Whom kingly Locrine's death suffic'd not to
 Who from the bord'ring cliffs thee with thy mo-
 ther cast
 Into thy christen'd flood, the whilst the rocks a-
 ghaft [dream
 Resounded with your shrieks; till in a deadly
 Your courses were dissolv'd into that crystal stream,
 Your curls to curl'd waves, which plainly still
 appear [were:
 The same in water now, that once in locks they
 And, as you wont to clip each others necks before,
 Ye now with liquid arms embrace the wand'ring
 shore."
 But leave we Severn here, a little to pursue
 The often-wand'ring Wye (her passages to view),
 As wantonly she strains in her lascivious course
 And muster every flood that from her bounteous
 source [bound
 Attends upon her stream, whilst (as the famous
 "Twixt the Brecknokian earth, and the Radnorian
 ground
 She every book receives. First, Clarwen cometh in,
 With Clarwy: which to them their comfort Eland
 win
 To aid their goodly Wye, which Ithon gets again:
 She Dulas draws along: and in her watry train
 Clowedock hath recourse, and Comran; which
 she brings
 Unto the wand'ring flood, from the Radnorian
 springs:
 As Edwy her attends, and Matchway forward
 heaves [perceives
 Her mistress. When, at last the goodly Wye
 She now was in that part of Wales, of all the rest
 Which (as her very waste) in breadth from east
 to west, [way,
 In length from north to south, her midst is every
 From Severn's bord'ring banks unto the either sea,
 Which she might term the heart. The ancient
 Britons here [were
 The river calls to mind, and what those British
 Whilst Britain was herself, the queen of all the
 west. [address,
 To whose old nation's praise whilst she herself
 From the Brecknodian bound when Irvon com-
 ing in, doth win,
 Her Dulas, with Commarch, and Wewery tha:

Perstrading her for them good matter to provide.
The wood-nymphs so again, from the Radnorian
side, [call
As Radnor, with Blethaugh, and Knuckles forests,
To Wye, and bade her now bestir them for them
all :

For, if she stuck not close in their distressed case,
The Britons were in doubt to undergo disgrace,
That strongly thus provok'd, she for the Britons
says ;

† ' What spirit can lift you up, to that immortal
praise

§ You worthily deserve ? by whom first Gaul
was taught

Her knowledge : and for her, what nation ever
wrought

The conquest you achiev'd ? And, as you were
most dread,

So ye (before the rest) in so great reverence had
Your bards which sung your deeds, that when
stern hosts have stood

With lifted hands to strike (in their inflamed
blood)

§ One bard but coming in, their murd'rous swords
hath staid ;

In her most dreadful voice as thundring heaven
had said,

Stay, Britons ; when he spake, his words so
pow'rful were. [here,

So to her native priests, the dreadful Druids
The nearest neighbouring Gaul, that wisely
could discern

Th' effect their doctrine wrought, it for their
good to learn,

Her apt and pregnant youth sent hither year by
year,

Instructed in our rites with most religious fest.

And afterward again, when as our ancient seat
Her surcrease could not keep, grown for her soil
too great

(But like to casting bees, so rising up in swarms)

§ Our Cymbry with the Gauls, that their com-
mixed arms

Join'd with the German powers (those nations
of the north

Which overspread the world) together issued forth :

§ Where, with our brazen swords, we stoutly
fought, and long ;

And after conquests got, residing them among,

First planted in those parts our brave courageous
brood : [blood,

Whose natures so adher'd unto their ancient
As from them sprang those priests, whose praise
so far did sound,

Through whom that spacious Gaul was after so
renown'd,

Nor could the Saxons swords (which many a
ling'ring year

Them sadly did afflict, and shut us Britons here
Twixt Severn and this sea) our mighty minds
deject ;

But that even they which fain'd our weakness
would detect,

† Wye's speech in behalf of the Britons,

Were forced to confess, our wildest beasts that
breed [feed,

Upon our mighty wastes, or on our mountains
Were far more sooner tam'd, than here our
Welchmen were :

Resides, in all the world no nation is so dear
As they unto their own ; that here within this
isle,

Or else in foreign parts, yea forced to exile,
The noble Briton still his countryman relieves ;

A patriot, and so true, that it to death him
grieves

To hear his Wales disgrac'd ; and on the Saxons
swords

Oft hazardeth his life, ere with reproachful words
His language or his leek he'll stand to bear a-
bus'd.

Besides, the Briton is so naturally infus'd
With true poetic rage, that in their (g) measures,

art [part
Doth rather seem precise, than comely ; in each
Their metre most exact, in verse of th' hardest

kind.

And some to rhiming be so wondrously inclin'd,
Those numbers they will hit, out of their genuine

vain,
Which many wife and learn'd can hardly e'er at-
tain.

O memorable bards, of unmixt blood, which still
Posterity shall praise for your so wondrous skill,

That in your noble songs, the long descents have
kept

Of your great heroes, else in Lethe that had slept,
With theirs whose ignorant pride your labours

have disdain'd ;
How much from time, and them, how bravely
have you gain'd !

Musician, herald, bard, thrice may't thou be re-
nown'd, [crown'd ;

And with three several wreaths immortally be
Who, when to Pembroke call'd before the En-
glish king, [sing,

And to thy powerful harp commanded there to
Of famous Arthur told't, and where he was in-
terr'd ;

In which, those retchless times had long and
blindly err'd,

And ignorance had brought the world to such a
pals [wa-

As now, which scarce believes that Arthur ever
But when King (b) sent th' reported place to
view,

He found that man of men : and what thou said'st
was true.

Here then I cannot choose but bitterly exclaim
Against those fools that all antiquity defame,

Because they have found out, some credulous
ages laid

Slight fictions with the truth, whilst truth on ru-
mour staid ; [glect

And that one forward time (perceiving the ne-
A former of her had) so purchase her respect,

(g) See the fourth song.

(b) Henry II.

With toys then trim'd her up, the drowsy world
 t'allure, [cure
 And lent her what it thought might appetite pro-
 To man, whose mind doth still variety pursue;
 And therefore to those things whose grounds were
 very true, [tent
 Though naked yet and bare (nor having to con-
 The wayward curious ear) gave fictive ornament;
 And sifter thought, the truth they should in
 question all, [all.
 Than coldly sparing that, the truth should go and
 And surely I suppose, that which this froward
 time
 Doth scandalise her with to be her heinous crime,
 That her most preserv'd; for still where wit hath
 found [ground,
 A thing most clearly true, it made that, fiction's
 Which the suppos'd might give sure colour to
 them both:
 From which, as from a root, this wond'ring error
 grow'th,
 At which our critics gird, whose judgments are
 so strict,
 And he the bravest man who most can contradict
 That which decrepit age (which forced is to lean
 Upon tradition) tells; esteeming it so mean,
 As they it quite reject, and for some trifling thing
 (Which time hath pinn'd to truth) they all away
 will fling. [be,
 These men (for all the world) like our precisians
 Who for some cross or faint they in the window
 see
 Will pluck down all the church: foul-blinded
 fots that creep
 In dirt, and never saw the wonders of the deep.
 Therefore (in my conceit) most rightly serv'd are
 they [stay)
 That to the Roman trust (on his report that
 Our truth for him to learn, as ignorant of ours
 As we were then of his; except t'were of his
 powers:
 Who our wise Druids here unmercifully slew;
 Like whom, great nature's depths no men yet
 ever knew,
 Nor with such dauntless spirits were ever yet in-
 spir'd; [fir'd,
 Who at their proud arrive th'ambitious Romans
 When first they heard them preach the soul's im-
 mortal state: [fate,
 And even in Rome's despight, and in contempt of
 Graspt hands with horrid death: which out of
 hate and pride
 They slew, who through the world were reve-
 renced beside.
 To understand our state, no marvel then
 though we
 Should so to Cæsar seek, in his reports to see
 What anciently we were; when in our infant
 war,
 Unskilful of our tongue but by interpreter,
 He nothing had of ours which our great bards did
 sing, [bring
 Except some few poor words; and those again to
 Unto the Latin sounds, and easiness they us'd,
 By their most filed speech, our British most abus'd.

But of our former state, beginning, our descent,
 The wars we had at home, the conquests where
 we went,
 He never understood. And though the Romans
 here
 So noble trophies left, as very worthy were
 A people great as they, yet did they ours neglect,
 Long rear'd ere they arriv'd. And where they
 do object,
 The ruins and records we show, be very small
 To prove ourselves so great; even this the most
 of all
 ('Gainst their objection) seems miraculous to me,
 That yet those should be found so general as they
 be: [Dane,
 The Roman, next the Pict, the Saxon, then the
 All landing in the isle, each like a horrid rain
 Deforming her; besides the sacrilegious wrack
 Of many a noble book, as impious hands should
 sack
 The centre, to extirp all knowledge, and exile
 All brave and ancient things, for ever from this
 isle."
 Expressing wondrous grief, thus wandering Wye
 did sing.
 But back, industrious muse; obsequiously to
 bring
 Clear Severn from her source, and tell how she
 doth strain
 Down her delicious dales; with all the goodly
 train, [to make
 Brought forth the first of all by Bragan; which
 Her party worthy note, next, Dulas in doth take,
 Moyivadian his much love to Severn then to show.
 Upon his southern side sends likewise (in a row)
 Bright Biga, that brings on her friend and fellow
 flood;
 Next, Dungum; Bacho then is busily employ'd,
 Tarranon, Carno, Hawes, with Becan, and the
 Rue, [duc.
 In Severn's sovereign banks, that give attendance
 Thus as she sweeps along, with all that goodly
 train,
 Upon her other bank by Newtown; so again
 § Comes Dulas of whose name so many bevers be,
 As of none others is) with Mule, prepar'd to see
 The confluence to their queen, as on her course
 she makes: [takes;
 Then at Montgomery next clear Kennet in the
 Where little Fledding falls into her broader bank;
 Forkt Vurnway, bringing Tur and Tanot;
 growing rank,
 She plies her towards the Pool, from the Gome-
 rian fields; [yields
 Than which in all our Wales, there is no country
 An excellenter horse, so full of natural fire,
 As one of Phœbus' steeds had been that stallion's
 sire [kind,
 Which first their race begun; or of th' Austurian
 § Which some have held to be begotten by the
 wind, [ceives,
 Upon the mountain mare; which strongly it re-
 And in a little time her pregnant part upheaves.
 But, leave we this to such as after wonders long:
 The Muse prepares herself unto another song.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

After Penbroke in the former song, succeeds here Cardigan; both washed by the Irish seas. But, for intermixture of rivers, and contiguity of situation, the inlands of Montgomery, Radnor, and Brecknock are partly infolded.

Whose kind, in her decay'd, is to this life unknown.

That these rivers were in Tivy frequent, anciently is testified by Sylvester Girald (*a*) describing the particulars, which the author tells you, both of this, and the Salmons; but that here are no Bevers now, as good authority of the present (*b*) time informs you.

Unto the charming harp thy future honour sing.

Of the Bards, their singing, heraldship, and more of that nature, see the fourth song. (*c*) Ireland (saith one) uses the harp and pipe, which he calls Tympanum: Scotland the Harp, Tympan, and Chorus; Wales the Harp, Pipe, and Chorus. Although Tympanum and Chorus have other significations, yet, this Girald (from whom I vouch it) using these words as received, I imagine, of St. Hierome's epistle to Dardanus, according to whom, for explanation, finding them pictured in Ottomar Luscinus his Musurgy, as several kinds of pipes, the first dividing itself into two at the end, the other spread in the middle, as two segments of a circle, but one at both ends, I guess them intended near the same. But I refer myself to those that are more acquainted with these kind of British fashions. For the harp his word is Cithara, which (if it be the same with Lyra, as some think, although urging reason and authority are to the contrary) makes the Bards music, like that express'd in the (*d*) lyric:

*—bitem.
Sonante mifum tibi; carmen lyrd,
Hic Dorium, illis Barbarum.*

Apply it to the former notes, and observe them, that (*e*) the Pythagoreans used, was sic of the harp (which in those times, if Apollo's, was certainly but of (*f*) seven when they went to sleep, to charm (as Scots were wont to do, and do yet in th as Buchanan (*g*) affirms) and compose the bled affections. Which I cite to this; that in comparing it with the British mu the attributes thereof before remembered Heracleotes and Girald, you may see con of use in both, and worth of antiquity; and as well in Pipes as Harp; if you re the poetic story of Marfyas. And witha not that in one of the oldest coins that h made in this kingdom, the picture of the is Apollo having his harp encircled with belin's name, then chief king of the Britc for Belin and Apollo, see the eighth song

By whom first Gaul was taught her knowles

Understand the knowledge of those g losophers, priests, and law,ers called Dr whom to the tenth song largely). The pline was first found out in this isle, an wards transferred into Gaul; whence the were sent hither as to an university for tion in their learned professions: (*h*) Cæ self is author of as much. Although, in lar law learning, it might seem that Bri required, if the satyrift (*i*) deceive not in

(*k*) *Gallia causidicos docuit sacunda Brita*

(*a*) Topograph. Hib. dist. 1. cap. 21. Itin. cap. 3. Cam. 2.
(*b*) Powel & Camden.
(*c*) Girald. Topograph. 3. dist. cap. 11.
(*d*) Horat. Epod. ix.
(*e*) Plutarch. de Isid. & Ofiride.
(*f*) Horat. Carm. 3. od. 11. Homer in Hymn. ad Epe. Serv. Honorat ad 4. Æneid. (ubi testudinem primò trium Chordarum, quam à Mercurio

Caducei precio emisse Apollinem septemq mina vocum addidisse legimus, & videndu Sicul. lib. 5.) unde 'Επιγλυφωτος. 'Επιγλυφωτος dicitur Græcis.

(*g*) Hist. Scot. 4. in Fethelmacho.

(*h*) Comment. 6.

(*i*) Juvenal. Satyr. 15.

(*k*) Eloquent Gaul taught the British I

which, with excellent Lipsius (*l*), I rather apply the dispersion of the Latin tongue through all into this province, than to any other language or matter. For also in Agricola's time newhat before, it appears that matter of good erature was here in a far higher degree than re, as Tacitus in his life hath recorded. Thus th our isle been as mistress to Gaul twice. Frst the institution of their now famous university Paris; which was done by Charlemain, through aid and industry of our learned Alcuin (he is call-also Albin, and was sent ambassador to the Em- ror by Offa king of Mercland) seconded by the xs, (*m*) John Mailros, Claudius Clement, and ban Maurus. But I know the great men per- it not; nor can I see any very ancient autho- y for it, but infinite of later times, so that it es as a received opinion; therefore without re examination in this no more fit passage, I munit it to my reader.

Our Bard but coming in their murder's words bath said.

Such strange assertion find I in story of these eds powerful enchantments, that with the ama- ing sweetness of their delicious (*n*) harmonies, e their own only, but withal their enemies aries have suddenly desisted from fierce encoun- es; so, as my author says, *did Mars reverence the lyfe*. This exactly continues all fitness with hat is before affirmed of that kind of music; twist which (and all other by authentic affir- ance) and the mind's affections there are cer- in (*o*) † *Musichuella*, as in this particular example apparent. But how agreeth this with that in acius which calls a musical incentive to war a- ong the Germans, Barditus? Great critics would ere (*p*) read Barhritus, which in Vegetius and manian especially, is a peculiar name for those iring up alarms before the battle used in Roman faults (equal in proportion to the Greeks *αλα- ryas*, the Irish Kerns *Pbarrob*, and that Roland's og of the Normans, which hath had his like so, in most nations). But, seeing Barhritus (in is sense) is a word of later time, and scarce yet, ithout remembrance of his naturalization, allow- im the Latin; and, (*q*) that this use was notable in ose Northerns and Gauls, until wars with whom, seems Rome had not a proper word for it hich appears by Festus Pompeius, affirming that e cry of the army was called Barbaricum) I ould think somewhat confidently, that Barhritus

(as the common copies are) is the truest & read- ing; yet so, that Barditus formed by an unknow- ing pronunciation is, and, by original, was the self same. For, that Lipsius mending the place, will have it from *Baren* in Dutch, which signifies, to cry out, or from *Har Har* (which is as *Haron* in the Norman customs and elsewhere) or from the word *Beare*, for imitation of the beast's cry, I much wonder, seeing Tacitus makes express men- tion of verses harmonically celebrating valiant performers, the recital whereof hath that name Barditus, which to interpret we might well call singing. But to enjoin this fiery office with that quenching power, of the Bards, spoken of by the author, I imagine that they had also for this mar- tial purpose skill in that kind of music, which they call Phrygian, being (as Aristotle says) *Ορ- γιαστική Παιθετική και Έθυσιαστική* as it were, madding the mind with sprightly motion. For so we see that those which sing the tempering and mollify- ing (*r*) Pœans to Apollo, the *ῥήματα & ἐπαιλί- μους* after victory, did among the Greeks in another strain move with their Pœans to Mars, their *Ὀπλιν*, and provoking charms before the encoun- ter; and so meets this in our Bards, dispersed doubtless (as the Druids) through Britain, Gaul, and part of Germany, which three had especially in warfare much community.

Our Cimbri with the Gauls——

National transmigrations touched to the fourth song give light hither. The name of Cimbri (which most of the learned in this later time have made the same with Cimmerians, Cumerians, Cambrians, all coming from Gomer (*r*) Japhet's son, to whom with his posterity was this north- western part of the world divided) expressing the Welsh, calling themselves also *Kumry*. The au- thor alludes here to that British army, which in our story is conducted under Brennus and Belinus (sons to Molmutius) through Gaul, and thence prosecuted, what in the eighth song and my notes there more plainly.

Where, with our brazen swords——

The author thus teaches you to know, that, a- mong the ancients, brass, not iron, was the metal of most use. In their little scithes, wherewith they (*t*) cut their herbs for enchantments, their priests rasours, plow-shares for describing the content of plotted cities, their music instruments,

(*l*) De pronuntiat. rect. Lat. ling. cap. 3. v. Vir- ibum ad Justin. tit. Instit. quid non est permiss. se. test. Circa DCC. XC. University of Paris in- tituted.

(*m*) Balærus cent. 1.

(*n*) Diodor. Sicul. de gest. fabulos. antiq. lib. 6.

(*o*) Aristot. Polit. 2. cap. 8.

† Imitations.

(*p*) Lips. ad Polyh. 4. Dialog. 11.

(*q*) Locus Taciti in de morib. Germ.

Vol. III.

§ Locus Gallicé & Britannicé Cantor. Fest. & vide Bodin. meth. hist. cap. 9. qui Robartum De- gobartum & similia vocabula hinc (malè verò) deducit.

(*r*) Suid. in Πλάτ.

(*s*) Genes. 1.

(*t*) Sophocles, Carminius, Virgil. ap. Macrobi- um Saturnal. lib. 5. cap. 19. Pausan. in Laconic. γ. & Arcadic 2. Samuel. lib. 1. cap. 17.

and such like, how special this metal was, it is with good warrant delivered; nor with less, how frequent in the making of swords, spears, and armour in the heroic times, as among other authorities that in the encounter of Diomedes and Hector (u) manifesteth:

§ — πλάγχθη δ' ἀπὸ χαλκείῃ χαλκίῃ.

Which seems in them to have proceeded from a willingness of avoiding instruments too deadly in wounding; far from a styptic faculty in this, more than in iron, the cure of what it hurts is affirmed more easy, and the metal itself, (x) Φαρμακίδης, as (y) Aristotle expresses it. But that our Britons used it also, it hath been out of old monuments by our most (z) learned antiquary observed.

That to the Roman trust (on his report that slay)

For indeed many are, which the author here impugns, that dare believe nothing of our story, or antiquities of more ancient times; but only Julius Cæsar, and others about or since him. And surely his ignorance of this isle was great, time forbidding him language or conversation with the British. Nor was any before him of his country, that knew or meddled in relation of us. The first of them that once to letters committed any word deduced from Britain's name was a philosophical (a) poet (flourishing some fifty years before Cæsar) in these verses:

*Nam quid Britannum calum differre putamus,
Et quod in Ægypto est, quæ mundi claudicat axis?*

In the somewhat later poets that lived about Augustus, as Catullus, Virgil, and Horace, some passages of the name have you, but nothing that discovers any monument of this island proper to her inhabitants. I would not reckon (c) Cornelius Nepos among them, to whose name is attributed, in print, that polite poem (in whose composition Apollo seems to have given personal aid) of the Trojan war, according to Dares the Phrygian's story; where, by poetical liberty the Britons are supposed to have been with Hercules at the rape of Heclione: I should so, besides error, wrong my country, to whose glory the true author's name of that book will among the worthies of the muses ever live. Read but these of his verses, and then judge if he were a Roman.

— Sine remigis usu
*Non nosset Ætæopis Roman, non Indus
Non Scythæ Corripidem, non Noëtes
Gallum.*

And in the same book to Baldwin arc
Canterbury:

*At tu diffimulus longè cui fronte ferenda
Sanguinis egrogij lacrum, pacemque litati
Emptam animâ Pater ille pius, summumque
In curam venisse velit, cui cederet ipse
Profus, vel proprias latus sociaret habo*

Of him a little before:

— quo præsidi floret
(d) *Tantia, & in præcas respicit libera*

Briefly thus: the author was Joseph (afterwards archbishop of Bourdeaux) this and other kinds of good learning, t
ry II. and Richard I. speaking among t
in this form:

*Te sacra affument acies divinoque bella.
Tunc dignum majore tuba, tunc pectore tu
Nilis, & immensum necum spargere pe*

Which must (as I think) be intended c
whose undertaking of the cross and v
Corur de Lion into the holy land, and d
is in our (e) stories; out of which you
large declaration of this holy father (Thomas Becket) that bought peace wi
his life; being murdered in his house
bury, through the urging grievances
to the king and laity, his diminution
law liberties, and endeavoured der
maintenance of Romish usurped super
these liberties, see Matthew Paris befo
and the epistles of (f) John of Sal
lately published; and, if you please,
Anglorum, where they are restored
less corruption, and are indeed more
than in any other whatsoever in print.
too much of this false Cornelius. Co
these notes what is to the first song of
Albion; and you shall see that in Gr
mention of our land is long before
Latin: for Polybius, that is the first
tions it, was more than a hundred y
Lucretius. The author's plainness in

(u) Iliad. 2.

§ Brads rebound from brads.

(x) Of remedial power.

(y) Problem. a. Sect. 21.

(z) Camd. in Cornub. See for this more in the
tenth song.

(a) Lucret. de Rer. Nat. 6.

(c) Cornelius Nepos challenged to an

(d) Ita n. legendum, non Tantia aut
ineptiunt qui Josepho nostro merenti

derunt coronam in Codice Typis excu

(e) Chronicis adde & Girald. Itin
cap. 14.

(f) Sarisburicns. Epist. 159. 21c. 2.

Wye's song to this purpose discharges my further labour.

Comes Dulas, of whose name so many rivers be.

As in England the names of Avon, Ouse, Stoure, and some other; so in Wales, before all, is Dulas, a name very often of rivers in Radnor, Brecknock, Caermardhin, and elsewhere.

Which some have held to be begotten of the wind.

In those western parts of Spain, Galicia, Portugal, and Austria, many classic testimonies, both poets, as Virgil, Silius Italicus, naturalists, historians and geonics, as Varro, Calumel, Pliny, Trogus and Solinus have remembered these mares, which conceive through fervent lust of nature, by the west wind, without copulation with the male (in such sort as the *Ovis subventanus* (g) are bred in hems) but so that the foals live not over some three years. I refer it as an allegory (h) to the

expressing only of their fertile breed and swift-ness in course; which is elegantly to this purpose, framed by him that was the father (i) of this conceit to his admiring posterity, in these lines speaking of Xanthus and Balius, two of Achilles's horses:

(i) τὸ ἀμαρτυρεῖται περὶ τοῦ
Τῶν ἵππων Ζεφύρου ἀνέμου ἄρματα Πηλεΐδης
Βασταρμένην λιμῶν παρὰ ἴον Γαυδαῖον.

Whence withal you may note, that Homer had at least heard of these coasts of Spain, according as upon the conjectures on the name of Lisbon, the Elysians, and other such you have in (l) Strabo. But for Lisbon, which many will have from Ulysses, and call it Uliabon, being commonly written Olesippo or Ulisippo in the ancients, you shall have better etymology, if you hence derive and make it 'ΟΛος ἵππων, as it were, that the whole tract is a seminary of horses, as a most learned man hath delivered.

(g) *subventanus*, windy eggs, bred without a cock.

(h) Justin. hist. lib. 44.

(i) Iliad. ω.

(l) These did fly like the wind, which swift Porphyrus foaled to their sire Zephyrus, feeding in a

meadow by the ocean.

(l) Geograph. α. ΟΛος ἵππων Ptolemaeus. Iota sublatum vera restat lectio Paull, Merul. cosmog. part. 2. lib. 2. cap. 26.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE SEVENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The Muse from Cambria comes again,
To view the forest of fair Dean ;
Sees Severn ; when the Higre takes her,
How fever-like the sickness shakes her ;
Makes mighty Malvern speak his mind
In honour of the mountain kind ;
Thence wafted with a merry gale,
Sees Lemster, and the Golden Vale ;
Sports with the nymphs, themselves that ply
At th' wedding of the Lug and Wy ;
Viewing the Herefordian pride
Along on Severn's setting side,
That small Wigornian part surveys :
Where for a while herself she stays.

Ign matters call our muse, inviting her to see
As well the lower lands, as those where lately she
The Cambrian mountains clomb, and (looking
from aloft)
Survey'd coy Severn's course : but now to shores
more soft [song
She shapes her prosperous sail ; and in this lofty
The Herefordian floods invites with her along,
§ That fraught from plenteous Powse, with their
superfluous waste,
Manure the batful March, until they be embrac'd
In Sabrin's sovereign arms : with whose tumul-
tuous waves [ly raves ;
§ Shut up in narrower bounds, the Higre wild-

And frights the straggling flocks, the neighbour-
ing shores to fly, (a)
Afar as from the main it comes with hideous cry,
And on the angry front the curled foam doth
bring, [doth fling ;
The billows 'gainst the banks when fiercely it
Hurls up the slimy ooze, and makes the scaly
brood [flood ;
Leap madding to the land affrighted from the
O'erturns the toiling barge, whose steerfman
doth not lanch, panch :
And thrusts the furrowing beak into her ireful

(a) A simile expressing the boar or higre.

As when we haply see a sickly woman fall
Into a fit of that which we the mother call,
When from the griev'd womb she feels the pain
arise,

Breaks into grievous sighs, with intermixed crys,
Bereaved of her sense; and struggling still with
those [oppose,
That 'gainst her rising pain their utmost strength
Starts, tosses, tumbles, strikes, turns, tosses, spurns,
and sprauls,

Casting with furious limbs her holders to the walls;
But that the horrid pangs torment the griev'd so,
One well might muse from whence this sudden
strength should grow.

Here (queen of forests all, that west of Se-
vern ly) [high,

Her broad and bushy top Dean holdeth up so
The lesser are not seen, she is so tall and large.
And standing in such state upon the winding
marge,

{ Within her hollow woods the Satyrs that did
wonne

In gloomy secret shades, not pierc'd with sum-
mers sun,

Under a false pretence the nymphs to entertain,
Oft ravish'd the choice of Sabrin's watry train;
And from their mistress banks them taking as a
prey,

Unto their woody caves have carried them away:
Then from her inner groves for succour when
they cry'd,

She retchless of their wrongs (her satyrs 'scapes
to hide)

Unto their just complaint not once her ear inclines:
So fruitful in her woods, and wealthy in her mines,
That Leden which her way doth through the de-
sert make, [fake

Though near to Dean ally'd, determin'd to for-
Her course, and her clear limbs amongst the bush-
es hide,

Left by the Sylvans (should she chance to be espy'd)
She might unmaiden'd go unto her sovereign flood:
So many were the rapes done on the watry brood,
That Sabrine to her sire (great Neptune) forc'd
to sue,

The riots to repress of this outrageous crue,
His armed Orks he sent her milder stream to keep,
To drive them back to Dean that troubled all
the deep.

{ Whilst Malvern (king of hills) fair Severn
overlooks

(Attended on in state with tributary brooks)

And how the fertile fields of Hereford do ly,
And from his many heads, with many an amo-
rous eye,

Beholds his goodly site, how towards the plea-
sant rise,

Abounding in excess, the Vale of Eufham lies,
The mountains every way about him that do stand,
Of whom he's daily seen, and seeing doth com-
mand;

On tiptoes set aloft, this proudly uttereth he:
'Olympus, fair'st of hills, that heaven art said
to be,

'I envy not thy state, nor less myself do make;
'Nor to possess thy name, mine own would I for-
'fake:

'Nor would I, as thou do'st, ambitiously aspire
'To thrust my forked top into th' ethereal fire.

'For, didst thou take the sweets that on my face
'do breath, [neath:

'Above thou wouldest not seek what I enjoy be-
'Besides, the sundry soils I every way survey,

'Make me, if better not, thy equal every way.

'And more, in our defence, to answer those, with
'spight [light;

'That terms us barren, rude, and void of all de-
'We mountains, to the land, like wars or wens to
'be, [see;

'By which, fair'st living things disfigur'd oft they
'This strongly to perform, a well-stuff'd brain
'would need.

'And many hills there be, if they this cause
'would heed,

'Having their rising tops familiar with the sky
'(From whence all wit proceeds) that fitter were
'than I

'The task to undertake. As not a man that sees
'Mounchdenny, Blorench hill, with Breckdon, and
'the Clees, [they,

'And many more as great, and nearer me than
'But thinks, in our defence they far much more
'could say.

'Yet, falling to my lot, this stoutly I maintain
'Gainst forests, vallies, fields, groves, rivers, pa-
'sture, plain,

'And all their flatter kind (so much that do rely
'Upon their feedings, flocks, and their fertility)

'The mountain is the king: and he it is alone
'Above the other soils that nature doth enthrone.

'For mountains be like men of brave heroic mind,
'With eyes erect to heaven, of whence themselve
'they find,

'Whereas the lowly vale, as earthly, like itself
'Doth never further look than how to purchase self.

'And of their batful sites, the vales that boast them
'thus, [us:

'Ne'er had been what they are, had it not been for
'For, from the rising banks that strongly mound
'them in,

'The valley (as betwixt) her name did first begin:
'And almost not a brook, if she her banks do fill,

'But hath her plenteous spring from mountain or
'from hill, [take,

'If mead, or lower shade, grieve at the room we
'Know that the snow or rain, descending oft, doth
'make [glide,

'The fruitful valley fat, with what from us doth
'Who with our winter's waste maintain their
'summer's pride:

'And to you lower lands, if terrible we seem,
'And cover'd oft with clouds; it is your foggy
'steam

'The powerful sun exhales, that in the cooler day
'Unto this region come, about our tops doth stay

'And, what's the grove, so much that thinks her
'to be grac'd,

'If not above the rest upon the mountain plac'd,

' Where she her curled head unto the eye may
 'show ?
 ' For in the easy vale if the set below,
 ' What is she but obscure ? and her more dampy
 'shade
 ' And covert, but a den for beasts of raven made ?
 ' Besides, we are the marks, which looking from
 'on high,
 ' The traveller beholds ; and with a cheerful eye
 ' Doth thereby shape his course, and freshly doth
 ' pursue ^[view]
 ' The way, which long before lay tedious in his
 ' What forest, flood, or field, that standeth not
 ' in awe
 ' Of Sina, or shall see the sight that mountain saw ?
 ' To none but to a hill such grace was ever given :
 ' As on his back, 'tis said, great Atlas bears up
 ' heaven. ^[noun'd]
 ' So Latmus by his wife (b) Endymion is se-
 ' That hill, on whose high top he was the first
 ' that found ^[sphere]
 ' Pale Phoebe's wand'ring course ; so skilful in her
 ' As some stick not to say that he enjoy'd her there.
 ' And those chaste maids, begot on memory by
 ' love,
 ' Not Tempe only love delighting in their grove ;
 ' Nor Helicon their brook, in whose delicious
 ' brims,
 ' They oft are us'd to bathe their clear and crystal
 ' limbs ;
 ' But high Parnassus have, their mountain, where-
 ' on they
 ' Upon their golden lutes continually do play.
 ' Of these I more could tell, to prove the place
 ' our own, ^[shown]
 ' Than by his spacious maps are by Ortelius
 ' For mountains this suffice. Which scarcely had
 ' he told ; ^[hold]
 Along the fertile fields, when Malvern might be-
 The Herefordian floods, far distant though they be :
 For great men, as we find, a great way off can see.
 First, Frome with forehead clear, by Bromyard
 that doth glide ; ^[guide]
 And taking Loden in, their mixed streams do
 To meet their sovereign Lug, from the Radnorian
 plain
 At Preshin coming in ; where he doth entertain
 The Wadel, as along he under Derfold goes :
 Her full and lusty side to whom the forest shews,
 As to allure fair Lug, abode with her to make.
 Lug little Oney first, then Arro in doth take,
 At Lemster, for her wool whose staple doth excel,
 And seems to over-match the golden Phrygian fell.
 Had this our Colchos been unto the ancients
 known,
 When honour was herself, and in her glory shewn,
 He then that did command the infantry of Greece,
 Had only to our use adventur'd for this fleece.
 ' Where lives the man so dull, on Britain's far-
 thest shore,
 To whom did never sound the name of (c) Lem-
 ster ore ?

(b) Endymion found out the course of the moon.

(c) The excellency of Lemster wool.

That with the silk-worms web for smallness doth
 compare :
 Wherein, the winder shews his workmanship so rare
 As doth the fleece excel, and mocks her loof
 clew ;
 As neatly bottom'd up as nature forth it drew ;
 Of each in high account, and reckoned here as
 fine, ^[time]
 § As there th' Apulian fleece, or dainty Tera-
 From thence his lovely self for Wye he doth di-
 pose, ^[goes]
 To view the goodly flocks on each hand as he
 And makes his journey short, with strange and
 fundry tales
 Of all their wond'rous things ; and, not the least,
 of Wales ; ^[past]
 Of that prodigious spring (him neighbouring as he
 That little fishes bones continually doth cast.
 Whose reason whilst he seeks industriously to
 know, ^[show]
 A great way he hath gone, and Hereford doth
 Her rising spires aloft ; when as the princely Wye,
 Him from his muse to wake, arrests him by and by.
 Whose meeting to behold, with how well-order'd
 grace
 Each other entertains, how kindly they embrace ;
 For joy, so great a shout the bordering city sent,
 That with the sound thereof, which through
 Haywood went, ^[was]
 The wood-nymphs did awake that in the forest
 To know the sudden cause, and presently they
 run ^[to see]
 With locks uncomb'd, for haste the lovely Wye
 (The flood that grac'd her most) this day should
 married be
 To that more lovely Lug ; a river of much fame,
 That in her wandering banks should lose his glo-
 rious name.
 For Hereford, although her Wye she hold so dear,
 Yet Lug (whose longer course doth grace the
 goodly shire, ^[doth bring]
 And with his plentiful stream so many brooks
 Of all hers that be north is absolutely king.
 But Marcey, griev'd that he (the nearest of
 the rest, ^[guest]
 And of the mountain kind) not bidden was a
 Unto this nuptial feast, so hardly it doth take,
 As (meaning for the same his station to forsake)
 § Enrag'd and mad with grief, himself in two did
 rive ; ^[drive]
 The trees and hedges near, before him up doth
 And dropping headlong down, three days toge-
 ther fall : ^[supper]
 Which, bellowing as he went, the rocks did so
 That they him passage made, who costs and chap-
 pels crush :
 So violently he into his valley rush.
 But Wye (from her dear Lug whom nothing
 can restrain,
 In many a pleasant shade, her joy to entertain)
 To Ross her course directs ; and right her (d)
 pame to shew,
 Oft windeth in her way, as back she meant to go.

(d) Wye or Gwy, so called (in the British) of her true-

Menander, who is said to intrapace to be, [the.
Hath not so many turns, nor cranking nooks as
The Herefordian fields when well near having
past,
As she is going forth, two sister brooks at last
That sail her kindly sends, to guide her on her
way;
Next Camer, that gets in swift Garrant : which do
Their waters in one bank, augmenting of her
train, [lay
To grace the goodly Wye, as she doth pass by
Beyond whose equal spring unto the west doth
ly [do fly
The goodly Golden Vale, whose luscious founts
More free than Hybla's fountains; and 'twixt her
bord'ring hills,
The air with such delights and delicacy fills,
As makes it loth to stir, or thence those smells to
bear. [there :
Th' Hesperides scarce had such pleasures as he
Which sometime to attain, that mighty son of
Jove [strove,
One of his labours made, and with the dragon
That never clos'd his eyes, the golden fruit to
guard; [spar'd :
As if t' enrich this place, from others, nature
Banks crown'd with curled groves, from cold to
keep the plain, [maintain ;
Rills batfal, slow'ry meads, in state them to
Rocks, to make fit those meads, from marble
veins that spout, [without.
To show, the wealth within doth answer that
So brave a nymph she is, in every thing so rare,
As to sit down by her, she thinks there's none
should dare.
And forth she sends the Doirs, upon the Wye
to wait, [treat
Whom Manno by the way more kindly doth in-
(For Eddie, her most lov'd, and Olcen's only sake)
Wish her to go along, till Wye she overtake.
To whom she condescends, from danger her to
shield [fordian field.
That th' Mercurian parts from th' Here-
Which manly Malvern sees from furthest of
the shire,
On tye Wigornian waste when northward look-
ing near,
On Corwood casts his eye, and on his (s) home-
born chase,
Then constantly beholds, with an unusual pace,
Team with her tribute come unto the (f) Cam-
brian queen, [seen,
Near whom in all this place a river's scarcely
That dare avouch her name; Team scorning any
spring, [bring,
But what with her along from Shropshire she doth
Except one nameless stream that Malvern sends
her in,
And Laughern though but small : when they such
grace that win, [bank.
There thrust in with the brooks inclosed in her
Teign lastly thither com'n with water is so rank,

(d) Malvern chase.

(f) Severn.

As though she would contend with Sabine, and
doth crave
Of place (by her desert) precedency to have :
Till chancing to behold the other's godlike grace,
So strongly is surpris'd with beauties in her face
By no means she could hold, but needily she must
shew
Her liking; and herself doth into Sabine throw.
Not far from him again when Malvern doth
perceive
Two hills, which though their heads so high they
do not heave,
Yet duly to observe great Malvern, and afford
Him reverence: who again, as fits a gracious lord,
Upon his subjects looks, and equal praise doth give
That Woodberry so nigh and neighbourly doth live
With Abberley his friend, deserving well such fame
That Sarten in his maps forgot them not to name :
Which, though in their mean types small matter
doth appear,
Yet both of good account were reckoned in the shire,
And highly grac'd of Team in his proud passing by.
When soon the goodly Wyre, that wonted was
so high
Her stately top to rear, ashamed to behold
Her straight and goodly woods unto the furnace
fold
(And looking on herself, by her decay doth see
The misery wherein her sister forasts be)
Of Eriichon's (g) end begins her to bethink,
And of his cruel plagues doth with them all might
drink [despight ;
That thus have them dispos'd : then of her own
That she, in whom her town, fair Beudly took
delight,
And from her goodly seat conceiv'd so great a pride,
In Severn on her east, Wyre on the setting side,
So naked left of woods, of pleasure, and forlorn,
As she that lov'd her most, her now the most
doth scorn;
With endless grief perplex, her stubborn breast
she strake,
And to the deafen'd air thus passionately spake ;
' You Dryads, that are said with oaks to live
' and die, [fly :
' Wherefore in our distress do you our dwellings
' Upon this monstrous age and not revenge our
' wrong ?
' For cutting down an oak that justly did belong
' To one of Ceres' nymphs, in Theffaly that grew
' In the Dodonian grove (O nymphs!) you could
' pursue
' The son of Perops then, and did the goddess stir
' That villainy to wreak the tyrant did to her :
' Who, with a dreadful frown did blast the grow-
' ing grain : [maintain,
' And having from him rest what should his life
' She unto Scythia sent, for hunger him to gnaw,
' And thrust her down his throat, into his stanch-
' less maw :
' Who, when nor sea nor land for him sufficient
' were, [tear,
' With his devouring teeth his wretched flesh did

(g) A fable in Ovid's metam.

' This did you for one tree : but of whole forests
 they [decay
 ' That in these impious times have been the vile
 ' (Whom I may justly call their country's deadly
 foes)
 ' Gainst them you move no power, their spoil
 unpunisht goes, [starve,
 ' How many grieved souls in future time shall
 ' For that which they have rapt their beastly lust
 to serve, [were,
 ' We, sometime that the state of famous Britain
 ' For whom she was renown'd in kingdoms far
 and near, [ground,
 ' Are ranfackt ; and our trees so hackt about the
 ' That where their lofty tops their neighbouring
 countrys crown'd,

' Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and
 naked stand, [hand :
 ' As for revenge to heav'n each held a wither'd
 ' And where the goodly herds of high-palm'd
 hearts did gaze [graze
 ' Upon the passer by, thereby now doth only
 ' The gall'd-back carion jade, and hartful swine
 do spoil
 ' Once to the sylvan powers our consecrated soil,
 This uttered she with grief : and more she
 would have spoke, [broke,
 When the Salopian floods her of her purpose
 And silence did enjoin ; a list'ning ear to lend
 To Severn, which (was thought) did mighty
 things intend, &c

ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE muse yet hovers over Wales, and here sings
 the inner territories, with part of the Severn story,
 and her English neighbours:

*That fraught from plenteous Powys with their super-
 fluous waste
 Manure the fruitful March——*

Wales (as is before touched) is divided into
 three parts, North Wales, South Wales, and
 Powys; this last is here meant, comprising part
 of Brecknock, Radnor and Montgomery. The
 division hath its beginning attributed to the three
 sons of (a) Roderick the Great, Mervin, Cadell,
 and Anarawt, who possess them for their portions
 hereditary, as they are named. But out of an
 old book of Welsh laws, David Powel affirms
 those tripartite titles more ancient. I know that
 the division and gift is different in Caradoc Lan-
 charvan from that of Girald; but no great con-
 sequence of admitting either here those three
 Princes were called in British (b) *Stritayfor Ta-*
laethlar, because (c) every one of them wore upon
 his bonnet or helmet, a coronet of gold, being a
 broad lace or headband, indented upwards, set

and wrought with precious stones, which in Bri-
 tish or Welsh is called (d) *Tataeth*, which name
 nurses give to the upper band on a child's head.
 Of this form (I mean of a band or wreath) were
 the ancientest of crowns, as appears in the de-
 scription of the Cidarid, and Tiara of the Persians
 in Ctesias, Q. Curtius, and Xenophon, the crowns
 of Oak, Grass, Parsly, Olives, Myrtle, and such
 among the Greeks and Romans, and in that ex-
 press name of Diadema, signifying a Band, of
 which, whether it have in our tongue communis-
 with that Banda, derived of the (e) Carian into
 Italian, expressing victory, and so, for ominous
 good works, is translated to ensigns and standards
 (as in oriental stories the words *Bande* and *Ban-*
diqes often shew) I must not here inquire. Mol-
 mutius (f) first used a golden crown among the
 British, and as it seems by the same authority,
 Athelstan among the Saxon. But I digress. By
 the March understand those limits between Eng-
 land and Wales; which continuing from north to
 south, join the Welsh shires to Hereford, Shrop-
 shire and the English part, and were divers ba-
 ronies, divided from any shire until (g) Henry
 VIII. by act of parliament annexed some to Wales,

(a) Girald. Camb. descript. cap. 2. DCCC.
 LXX. VI.

(b) The three crowned Princes.

(c) D. Powel. ad Caradoc. Lharcarvan.

(d) Crowns, Diadems, Band.

(e) Stephan. *apud* *Welsh*. v. Gorap. Bec-

ccelan. 2. & Pet. Pithael adversar. 2. c. 20. de
 Bandâ, cui & Andatens apud Dionem confertas, &
 videtis in altero alterius relique.

(f) Galfred. Monumeth. lib. 1. & 9.

(g) 27 Hen. 8. cap. 26. v. 28. Ed. 3. cap. 2.

England. The barons that lived in the called Lord Marchers, and by the (b) Marchiones, i. e. Marquesses. For of (i) Mortimer, James of Audeleg, Clifford, Roger of Leiburn, Haimo, Hugh of Turbervil, which by sword the ranfom of Henry III. out of Simon (t) his treacherous imprisonment, after of Lewes) are called (h) Marchiones and Edward III. created Roger of Mortimer of March, as if you should say, of the betwixt Wales and England, *March*, or signifying a bound or limit: as to the III. largely. And hence is supposed the that honorary title of Marquess, which as a lord of the frontiers, or such like; I know divers others are derivations (m) Feudists have imagined. These had their laws in their Baronies, and of suit, if it had been betwixt tenants them, then was it commenced in their and determined; if for the barony it in the king's courts at Westminster, by fled to the sheriff of the next English ning, as Gloucester, Hereford, and some or the king's (n) writ did not run in England; until by statute the principality incorporated with the crown; as appears old (o) report where one was commoing a ward into Wales, *extra par-* under Henry III. Afterward (p) made some shires in it, and altered the onforming them in some fort to the in the statute of Ruthland you have it ad under Edward II. to a (q) Parlia- fork were summoned twenty-four out Wales, and as many out of South Wales. hstanding all this, the Marches contin- and in them were, for the most controverted titles, which in our law- referred to Wales. For the divided as it seems, or should have been sub- English form; but the particulars here- for this poem: if you are at all con- our law, I send you to my (r) margin; large concerns you.

—the Higre wildly raves.

This violence, of the water's madness, declared by the author, is so express in an old (s) monk, which about four hundred years since, says it was called the Higre in English. To make more description of it, were but to resolve the author's poem.

Within her hollow woods the Satyrs that did dwell.

By the Satyrs ravishing the sea-nymphs into this maritime forest of Dean (lying between Wye and Severn in Gloucester) with Severn's suit to Neptune, and his provision of remedy, you have, poetically described the rapines which were committed along that shore, by such as lurked in these shady receptacles, which he properly titles Satyrs; that name coming from an Eastern (t) root, signifying to hide, or lie hid, as that (u) all knowing Isaac Casaubon hath at large (among other his unmeasurable benefits to the state of learning) taught us. The English were also ill treated by the Welsh in their passages here, until by act of Parliament remedy was given; as you may see in the (x) statute's preamble, which satisfies the action.

Whiff Malverne king of hills fair Severn over-looks.

Hereford and Worcester are by these hills seven miles in length confined; and rather, in respect of the adjacent vales, than the hills self understand the attribute of excellency. Upon these is the supposed vision of Piers Plowman, done, as is thought, by Robert (y) Langland, a Shropshire man, in a kind of English metre: which for discovery of the infecting corruptions of those times, I prefer before many more seemingly serious invectives, as well for invention as judgment. But I have read that the author's name was John Malverne, a fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who finished it 16 Edward III.

Rub. Scaccar.
h. Westmonast. lib. 2.
ques or lord Marcher of Wales.
he limits see to the next song.
Const. Feud. 2. tit. quis dicatur Dux,
sulti sspia.
see to the ninth song more particularly.
len. 3. tit. Guard. 147.
Ruthland. 12. Ed. 1.
d. 3. dora. claus. mem. 13.

(r) V. 18. Ed. 2. tit. Affise 382. 13. Ed. 3. ju-
risdict. 23. 6. Hen. 5. ib. 34. 1. Ed. 3. f. 14. &
sapius in annalibus Jura nostri.

(s) Guil. Malmesbur. lib. 4. digest. Pontificum.

(t) סתר.

(u) Παννοβόλος. lib. de Satyra. Merito indige-
tatur hoc Epitheto longe distissimus à doctissimo
Dan. Heinio in annot. ad Horatium.

(x) Stat. 9. Hen. 6. cap. 5.

(y) About the time of Edward III.

As there is' Apulian fleece, or dainty Tarentine.

In Apulia and the upper Calabria of Italy, the wool hath been ever famous for (a) finest excellence: in so much that for preserving it from the injury of earth, bushes, and weather, the shepherds used to cloath their sheep with skins, and indeed it was so chargeable in these and other

kind of pains about it, that it scarce req
cost.

——— *himself in two did rise.*

Alluding to a prodigious division of M
hill, in an earthquakes of late (a) time; w
most of all was in these parts of the island.

(a) Varr. de re rustic. 2. cap. 2. Columell. lib.
7. cap. 4.

(a) [unclear]

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

T H E E I G H T H S O N G .

The Argument.

The goodly Severn bravely sings
The noblest of her British kings ;
At Cæsar's landing what we went,
And of the Roman conquest here :
Then shews, to her dear Britain's fame,
How quickly christen'd they became,
And of their constancy doth boast,
In sundry fortunes strangely tost :
Then doth the Saxons landing tell,
And how by them the Britons fell ;
Cheers the Salopian mountains high,
That on the west of Severn lie ;
Calls down each riveret from her spring,
Their queen upon her way to bring ;
Whom down to Brug the muse attends :
Where, leaving her, this song she ends.

When herself clear Sabrina comes to And bethinks the way she had to go, And cast her course; and with an eye whence she came surveyeth (past) ancient times old Cambria claim'd to in to her th' oppressed Britons flew; ow usurp'd, who (past the wooed [thrice, overseign banks) had taken sundry	Which she her marches made: whereby those hills of fame And rivers flood disgrac'd; accounting it their [shame, That all without that mound which Mercian [lye, Offs cast To run from north to south, athwart the Cam- brian waste, Could England not suffice, but that the struggling Wye, Which in the heart of Wales was sometime said to Now only for her bound proud England did pre- [far'd her, [far. That Severn, when she sees the wrong thus of-
---	---

Though by injurious time deprived of that place
Which anciently she held; yet loth that her disgrace

Should on the Britons light, the hills and rivers
Austerly to her calls, commanding them to hear
In her dear childrens right (their ancestors of yore,
Now thrust betwixt herself, and the Vergivian shore,

§ Who drave the giants hence that of the earth
were bred,

And of the spacious isle became the sovereign head)
What from authentic books she liberally could say.
Of which whilst she bethought her; westward
every way,

The mountains, floods, and meers, to silence them
betake :

When Severn lowting low, thus gravely them be-
spoke ;

How mighty was that man, and honoured

still to be,

That gave this isle his name, and to his chil-
dren three,

Three kingdoms in the same? which, time doth

now deny,

With his arrival here, and primer monarchy.

(a) Loëgria, though thou canst thy Locrine
safely lose,

Yet (b) Cambria, him, whom fate her ancient
founder chose,

In no wise will forego; nay, should (c) Albania
leave

§ Her Albanact for aid, and to the Scythian
And though remorseless Rome, which first did

us enthral,

As barbarous but esteem'd, and slikt not so to
The ancient Britons yet a sceptred king obey'd

§ Three hundred years before Rome's great
foundation laid;

And had a thousand years an empire strongly
flood,

E'er Cæsar to her shores here stem'd the circling
§ And long before, borne arms against the bar-
barous Hun,

Here landing with intent the isle to over-run :

And following them in flight, their general
Humberd drown'd

In that great arm of sea, by his great name re-
nown'd?

And her great builders had, her cities who did
rear

With fances unto her gods, and (d) flamins every
Nor Troynovant alone a city long did stand;

But after, soon again by Ebrank's powerful hand
York lifts her towers aloft: which scarcely fi-
nished was,

But as they, by those kings, so by Rudhudibras,
Kent's first and famous (e) town, with Win-
chester, arose :

And others, others built, as they fit places chose.
So Britain to her praise, of all conditions

bring;

The warlike, as the wife. Of her courageous
[kings,

(a) England.

(b) Wales.

(c) Scotland.

(d) Priests among Idole worshippers Gentiles, (e) Canterbury,

Brute Greenfield: to whose name we
dence impute,

Divinely to revive the land's first com-
So had she those were learn'd, endu'

nobler parts :

As, he from learned Greece, that (by di-
ral arts)

§ To Stamford, in this isle, seem'd Ad-
transfer;

Wife Bladud, of her kings that great-phila-
Who found our boiling baths; and his

ledge high,

Disdaining human paths, here practis'd t-
Of justly vexed Leire, and those who

tug

In worse than civil war, the (f) sons of Go-
(By whose unnatural strife the land so lo-

stok)

I cannot stay to tell, nor shall my Britain
But, of that man which did her monarch

store,

Her first imperial crown of gold the
And that most glorious type of sovereign

gain'd,

Mulmutius: who this land in such estate
As his great belire Brute from Albion's

won.

§ This grand-child, great as he, the
proud streets begun

That each way cross this isle, and bound
them allow.

Like privilege he lent the temple and the
So studious was this prince in his most si-

zeal

To the celestial power, and to the public
(g) Bellinus he begot, who Dacia pro-

du'd;

And Brennus, who abroad a worthier w-
Adam'd of civil strife; at home here

all :

And with such goodly youth, in Germa-
As he had gather'd up, the Alpin mo-

past,

And bravely on the banks of fatal Allia c-
The Romans (that her stream distaine

their gore)

And through proud Rome, display'd his
enign bore :

§ There, balancing his sword against hu-
gold,

The senators for slaves he in her forum
At last, by power expell'd, yet, proud

success,

His forces then for Greece did instantly
And marching with his men upon her

face,

Made Macedon first sloop; then Thessa-
His foldiers there enrich with all Peonia

And where to Greece he gave the
deadliest foil,

In that most dreadful fight, on that m-
mal day,

O'erthrew their utmost prowess at sad T-
(f) FORTES and FORRES. (g) Bellinus and B

And daring of her gods, adventur'd to have taen
Those sacred things enshrind in wife Apol-
lo's sanc :

To whom when thund'ring heaven pronounc'd
her fearfull'st word,
§ Against the Delphian power he shak'd his
ireful sword.

As of the British blood, the native Cambri
here [were
(So of my Cambria call'd) those valiant Cymbri
(When Britain with her brood so peopled had
her seat,

The soil could not suffice, it daily grew so great)
Of Denmark who themselves did anciently possess,
And to that straitned point, that utmost cher-
sonesse,

§ My country's name bequeath'd; whence Cym-
brica it took :

Yet long were not compriz'd within that little
nook,

But with those Almain powers this people issued
forth :

And like some boisterous wind arising from the
Came that unwieldy host; that, which way it
did move, [shove,

The very burthenous earth before it seem'd to
And only meant to claim the universe its own.

In this terrestrial globe, as though some world
unknown,

By pamper'd nature's store too prodigally fed
(And surfeiting therewith) her surcease vomited;

These roaming up and down to seek some set-
tling room,

First like a deluge fell upon Illyricum,

And with his Roman powers Papyrius over-
threw;

Then, by great (b) Belus brought against those
legions, flew [led;

Their forces which in France Aurelius Scaurus

And afterward again, as bravely vanquished

The consuls Cæpio, and stout Menilius on the
plain, [slain.

Where Rhodanus was red with blood of Latins

In greatness next succeeds Belinus' worthy son,

Gurgustus : who soon left what his great father
won,

To Guynteline his heir : whose (i) queen, be-
yond her kind,

In her great husband's peace, to shew her up-
right mind,

§ To wife Mulmutius' laws, her Martian first
did frame :

From which we ours derive, to her eternal fame.

So Britain forth with these, that valiant bas-
tard brought,

Morindus, Danius' son, which with that (t)
monster fought [again.

His subjects that devour'd; to shew himself
Their martyr, who by them selected was to

reign.

So Britain likewise boasts her Elidure the just,
Who with his people was of such especial trust,

(b) A great general of those northern nations.

(i) Marston.

(t) A certain monster often issuing from the sea, de-
voured drivers of the British people.

That (Archigallo fall'n into their general hate,
And by their powerful hand depriv'd of kingly
state)

Unto the regal chair they Elidure advanc'd :
But long he had not reign'd e'er happily it
chanc'd,

In hunting of a hart, that in the forest wild,
The late deposed king, himself who had exil'd

From all resort of men, just Elidure did meet;

Who much unlike himself, at Elidurus' feet

Him prostrating with tears, his tender breast so
strook,

That he (the British rule who lately on him took
At th' earnest peoples pray'rs) him calling to

the court,

There Archigallo's wrongs so lively did report,

Relating (in his right) his lamentable case,

With so effectual speech imploring their high
grace,

That him they reinthron'd; in peace who spent
his days.

Then Elidure again, crown'd with applausive
praise,

As ha a brother rais'd, by brothers was depos'd.

And put into the tower; where miserably in-
clos'd,

Outliving yet their hate. and the usurpers dead,

Thrice had the British crown set on his reverend
head.

When more than thirty kings in fair succession
came

Unto that mighty Lud, in whose eternal name

§ Great London still shall live (hy him rebuild-
ed) while

To cities she remains the sovereign of this isle.
And when commanding Rome to Cæsar gave

the charge,

Her empire (but too great) still further to en-
large

With all beyond the Alps; the aids he found to
push

From these parts into Gaul, shew'd here some
nation was

Undaunted that remain'd with Rome's so dread-
ful name,

That durst presume to aid those she decreed to
tame.

Wherefore that matchless man, whose high am-
bition wrought

Beyond her empire's bounds, by shipping wisely
sought

(Here prowling on the shores) this island to
descry,

What people her possess'd, how fashion'd she did
lie :

Where scarce a stranger's foot desil'd her virgin
breast,

Since her first conqueror Brute here put his
powers to rest;

Only some little boats, from Gaul that did her
feed

With trifles, which she took for niceness more
than need :

But as another world, with all abundance blest,
And satisfy'd with what she in herself possess'd ;

' Through her excessive wealth (at length) till
 ' wanton grown,
 ' Some kings (with others lands that would ch-
 ' large their own)
 ' By innovating arms an open passage made
 ' For him that gap't for all (the Roman) to in-
 ' vade.
 ' Yet with grim-visag'd war when he her shores
 ' did greet,
 ' And terriblest did threat with his amazing
 ' fleet,
 ' Those British bloods he found, his force that
 ' durst assail,
 ' And poured from the cliffs their shafts like
 ' showers of hail.
 ' Upon his helmed head; to tell him as he came,
 ' That they (from all the world) yet feared not
 ' his name:
 ' Which, their undaunted spirits made that con-
 ' queror feel,
 ' Oft vent'ring their bare breast 'gainst his oft-
 ' bloody'd steel;
 ' And in their chariots charg'd: which they with
 ' wondrous skill
 ' Could turn in their swift'st course upon the
 ' steepest hill,
 ' And wheel about his troops for vantage of the
 ' ground,
 ' Or else diffrank his force where entrances might
 ' be found;
 ' And from their armed seats their thrilling darts
 ' could throw;
 ' Or nimbly leaping down, their valiant swords
 ' bestow,
 ' And with an active skip remount themselves
 ' again,
 ' Leaving the Roman horse behind them on the
 ' plain,
 ' And beat him back to Gaul his forces to supply;
 ' As they the gods of Rome and Cæsar did defy.
 ' Cassibelan renown'd, the Britons faithful
 ' guide,
 ' Who when th' Italian pow'rs could no way be
 ' deny'd,
 ' But would this isle subdue; their forces to fore-
 ' lay,
 ' Thy forests thou didst sell, their speedy course
 ' to stay:
 ' § Those armed stakes in Thames that stuck't, ft,
 ' their horse to gore,
 ' Which boldly durst attempt to forage on thy
 ' shore: [low,
 ' Thou such hard entrance here to Cæsar didst al-
 ' To whom (thyself except) the western world
 ' did bow.
 ' § And more than Cæsar got, three emperors
 ' could not win,
 ' Till the courageous sons of our Cunobelin
 ' Sunk under Plautius' sword, sent hither to dif-
 ' cuss [us
 ' The former Roman right, by arms again, with
 ' Nor with that consul join'd, Vespasian could pre-
 'vail
 ' In thirty several fights, nor make them sloop
 ' their fail.

' Yea, had not his brave son, young Ti
 ' their hopes,
 ' His forward father fetcht out of th
 ' troops,
 ' And quit him wondrous well when
 ' strongly charg'd,
 ' His father (by his hands so valiantly
 ' Had never more seen Rome; nor had
 ' split
 ' The temple that wife son of faithful Dr
 ' Subverted those high walls, and lay'd
 ' waste,
 ' Which God, in human flesh, above a
 ' No marvel then though Rome so
 ' conquest thought,
 ' In that the isle of Wight she to fi
 ' brought,
 ' Our (b) Belgæ and subdu'd (a peopl
 ' That latest came to us, our least of all the
 ' When Claudius, who at that time her
 ' imperial wore,
 ' Though scarce he shew'd himself u
 ' southern shore,
 ' It scorn'd not in his style; but, due to
 ' praise,
 ' Triumphal arches claim'd, and to hav
 ' plays;
 ' The noblest naval crown, upon his palac
 ' As with the ocean's spoil his Rome who
 ' rich.
 ' Her Caradock (with cause) so Brit
 ' prefer;
 ' Than whom, a braver spirit was ne'r
 ' forth by her:
 ' For whilst here in the west the Britons
 ' This general of the rest, his stout (i) Sil
 ' Against Ostorius, sent by Cæsar to this
 ' With Rome's high fortune (then the h
 ' fortune's grace)
 ' A long and doubtful war with whom
 ' maintain,
 ' Until that hour wherein his valiant Brit
 ' He grievously beheld (o'erprest with
 ' power)
 ' Himself well near the last their wrath
 ' devour.
 ' When (for revenge, not fear) he fled (as
 ' Another day might win, what this had la
 ' To Cartimandua, queen of (d) Brigants,
 ' aid,
 ' He to his foes, by her, most falsely was
 ' Who, as a spoil of war, adorn the triu
 ' To great Ostorius due, when throug
 ' Rome he went,
 ' That had herself prepar'd (as she had
 ' eyes)
 ' Our Caradock to view; who in his
 ' § Came with his body nak'd, his hair
 ' his waist,
 ' Girt with a chain of steel; his manly b
 ' chas'd

(b) A people then inhabiting Hamp. Dorset.

Somersetshire.

(i) Those of Wexmouth, and the adjacent this

(d) Those of Yorkshre, and thereby.

'th sundry shapes of beasts. And when this
 ' Briton saw
 ' wife and children bound as slaves, it could
 ' not awe
 ' is manliness at all : but with a settled grace,
 ' adorned with her pride, he lookt her in the
 ' face :
 ' and with a speech so grave as well a prince be-
 ' came,
 ' himself and his redeem'd, to our eternal fame.
 ' Then Rome's great (f) tyrant next, the last's
 ' adopted heir,
 ' but brave Suetonius sent, the British costs to
 ' clear ;
 ' he utter spoil of (s) Mon who strongly did
 ' pursue
 ' into whose gloomy strengths, th'revolted Bri-
 ' tons flew)
 ' here entering, he beheld what struck him
 ' pale with dread ;
 ' he frantick British foes, their hair dishevelled,
 ' 'th fire-brands ran about, like to their furious
 ' eyes :
 ' and from the hollow woods the fearless Druids ;
 ' 'th with their dirful threats, and execrable
 ' vows, [brows.
 ' where'd the troubled heaven to knit her angry
 ' And as here in the west the Romans bravely
 ' was,
 ' all upon the east the Britons erran :
 ' The colony long kept at Mauldon, overthrown,
 ' 'thich by prodigious signs was many times se-
 ' shown, [when
 ' and often had dismay'd the Roman soldi-
 ' eve Voadicia made with her resolved 't men
 ' (s) Virolim ; whose siege with fire and sword
 ' she ply'd, [hy'd ;
 ' ill level'd with the earth. To London as she
 ' he consul coming in with his auspicious aid,
 ' he queen (to quit her yoke no longer that de-
 ' lay'd [try,
 ' im dar'd by dint of sword, it hers or his to
 ' 'th words that courage shew'd, and with a
 ' voice as high
 ' in her right hand her lance, and in her left her
 ' shield,
 ' both the battles stood prepared in the field)
 ' encouraging her men : which resolute, as strong,
 ' pon the Roman rush'd ; and she, the rest among,
 ' ades in that doubtful war : till lastly, when she
 ' saw
 ' be fortune of the day unto the Roman draw,
 ' he queen (t' outlive her friends who highly did
 ' disdain,
 ' and lastly, for proud Rome a triumph to remain)
 ' By poison ends her days, unto that end pre-
 ' par'd,
 ' 'stivally to spend what Suetonius spar'd.
 ' Him scarcely Rome recall'd, such glory having
 ' won,
 ' it bravely to proceed, as erst she had begun,

Micro.
) Aegletry, the chief place of residence of the Druids.
 By Saint Alban.

' Agricola here made her great lieutenant then :
 ' Who having settled Mon, that man of all her men,
 ' Appointed by the powers apparently to see
 ' The wearied Britons sink, and eas'ly in degree
 ' Beneath his fatal sword the (s) Ordevics to fall
 ' Inhabiting the west, those people last of all
 ' Which stout'elt him withstood, renown'd for
 ' martial worth.
 ' Thence leading on his powers unto the utmost
 ' north,
 ' When all the towns that lay betwixt our Trent
 ' and Tweed, [feed,
 ' Suffic'd not (by the way) his wasteful fires to
 ' He there some Britons found, who (to rebate
 ' their spleen, [seen)
 ' As yet with griev'd eyes our spoils not having
 ' Him at (s) Mount Grampus next : which front
 ' his height beheld
 ' Them lavish of their lives ; who could not be
 ' compell'd [guide
 ' The Roman yoke to bear : and Galgacus their
 ' Amongst his murdered troops there resolutely
 ' dy'd.
 ' Eight Roman emperors reign'd since first that
 ' war began ;
 ' Great Julius Caesar first, the last Domitian.
 ' A hundred thirty years the northern Britons still,
 ' That would in no wise stoop to Rome's impe-
 ' rious will,
 ' Into the strait'ned land with theirs retired far,
 ' In laws and manners since from us that differ-
 ' ent are ; [drew
 ' And with the Irish Pict, which to their aid they
 ' (On them oft breaking in, who long did them
 ' pursue)
 ' § A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred,
 ' Than Rome, with much expence that us had
 ' conquered.
 ' And when that we great Rome's so much in
 ' time were grown,
 ' That she her charge durst leave to princes of
 ' our own,
 ' Such as, within ourselves, our suffrage should
 ' elect) [tect ;
 ' § Arviragus, born ours, here first she did pro-
 ' Who faithfully and long, of labour did her ease.
 ' Then he, our Flamins seats who turn'd to bi-
 ' shops sees ;
 ' Great Lucius, that good king : to whom we
 ' chiefly owe [know.
 ' § This happiness we have, Christ crucify'd to
 ' As Britain to her praise receiv'd the christian
 ' faith, [death
 ' After (that word-made man) our dear redeemer's
 ' Within two hundred years ; and his disciples
 ' here,
 ' By their great master sent to preach him every
 ' where,
 ' Most reverently receiv'd, their doctrine and pre-
 ' fer'd ; [ter'd.
 ' Interring him, (g) who erst the son of God in-

(s) North Wales men.

(p) In the midst of Scotland.

(g) Joseph of Arimathea.

' So Britons was she born, though Italy her
 ' crown'd, [renown'd,
 ' Of all the Christian world that empress most
 ' § Constantius' worthy wife; who scorning
 ' worldly loss,
 ' Herself in person went to seek that sacred cross,
 ' Whereon our Saviour dy'd: which found, as it
 ' was sought, [brought.
 ' From (r) Salem unto Rome triumphantly she
 ' As when the primer church her councils
 ' pleas'd to call,
 ' Great Britain's bishops there were not the least
 ' of all,
 ' § Against the Arian sect at Arles having room,
 ' At Sardica again, and at Ariminum.
 ' Now, when with various fate five hundred
 ' years had past,
 ' And Rome of her great charge grew weary here
 ' at last;
 ' The Vandals, Goths, and Huns, that with a
 ' powerful head
 ' All Italy and France had well-near overspread,
 ' To much endanger'd Rome sufficient warning
 ' gave, [have.
 ' Those forces that she held, within herself to
 ' The Roman rule from us then utterly remov'd.
 ' Whilst we, in sundry fields, our sundry for-
 ' tunes prov'd [war.
 ' With the remorseless Pict, still wasting us with
 ' And 'twixt the froward fire, licentious Vortiger,
 ' And his too forward son, young Vortimer, arose
 ' Much strife within ourselves, whilst here they
 ' interpose
 ' By turns each other's reigns: whereby, we
 ' weak'n'd grew.
 ' The warlike Saxon then into the land we drew;
 ' A nation nurs'd in spoil, and fit't to undergo
 ' Our cause against the Pict, our most inveterate
 ' foe.
 ' When they, which we had hir'd for soldiers to
 ' the shore,
 ' Perceiv'd the wealthy isle to wallow in her store,
 ' And subtilly had found out how we infeebl'd
 ' were;
 ' They, under false pretence of amity and cheer,
 ' The British peers invite, the German healths
 ' to view [slew.
 ' At Stonehenge; where they them unmercifully
 ' Then, those of Brute's great blood, of Armo-
 ' rick posselt, [trest,
 ' Extremely griev'd to see their kinsmen so dis-
 ' U- offer'd to relieve, or else with us to dy:
 ' We, after, to requite their noble courtesy,
 ' § Eleven thousand maids sent those our friends
 ' again, [strain;
 ' In wedlock to be linkt with them of Brute's high
 ' That none with Brute's great blood, but Bri-
 ' tons might be mixt:
 ' Such friendship ever was the stock of Troy be-
 ' twixt.
 ' Out of whose ancient race, that warlike Ar-
 ' thur sprang;
 ' Whose most renowned acts shall founded be
 ' as long

(r) Jerusalem.

' As Britain's name is known: which spread them-
 ' selves so wide,
 ' As scarcely hath for fame left any roomth beside.
 ' My Wales, then hold thine own, and let thy
 ' Britons stand
 ' Upon their right, to be the noblest of the land.
 ' Think how much better 'tis, for thee, and those
 ' of thine, [line,
 ' From gods, and heroes old to draw your famous
 ' § Than from the Scythian poor; whence they
 ' themselves derive,
 ' Whose multitudes did first you to the moun-
 ' tains drive.
 Nor let the spacious mound of that great Ma-
 ' cian king
 ' Into a lesser roomth thy burliness to bring)
 ' Include thee; when myself, and my dear bro-
 ' ther (s) Dee,
 ' By nature were the bounds first limited to thee.
 Scarce ended she her speech, but those great
 ' mountains near,
 Upon the Cambrian part that all for Britons were,
 With her high truths inflam'd, look'd every one
 ' about
 To find their several springs; and bade them get
 ' them out,
 And in their fulness wait upon their sovereign food,
 In Britons ancient right so bravely that had stood.
 ' When first the furious Team, that on the Cam-
 ' brian side
 Doth Shropshire as a mear from Hereford divide,
 As worthiest of the rest; so worthily doth crave
 That of those lesser brooks the leading she might
 ' have;
 The first of which is Clun, that to her mistress
 ' came: [name,
 Which of a (t) forest born that bears her proper
 Unto the Golden Vale and anciently ally'd,
 Of every thing of both sufficiently supply'd,
 The longer that she grows, the more renown doth
 ' win: [in,
 And for her greater state, next Bradfield bringeth
 Which to her wider banks resigns a weaker stream.
 ' When fiercely making forth, the strong and
 ' lusty Team [embrace,
 A friendly forest-nymph (nam'd Mocktry) doth
 Herself that bravely bears; 'twixt whom and
 ' Bringwood-chase,
 Her banks with many a wreath are curiously be-
 ' deckt, [protect.
 And in their safer shades they long time her
 ' Then takes she the Oney in, and forth from them
 ' doth fling: [bring
 When to her further aid, next Bow, and Warren,
 Clear Quenny; by the way, which Stradbroke up
 ' doth take:
 By whose united powers, their Team they might-
 ' tier make;
 Which in her lively course to Ludlow comes at last,
 Where Corve into her stream herself doth head-
 ' long cast.
 With due attendance next, come Ledwich and the
 ' Rhea. [see,
 Then speeding her, as though sent post unto the

(s) The ancient bounds of Wales.

(t) Clun Forest.

Her native Shropshire leaves, and bids those towns
adieu,

Her only sovereign queen, proud Severn to pursue.

When at her going out, those mountains of
command

(The Clecs, like loving twins, and Stitterston
that stand)

Trans-ferried, behold fair England tow'rd the
rise,

And on their setting side, how ancient Cambria
[lies.

Then Stipperton a hill, though not of such re-
nown

As many that are set here tow'rd the going
[down,

To those his own allies, that stood not far away,
Thus in behalf of Wales directly seem'd to say ;

' Dear Corndon, my delight, as thou art lov'd
' of me,

' And Breeden, as thou hop'st a Briton thought
[to be,

' To Costock strongly cleave, as to our ancient
' friend,

' And all our utmost strength to Cambria let us
[lend.

' For though that envious time injuriously have
' wrong

' From us, those proper names did first to us be-
[long,

' Yet for our country still, stout mountains let us
' stand,

Here every neighbouring hill held up a willing
[hand,

As body to applaud what Stipperton decreed :
And Hecklow, when she heard the mountains
thus proceed,

With echoes from her woods, her inward joys ex-
press,

To hear that hill she lov'd, which likewise lov'd
her best,

Should in the right of Wales, his neighbouring
mountains stir,

So to advance that place which might them both
[prefer :

That she from open shouts could scarce herself re-
frain.

When soon those other hills to Severn which re-
[tain,

And tended not on Team, thus of themselves do
show

The service that to her they absolutely owe.

First Camlet cometh in, a Montgomerian maid,

Her source in Severn's banks that safely having
laid,

Mele, her great mistress next at Shrewsbury doth
meet,

To see with what a grace she that fair town doth
[greet ;

Into what sundry gyres her wondered self she
throws,

And oft inisses the shore, as wantonly she flows ;
Of it oft taking leave, oft turns, it to embrace ;

As though she only were enamour'd of that place,
Her fore-intended course determined to leave,

And to that most-lov'd town eternally to cleave :
With much ado at length, yet bidding it adieu,

Her journey towards the sea doth seriously pursue.
Where, as along the shores she prosperously doth
sweep,

Small Marbrook maketh in, to her enticing deep.
And as she lends her eye to (u) Bruge's lofty sight,

That forest-nymph Mildmorff doth kindly her in-
[vice

To see within her shade what pastime she could
[make :

Where she, of Shropshire ; I my leave of Severn
take.

(u) Bruge-north.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Still are you in the Welsh march, and the Cho-
rography of this song includes itself, for the most,
within Shropshire's part over Severn.

That all without the mound that Mercian Offa cast.

Of the Marches in general you have to the
next before. The (a) particular bounds have
been certain parts of Dee, Wye, Severn, and
Offa's dike. The ancientest is Severn, but a later
is observed in a right line from (b) Strigol castle
upon Wye, to Chester upon Dee, which was so
naturally a mere between these two countries

Wales and England, that by apparent change of
its channel towards either side superstitious judg-
ment was used to be given of success in the fol-
lowing years battles of both nations ; whence per-
haps came it to be called Holy Dee, as the author
also often uses. Betwixt the mouths of Dee and
Wye in this line (almost an hundred miles long)
was that Offa's dike cast, after such time as he had
besides his before-possess Mercland, acquired by
conquest even almost what is now England. King
Harold (c) made a law, that whatsoever Welsh
transcended this dike with any kind of weapon,
should have, upon apprehension, his right hand

(a) *Canadoc Lhancarvan in Conan Tindaethwy.*
Girald. Itinerar. 2. cap. 11. & Descript. cap. 19.

(b) *By Chepstow in Monmouth. Claudb-Offa.*

Vol. II.

See to the tenth song for Die. An. D,CC, LXXX.

(c) Higden. in *Polychronic. 1. cap. 43.*

cut off; Athelstan after the conquest of Howel Dha king of Wales made Wye limit of North Wales, as in regard of his chief territory of West Saxony (so affirms Malmesbury) which well understood impugns the opinion received for Wye's being a general mere instituted by him, and withal shews you how to mend the monk's published text, where you read (*d*) *Ludwalum regem omnium Wallensium, & Constantinum regem Scottorum cedere regni compulsi*. For plainly this Ludwal (by whom he means Howel Dha, in other chronicles called Huwal) in Athelstan's life time was not king of all Wales, but only of the South and Western parts with Powis, his cousin Edwal Voel then having North Wales; twixt which and the part of Howel conquered, this limit was proper to distinguish. Therefore either read *Occidentalium Wallensium* (for in Florence of Worcester and Roger of Hoveden that passage is with *Occidentalium Britonum*) or else believe that Malmesbury mistook Howel to be in Athelstan's time, as he was after his death, sole prince of all Wales. In this conjecture I had aid from Lhancarvan's history, which in the same page (as learned Lhuid's edition in English is) says, that Athelstan made the river (*g*) Cambia the frontier towards Cornwall: but there, in requital, I correct him, and read *Vambra*, i. e. Tamar, dividing Devonshire and Cornwall; as Malmesbury hath it expressly, and the matter self enough persuades.

Who draws the Giants hence, that of the earth were bred.

Somewhat of the giants to the first song; fabulously supposed begotten by spirits upon Dioctetian's or Danaus's daughters. But here the author aptly terms them bred of the earth, both for that the antiquities of the Gentiles made the first inhabitants of most countries as produced of the soil, calling them Aborigines and *Αυρίχθονες*, as also for imitation of those epithets of *Γηνίαις*, and (*b*) *Πηλογόνοις* among the Greeks, *Terra filij* among the Latins, the very name of giants being thence derived,

(*Α*) Οὐρανὸς γένετο καὶ αἰμάς Οὐρανίου.

Which misconceit I shall think abused the heathen upon their ill understanding of Adam's creation (*h*) and allegoric greatness, touched before out of Jewish fiction.

Her *Almana*; for aid, and to the Scythian cleave.

(*a*) He compelled Ludwal king of all Wales, and Constantine king of Scots to leave their crowns. *Emendatio historiarum Malmesburiensis lib. 2. cap. 6.*

(*g*) Cambalan or Camel.

(*h*) Callimach. in hymn. Jovis.

(*k*) Because they were bred of earth, and the dew of heaven. Orpheus ap. Nat. Coni. Mytholog. 6. cap. 21.

(*l*) **ΕΔΝ** terra

Britain's tripartite division by Brute's three sons, Logrin, Camber and Albana, whence all beyond Severn was stiled Cambria, the now England Loegria, and Scotland Albania, is here shewed you: which I admit, but as the rest of that nature, upon credit of our suspected stories followed with sufficient justification by the muse; alluding here to that opinion which deduces the Scots and their names from the Scythians. Arguments of this likelihood have you largely in our most excellent antiquary. I only add, that by tradition of the Scythians themselves, they had very anciently a general name, titling them (*a*) *Scolots* (soon contracted into Scots) whereas the Grecians called the northern all (*a*) *Scythians*, perhaps the original of that name being from Shooting; for which they were especially through the world famous, as you may see in most passages of their name in old poets; and that Lelian's title of *Toxaris*, is, as if you should say, an Archer. For the word *shoot* being at first of the Teutonic (which was very likely dispersed largely in the northern parts) anciently was written nearer *Schyth*, as among other testimonies, the name of (*e*) *Scyts finger*, i. e. the shooting finger, for the fore finger among our (*p*) Saxons.

Three hundred years before Rome's great foundation laid.

Take this with latitude: for between *Rom* Sylvius king of the Latins, under whose time Brute is placed, to Numitor, in whose second year Rome was built, intercedes above three hundred and forty, and with such difference understand the thousand until Cæsar.

And long before borne arms against the barbarous Hun.

Our stories tell you of Humber king of Hun (a people that being Scythian, lived about those (*q*) parts which you now call *Mur delle Zabud*) his attempt and victory against Albana, conflict with Logrin, and death in this river, from whence they will the name. Distance of his country, and the unlikely relation weakens my historical faith. Observe you also the first transmigration of the Huns, mentioned by Procopius, Agathias, others, and you will think this very different from truth. And well could I think by conjecture (with a great (*r*) antiquary) that the name was first (or thence derived) (*s*) *Aabren* or *Aler*, which in British, as appears by the names *Abergweni*,

(*m*) Herodot. Melpemene 2.

(*n*) Ephor. ap. Strab. a.

(*o*) In *αὐ* Scytx, forsan reliquæ vocaboli i. e. Arcus, & punctorum variatione, Sagittaria v. Garopium Beccafelan. 8. five Amazonic.

(*p*) Alured. leg. cap. 40.

(*q*) Agathias lib. 6. Mzotidis Palus.

(*r*) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant. in Hull.

(*s*) Abus dictum isthoc æstuarium Ptolema.

Abertewi, Aberhodni, signifying the fall of the river Gevenni, Tcwi, Rhodni, is as much as a (1) River's mouth in English, and fits itself specially, in that most of the Yorkshire rivers here cast themselves into one confluence for the ocean. Thus perhaps was Severn first Hafren, and not from the maid there drowned, as you have before; but for that, this no place.

To Stamford in this isle seem'd Athens to transfer.

Look to the third song for more of Bladud and his baths. Some testimony (v) is, that he went to Athens, brought thence with him four philosophers, and instituted by them a university at Stamford in Lincolnshire; but, of any persuading credit I find none. Only of later time, that profession of learning was there, authority is frequent. For when through discordant parts among the scholars (reigning Edward III.) a division in Oxford was into the Northern and Southern faction, the Northern (before under Henry III. also was the like to Northampton) made secession to this Stamford, and there profest, until upon humble suit by Robert of Stratford, chancellor of Oxford, the king (w) by edict, and his own presence, prohibited them; whence, afterward, also was that oath taken by Oxford graduates, that they should not profess at Stamford. White of Basingstoke otherwise guesses at the cause of this difference, making it the Pelagian heresy, and of more ancient time, but erroneously. Unto this refer that supposed prophecy of Merlin :

*Destrina studium quod nunc viget ad (y) vada Boun,
Ante finem seculi celebrabitur ad (z) vada Sani.*

Which you shall have Englished in that solemnized marriage of Thames and Medwa., by a most admired (a) Muse of our nation, thus with advantage :

*And after him the fatal Welland went,
That, if old fowls prove true (which God forbid)
Shall drown all (b) Holland with his excrement,
And shall see Stamford, though now homely bid,
Then shine in learning more than ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beams.*

Yet can you apply this, but to much younger time than Bladud's reign.

As be theſe four proud fleets began.

(1) Girald. Itinerar. cap. 2. & 4.
(v) Merlin. apud Hard. cap. 25. ex iisdem & Balcan.
(z) Jo. Cai. antiq. Cant. 2. Br. Tuin. lib. 3. apolog. Oxon. §. 115. & seq.
(y) Ozenford. (w) Staneford.
(a) Spens. Faery Queen. lib. 4. Cant. 11. Stanz. 35.
(b) The maritime part of Lincolnshire, where, Welland a river.

Of them you shall have better declaration to the sixteenth song.

There balancing his sword against her baser gold.

In that story, of Brennus and his Gauls taking Rome, is affirmed, that by senatory authority P. Sulpitius (as a tribune) was committed to transact with the enemy for leaving the Roman territory; the price was agreed (c) four hundred pound of gold; unjust weights were offered by the Gauls, which Sulpitius disliking, so far were those insolent conquerors from mitigation of their oppressing purpose, that (as for them all) Brennus to the first injustice of the balance, added the poize of his sword also; whence, upon a murmuring complaint among the Romans, crying (d) *Pa viſtis*, came that to be a proverb applied to the conquered.

Against the Delphian power yet ſhook'd his iriſul ſword.

Like liberty as others, takes the author in affirming that Brennus, which was general to the Gauls in taking Rome, to be the same which overcame Greece, and assaulted the oracle. But the truth of story stands thus : Rome was afflicted by one Brennus about the year (e) three hundred and sixty after the building, when the Gauls had such a Cadmeian victory of it, that fortune converted by martial opportunity, they were at last by Camillus so put to the sword, that a reporter of the slaughter was not left, as Livy and Plutarch (not impugned by Polybius, as Polydore hath mistaken) tell us. (f) About cx years after, were tripartite excursions of the Gauls; of an army under Cerethrius into Thrace; of the like under Belgius or Bolgius into Macedon and Illyricum; of another under Brennus and Acichorius into Pannonia. What success Belgius had with Ptolemy, surnamed (g) *Kipavos*, is discovered in the same (h) authors which relate to us Brennus his waiking of Greece, with his violent, but somewhat voluntary, death; but part of the army, either divided by mutiny, or left, after Apollo's revenge, betook them to habitation in Thrace about the now Constantinople, where first under their king Comontorius (as Polybius, but Livy saith under Lutatius and Lomnoriis, which name perhaps you might correct by Polybius) they ruled their neighbouring states with imposition of tribute, and at last growing too populous, sent (as

(c) Liv. dec. lib. 5. Plutarch. in Camillo.
(d) Wo to the conquered. v. vero Stephan. Forcatulum lib. 2. de Gall. philosoph. qui hæc in iæter examinandum sædēt, aſt cum alijs, in hiftoriâ ipſâ lapſus eſt.
(e) Halicarnass. æp. a. Liv. 5.
(f) V. Jo. Priſt. deſenſ. hiſt. Brit. qui nimium hic errore involutus.
(g) Thunderbolt.
(h) Pausanias in Phocic.
X ij 14

it seems) those colonies into Asia, which in (i) Gallogræcia left sufficient steps of their ancient names. My compared classic (s) authors will justify as much; nor scarce find I material opposition among them in any particulars; only Tro-
gus, epitomized by Justin, is therein, by confu-
sion of time and actions, somewhat abused; which
hath caused that error of those which take histo-
rical liberty (poetical is allowable) to affirm Bren-
nius which sackt Rome, and him, that died at
Delphos, the same. Examination of time makes
it apparently false; nor indeed doth the British
chronology endure our Brennus to be either of
them, as Polydore and Buchanan have obser-
ved. But want of the British name moves no-
thing against it; seeing the people of this western
part were all, until a good time after those wars,
stiled by the name of Gauls or Celts; and those
which would have ransackt the oracle are said by
Callimachus to have come

— (i) ἀπ' Ἑσπίας ἰσχυρίσμενοι;

Which as well fits us as Gaul. And thus much
also observe, that those names of Brennus and
Belinus, being of great note, both in signification
and personal eminency; and, likely enough, there
being many of the same name in Gaul and Britain,
in several ages such identity made confusion in
story. For the first in this relation appears what
variety was of it; as also *Hrenbin* and *Brennin*
in the British are but significant words for king; and
peradventure almost as ordinary a name among
these westerns, as Pharaoh and Ptolemy in Æ-
gypt, Agag among the Amalekites, Arfaces, Ni-
comedes, Alevada, Sophi, Cæsar, Oisling, among
the Parthians, Bithynians, Thessalians, Persians,
Romans, and our Kentish kings, which the course
of history shews you. For the other, you may see
it usual in names of their old kings, as Cassi-belin
in Cæsar, Cuno-belin and Cym-belin in Tacitus,
and Dio, and perhaps Cam-baules in Pausanias,
and Belin (whose steps seem to be in (m) Abellius
a Gaulish and Bela-tucadre a British god (was the
name among them of a worshipt idol, as appears
in Aufonius; and the same with Apollo, which
also by a most ancient British coin, stampd with
Apollo, playing on his harp, circumscribed with
Cuno-belin, is shewed to have been expressly a-

mong the Britons. Although I know, according
to their use, it might be added to Cuno (which
was the first part of many of their regal names,
as you see in Cuneglas, Cyngetorix, Congelitas,
and others) to make a significant word, as if you
should say, the yellow king; for Belin in British
is yellow. But seeing the very name of their A-
pollo so well fitted with that colour, (n) which
to Apollo is commonly attributed (and observe
that their names had usually some note of colour
in them, by reason of their custom of painting
themselves) I suppose they took it as a fortunate
concurrence to bear an honoured deity in their
title, as we see in the names of Merodach and Enl
Merodach among the Babylonian kings from Me-
rodach (p) one of their false gods; and like examples
may be found among the old emperors. Observe also
that in British genealogies, they ascend always to
Belin the great (which is supposed Heli; father to
Lud and Cassi-belin) as you see to the fourth king;
and here might you compare that of Heli (p) in
the Punic tongue, signifying Phœbus, and turned
into Belus: but I will not therewith trouble you.
Howsoever, by this I am persuaded (whosoever
the time were of our Belinus) that Belgus in
Pausanias, and Belgus in Justin were misheard for
Belinus, as perhaps also Prausus in Strabo (w) sup-
plying (q) oftentimes the room of C.) generated
of Brennus corrupted. In the story I dare follow
none of the modern erroneously transcribing re-
lators or seeming correctors, but have, as I might,
took it from the best self-fountains, and only upon
them, for trial, I put myself.

— whence Cymbrica it took.

That northern promontory now Jutland, part
of the Danish kingdom, is called in geographers
Cymbrica Cherfonesus from name of the people
inhabiting it. And those which will the Cym-
brians, Cambrians, or Cumrians from Camber,
may with good reason of consequence imagine
that the name of this Cherfonese is thence also,
as the author here, by liberty of his muse. But
if, with Goropius, Camden, and other their fol-
lowers, you come nearer truth and derive them
from (r) Gomer, son to Japhet, who, with his
posterity, had the north-western part of the
world; then shall you set, as it were, the account
upon Cherfonese, giving the more significant note

(i) Strab. lib. β.

(s) Polyb. l. a. b. d. & t. & Liv. dec. i. lib. 5.
dec. 4. lib. 8. Strab. t. Pausan. Phocic. i. Appian.
Illyric. Justin. lib. 24. & 25. Plutarch. Camillo.
Cætrum plerisque Delphis injecta a Phæbo gran-
dine percemptis, qui fuerunt reliquos in Ægyptum
conductos sub stipendijs Ptolemæi Philadelphi
meruisse ait vetus Scholiastes Græc. ad hymn.
Callimach. in Delum.

(l) From the utmost west.

(m) Vet. Inscript. in Cumbria, & apud Jof.
Scalig. ad Aufon. l. x. cap. 9. & V. Rhodigini
lib. 17. cap. 28. Plura de Belmo, sive Belano, i.

Apolline Gallico Pet. Pithæus adverf. subsec. lib.
i. cap. 3. qui Belenum παρά τοῦ Ἑκατάου Phæb.
epitheton autumat. vid. notas Camd. ad Numi-
trata. & Nos ad Cant. IX.

(n) Ἑκτόβης Ἀπὸλλων.

(o) Jerom cap. 50.

(p) Cæl. Rhod. Antiq. Lect. i. cap. 6.

(q) Eustach. ad Dionys. περιηγ. ὡς Ἀπαραξ, καὶ
τὸ Ἀμυρᾶς, ὅ ἦ Νῦν Πρωτογενεὶς ἀπὸ τοῦ Πρωτογενεῖς.

(r) Transmutation of G. into C. was, anciently,
often and easy, as Lipsius shews, lib. de pronun-
ciat. ling. Latin. cap. 13.

of the country; the name of Cymbrians, Cimmericians, Cambrians, and Cumrians, all as one in substance being very comprehensive (*s*) in these climates; and perhaps, because this promontory lay out so far, under near sixty degrees latitude (almost at the utmost of Ptolemy's geography) and so had the first winter days no longer than between five and six hours, therein somewhat (and more than other neighbouring parts of that people, having no particular name) agreeing with Homer's attribute of (*t*) darkness to the Cimmericians, it had more specially this title.

To wife Malmutius' laws her Martian first did frame.

Particulars of Malmutius's laws, of church-liberty, freedom of ways, husbandry, and divers other are in the British story, affirming also that queen Martia made a book of laws, translated afterward, and titled by king Alfred *Mercenlage*. Indeed it appears that there were three sorts of (*s*) laws, in the Saxon heptarchy, *Mercian-laws*, *Dan-laws* *Wassan-laws*, i. e. the Mercien, Danish, and West Saxon law; all which three had their several territories, and were in divers things compiled into one volume by (*u*) Cnut, and examined in that Norman constitution of their new commonwealth. But as the Danish and West Saxon had their name from particular people; so it seems, had the Mercian from that kingdom of Mercia, limited with the Lancashire river Mersey toward Northumberland, and joining to Wales, having either from the river that name, or else from the word (*y*) *Mare*, because it bounded upon most of the other kingdoms; as you may see to the eleventh song.

*— in whose eternal name,
Great London still shall live —*

King Lud's re-edifying Troynovant (first built by Brute) and thence leaving the name of Caer Lud, afterward turned (as they say) into London, is not unknown, scarce to any that hath but lookt on Ludgate's inner frontispiece; and in old (*x*) rhimes thus I have it exprest:

Walls (a) be let's make all aboute, and gates up and down.

And after Lud that was is name be clupede it Lud's town.

*The berke gate of the town that yet stou there, and is,
He let his clupie Ludgate after is own name iwis.
He let him the be was ded bury at thulke gate,
Therefore yet after him me clupeth it Ludgate.*

(*a*) Plutarch, in Mario & Herod. lib. 3

(*s*) Odyss. λ. Παρὶ καὶ νηῖα καὶ ἀλαμπύματα —

(*u*) Look to the eleventh song.

(*x*) Gervaf. Tilbariciensis de Scaccario.

(*y*) A limit or bound.

(*z*) Rob. Gloucestrenf.

(*a*) But it is affirmed that K. Goll's daughter, mother to Constantine the great, walled this first,

*The town me clupeth that is wide couth,
And now me clupeth it London, that is lighter in
the mouth*

*And new Troy it bet ere, and now it is so age,
That London it is now icluped and worth ever mo.*

Judicious reformers of fabulous report I know have more serious derivations of the name: and seeing conjecture is free, I could imagine it might be called at first *Lban Dien*, i. e. the temple of Diana, as *Lban Dewi*, *Lban Stephan*, *Lban Padern Daeuor*, *I an Dair*; i. e. St. Dewy's, St. Stephan's, St. Patern the great, St. Mary; and Verulam is by H. Luid derived from *Der-lban*, i. e. the church upon the river Ver, with divers more such places in Wales: and so afterward by strangers turned into Londinium, and the like. For, that Diana and her brother Apollo (under name of Belin) were two great deities among the Britons, what is read next before, Caesar's testimony of the Gauls; and that she had her temple there where Paul's is, relation in Camden discloses to you. Now, that the antique course was to title their cities oftentimes by the name of their power adored in them, is plain by Beth-el among the Hebrews, Heliopolis (which in holy writ is (*c*) called *בית שמש*) in Egypt, and the same in Greece, Phœnicia, elsewhere; and by Athens named from Minerva. But especially from this supposed deity of Diana (whom in substance Homer no less gives the epithet of (*d*) *'Ερμιόβολος* than to Pallas) have divers had their titles; as Artemisium in Italy, and Eubœa, and that Bubastis in Egypt, so called from the same word, signifying in Egyptian, both a cat and Diana.

Thoft armed stakes in Thames —

He means that which now we call Coway-stakes by Otclands, where only the Thames being without boat passable, the Britons fixt both on the bank of their side, and in the water (*e*) sharp stakes, to prevent the Romans coming over, but in vain, as the stories tell you.

And more than Caesar got, three Emperors could not win.

Understand not that they were resisted by the Britons, but that the three successors of Julius, i. e. Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula, never so much as with force attempted the isle, although the last after king Cunobelin's son Adninius his traitorous revolting to him, in a seeming martial vehemency made (*f*) all arm to the British voyage, but suddenly on the German shore,

and Colchester also. Huntingdon. lib. 1. & Simon Dunelmens. ap Scow. in notitia Lond. I shall presently speak of her also.

(*c*) Jerom. cap. 43. com. ult.

(*d*) Patron of cities, v. Homer. ad Dian. Stephan. *πρωτ. λ.* in *Βυβέρ.* Herodot. lib. 3.

(*e*) Bed. lib. 1. cap. 2.

(*f*) Suet. lib. 4. cap. 44. & 46. & Dio. Cassius.

(where he then was) like himself, turned the design to a jest, and commanded the army to gather cockles.

Came with his body naked, his hair down to his waist.

In this Caradoc (being the same which at large you have in Tacitus and Dio, under name of Caratacus and Cataracus, and is by some Scottish historians drawn much too far northward) the author expresses the ancient form of a Briton's habit. Yet I think not that they were all naked, but, as is affirmed (g) of the Gauls, down only to the navel; so that on the discovered part might be seen (to the terror of their enemies) those pictures of beasts, with which (h) they painted themselves. It is justifiable by Cæsar, that they used to shave all except their head and upper lip, and wore very long hair; but in their old coins I see no such thing warranted: and in later (i) times, about four hundred years since, it is especially attributed to them that they always cut their heads close for avoiding Abialom's misfortune.

The colony long kept at Maldon——

Old historians and geographers call this Camalodunum, which some (A) have absurdly thought to be Camelot in the Scottish shieriffdom of Stirling, others have sought it elsewhere: but the English light of antiquity (Camden) hath surely found it at this Maldon in Essex, where was a Romish colony, as also at (f) Gloucester, Chester, York, and perhaps at Colchester, which proves expressly (against vulgar allowance) that there was a time when in the chiefest parts of this southern Britany the Roman laws were used, as every one that knows the meaning of a colony (which had all their rights and institutions deduced with it) must confess. This was destroyed upon discontentment taken by the Icens and Trinobants (now Norfolk, Suffolk, Middlesex, and Essex men) for intolerable wrongs done to the wife and posterity of Prasutagus king of the Icens by the (m) Romans, which the king (as others in like form) thought, but vainly, to have prevented by instituting Nera, then emperor, his heir. The signs, which the author speaks of, were, a strange, and, as it were, voluntary falling down of the goddess Victory's statue, erected by the Romans here; women, as distracted, singing their overthrow; the ocean looking bloody; uncouth howl-

ings in their assemblies, and such like. Petilius Cerealis, lieutenant of the ninth legion, coming to aid, lost all his footmen, and betook himself with the rest to his fortified tents. But for this read the history.

By poison and her days.——

So Tacitus; but Dio, that she died of sickness. Her name is written diversely Vondicia, Boudica, Boudicca and Boudicea: she was wife to Prasutagus, of whom last before.

A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred.

Every story, of the declining British state, will tell you what miseries were endured by the hostile irruptions of Scots and Picts into the southern part. For the passage here of them, know, that the Scottish stories, which begin their continued monarchic government at Fergus, affirm the † Picts (from the Scythian territories) to have arrived in the now Jutland, and thence passed into Scotland some two hundred and fifty years after the Scots first entering Britain, which was, by account, about eighty years before our Saviour's birth, and thence continued these a state by themselves, until King Kenneth about eight hundred and forty years after Christ utterly supplanted them. Others; as Bede and his followers, make them elder in the isle than the Scots, and fetch them out of Ireland; the British story (that all may be discordant) says, they entered Albania under conduct of one Roderick their king (for so you must read in (r) Monmouth, and not Londric, as the print in that and much other mistakes) and were valiantly opposed by Maris then king of Britons, Roderick slain, and Cadwallo given them for habitation. This Maris is placed with Vespasian, and the gross differences of time make all suspicious; so that you may as well believe none of them, as any one. Better adhere to learned Camden, making the Picts very genuine Britons, distinguished only by accidental name, as in him you may see more largely.

Arviragus of ours first taking to protect.

His marriage with (I know not what) Genia, daughter to Claudius, the habitude of friendship betwixt Rome and him, after composition with Vespasian then, under the emperor, employed in the British war, the common story relates. This

(g) Polyb. hist. 7.

(h) Solin. polyhist. c. 35.

(i) Girald. de script. c. 10.

(A) Hæst. Boët. lib. 3.

(f) Antiq. Inscript. Lapidæ & Numm. Vid. Fortescut. de laud. lig. Ang. cap. 17. & Vit. Basingstoch. lib. 4. not. 36.

(m) Agellius l. 16. cap. 13. Tacit. an. 14. Dio lib. 5.

† Pictorum in Britannia (potius Pictorum, in n. legitur) primus meminit Romanorum Panegyristes ille inter alios, qui Constantinum encomiæ adloquitur, & si placet adeos Humfred, Lund. Brev. Brit. and Buchanan, lib. 2. rer. Scotie. ut Camdeni Scotos & Pictos. Rob. Glocestrensis dicuntur Pictos.

(r) Galfriidus Monumeth. correctus, & ibidem vice vñ Macfarinus lege Vestmaria.

to Arminagus, which Juvenal (s) speaks of. Polydore refers him to Nero's time, others rightly to Domitian, because indeed the Poet (t) then flourished. That fabulous Hector Boetius makes him the same with Phafviragus, as he calls him, in Tacitus; he means Prasutagus, having misread Tacitus his copy.

This happens we know, Christ crucify'd to know.

Near an hundred eighty years after Christ (the chronology of Bede herein is plainly false, and observe what I told you of that kind to the fourth this song) Lucius, upon request to pope Eleutherius, received at the hands of (u) Fugatus and Damianus, holy baptism; yet so, that by Joseph of Arimathea (of whom to the third song) seeds of true religion were here before sown: by some I find it (w) without warrant, affirmed that he converted Arviragus,

*And gave him then a shilde of silver white,
A Crose ending and overbearing full perfect,
Thise arms were used through all Brittain
For a common sign each man to know his nation
From enemies, which now we call certain,
St. George's arms——*

But thus much collect, that, although until Lucius we had not a christian king (for you may well suspect, rather deny, for want of better authority, this of Arviragus) yet (unless you believe the tradition of Gundafer king of Indu, (g) converted by St. Thomas, or Abagar (s) king of Edessa, to whom those letters written, as supposed, by our Saviour's own hand, kept as a precious relic in (a) Constantinople until the emperor Mancius Angelus, as my authors say, were lost) it is apparent that this island had the first christian king in the world, and clearly in Europe, so that you cite not Tiberius his private seeming christianity (which is observed out of (b) Tertullian) even in whose time also Gildas affirms, Britain was comforted with wholesome beams of religious light. Not much different from this age was Donald first Christian king of the Scots; so that if priority of time swayed it, and not custom (derived from a communicable attribute given by the popes) that name of most Christian should better fit our sovereigns than the French. This Lucius, by help of those two Christian aids, is

said to have, in room of three Arch-flamins and twenty eight Flamins (through whose doctrine, polluting sacrifices and idolatry reigned here instead of true service) instituted three archbishopsrics at London, York, and Caer-leon upon Ulke, and twenty-eight bishopsrics; of them, all beyond Humber subject to York; all the now Wales to Caer-leon; to London, the now England with Cornwall. And so also was the custom in other countries, even grounded upon St. Peter's own command, to make substitution of archbishops or patriarchs to arch-flamins, and bishops to flamins, if you believe a (c) pope's assertion. For York, there is now a metropolitan see; Caerleon had so until the change spoken of to the fifth song. And London, the cathedral church being at St. Peter's in Cornhill, until translation of the pall (d) to Canterbury by Augustine, sent hither by Gregory the first, under king Ethelbert, according to a prophesy of Merlin, that Christianity should fail, and then revive when the see of London did adorn Canterbury, as, after coming of the Saxons, it did. This moved that ambitious Gilbert of Folioth bishop of London to challenge the primacy of England; for which he is bitterly taxed by a great (e) clerk of the same time. If I add to the British glory that this Lucius was cause of like conversion in Bavaria and Rhetia, I should out of my bounds. The learned Mark Velfer, and others, have enough remembered it.

Constantin's worthy wife——

That is Helen, wife to Constantius or Constans Chlorus the emperor, and mother to Constantine the great, daughter to Coil king of Britain, where Constantine was by her brought forth. Do not object Nicephorus Callistus, that erroneously affirms him born in Drepanum of Bithynia, or Jul Firmicus (f), that says at Tarsus, upon which testimony (not uncorrupted) a great critic (g) hath violently offered to deprive us both of him and his mother, affirming her a Bithynian; nor take advantage of Cedrenus, that will have Dacia his birth soil. But our histories, and, with them, the Latin ecclesiastic relation (in passages of her invention of the crose and such like) allowed also by Cardinal Baronius, make her thus a British woman. And for great Constantine's birth in this land, you shall have authority; against which I wonder how Lipsius

(s) Satyr. 4.
(t) Suidas in Juvenali.
(u) These names are very differently written.
(w) Ex Nennio Harding. cap. 4. 8. Aft Codices
q, quos consuluisse me Nennij antiquos contigit
hujus rei parum sunt memores.
(g) Abbas hist. Agostolic. lib. 9. Eushe. lib. 1.
cap. 13.
(s) Nicet. Choniat. in Andronic. Cummen.
lib. 4.

(a) Nicephor. Callist. lib. 2. cap. 7. & 8.
(b) Distinct. 80. c. in illis. Clemens PP.
(c) V. Kenulph in Epist. ad Leonem PP. apud
G. Malmesb. lib. 1. de reg. & 1. de Pontific. vide
Basingstoch. hist. 9. not. 11.
(d) Stow's Survey of London, pag. 479.
(e) Joann. Carnotens. in Epistol. 272.
(f) Mathes. l. 1. cap. 4.
(g) Lips. de Rom. magnitud. lib. 4. cap. 17.
nimium laps.

durst oppose his conceit. In an old panegyrist speaking to Constantine: *Liberatus ille* (he means his father) *Britannias servitute, tu etiam nobiles illic Oriundo fecisti*; and another, *O fortunata & nunc omnibus beatorum terris Britannia, quæ Constantium Cæsarem prima vidisti!* These might persuade, that Firmicus were corrupted, seeing they lived when they might know as much of this as he. Nicephorus and Cedrenus are of much later time, and deserve no undoubted credit. But in certain oriental admonitions (*k*) of state (newly published by John Meursius professor of Greek story at Leiden) the emperor Constantine Porphyrogenetes advises his son Romanus, that he should not take him a wife of alien blood, because all people dissonant from the government and manners of the empire by a law of Constantine, established in St. Sophy's church, were prohibited the height of that glory, excepting only the Franks, allowing them this honour, (*l*) *ὅτι αὐτοὶ οὐκ ἑλλήνων ἀλλ' εὐν' αὐτῶν ἐξ ἑστέ μόνον*, which might make you imagine him born in Gaul; let it not move you, but observe that this Porphyrogenetes lived about seven hundred years since, when it was (and among the Turks still is) ordinary with these Greeks to call (*m*) all (especially the western) Europeans by the name of Franks, as they did themselves Romans. Why then might not we be comprehended, whose name, as English, they scarce, as it seems, knew of, calling us (*n*) *Inclines*; and indeed the indefinite form of speech, in the author I cite, shews as if he meant some remote place by the Franks, admitting he had intended only but what we now call French. If you can believe one of our countrymen (*o*) that lived about Henry II. he was born in London; others think he was born at York: of that, I determine not. Of this Helen, her religion, finding the cross, good deeds in walling London and Colchester (which in honour of her, they say, bears a cross between four crowns, and for the invention she is yet celebrated in holy-rood day in May) and of this Constantine her son, a mighty and religious emperor (although I know him taxed for no small faults by ecclesiastical writers) that in this air received his first light and life, our Britons vaunt not unjustly: as in that spoken to King Arthur.

*Hæc it uerba tendit that Sibille the sage sage bivre,
That there should of Britain there men be yore*

*That should winne the ampyre of Rome
yde it is,
As of (g) Bely and Constantine, and
thredde ywis.*

Against the Arrian Sell at Arles beeing

In the second council at Arles in Pre under Constantine and Sylvester, is full name of Restitutus bishop of Londo respectively in other councils spoken author. It is not unfit to note here, later time the use hath been (when Rome's supremacy was acknowledged always to general councils, out of every state, some bishops, abbots and priors; it affirmed by the clergy under (*r*) He to a general council, only four bishops sent out of England. So, by reason of added to state-allowance afterward at those canons received into our law; as in the council of Lyons, interpreted by under Edward I. Of pluralities in of Lateran, held by Innocent III. re king John; and the law of Lapse in be so its ground from that council of Lateran year eleven hundred seventy-nine, under the third, whether, for our part, Hugh bishop of Durham, John bishop of Bath, with divers abbots, (*s*) canon was made for presentation months, and title of Lapse given to in case the chapter were patron, from to them if he were patron: which a that, it be not law with us, nor allowance between a lay (*t*) and ecclesiastical number of the months, allowing the four, yet shews itself certainly to be of that custom anciently and now used in the collation. And hither Henry (*u*) refers it expressly; by whom you John le Briton, and read Lateran insist about this same matter. Your conjoining these things, cannot but per canons and constitutions, in popes completely never bound us in other form them by the square of English law our reverend sages and baronage allowed interpreted them, who in their form.

(*k*) Constant. Porphyrog. de administr. imperio, c. 29. Jo. Levinæum ad Panegyric 5. haut mol-tum hic moramur.

(*l*) Because he was born in their parts.

(*m*) Histor. Orientales passim, & Themata Constantiniani, cum supra citato libro.

(*n*) Nicet, Choniast. 2. Isaac, Angel, §. ult. *Ἰνκλίνας*.

(*o*) G. Steph. de Londino, Basingstoch. hist. 6. not. 10.

(*p*) Belinus.

(*r*) Roger. Hoved. f. 332.

(*s*) G. Nubr. (cujus edit, nuperan cardi annotationes consulus l. 3. & habent ipsas, quæ sunt Constat.

(*t*) Extrav. Concess. præb. c. 2.

(*u*) 6 Decret. tit. jure patronat. §. 1 unic.

(*x*) Lib. 4. tract. 2. cap. 6.

(*y*) D. Ed. Coke lib. de jure Regis Regist. Orig. f. 42.

would mention them as law and custom of the kingdom, and not otherwise.

Eleven thousand match fast theſe our friends again.

Our common ſtory affirms, that in time of Gratian the emperor, Conan king of Armorique Britain (which was filled with a colony of this iſle by this Conan and Maximus otherwiſe Maximian that ſlew Gratian) having war with the neighbouring Gauls, deſired of Dinoth regent of Cornwall, or (if you will) of our Britain (by nearneſs of blood ſo to eſtabliſh and continue love in the poſterity of both countries) that he might himſelf match with Dinoth's daughter Urfula, and with her a competent multitude of virgins might be ſent over to furniſh his unwived bachelors: whereupon were eleven thouſand of the nobler blood with Urfula and ſixty thouſand of meaner rank (elected out of divers parts of the kingdom) ſhipped at London for ſatisfaction of this requeſt. In the coaſt of Gaul, they were by tempeſt diſperſed; ſome raviſhed by the ocean; others for chafte denial of their maidenheads to Guaine and Melga, kings of Huns and Piſts (whom Gratian had animated againſt Maximus, as uſurping title of the Britiſh monarchy) were miſerably put to the ſword on ſome German coaſt, whither miſfortune carried them. But becauſe the author ſips it over with a touch, you ſhall have it in ſuch old (s) verſe as I have.

*This maidens were yeadred and to London came,
Many were glad ther of and well forri ſome
That (b) his ſold of lands wunde and neu oft (c) ber
ſrend yf
And ſome to leſt nor maidenbed wivens nor to be.
The biſ were in ſhipes yde, and in the ſe ver were
So gret tempeſt ther come that drof hem bere and there.
So that the (d) meſſedel adreined were in the ſe
And to other lands ſome ydrive, that ne come never (e)
age.
A king there was of Hungry, Guane was his name,
And Melga K. (f) Picardy that couthe inou of
ſame,
The waters wor to loke aboute the ſe bis were
A company of this maydens ſo that biſ met there,
To her ſake biſ woude (g) bove nime and bor men alſe
As the maydens woude rather die than conſenty thereto
The woude wor to the (h) luther men and the maidens;
ſrow rebone,
So that to the laſſe Britaine there ne come aſore none.*

Some lay all this wickedneſs abſurdly (for time endures it not) to Atila's (i) charge, who reigned king of Huns about four hundred fifty (above ſixty years after Gratian) and affirm their ſuffering of this (as they call it) martyrdom at Cologne, whither, in at the mouth of Rhine, they were carried; others alſo particularly tell you that there were four companions to Urfula, in greatneſs and honour, their (k) names being Pynnoſa, Qordula, Eleutheria, Florentia, and that under theſe were to every of the eleven thouſand one preſident, Iota, Benigna, Clementia, Sapientia, Carpophora, Columba, Benedicla, Odilia, Celyndria, Sibylla and Lucia: and that, cuſtom at Cologne hath excluded all other bodies from the place of their burial. The ſtrange multitude of ſeventy-one thouſand virgins thus to be tranſported, with the difference of time (the moſt excellent note to examine truth of hiſtory by) may make you doubt of the whole report. I will not juſtify it, but only admoniſh thus, that thoſe our old ſtories are in this followed by that great hiſtorian Baronius, allowed by Francis de Bar, White of Baſingſtroke; and before any of them, by that learned abbot Tritemius, beſide the martyrologies, which to the honour of the eleven thouſand have dedicated the eleventh day of our Oſtober. But indeed how they can ſtand with what in ſome copies of Nennius (l) we read, I cannot ſee: it is there reported, that thoſe Britons which went thither with Maximus (the ſame man and time with the former) took them Gauliſh wives, and cut out their tongues, leſt they ſhould poſſeſs their children of Gauliſh language; whence our Welch called them afterward (m) *Lebir-Midion*, becauſe they ſpake conſuſedly. I ſee that yet there is great affinity betwixt the Britiſh Armorique, and the Welch, the firſt (to give you a taſte) ſaying, *Don tad pe-bunſſi ſou en eſaou*, the other *En tad yr bwn ydwoit yn y neſedd*, for our Father which art in heaven; but I ſuſpect extremely that fabulous tongue-cutting, and would have you, of the two, believe rather the virgins, were it not for the exhorbitant number, and that, againſt infallible credit, our (n) hiſtorians mix with it Gratian's ſurviving Maximus; a kind of fault that makes often the very truth doubtful.

That from the Scythian poor, whence they themſelves derive.

He means the Saxons, whoſe name, after learned men, is to the fourth ſong derived from a Scy-

- (s) Rob. Gloceſtreſn.
- (b) They.
- (c) Their.
- (d) Moſt part.
- (e) Again.
- (f) Of the Piſts.
- (g) Them take.
- (h) Lewd.

- (i) Heſtor. Boet. Scotie. 7. ex antiquioribus. verum falſi reis.
- (k) Uſuard, Martyrolog. 2. c. Oſob.
- (l) Sunt enim antiqui Codices quibus hoc merito deſt, nec. n. ut gloſſemo illud non irrepaſſe, ſentire ſum potis.
- (m) Half ſilent.
- (n) Paul. Merul. Coſmog. part. 2. lib. 3. cap 15.

thian nation. It pleases the muse in this passage to speak of that original, as mean and unworthy of comparison with the Trojan British, drawn out of Jupiter's blood by Venus, Anchises, and Æneas; I justify her phrase, for that the Scythian was indeed poor, yet voluntarily, not through want, living commonly in field-tents; and (as our Germans in Tacitus) so stoical, as not to care for the future having provision for the present, from nature's liberality. But, if it were worth examining, you might find the Scythian as noble and worthy a nation as any read of; and such a one as the English and others might be as proud to derive themselves from, as any which do search for their ancestors glory in Trojan ashes. If you believe the old report (o) of themselves, then can you not make them less than descended by Targiteus from Jupiter and Borysthenes; if what the

Greeks, who, as afterward the Romans, accounted and stiled all barbarous, except themselves; then you must draw their pedigree through Agathyrsus, Gelonus and Scythia, from Hercules; neither of this have, in this kind, their superior. If among them you desire learning, remember Zamolxis, Dicæneus, and Anacharsis before the rest. For although to some of these, other patronymics are given, yet know that anciently (which for the present matter observe seriously) as all, southward, were called Ethiopians, all eastward, Indians, all west, Celts, so all northerners were stiled Scythians) as (ρ) Ephorus is author. I could add the honourable allegories, of those their golden yoke, plough, hatchet, and cup sent from heaven, wittily enough delivered by (g) Goropius, with other conjectural testimonies of their worth. But I abstain from such digression.

(o) Herodot. Melpom.

(g) Amazon, Beccesclam, 8.

(ρ) Apud Strab. l. 2.

POLYOLBION:

THE NINTH SONG.

The Argument.

The muse here Merioneth vaunts,
And her proud mountains highly chaunts,
The hills and brooks, to bravery bent,
Stand for precedence from descent :
The rivers for them shewing there
The wonders of their Pimble-merc.
Proud Snowdon gloriously proceeds
With Cambria's native princes deeds.
The muse then through Caernarvon makes,
And Mon (now Anglesey) awakes
To tell her ancient Druides guise,
And manner of their sacrifice.
Her rillets she together calls ;
Then back for Flint and Denbigh falls.

the Cambrian shires their heads that bear
so high, [eye,
th't survey their soils with an ambitious
ia (a) for her hills, as for their matchless
crowds, [clouds,
areft that are said to kiss the wand'ring
audience craves, offended with the throng,
of all the rest neglected was so long :
for herself; when through the Saxons pride,
like race of Brute to Severn's setting tide
nely enforc'd, her mountains did relieve
whom devouring war else every where did
grieve.

(a) Merionethshire,

And when all Wales beside (by fortune, or by might)
Unto her ancient foe resign'd her ancient right,
A constant maiden still she only did remain,
§ The last her genuine laws which stoutly did
retain.
And as each one is prais'd for her peculiar things ;
So only she is rich, in mountains, meres, and
springs,
And holds herself as great in her superfluous waste,
As others by their towns, and fruitful tillage grac'd.
And therefore, to recount her rivers, from their
(b) fons,
Abridging all delays, Mervinia thus begins ;

(b) Meres or pools, from whence rivers spring.

' Though Dovy, which doth far her neigh-
 ' bouring floods furmount [account
 ' (Whose course for hers alone Montgomery doth
 ' Hate (c) Angel for her own, and Keriog she
 ' doth clear, [dear,
 ' With Towin, Gwedol then, and Dulas, all as
 ' Those tributary streams she is maintain'd withal:
 ' Yet, boldly may I say, her rising and her fall
 ' My country calleth hers, with many another
 ' brook, [look,
 ' That with their crystal eyes on the Vergivian
 ' To Dovy next, of which Defunny sea-ward drives,
 ' Lingoril goes alone: but plenteous Avon strives
 ' The first to be at sea; and faster her to hie,
 ' Clear Kessilgum comes in, with Hergumby and by.
 ' So Derry, Moothy draws, and Moothy calleth
 ' Cain, [main,
 ' Which in one channel meet, in going to the
 ' As to their utmost power to lend her all their
 ' aids;
 ' So Atro by the arm Lanbeder kindly leads,
 ' And Valenrid the like, observing th' other's law,
 ' Calls Cunnel; she again, fair Drurid forth doth
 ' draw,
 ' That from their mother earth, the rough Mer-
 ' vinia, pay [bay
 ' Their mixed plenteous springs, unto the lesser
 ' § Of those two noble arms into the land that
 ' bear,
 ' Which through (d) Gwinethia be so famous eve-
 ' ry where, [mound,
 ' On my Caernarvon side by nature made my
 ' As Dovy doth divide the Cardiganian ground.
 ' The pearly Conway's head, as that of holy Dee,
 ' Renowned rivers both, their rising have in me:
 ' So, Lavern and the Lue, themselves that head-
 ' long throw
 ' § Into the spacious lake, where Dee unmixed
 ' doth flow. [lin;
 ' Trowerrin takes his stream, here from a native
 ' Which, out of Pimble-mere when Dee himself
 ' doth win,
 ' Along with him his lord full courteously doth
 ' glide: [guide
 ' So Rudock riseth here, and Cletor that do
 ' Him in his rugged path, and make his great-
 ' ness way, [vey.
 ' Their Dee into the bounds of Denbigh to con-
 ' The lofty hills, this while attentively that flood,
 ' As to survey the course of every several flood,
 ' Sent forth such echoing shouts (which every way
 ' so shrill,
 ' With the reverberate sound the spacious air did fill)
 ' That they were eas'ly heard through the Vergivi-
 ' an mair. [constrain
 ' To Neptune's inward court; and beating there,
 ' That mighty god of sea t' awake: who full of
 ' dread, [head,
 ' Thrice threw his three-forkt mace about his grisly
 ' And thrice above the rocks his fore-head rais'd, to
 ' see [be.
 ' Amongst the high-topt hills what tumult it should

(c) The rivers as in order they fall into the Irish sea.
 (d) North-Wales.

So that with very sweat Cadoridic did dre
 And mighty Raran shook his proud sky-kill
 Amongst the furious rout whom madness
 rage;
 Until the mountain-nymphs, the tumult
 Upon a modest sign of silence to the thro
 Conforting thus, in praise of their Mervini
 ' Thrice famous Saxon king, on who
 ' ne'er shall prey,
 ' O Edgar! who compel'dst our Ludwal
 ' Three hundred wolves a year for tribu
 ' thee:
 ' And for that tribute paid, as famous may
 ' O conquer'd British king, by whom v
 ' destroy'd
 ' § The multitude of wolves, that long t
 ' annoy'd;
 ' Regardless of their rape, that now our h
 ' Securely here may sit upon the aged rock
 ' Or wandring from their walks, and str
 ' here and there
 ' Amongst the scatter'd cliffs, the lam
 ' never fear;
 ' But from the threat'ning storm to save it
 ' creep
 ' Into that darksome cave where once his
 ' That now the clamb'ring goat all day
 ' having fed,
 ' And climbing up to see the sun go d
 ' Is not at all in doubt her little kid to los
 ' Which grazing in the vale, secure and
 ' knows.
 ' Where, from these lofty hills which
 ' heaven do threat
 ' Yet of as equal height, as thick by natur
 ' We talk how we are stor'd, or what we
 ' need,
 ' Or how our flocks do fare, and how ou
 ' do feed,
 ' When else the hanging rocks, and valle
 ' and deep,
 ' The summer's longest day would us fron
 ' ing keep.
 ' Ye Cambrian shepherds then, whom t
 ' mountains please,
 ' And ye our fellow nymphs, ye light (e)
 ' § Saint Helen's wondrous way, and H
 ' let us go,
 ' And our divided rocks with admiration
 ' Not meaning there to end, but spe
 ' they were,
 ' A suddain fearful noise surpris'd every ear
 ' The water-nymphs (not far) Lin-teged
 ' quent,
 ' With brows besmear'd with ooze, their lo
 ' dew besprent,
 ' Inhabiting the lake, in sedge bow'rs below
 ' Their inward grounded grief that only
 ' to show
 ' Against the mountain kind, which much
 ' did take,
 ' Above their watry brood, thus proud
 ' bespake;

(e) Nymphs of the mountains.

' Tell us, ye haughty hills, why vainly thus
 ' you threat
 ' Esteeming us so mean, compar'd to you so great ?
 ' To make you know yourselves, you this must
 ' understand, [land
 ' That our great maker laid the surface of the
 ' As level as the lake until the general flood,
 ' When over all so long the troubled waters stood :
 ' Which, hurried with the blasts from angry hea-
 ' ven that blew,
 ' Up on huge massy heaps the loosened gravel
 ' threw :
 ' From hence we would ye know, your first be-
 ' ginning came ;
 ' Which since, in tract of time, yourselves did
 ' mountains name.
 ' So that the earth, by you (to check her mirth-
 ' ful cheer)
 ' May always see (from heaven) those plagues
 ' that poured were [show
 ' Upon the former world ; as 'twere by scars to
 ' That still she must remain disfigur'd with the
 ' blow : [left,
 ' And by th' infectious slime that doomsful deluge
 ' Nature herself hath since of purity been reft ;
 ' And by the seeds corrupt, the life of mortal
 ' man
 ' Was shorten'd. With these plagues ye moun-
 ' tains first began.
 ' But, ceasing you to shame ; what mountain is
 ' there found
 ' In all your monstrous kind (seek ye the island
 ' round)
 ' That truly of himself such (f) wonders can re-
 ' port,
 ' As can this spacious Lin, the place of our resort ?
 ' That when Dee in his course fain in her lap
 ' would lie, [deny,
 ' Commixtion with her store, his stream she doth
 ' By his complexion prov'd, as he through her
 ' doth glide.
 ' Her wealth again from his, she likewise doth
 ' divide :
 ' Those white-fish that in her do wond'rously
 ' abound, [found
 ' Are never seen in him ; nor are his salmon
 ' At any time in her : but as she him disdains ;
 ' So he again, from her, as wilfully abstains.
 ' Down from the neighbouring hills, those plen-
 ' teous springs that fall.
 ' Nor land-floods after rain, her never move at all.
 ' And as in summer's heat, so always is she one,
 ' Resembling that great lake which seems to care
 ' for none,
 ' { And with stern Æolus' blasts, like Thetis
 ' waxing rank,
 ' She only over-swells the surface of her bank.
 ' But, whilst the nymphs report these wonders
 ' of their lake,
 ' Their farther cause of speech the mighty (g)
 ' Snowdon brake ;

(f) The wonders of Linteged, or Penhlemere.

(g) The most famous mountain of all Wales, in Caer-
naronshire.

Left, if their watry kind should suffer'd be too
 long,
 The licence that they took, might do the moun-
 tains wrong.
 For quickly he had found that straitned point of
 land,
 Into the Irish sea which puts his powerful hand,
 Past with their watry praise, grew insolently
 proud,
 And needs would have his rills for rivers be al-
 low'd :
 Short Darent, near't unto the utmost point of
 all
 That th' isle of Gelin greets, and Bardsey in her
 fall ;
 And next to her, the Saw, the Gir, the Er, the
 May,
 Must rivers be at least, should all the world gain-
 say :
 And those, whereas the land lies east-ward, amply
 wide,
 That goodly Conway grace upon the other side,
 Born near upon her banks, each from her proper
 lin.
 Soon from their mothers out, soon with their
 mistress in.
 As Ledder, her ally, and neighbour Legwy ;
 then
 Goes Purloyd, Castell next, with Giffin, that agen
 Observe fair Conway's course : and though their
 race be short,
 Yet they their sovereign flood enrich with their
 resort.
 And Snowdon, more than this, his proper mere
 did note
 (f) Still Delos like, wherein a wandering isle doth
 float
 Was peremptory grown upon his higher ground ;
 That pool, in which (besides) the one-ey'd fish are
 found,
 As of her wonder proud, did with the floods
 partake.
 So, when great Snowdon saw, a faction they
 would make
 Against his general kind ; both parties to appease,
 He purposeth to sing their native princes praise.
 For Snowdony, a hill, imperial in his seat,
 Is from his mighty foot, unto his head so great,
 That were his Wales distressed, or of his help had
 need,
 He all her flocks and herds for many months
 could feed.
 Therefore to do something were worthy of his
 name, [fame,
 Both tending to his strength, and to the Britons
 His country to content, a signal having made,
 By this oration thinks both parties to persuade,
 ' Whilst here this general isle the ancient Bri-
 ' tons ow'd,
 ' Their valiant deeds before by Severn have been
 ' show'd :
 ' But since our furious foe, these powerful Saxon
 ' swarms
 ' (As merciless in spoil, as well approv'd in arms)

' Here called to our aid, Loegria us bereft,
 ' Those poor and scatter'd few of Brute's high
 lineage left, [race
 ' For succour hither came: where that unmixed
 ' Remains unto this day, yet owners of this
 place: [long.
 ' Of whom no flood nor hill peculiarly hath
 ' These, then, shall be my theme; lest time too
 much should wrong
 ' Such princes as were ours, since sever'd we have
 been;
 ' And as themselves, their fame be limited between
 ' The Severn and our sea, long pent within this
 place, [embase
 ' § Till with the term of Welsh, the English now
 ' The nobler Britons name, that well-near was
 destroy'd [annoy'd;
 ' With pestilence and war, which this great isle
 ' Cadwallader that drave to the Armorick shore:
 ' To which, dread Conan, lord of Denbigh, long
 before,
 ' His countrymen from hence auspiciously con-
 vey'd;
 ' Whose noble feats in war, and never-failing aid,
 ' Got Maximus (at length) the victory in Gaul,
 ' Upon the Roman powers. Where, after Gra-
 tian's fall,
 ' Armorica to them the valiant victor gave:
 ' Where Conan their great lord, as full of cou-
 rage, drave
 ' The Celts out of their seats, and did their room
 supply [colony
 ' § With people still from hence; which of our
 ' Was little Britain call'd. Where that distressed
 king,
 ' Cadwallader, himself awhile recomforting
 ' With hope of Alan's aid (which there did him
 detain) [reign
 ' § Forewarn'd was in dreams, that of the Britons
 ' A sempiternal end the angry pow'rs decreed,
 ' A recluse life in Rome enjoining him to lead.
 ' The king resigning all, his son young Edwal left
 ' With Alan: who, much griev'd the prince
 should be bereft
 ' Of Britain's ancient right, rigg'd his uncon-
 quer'd fleet;
 ' And as the generals then, for such an army meet,
 ' His nephew Ivor chose, and Hinc for his phee;
 ' Two most undaunted spirits. These valiant Bri-
 tons were
 ' The first who (b) West-sex won. But by the
 ling'ring war,
 ' When they those Saxons found t' have succour
 still from far,
 ' They took them to their friends on Severn's
 setting shore:
 ' Where finding Edwal dead, they purpos'd to
 restore
 ' His son young Roderick, whom the Saxon
 pow'rs pursu'd: [du'd,
 ' But he, who at his home here scorn'd to be sub-

(b) The West-saxons country, comprehending Devon-
 shire, Somerset, Wiltshire, and their adjacents.

' With Alfred (that on Wales his strong invasion
 brought)
 ' Garthmalack, and Pencoyd (those famous bat-
 tle) fought,
 ' That North and South-Wales sing, on the Wel-
 Sexians won.
 ' Scarce this victorious task his bloody'd sword
 had done,
 ' But at mount (i) Carno met the Marcians, and
 with wounds [bounds,
 ' Made Ethelbald to feel his trespass on our
 ' Prevail'd against the Picl, before our force that
 flew;
 ' And in a valiant fight their king Dalargin flew.
 ' Nor Conan's courage less, nor less prevail'd in
 ought [fought
 ' Renown'd Roderick's heir, who with the English
 ' The Herefordian field; as Ruthland's red with
 gore: [short,
 ' Who, to transfer the war from this his native
 ' March'd through the Mercian towns with his
 revengeful blade: [made,
 ' And on the English there such mighty havoc
 ' That Offa (when he saw his countries go to wrack)
 ' From bick'ring with his folk, to keep the Bri-
 tons back,
 ' Cast up that mighty (k) mound of eighty miles
 in length
 ' Athwart from sea to sea. Which of the Mer-
 cians strength [bear,
 ' A witness though it stand, and Offa's name does
 ' Our courage was the cause why first he cut it
 there:
 ' As that most dreadful day at Gavelford can tell,
 ' Where under either's sword so many thousands
 fell [own;
 ' With intermixed blood, that neither knew their
 ' Nor which went victor thence, unto this day is
 known. [shew'd,
 ' Nor Kettles conflict then, less martial courage
 ' Where valiant Mervin met the Mercians, and
 bestow'd [fight.
 ' His nobler British blood on Burthred's recreant
 ' As Roderick his great son, his father following
 right, [brave;
 ' Bare not the Saxons scorn, his Britons to out-
 ' At Gwythen, but again to Burthred battle gave;
 ' Twice driving out the Dane when he invasion
 brought, [fought
 ' Whose no less valiant son, again at Conwy
 ' With Danes and Mercians mixt, and on their
 hateful head
 ' Down-shower'd their dire revenge whom they
 had murdered.
 ' And, were't not that of us the English would
 report
 ' (Abusing of our tongue in most malicious sort
 ' As oftentimes they do) that more than any, we
 ' The Welsh, as they us term) love glory'd to be,
 ' Here could I else recount the slaughter'd Saxons
 gore,

(i) A hill near Abergevenny in Monmouth.
 (k) Offa's Ditch.

Our swords at Crofsford fpilt on Severn's wan-
 ' d'ring fhore; [fon
 And Griffith here produce, Lewellin's valiant
 (May we believe our Bards) who five pitch'd
 ' battles won,
 And to revenge the wrongs the cavius Englifh
 ' wrought,
 His well-train'd martial troops into the marches
 ' brought
 As far as Wor'fter walls: nor thence did he retire,
 Till Powle lay well-near fpent in our revengeful
 fire; [ous foils,
 As Hereford laid wafte: and from their plente-
 brought back with him to Wales his prifoners
 ' and his fpoils.
 ' Thus as we valiant were, when valour might
 ' us fteed:
 With thofe fo much that dar'd, we had them
 ' that decreed. [were
 For, what Mulmutian laws, or Martian, ever
 More excellent than thofe which our good
 ' Howel here
 ' Ordain'd to govern Wales? which ftill with
 ' us remain.
 ' And when all-powerful fate had brought to
 ' pafs again,
 ' That as the Saxons did from the Britons win;
 ' Upon them fo (at laft) the Normans coming in,
 ' Took from thofe tyrants here, what treach'rouf-
 ' by they got,
 ' (To the perfidious French which th' angry hea-
 ' vens allot)
 ' Ne'er could that conqueror's fword (which
 ' roughly did decide [pride)
 ' His right in England here, and proftituted her
 ' Us to fubjection floop, or makes us Britains bear
 ' Th' unwieldy Norman yoke: nor bafely could we
 ' fear
 ' His conqueft, ent'ring Wales; but (with ftout
 ' courage) ours
 ' Defy'd him to his face, with all his Englifh pow'rs.
 ' And when in his revenge, proud Rufus hither
 ' came,
 ' With vows us to fubvert; with flaughter and
 ' with fhame,
 ' O'er Severn him we fent, to gather ftroger aid.
 ' So, when to England's power, Albania here
 ' had lay'd, [wit
 ' By Henry Beauclerk brought (for all his dev'lish
 ' By which he taught the wreath) he not prevail'd
 ' a whit:
 ' And through our rugged ftraits when he fo
 ' rudely preft,
 ' Had not his proved mail fate furely to his breaft,
 ' A ftifful Britifh hand his life had him bereft,
 ' As his ftern brother's heart, by Tirril's hand was
 ' cleft.
 ' And let the Englifh thus, which vilify our
 ' name, [fhame
 If it their greatnefs pleafe, report unto our
 The foil our Gwyneth gave at Flint's fo deadly
 ' fight,
 To Maud the Empreſs' fon, that there he put to
 fight;

§ And from the Englifh power th' imperial en-
 ' ſign took: [fhook.
 ' About his plumed head which valiant Owen
 ' As when that king again, his fortune to ad-
 ' vance [from France,
 ' Above his former foil, procur'd freſh pow'rs
 ' A furely-level'd ſhaft if Sent-clear had not ſeen,
 ' And in the very loofe, not thruſt himſelf between
 ' His fovereign and the ſhaft, he our revenge had
 ' try'd: [dy'd.
 ' Thus, to preſerve the king, the noble ſubjeft
 ' As Madock his brave fon, may come the reft
 ' among;
 ' Who, like the Godlike race from which his
 ' grandfires ſprung, [ſtrife,
 ' Whilft here his brother's tir'd in ſad domeſtic
 ' On their unnatural breafte bent either's mur-
 ' therous knife; [fame,
 ' This brave adventurous youth, in hot purſuit of
 ' With ſuch as his great ſpirit did with high deeds
 ' inflame, [ground,
 ' Put forth his well-rigg'd fleet to ſeek him foreign
 ' And failed weft ſo long, until that world he found
 ' To chriſtians then unknown (ſave this adven-
 ' t'rous crew) [knew;
 ' Long ere Columbus liv'd, or it Veſpucius
 ' And put the now-nam'd Welch on India's parch-
 ' ed face, [race,
 ' Unto the endleſs praife of Brute's renowned
 ' E'er the Iberian powers had touch'd her long-
 ' fought bay,
 ' § Or any ear had heard the ſound of Florida.
 ' § And with that Croggen's name let th'
 ' Englifh us diſgrace; [place
 ' When there are to be ſeen, yet, in that ancient
 ' From whence that name they fetch, their con-
 ' quer'd grandfires graves:
 ' For which each ignorant ſot, unjuſtly us depraves.
 ' And when that tyrant John had our ſubver-
 ' ſion vow'd, [bow'd,
 ' § To his unbridled will, our necks we never
 ' Not to his mighty fon; whoſe hoſt we did en-
 ' force [horfe.
 ' (His ſuccours cutting off) to eat their warlike
 ' Until all-ruling heaven would have us to re-
 ' ſign: [tiſh line,
 ' When that brave prince, the laſt of all the Bri-
 ' Lewellin, Griffith's fon, unluckily was ſlain,
 ' § As fate had ſpur'd our fall till Edward Long-
 ' ſhank's reign.
 ' Yet to the ſtock of Brute ſo true we ever were,
 ' We would permit no prince, unleſs a native here.
 ' Which, that moſt prudent king perceiving,
 ' wiſely thought
 ' To ſatisfy our will, and to Caernarvon brought
 ' His queen being great with child, ev'n ready
 ' down to ly, [apply.
 ' Then to his purpos'd end doth all his powers
 ' Through every part of Wales he to the nobles
 ' ſent, [nent,
 ' That they unto his court ſhould come inconti-
 ' Of things that much concern'd the country to
 ' debate:
 ' But now behold the power of unavoided fate!

' When thus unto his will he fitly them had won,
 ' At her expected hour the queen brought forth a
 ' son.
 ' And to this great design, all happ'ning as he
 would,
 ' He (his intended course that clerkly manage
 ' could).
 ' Thus quaintly trains us on : since he perceiv'd
 us prone
 ' Here only to be rul'd by princes of our own,
 ' Our naturalness therein he greatly did improve ;
 ' And publicly protests, that for the ancient love
 ' He ever bare to Wales, they all should plainly
 ' see,
 ' That he had found out one, their sovereign lord
 to be ;
 ' Com'n of the race of kings, and (in their coun-
 ' try born)
 ' Could not one English word : of which he durst
 ' be sworn. [such,
 ' Besides, his upright heart, and innocence was
 ' As that (he was assur'd) black envy could not
 ' touch [spy
 ' His spotless life in aught. Poor we (that not
 ' His subtilty herein) in plain simplicity,
 ' Soon bound ourselves by oath, his choice not to
 ' refuse : [chuse,
 ' When as that crafty king, his little child doth
 ' Young Edward, born in Wales, and of Caer-
 ' narvon call'd : [as Wales
 ' Thus by the English craft, we Britons were
 inthrall'd.
 ' Yet in thine own behalf, dear country, dare
 ' to say,
 ' Thou long as powerful wer't as England every
 ' way.
 ' And if she overmuch should seek thee to imbase,
 ' Tell her, thou art the nurse of all the British race
 ' And he that was by heaven appointed to uniac
 ' (After that tedious war) the rose und the white ;
 ' A Tudor was of thine, and native of thy Mon,
 ' From whom descends that king now sitting on
 ' her throne.'

This speech, by Snowdon made, so lucky was
to please

Both parties, and them both with such content t'
appease ;

That as before they strove for sovereignty and
place,

They only now contend, which most should other
grace.

Into the Irish sea then all those rills that ran,
In Snowdon's praise to speak immediately began ;
Lewenny, Lynan next, than Gwelly gave it out,
And Kerriog her compeer, soon told it all about :
So did their sister nymphs, that into Mena strain ;
The flood that doth divide Mon from the Cam-
brian main.

It Gorway greatly prais'd, and Seint it loudly sung,
So, mighty Snowdon's speech was through Gaer-
narvon rung ;

That scarcely such a noise to Mon from Mena
When with his puissant troops for conquest of the
same,

On bridges made of boats, the Roman powers he
fought,

Or Edward to her sack his English armies brought
That Mona strangely stir'd great Snowdon's
praise to hear, [dear,

Although the stock of Troy to her was even
Yet (from her proper worth) as she before all
other

§, Was call'd in former times) her country Cam-
bria's mother,

Persuaded was thereby her praises to pursue,
Or by neglect, to lose what to herself was due,
A sign to Neptune sent, his boist'rous rage to stake ;
Which suddenly becalm'd, thus of herself she spake ;

' What one of all the isles to Cambria doth belong
' (To Britain, I might say, and yet not do her
' wrong)

' Doth equal me in soil, so good for grass and
' grain ?

' As should my Wales (where still Brute's off-
' spring doth remain

' That mighty store of men, yet more of beasts
' doth breed ;

' By famine or by war constrained be to need,

' And England's neighbouring shires their succour
' would deny ;

' My only self her wants could plentifully supply
' What island is there found upon the Irish coast,

' In which that kingdom seem to be delighted most,
' And seek you all along the rough Vergivias
' shore, [rear]

' Where the encountering tides outrageously do
' That bows not at my beck, as they to me did
' owe [show ;

' The duty subjects should unto their sovereign
' § So that th' Eubonian Man, a kingdom long
' time known, [own,

' Which wisely hath been rul'd by princes of her
' In my alliance joys, as in th' Albanian seas

' The (b) Arrans, and by them the scatter'd
' (b) Rubides

' Rejoice even at my names ; and put on mirth-
' ful cheer,

' When of my good estate they by the sea-nymphs
' hear.

' Sometimes within my shades, in many as
' ancient wood,

' Whose often-twined tops great Phœbus' fires
' withstood,

' § The fearless British priests, under an aged oak,
' Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the
' yoke,

' And with an ax of gold, from that Jove-sacred
' tree [knee

' The mistleto cut down ; then with a bended
' On th' unhew'd altar laid, put to the hallow'd
' fires :

' And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling
' flesh expires,

' As their strong fury mov'd (when all the red
' adore)

' Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,

' As their strong fury mov'd (when all the red
' adore)

' Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,

(b) lies upon the west of Scotland.

' Up to th' eternal heaven their bloodied hands
 ' did rear :
 ' And, whilst the murmuring woods even shud-
 ' dred as with fear,
 ' Preacht to the beardless youth the soul's im-
 ' mortal state;
 ' To other bodies still how it should transmigrate,
 ' That to contempt of death them strongly might
 ' excite.
 ' To dwell in my black shades the wood-gods
 ' did delight,
 ' Untrodden with resort that long so gloomy were,
 ' As when the Roman came, it struck him sad
 ' with fear
 ' To look upon my face, which then was call'd
 ' the Dark;
 ' Until in after-time, the English for a mark
 ' Gave me this hateful name, which I must ever
 ' bear,
 ' And Anglesey from them am called every where.
 ' My brooks (to whose sweet brims the Syl-
 ' vans did resort,
 ' In gliding through my shades to mighty Nep-
 ' tune's court,
 ' Of their huge oaks bereft) to heaven so open ly,
 ' That now there's not a root discern'd by any eye:
 ' My Brent, a pretty beck, attending Mena's
 ' mouth, [south,
 With those her sister rills that bear upon the

' Guint, forth along with her Lewenny that doth
 ' draw; [Fraw,
 ' And next to them again, the fat and moory
 ' Which with my prince's court I sometime
 ' pleas'd to grace,
 ' As those that to the west directly run their race.
 ' Smooth Allo in her fall, that Lynon in doth take;
 ' Mathanori, that aithin doth tow'rds Moylro-
 ' niad make,
 ' The sea-calfs to behold that bleach them on
 ' her shore, [store,
 ' Which Gweger to her gets, as to increase her
 ' Then Dulas to the north that straineth, as to see
 ' The isle that breedeth mice; whose store so
 ' loathsome be,
 ' That she in Neptune's brack her bluish head
 ' doth hide.
 When now the wearied muse her burthen
 ' having ply'd,
 Herself a while betakes to bathe her in the Sound;
 And quitting in her course the goodly Monian
 ' ground,
 Assays the Penmenniawr, and her clear eyes doth
 ' throw
 On Conway, tow'rds the east, to England back
 ' to go :
 Where finding Denbigh fair, and Flint not out of
 ' sight, [right.
 Cries yet afeard for Wales, and for Brute's ancient

37

ILLUSTRATIONS.

More western are you carried into Merioneth, Carnarvon, Anglesey, and those maritime coasts of North-Wales.

The last her genuine laws which stoutly did retain.

Under William Rufus, the Norman-English (animated by the good success which Robert Fitz-lamon had first against Rees ap I'iddour, prince of South-Wales, and afterward against Jestin, lord of Glamorgan) being very desirous of the Welsh territories; Hugh, (a) surnamed Wolf, Earl of Chester, did homage to the king for Tegengle and Ryvonioc, with all the land by the sea unto Conway. And thus pretending title, got also possession of Merioneth, from Griffith ap Conan, prince

of North-Wales: but he soon recovered it, and thence left it continued in his posterity, until Ihe-wellin ap Gruffith, under Edward the First, lost it himself, and all his dominion. Whereas other parts (of South and West-Wales especially) had before subjected themselves to the English crown; this through frequency of craggy mountains, accessible with too much difficulty, being the last strong refuge until that period of fatal conquest.

Of those two noble arms into the land that bear.

In the confines of Merioneth and Cardigan, where these rivers jointly pour themselves into the Irish ocean, are these two arms or creeks of the sea, famous, as he saith, through Guinethia

(that is one of the old titles of this North-Wales) by their names *Tracth Mawr* and *Tracth Bachan*, i. e. as it were, the great haven and the little haven; *Tracth* (*b*) in British, signifying a tract of land, whereon the sea flows, and the ebb discovers.

Into that spacious lake where Dœ unmixt doth flow.

That is, Llyn-tigid (otherwise called by the English, Pemelfmere) through which, Dœ rising in this part, runs whole and unmixt, neither lake nor river communicating to each other water or fish; as the author anon tells you. In the (*c*) ancients, is remembered specially the like of the Rhosne running unmixt, and (as it were) over the lake of Geneva; as, for a greater wonder, the most learned Casaubon (*d*) hath delivered also of Arva, running whole through Rhosne; and divers other such like are in Pliny's collection of nature's most strange effects in waters.

The multitude of wolves that long this land annoy'd.

Our excellent Edgar (having first enlarged his name with diligent and religious performance of charitable magnificence among his English, and confirmed the far-spread opinion of his greatness, by receipt of homage at Chester from eight kings; as you shall see in and to the next song) for increase of his benefits towards the isle, joined with preservation of his crown-duties, converted the tribute of the Welsh into three hundred wolves a year, as the author shews; the king that paid it:

*There yet he baid is-term-vent, at the vortice was be-
hind;*

*For he sende the King word that he mighty as we
wilde.*

As, according to the story my old rhimer delivers it. Whom you are to account for this Ludwal king of Wales in the Welsh history, except Howel ap Jevaf, that made war against his uncle Jago, delivered his father, and took on himself the whole principality towards the later years of Edgar, I know not. But this was not an utter destruction of them; for, since that (*e*) time, the manor of Piddlesley in Leicestershire was held by one Henry of Angage, *per serjeantiam capiendi lupos*, as the inquisition delivers it.

St. Helen's wondrous way.—

By Festeneog in the confines of Caernarvon and Merioneth is this high-way of note; so called by the British, and supposed made by that Helen, mo-

ther to Constantine (among her other good deeds) of whom to the last long before.

As level as the lake until the general flood.

So is the opinion of some divines (*f*), that, until after the flood, were no mountains, but that by congection of sand, earth, and such stuff as we now see hills strangely fraughted with, in the waters they were first cast up. But in that true secretary of divinity and nature, Solomon (*g*) speaking as in the person of Wisdom, you read; *Before the mountains were founded, and before the hills I was formed*, that is, before the world's beginning; and in holy (*h*) writ elsewhere, *the mountains stood, and the valleys defind to the place where thou didst found them*; good authorities to justify mountains before the flood. The same question hath been of illen, but I will peremptorily determine neither.

*And with stern Eolus' blasts, the Thetis waving
rank.*

The south-west wind constrained between two hills on both sides of the lake, sometimes so violently fills the river out of the lake's shore, that both have been affirmed (but somewhat against truth) never to be disturbed, or overflow, but upon tempestuous blasts, whereas indeed (as Spanish delivers) they are overfilled with rain and floods, as well as other waters; but most of all moved by that impetuous wind.

Still Delos like, wherein a wandering isle doth float.

Of this isle in the water on top of Snowdon, and on one side, eels, trouts, and perches, in another lake there, Girald is witness. Let him perform his word; I will not be his surety for it. The author alludes to that state of Delos, which is faired (*i*) before it was with pillars fastened in the sea for Latona's child-birth.

*That with the term of Welsh the English now in-
bapt.*

For this name of Welsh is unknown to the British themselves, and imposed on them, as an ancient and common opinion is, by the Saxons, calling them Walsch, i. e. strangers. Others fabulously have talk of Wallo and Wandolena, whence it should be derived. But you shall come nearer truth, if upon the community of name, customs, and original, betwixt the Gauls and Britons, you conjecture them called Walsch, as it were Oualsch (the W. oftentimes being instead of the Oa.) which expresses them to be Gauls rather than

(b) Girald. Itinerar. 2. cap. 6.

(c) Ammian. Marcell. hist. 15. Pomp. Mel. lib. 2. Plin. Hist. Nat. 2. cap. 103.

(d) Ad Strabon. lib. 8.

(e) Itin. Leicest. 27. ann. Hen. 3. in Archiv. Turr. Lond.

(f) Hic post alios refragatur B. Perierius ad Genes. 1. quæst. 101.

(g) Prov. 8.

(h) Pf. 104.

(i) Pindar. ep. Strabon. lib. 10.

he had there his first baptism, and lived not above a month after; which time (to make all dissonant) is extended to eight years in Lhancarvan. That one king Cedwal went to Rome, is plain by all, with his new-imposed name and burial there: for his baptism before, I have no direct authority but in Polychronicon; many arguments proving him indeed a well-willer to Christianity, but as one that had not yet received its holy testimony. The very phrase in most of our historians is plain that he was baptized; and so also his epitaph then made at Rome, in part here inserted.

- (a) *Perceptusque alacer redactus praeclara vita,
Barbaricam rabiem, nomen & inde sumum,
Conversus convertit evans, Petrusque vocat,
Sergius antistes, iussit ut ipse pater
Funde consentiens quem Christi gratia purgans
Protinus oblatum venit in arce Poli,*

This shows also his short life afterward, and agrees fully with the English story. His honourable affection to religion, before his cleansing mark of regeneration, is seen in that kind respect given by him to Wilfrid first bishop of Selesey in Suffex; where the Episcopal see of Chichester (hither was it translated from Selesey, under William the conqueror) acknowledges in public monuments, rather him founder than Edilwalch the first Christian king of that province, from whom Cedwalla violently took both life and kingdom: nor doth it less appear, in that his paying tenths of such spoils, as by war's fortune accrued to his greatness: which notwithstanding, although done by one then not received into the church of either testament, is not without many examples among the ancient Gentiles, who therein imitating the Hebrews, seized much of their possessions, and acquired substance to such deities as unhallowed religion taught them to adore; which, whether they did upon mystery in the number, or therein as paying first fruits (for the word *נְבוֹן* which was for Abel's offerings, *נְבוֹן* and for Melchisedech's tithes, according to that less (y) calculation in Cabalistic concordance of identities in different words, are of equal number, and by consequent of like interpretation) I leave to my reader. Speaking of this, I cannot but wonder at that very wonder of learning (z) Joseph Scaliger, affirming tithes among those ancients only payable to Hercules; whereas by express witness of an (a) old

inscription at Delphos, and the common Camillus, it is justified, that both Greeks and Romans did the like to Apollo, and no less them and others together, was to Mars (c), Juno (d), and the number of Gods, to whom the Athenians dedicated (e) part of Lesbos. He which the south the British, calls here Ivor, is affirmed with the king of West-Sax in our monkish tales, although there be scarce any congruence to twist them in his descent. What follows historical and continued succession of their

More excellent than those which our genealogies have.

For Howel Dha, first prince of South-wales, after upon death of his cousin Edward of North-wales also, by mature advice of council of barons and bishops, made diversal constitutions. By these, Wales (a ward I.) was ruled. So some say; but it is, that before Edward I. conquered Wales as it seems, from XXVIII. but especially of Hen. III. his empire enlarged among the English king's writ did run there. For Edward I. sent commission to (f) Reginald of Greimas bishop of S. Dewy's, and Walter of I. to inquire of their customs, and by what law were ruled, divers cases were upon oath returned which by, and according to, the king's law were between lords or the princes then had been determined; if between tenants, the lord's seizing it into his hands, until delivery of the title in his court; but also that not decided by the laws of Howel Dha. Of Lhuyd's annotations to the Welsh chronicle have some particulars, and in the roll which aided me. Touching those other of Merthyr and Martia, somewhat to the ninth song.

*Us to subjection sloop, or make us Britons be
Th' unwieldy Norman yoke*

Snowdon properly speaks all for the Welsh country, and follows suppositions of the story, discording herein with ours. For the Welsh Paris, and Florilegus under the reign of Hen. I. c. 111. Hen. II. in c. 113.

(x) Bed. ecclef. hist. lib. 5, c. 7. Englished in substance, if you fav, *He was baptized and soon died, Anno Christi DC.LXXX.VIII* Judicious conjecture cannot but attribute all this to the West-Saxon Cedwal, and not the British. See to the XI song.

(y) Ratio Cabalistica Minor secundum quam e Centenario quolibet & Denario unitatem accipiunt, reliquos numeros in utroque vocabulo retinentes uti Archangel. Burgonovens. in Dog. Cabalisticis.

(z) Ad Festum. verb. Decuma.

(a) Clemens Alexand. Strom. a. & Strom. in Aegypt. tantundem; praeferatque plurimos.

(b) Lucian. *sup. Ojxwos*. & Varro ap. 13. cap. 1.

(c) Herodot. a.

(d) Samij apud Herodot. 2.

(e) Thucyd. hist. 7.

(f) Rot. Clauf. de ann. 9. Ed. 1. in Arch. London.

and other times : Of this Hen. II. hath been understood that prophecy of Merlin. *When the free-
de fac'a Prince (so was the King) passes over
(g) Khyd Pencarn, then should the Welsh forces be
weakened.* For he in this expedition against Rees
ap Gryffith into South-Wales, coming mounted
near that ford in Glamorgan, his steed maddened
with sudden sound of trumpets, on the bank, vio-
lently, out of the purposed way, carries him
through the ford : which compared with that of
Merlin, gave to the British army no small discom-
fiture ; as a (b) Cambro-Briton, then living, hath
delivered. But, that their stories and ours are so
different in these things, it can be no marvel to any
that knows how often it is used among (i) histor-
ians, to flatter their own nation, and wrong the
honour of their enemies. See the first note here
for Rufus his time.

*And from the English power the imperial standard
took.*

Henry of Essex, at this time standard-bearer to
Henry II. in a straight at Counsykh near Flint,
cut down the standard, thereby animating the
Welsh, and discomfiting the English, adding much
dignity to the dishonour. He was afterward ac-
cused by Robert of Montfort, of a traiterous design
in the action. To clear himself, he challenges
the combat : they both, with the royal assent and
judicial course by law of arms, enter the lists ;
where Montfort had the victory, and Essex par-
doned for his life ; but forfeiting (d) all his sub-
stance, entered religion, and profest in the abbey of
Reding, where the combat was performed. I re-
member a great (l) clerk of those times says, that
Montfort spent a whole night of devotions to St.
Denis (so I understand him, although his copy
seems corrupted) which could make champions in-
vincible ; whereto he refers the success. That it
was usual for combatants to pray over night to se-
veral saints, is plain by (m) our law-annals.

Or any ear had heard the found of Florida.

About the year civ. c. lxx. Madoc, brother to
David ap Owen, Prince of Wales, made this sea
voyage ; and by probability those names of Capo
de Breton in Norumbeg, and Penguin in part of
the Northern America, for a white rock and a
white-headed bird, according to the British, were
reliques of this discovery. So that the Welsh may
challenge priority, of finding that new world, be-
fore the Spaniard, Genoway, and all other men-
tioned in Lopez, Marinæus, Cortez, and the rest
of that kind.

*And with that Crogen's name let the English us dis-
grace.*

The first cause of this name, take thus : In one
of Henry the Second's expeditions into Wales,
divers of his camp sent to assay a passage over Of-
fa's-dike, at Crogen castle, were entertained with
prevention by British forces, most of them there
slain, and, to present view, yet lying buried. Af-
terward, this (n) word Crogen, the English used to
the Welsh, but as remembering cause of revenge for
such a slaughter, although time hath made it usual
in ignorant mouths for a disgraceful attribute.

To his unbridled will our necks we never bow'd.

Sufficiently justifiable in this of king John, al-
though our monks therein not much discording
from British relation, deliver, that he subdued all
Wales ; especially this northern (o) part unto Snow-
don, and received twenty hostages for surety of fu-
ture obedience. For, at first, Lhwelin ap Jor-
werth Prince of North-wales, had by force joined
with stratagem the better hand, and compelled the
English camp to victual themselves with horse
flesh ; but afterward indeed upon a second road
made into Wales, king John had the conquest.
This compared with those changes ensuing upon
the Pope's wrongful uncrowning him, his barons
rebellion, and advantages in the mean time taken
by the Welsh, proves only, that his winnings here
were little better than imaginary, as on a tragique
stage. The stories may, but it fits not me to in-
form you of large particulars.

*As fate bad spar'd our fall till Edward Longshank's
reign.*

But withal observe the truth of story in the
mean time. Of all our kings unto John, some-
what you have already. After him, Henry III.
had wars with Lhwelin ap Jorwerth ; who (a
most worthy prince) desiring to bless his feeblér
days with such composed quiet as inclining age
affects, at last put himself into the king's protec-
tion. Within short space dying, left all to his
sons, David and Gruffith ; but only David being
legitimate, had title of government. He by char-
ter (p) submits himself and his principality to
the English crown, acknowledges that he would
stand to the judgment of the king's court, in con-
troversies betwixt his brother and himself, and
that what portions soever were so allotted to ei-
ther of them, they would hold of the crown in
chief ; and briefly, makes himself and his barons
(they joining in doing homage) tenants and sub-

(g) The ford at the Rock's head.

(b) Gerald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 6.

(i) De quo, si placet, videas compendiosè apud
Alberic. Gentil. de Arm. Rom. 1. cap. 1.

(d) Guil. de Novo Burgo lib. 2. c. 5.

(l) Joann. Sarisburiens. Ep. 159.

(m) 30 Ed. 3 fol. 20.

(n) Guayn Owen in Lhwelin ap Jorwerth.

(o) Note that North-wales was the chief princi-
pality, and to it South-wales and Powis paid a
tribute, as out of the laws of Howel Dha is noted
by Doctor Powel.

(p) Charta Davidis 25. Hen. 2. Senen wife to
Griffith then imprisoned, was with others a pledge
for her husband's part.

jects of England. (g) All this was confirmed by oath, but the oath through favour, purchased at Rome, and delegate authority in that kind to the abbots of Cowey and Remer, was (according to persuasion of those times, the more easily induced, because gain of regal liberty was the consequent soon released, and in lieu of obedience, they all drew their rebellious swords; whereto they were the sooner urged, for that the king had transferred the principality of Wales (by name of *una cum Conquestu nostre Wallie*) to Prince Edward Longshanks (afterward Edward I. since when our sovereigns eldest sons have borne that hopeful title. But when this Edward, after his father, succeeded in the English crown, soon came that fatal (r) conversion here spoken of by the author, even executed in as great and worthy a prince, as ever that third part of the isle was ruled by; that is, Llewelin ap Gruffith, who (after uncertain fortune of war, on both sides, and revolting of South Wales) was constrained to enter a truce (or rather subjection) resigning his principality to be annexed wholly to the crown after his death, and reserving, for his life only, the isle of Anglesey and five baronies in Snowdon, for which the king's exchequer should receive a yearly rent of c12. merks, granting also that all the baronies in Wales should be held of the king, excepting those five reserved, with divers other particulars in Walsingham, Matthew of Westminster, Nicholas Trivet, and Humphrey Lhuyd, at large reported. The articles of this instrument were not long observed, but at length the death of Llewelin, spending his last breath for maintenance of his ancestors rights against his own covenant, freely cast upon king Edward all that, whereof he was as it were instituted there. What ensued, and how Wales was governed afterward, and subject to England, stories and the statute of (s) Ruthlan will largely shew you; and see what I have to the VII. song. In all that follows concerning Edward of Caernarvon, the author is plain enough. And concluding, observe this proper personating of Snowdon hill, whose limits and adjacent territories are best witness, both of the English assaults, and pacifying covenants between both princes.

Was called in former times her country Cambria's mother.

In the Welsh proverb (t) *Mon mam Tymbr*, in such sense as Sicily was stiled Italy's (u) skourhouse, by reason of fertile ground, and plenteous liberality of corn thence yearly supplied. And (v) Girald tells us, that this little isle was wont to be able to furnish all Wales with such provision, as Snowdon hills were for pasture. Of its antiquities and particulars, with plain confutation of that idle

opinion in Polydore, Hector Boethius, and others, taking the (now called) isle of Man for this *Mon* (now Anglesea) learned Lhuyd in his epistle to Ortelius hath sufficient. Although it be divided as an isle (but rather by a shallow ford, than a sea: and in the Roman times, we see by Tacitus, that Paulinus and Agricola's soldiers swam over it) yet is it, and of ancient time hath been, a country by itself, as Caernarvon, Denbigh, and the rest neighbouring.

That the Eubonian Man, a kingdom long time known.

It is an isle lying betwixt Cumberland and the Irish Down county, almost in the mid-sea, as long since Julius Caesar could affirm, calling it (w) *Mona*, which being equivalent, as well for this as for Anglesea, hath with imposture blinded some knowing men. Nennius (the eldest historian amongst us extant) gives it the name of *Eubonia-Manay*, like that here used by the author. It was of ancient time governed by kings of its own, as you may see in the chronicle of R. III. deduced from the time of St. Edward into the reign of Edward the second. After this, the government of the English and Scots were now and then interchanged in it, being at last recovered, and with continuance, ruled by such as the favour of our sovereigns (to whose crown (x) it belonged) honoured with that title King of Man. It is at this day, and since the time of Henry IV. hath (y) been in that noble family of the Stanleys earls of Derby; as also is the patronage of the bishoprick of Sodor, whereto is all judicial government of the isle referred. There was long since a controversy, whether it belonged to Ireland or England (for you may see in the civil (z) law, with which, in that kind, ours somewhat agrees, that all lesser isles are reckoned part of some adjoining continent, if both under the same empire) and this by reason of the equal distance from both. To decide it, they tried if it would endure venomous beasts, which is certainly denied of Ireland; and, finding that it did (a), adjudged it to our Britain. The other isles here spoken of, lie farther north by Scotland, and are to it subject.

The fearless British priests under an aged oak.

He means the Druids; because they are indeed, as he calls them, British priests, and that this island was of old their mother: whence, as from a seminary, Gaul was furnished with their learning. Permit me some space more largely to satisfy you in their name, profession, sacrifice, places of af-

(g) In Archiv. Scaccar. & Polydor. hist. Angl. 16.

(r) Ann. c12. cc. lxxviii.

(s) 12 Ed. I.

(t) *Mon* the mother of Wales.

(u) Girald. Itinera. 2. c. 7. & 9.

(v) Strab. l. 4.

(w) Comment. 5.

(x) Walsingh. in Ed. II.

(y) Camden. in Insulias.

(z) Ulpian ff. de Judiciis l. 9. & verb. 5g. l.

99.

(a) Topograph. Aibern. dist. 2. cap. 15.

and lastly, Subversion. The name of which has been drawn from *Δρῦς* i. e. an Oak, their continual (*b*) using that tree as a holy hallowed: according as they are *Σαπιδας* or (*c*) *Σαπιδας*, which likewise, is old oaks. To this compare the word *Druw* of the same signification, original here sought for, will seem surely at one, (*d*) that derives all from Dutch, obviously supposes that the first tongue takes them so styled from *Trom wot*, i. e. so expressing their nature in their name is this without good reason of consequence the ground were true) seeing that in proportion among the Jews and were called (until Pythagoras his time) (*e*), and afterward by him turned into *φ* philosophers, i. e. Lovers of wisdom; the old Dutch was, as some learned communicated to Gaul, and from thence the conjecture being somewhat aided in it which they have in Pomponius (*f*), in Masters of wisdom. A late great draws it from *Trustin*, in an old Dutch gospel, signifying, as he says, God; he be given them by hyperboly of reverence: nay, we see that it is justly holy writ, so to call great magistrates, as they were among the people. But *Trustin* or *Truebin* in the old angelical Zachary's song, and Simeon's, publican, is always *Lord*; as this *Druid* is *Israels*, i. e. Blessed be the Lord God and so in the Saxon ten commandments *Dr bten sin* God, i. e. I am the God. These are the etymologies which my judgment. To speak of king Druids which that (*i*) Dominican friar hath algar credulity withal, and thence fetch, according to Dr. White of Basingstoke, with him to suffer, and, at once, offer. Of them all, I incline to the first, meet in both tongues, the Greek and and somewhat the rather too, because did crown their infernal deities, (and if you trust Cæsar, the Gauls, and by our Britons, upon tradition of these with their descent) with oak; as (*k*) Sophocles of Hecate, and (*l*) Catullus of the Druids. Neither will I desire you to

spend conceit upon examination of that supposition which makes the name (*m*) corrupted from *Durcergliis*, which in Scottish were such as had a holy charge committed to them; whereupon, perhaps, Bale says St. Columban was the chief of the Druids: I reckon that among the infinite fables and gross absurdities, which its author hath, without judgment, stuffed himself withal. For their profession, it was both of learning profane and holy (I speak in all, applying my words to their times;) They sat as judges, and determined all causes emergent, civil and criminal, subjecting the disobedient, and such as made default, to interdicts and censures, prohibiting them from sacred assemblies, taking away their capacities in honourable offices, and so disabling them, that (*n*) our now outlaws, excommunicates, and attainted persons they might not commence suit against any man. In a multitude of verses they delivered what they taught, not suffering it to be committed to writing, so imitating both Cabalists, Pythagoreans, and ancient (*n*) Christians; but used in other public and private business Greek letters, as Cæsar's copies have: but hereof see more to the tenth song. Their more private and sacred learning consisted in Divinity and Philosophy (see somewhat of that to the first Song), which was such, that although I think you may truly say with Origen (*o*), that, before our Saviour's time, Britain acknowledged not one true God, yet it came as near to what they should have done, or rather nearer, than most of other, either Greek or Roman, as by their positions in Cæsar, Strabo, Lucan, and the like discoursing of them, you may be satisfied. For although Apollo, Mars, and Mercury were worshipped among the vulgar Gauls, yet it appears that the Druids invocation was to one (*p*) All-healing or All saving power. In morality, their instructions were so persuasive, and themselves of such reverence, that the most fiery rage of Mars kindled among the people, was by their grave counsels (*q*) often quenched. Out of Pliny receive their form of ritual sacrifice (here described by the author) thus: In such gloomy shadows, as they most usually for contemplation retired their ascending thoughts into, after exact search, finding an oak, whereon a mistletoe grew, on the sixth day of the moon (above all other times) in which was beginning of their year, they religiously and with invocation

hist. nat. 16. cap. 44.
Sicul. de Antiquor. gestis fab. 7.
opus Gallic. 5.

אֱלֹהֵי הַכִּנִּים (*c*)
Sapientes Capnio de Art. Cabalif.
Hebræis in usu ut *druides* i. e. Pytha-
: Druidum discipulis refragari senten-
tor, fas erat.

graph. 3. cap. 2.
Merula Cosmog. part 2. l. 3. cap. 11.
et ad Leg. Aluredi Saxonie.
fus (ille Annianus subditivus) Chal-
uit. 5.

(*k*) In *P'Z'orqu*: apud Scholiast. Apollonij, uti
primum didici a Jos. Scaligero in Conjectaneis.

(*l*) De nuptiis Pelei & Thetidos. — § Hic
Corpus tremulum, &c. ubi vulgatis deest ista,
quæ antiquorum codicum fide est vera lectio, uti
Scaliger.

(*m*) Hector. Boeth. Scot. hist. 2.

(*n*) Cæl. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 10. c. 2.

(*o*) Ad Izech. 4.

(*p*) Plin. Hist. Nat. 16. cap. 44.

(*q*) Strab. Geograph. 2.

brought with them to it a ceremonial banquet, materials for sacrifice, with two white bulls, filleted on the horns, all which they placed under the oak. One of them, honoured with that function, clothed all in white, climbs the tree, and with a golden knife or scythe cuts the mistletoe, which they solemnly wrapt in one of their white garments. Then did they sacrifice the bulls, earnestly calling on the (e) All-healing deity, to make it prosperous and happy on whomsoever they shall bestow it, and accounted it both preservative against all poisons, and a remedy against barrenness. If I should imagine by this All-healing deity, to be meant Apollo, whom they worshipped under name of Belin (as I tell you to the eighth Song) my conjecture were every way receivable; seeing that Apollo (e) had both among Greeks and Latins the divine titles of (f) *Αἰσχιδανος Λόγιος*, Medicus, and to him the invocation was (u) *ὦ Πάσι*, all concurring in the same proof; but also if they had (as probability is enough to conjecture it) an altar inscribed for this devotion and used Greek letters (which to the next Song shall be somewhat examined) I could well think the dedication thus conceived.

(w) ΒΕΛΙΖΩ. ΤΩ. ΠΑΝΑΚΕΙ.

OR,

(u) ΒΕΛΙΝΩ. ΘΕΩ.

Which, very probably, was meant by some, making in Latin termination, and nearer Apollo's name

(y) DEO ABELLIONI.

As, an inscription in Gaul, to abiding memory committed by that most noble Joseph (x) Scaliger is read; and perhaps some relics or allusion to this rancie is in that

DEO SANCTO BELATUCADRO—

yet remaining in (a) Cumberland. Nor is it strange that Apollo's name should be thus far of ancient time, before communication of religion betwixt these northern parts and the learned

Gentiles, seeing that Cæsar affirms him for one of their deities; and long before that, Abaris, (about the beginning of the (b) Olympiads) an Hyperborean is recorded for (c) Apollo's priest among the utmost Scythians, being farther from Hellenism than our British. But I return to the mistle: Hereto hath some referred (d) that which the Sibyl counselled Æneas to carry with him to Proserpine;

(c) ——— *latet arbore opacâ*

Aureus & foliis & lento vimine ramus

Junoni inferna datus sacer: hunc trigit omnis

Lucus, & obscuris claudunt convallibus umbra.

Which may as well so be applied, as to (f) chemistry; seeing it agrees also with what I spake before of *Dis*, and that Virgil expressly compares it to the mistle,

(g) ——— *quod non sua fecminat arbor.*

for it springs out of some particular nature of the oaken stem, whereupon it is called by an old poet (b) *ἄπιν ἄπιν*: and although it be not ordinarily found upon oaks, yet, that oftentimes it is, any apothecary can tell, which preserveth it for medicine, as the ancients used to make lime of it to catch birds: of which (i) Argentarius hath an admonitory epigram to a black-bird, that she should not sing upon the oak, because that

(f) ——— *in Ὀρχήστρῳ φέου ἐν ἀνέμονι ἴση,*

but on the vine, dedicated to Bacchus, a great favourite of singers. Upon this Druidian custom (w), some have grounded that unto this day used in France, where the younger country fellows, about new-year's tide in every village give the wish of good fortune at the inhabitants doors, with this acclamation, (u) *Au gay San neuf*; which, as I remember, in Rabelais is read all one word, for the same purpose. Whether this had any community with the institution of that (e) temple *Ἰεῖοντιος ἑνὸς* in Antium, or that Ovid alluded to it in that verse, commonly cited out of him,

(e) Omnia Sanantem.

(f) Macrob. Saturnal. cap. 17.

(g) All three words as much as Physician.

(u) Heal Apollo.

(w) To All-healing Apollo: & Salutaris Apollo in Numum. ap. Goltzium, in Thes.

(x) To God Belin.

(y) To God Abellio.

(z) Aufoniar. lect. 1. c. 9.

(a) Camd. ibid.

(b) Hippostrat. ap. Suid. in Abar.

(c) Malchus vit. Pythag.

(d) Virgil Æneid. 6. Petr. Crinit. Hist. Poet. 6. cap. 10.

(e) She directs him to seek a golden branch in the dark woods, consecrate to Proserpine.

(f) Bracech in ligno vitæ.

(g) Which grows of itself.

(b) Sweat of the oak, Ion. apud Athenæum Dipnosoph. 10.

(i) Antholog. x. cap. 8.

(l) Bred Lime to catch her.

(m) Jo. Gorop. Gallic. 5. & alij.

(n) To the Mistle, this new year.

(o) Plutarch. Probl. Rom. 2. Cælius Rhodig. Antiq. lect. 13. cap. 14.

many they reckon for a preservative against Hobgoblins, were but to be indulgent to old wives traditions. Only thus much for a corollary I will note to you; Conrad (*l*) Celtes observes, to be in an abbey at the foot of Vichtelberg-hill, near Voiland, six statues of stone, set in the church-wall, some seven foot, every one tall, bare head and foot, cloakt and hooded, with a bag, a book, a staff, a beard hanging to his middle, and spreading a mustachio, an austere look, and eyes fixt on the earth; which he conjectures to be images of them. Upon mistaking of Strabo, and applying what he saith in general, and brace-

lets and gold chains of the Gauls, to the Druids, I once thought that Conrad had been deceived. But I can now upon better advice incline to his judgment.

Which with my Princes Court I sometimes pleas'd to grace.

For as in South Wales, Caermardhin, and afterwards Dinevowr; in Powis, Shrewsbury, and then Mathraval, so in North Wales was Aberfraw in Anglesey, chief place of the princes (*m*) residence.

(*v*) Tract. de Hercynia Sylva.

(*m*) Prif. in descrip. Wall.

[A CHRONOLOGY OF THE KINGS AND PRINCES OF WALES,

FROM § ARTHUR, UNTIL THE END OF THE BRITISH BLOOD IN THEM.

Year of Christ.

516. Arthur succeeded his father Uther Pendragon : of his death, see to the Ill. song.
542. Constantine, son to Cadur Duke of Cornwall (understand Governor, or Lord Lieutenant; for, neither in those times, nor long after, was any such title particularly honorary :) he lies buried at Stonehenge.
545. Aurelius Conan.
578. Vortipor.
581. Malgo.
586. Catheric. In his time the Britons had much adverse fortune in war with the Saxons; and then, most of all, made that secession into Wales and Cornwall, yet in name retaining hereof the remembrance.
- About 600. Cadwan.
- About 630. Cadwalin or Cadwallo : The Britons as in token of his powerful

Year of Christ.

- resistance and dominion against the Saxons, put (*m*) him, being dead, into a brazen horse, and set it on the top of the west gate of London; it seems he means Ludgate.
676. Cadwallader, son to Cadwallo; of him and his name, see before. Nor think I the British and English Chronicles concerning him, reconcileable. In him the chief monarchy and glory of the British failed.
688. Ivor son to Alan, King of Armorique Britain. This Ivor they make (but I examine it not now) the King of West Saxons in our monks; that is, he which began the Peter-pence to Rome.
720. Roderique Molwinc son of Edward (*n*) Ywrrch.
755. Conan Tindaethwy, son of Roderic.

§ I will not justify the times of this Arthur, nor the rest, before Cadwallader; so discording are our Chronologers : nor had I time to examine, nor think that any man hath sufficient means to rectify them.

(*m*) This report is, as the British story tells, hardly justifiable, if examined.

(*n*) The Roo.

Year of Christ.

car 820. Mervin Urich, in right of his wife Eſylht. daughter and heir to Roderique.

843. Roderique Mawr, ſon to Mervin and Eſylht. Among his ſons was the tripartite diviſion of Wales (as to the VII. ſong) into Powiſſe, North, and South Wales.

877. Anarawd ſon to Roderique.

913. Edward Voel, ſon of Anarawd.

940. Howel Dha, couſin german to Edwal, having before the principality of South Wales and Powiſſe. This is he whoſe laws are ſo famous, and inquired of in Rot. Clauſ. Wall. 9. Ed. 1. in the tower.

948. Jevaf and Jago, ſons of Edwal Voel.

982. Howel ap Jevaf.

984. Cadwalhon ap Jevaf.

986. Meredith ap Owen.

992. Edwal ap Myric.

1003. Edan ap Blegored. *

1015. Lhwelin ap Sitſylht.

1021. Jago ap Edwal ap Meyric.

1037. Gruffyth ap Lhwelin.

1061. Blethin and Rhywallon ap Convin.

1073. Trahaern ap Caradoc.

1078. Gruffyth ap Conan. He reformed

Year of Christ.

the Welch poets and miniſters, and brought over others out of Ireland to inſtruct the Welch, as to the IV. ſong.

1137. Owen Gwineth ap Gruffyth ap Conan.

1169. David ap Owen Gwineth. In his time, Madoc his brother diſcovered part of the Weſt Indies.

1194. Lhwelin ap Jorweth ap Owen Gwineth.

1240. David ap Lhwelin ap Jorwerth.

1246. Lhwelin ap Gruffyth ap Jorwerth, the laſt Prince of Wales of the Britiſh blood.

1282. Edward I. conquered Wales, and got the principality, Lhwelin then ſlain; and ſince that (Henry III. before gave it alſo to his ſon Prince Edward) it hath been in the eldeſt ſons, and heirs apparent of the Engliſh crown.

But note, that after the diviſion among Roderique Mawr's ſons, the principality was chiefly in North Wales, and the reſt as tributary to Prince of that part: and for him as ſupreme King of Wales, are all theſe deductions of time and poſſeſſions, until this laſt Lhwelin.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The serious Muse herself applies
To Merlin's ancient prophecies
At Dinas Emris; where he shew'd
How fate the Britons rule bestow'd.
To Conway next she turns her tale,
And sings her Clwyd's renowned vale;
Then of Saint Winifrid doth tell,
And all the wonders of her well;
Makes Dee, Brute's history pursue:
At which, she bids her Wales adieu.

A WHILE thus taking breath, our way yet fair in
view, [pursue.
The Muse her former course doth seriously
From (a) Penmen's craggy height to try her fairy
wings,
Herself long having bath'd in the delicious springs
(That trembling from his top through long-worn
crannies creep,
To spend their liquid store on the insatiate deep)
She meets with Conway first, which lyeth next at
hand: [sand,
Whose precious orient pearl that breedeth in her
Above the other floods of Britain doth her grace:
Into the Irish sea which making out her race,

(a) Penmenmaur.

Supply'd by many a mere (through many several
rills
Into her bosom pour'd) her plenteously she fills.
O goodly river! near unto thy sacred spring
& Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British king
The changes long to come, suspiciously he told.
Most happy were thy nymphs, that wond'ring
did behold
His graver wrinkled brow, amazed, and did hear
The dreadful words he spake, that so ambiguous
were. [about)
Thrice happy brooks, I say, that (every way
Thy tributaries be: as is that town, wherout
Into the sea thou fall'st, which Conway of thy
name
Perpetually is call'd, to register thy fame.

For thou, clear Conway, heard'st wife Merlin
first relate

The Destinies decree, of Britain's future fate ;
Which truly he foretold proud Vortiger should
lose :

As, when him from his seat the Saxons should
The forces that should here from (b) Armorick
arrive,

Yet far too weak from hence the enemy to
And to that mighty king, which rashly undertook
A strong-wall'd tower to rear, those earthly spi-
rits that shook

The great foundation still, in dragons horrid
That dreaming wizard told ; making the moun-
tain gape

With his most powerful charms, to view those
caverns deep ;

And from the top of (c) Brith, so high and
wond'rous steep,

Where Dinas Emris stood, shew'd where the ser-
pents fought,

The white that tore the red ; from whence the
Prophet wrought

The Britons sad decay then shortly to ensue.

O ! happy ye, that heard the man who all
things knew

Until the general doom, through all the world
By whose prophetic saws ye all became inspir'd ;
As well the forked Neage, that near'st her foun-
tain springs,

With her beloved Maid Melandidar, that brings
Her flow, where Conway forth into the sea doth
slide

(That to their mistress make from the Denbighian
As those that from the hills of proud Caernarvon
fall.

This scarce the muse had said, but Cluyd doth
quickly call

Her great recourse, to come and guard her while
she glide

Along the goodly vale (which with her wealthy
Much beautifies her banks ; so naturally her own,
That Dyffren Cluyd, by her both far and near is
known,

With high embattel'd hills that each way is in-
But only on the north and to the north dispos'd,
Fierce Borea finds access to court the dainty vale :
Who, whispering in her ear, with many a wanton
tale,

Allures her to his love (his leman her to make)

As one that in himself much suff'reth for her sake.

The (d) Orcaes, and all those (d) Eubides
embrac'd

In Neptune's aged arms, to Neptune seeming
Yet prostitute themselves to Boreas ; who neglects
The Caledonian downs, nor aught at all respects
The other inland dales, abroad that scatter'd lie,
Some on the English earth, and some on Albany ;
But, courting Dyffren Cluyd, her beauty doth
prefer

Such dalliance as alone the north-wind hath with

(e) Orithya not enjoy'd, from Thrace when he her
took,

And in his silly plumes the trembling virgin shook :
But through the extreme love he to this vale
doth bear,

Grows jealous at the length, and mightily doth
Great Neptune, whom he sees to smug his horrid
face :

And fearing lest the God should so obtain her
From the Septentrion cold, in the breeze freezing
air,

Where the bleak north-wind keeps still domineer-
ing there,

From Shetland stradling wide, his foot on Thuly
sets :

Whence storming, all the vast Deucalidon he
And bears his boisterous waves into the narrower
mouth

Of the Vervigian sea : where meeting, from the
Great Neptune's furlier tides, with their robustious
shocks,

Each other shoulder up against the grieved rocks ;
As strong men when they meet, contending for
the path,

But, coming near the coast where Cluyd her
dwelling hath,

The north-wind (calm become) forgets his ire to
And the delicious vale thus mildly doth bespeak :

' Dear Cluyd, th' abundant sweets that from
thy bosom flow,

' When with my active wings Into the air I throw,

' Those hills whose hoary heads seem in the clouds
to dwell,

' Of aged become young, enamour'd with the
Of th' odoriferous flowers in thy most precious
lap :

' Within whose velvet leaves, when I myself
They suffocate with scents ; that (from my na-
tive kind)

' I seem some slow perfume, and not the swiftest
With joy, my Dyffren Cluyd, I see the bravely
spread,

' Surveying every part, from foot up to thy head ;
Thy full and youthful breasts, which in their
meadowy pride

' Are brancht with rivery veins, meander-like
that glide.

' I farther note in thee, more excellent than these
(Were there a thing that more the amorous eye
might please)

' Thy plump and swelling womb, whose mellow
glebe doth bear

' The yellow ripened sheaf, that bendeth with the
Whilst in this sort his suit he amorously prefer'd,

Moylvennil near at hand, the north-wind over-
heard :

And, vexed at the heart, that he a mountain great,
Which long time in his breast had felt love's
kind'y heat

As one whom crystal Cluyd had with her beauty
Is for that river's sake near of his wits distraught,

As one whom crystal Cluyd had with her beauty
Is for that river's sake near of his wits distraught,

As one whom crystal Cluyd had with her beauty
Is for that river's sake near of his wits distraught,

As one whom crystal Cluyd had with her beauty
Is for that river's sake near of his wits distraught,

(b) Little Britain in France.

(c) P. of Snowden

(d) Lies upon the north-east and west of Scotland.

(e) In the 6th book of Ovid's Metamorphosis.

(f) The tide, out the of and south seas, meeting in
St. George's channel.

With envy rage to hear that valley so extol'd;
 And yet that brook, whose course so hateful makes
 her mould, [name,
 And one that lends that vale her most renowned
 Should of her meaner far, be overgone in fame.
 Wherefore Moylvencill will'd his Cluyd herself to
 shew: [flow,

Who, from her native font, as proudly she doth
 Her hand-maids (*g*) Manian bath, and (*g*) Hef-
 pin, her to bring

To Ruthin. Whose fair seat first kindly visiting,
 To lead her thence in state, (*g*) Lewenny lends
 her source: [recourse,

That when Moylvencill sees his river's great
 From his intrenched top is pleas'd with her supplies.
 (*g*) Claweddeck cometh in, and (*g*) Istrad like-
 wise hies

Unto the queen-like Cluyd, as she to Denbigh
 draws: [daws,

And on the other side, from whence the morning
 Down from the Flintian hills comes Wheeler, her
 to bear [where

To sacred Asaph's see, his hallowed temple;
 Fair Elwy having won her sister Aled's power,
 They entertain their Cluyd near mighty Neptune's
 bower:

Who likewise is sustain'd by Scailon, lest that falls,
 And from the virgin's well doth wash old Ruth-
 land's walks.

Moylvencill with her fight that never is suffic'd,
 Now with excessive joy so strongly is surpris'd,
 That thus he proudly spake; 'On the Gwynethian
 ground

' (And look from east to west) what country is
 there crown'd

' As thou (*b*) Tegenia art? that, with a vale so rich

' (Cut thorough with the Cluyd, whose graces me
 bewitch) [been:

' The fruitful'st of all Wales, so long hast honour'd

' As also by thy spring, such wonder who dost win,

' § That naturally remote fix British miles from sea,

' And rising on the firm, yet in the natural day

' Twice falling, twice doth fill, in most admired
 wife.

' When Cynthia from the east unto the south
 doth rise,

' That mighty Neptune flows, then strangely ebbs
 thy well: [swell;

' And when again he sinks, as strangely she doth

' § Yet to the sacred fount of Winifred gives place;

' Of all the Cambrian springs of such especial grace,

' That oft the (*i*) Devian nymphs, as also those
 that keep [deep,

' Amongst the coral-groves in the Vergivian

' Have left their wat'ry bowers, their secret safe
 retire, [mire

' To see her whom report so greatly should ad-

' (Whose waters to this day as perfect are and
 clear, [were,

' As her delightful eyes in their full beauties

(*g*) Riverets running into Cluyd out of Denbigh and
 Flintshire.

(*b*) Part of the Vale called Teg-Eagle, i. e. Fair Eng-
 land.

(*i*) Of Dee;

' A virgin while she liv'd) chaste Winifred: who
 chose

' Before her maiden-gem she forcibly would lose,

' To have her harmless life by the lewd raper
 spilt: [his guilt,

' For which, still more and more to aggravate

' The lifeless tears she shed, into a fountain turn'd.

' And, that for her alone the water should not
 mourn, [her veins,

' The pure vermilion blood, that issued from

' Unto this very day the pearly gravel stains;

' As erst the white and red were mixed in her
 cheek. [like,

' And, that one part of her might be the other

' Her hair was turn'd to moss; whose sweetness
 doth declare, [bare:

' In liveliness of youth the natural sweets she

' And of her holy life the innocence to shew,

' Whatever living thing into this well you throw,

' She strongly bears it up, not suff'ring it to sink.

' Besides, the wholesome use in bathing, or in drink,

' Doth the diseased cure, as thereto she did leave

' Her virtue with her name, that time should not
 bereave.

Scarce of this tedious tale Moylvencill made an
 end, [ascend

But that the higher (*d*) Yale, whose being doth

Into the pleasant east, his loftier head advanc'd

This region, as a man that long had been intranc'd

(Whilst thus himself to please, the mighty moun-
 tains tells [wells)

Such (*f*) fancies of Cluyd, and of his wood'rous

Stood thinking what to do: lest fair Tegenia,
 plac'd

So admirably well, might hold herself disgrac'd

By his so barren site, being mountainous and cold,
 To nothing more unlike than Dyffren's hateful

mould;

And in respect of her, to be accounted rude.

Yale, for he would not be confounded quite by
 Cluyd.

(And for his common want, to coin some poor
 excuse)

Unto his proper praise, discreetly doth produce

A valley, for a vale, of her peculiar kind;
 In goodness, breadth, and length, though Dyffren

far behind?

On this yet dare he stand, that for the natural
 frame, [name,

§ That figure of the cross, of which it takes the

Is equal with the best which else excel it far:

And by the power of that most sacred character,
 Respect beyond the rest unto herself doth win.

When now the sterner Dee doth instantly begin
 His ampler self to shew that (down the verdant
 dale) [Yale,

Strains in his nobler course along the rougher

T' invite his favouring brooks: where from that
 spacious lin

Through which he comes unmixt, first (*m*) Alwin
 falleth in:

(*k*) A place mountainous, and somewhat inaccessible,

(*l*) Strange things,

And going on along, still gathering up his force,
Gets (a) Garrow to his aid, to hasten on his course.
With (a) Christoneth next, comes (a) Keriog in
space.

Out of the leaden mines, then with bes fullied
(a) Clawedlock calls about where Gwennow she
may greet, [meet.

Till like two loving friends they under Wrexham
Then (a) Allen makes approach (to Dee most in-
ly dear)

Taking (a) Tegiddog in; who earnest to be there,
For haste, twice under earth her crystal head
doth run :

When instantly again Dee's holiness began,
By his contracted front and sterner waves to show,
That he had things to speak, might profit them
to know ;

A brook that was suppos'd much business to
have seen,

Which had an ancient bound 'twixt Wales and
England been,

And noted was by both to be an ominous flood,
That changing of his fords, the future ill or good
Of either country told ; of either's war or peace,
The sickness, or the health, the dearth, or the
increase :

And that of all the floods of Britain, he might
best [most,

His stream in former times to have been honour'd
When as at Chester once king Edgar held his
court [refort :

To whom eight lesser kings with homage did
That mighty Mercian lord, him in his barge be-
sow'd,

And was by all those kings about the river row'd.
For which, the hallowed Dee so much upon him
took, [brook,

And now that time was come, that this imperious
The long-tractued Brute determin'd to awake,
And in the Britains right thus boldly to them
spake ;

"O ye, the ancient race of famous Brute that be,
{ And thou, the queen of isles, Great Britain;
' why do ye

"Your grandfire's God-like name (with a ne-
glectful ear)

"In so reproachful terms and ignominy hear,
' By every one of late contemptuously disgrac'd ;

"That he, whom time so long and strongly hath
embrac'd,

"Should be rejected quite ? The reason urged
' why,

"Is by the general foe thus answer'd by and by :
' That Brutus, as you say, by sea who hither
' came,

"From whom you would suppose this isle first
took the name,

"Merely fictitious is; nor could the Romans hear
' Most studious of the truth, and near'st those
' times that were)

"Of any such as he : nay, they who most do strive,
' From that great stock of Troy their lineage to
' derive,

(a) The rivers in the East of Denbigh, falling into Dee,

"In all the large descent of Julius, never found
' That Brute, on whom we might our first be-
' ginning ground.

"To this assertion, thus I faithfully reply ;
' And as a friend to truth, do constantly deny
' Antiquity to them, as nearer to those times ;
' Their writings to precede our ancient British
' rhymes :

"But that our noble Bards, which so divinely sung
' That remnant of old Troy, of which the Bri-
tains sprung,

"Before those Romans were, as proof we can
' produce ;

"{ And learning long with us, e'er 'twas with
' them in use.

"And they but idly talk, upbraiding us with lies.
' { That Geffray Monmouth, first, our Brutus did
' devise,

"Not heard of till his time our adversary says :
' When pregnant we prove, e'er that historian's
' days,

"A thousand-ling'ring years, our prophets clearly
' long

"The Britain-sounding Brute, most frequent
' them among.

"From Taliesin wife (approved so with us,
' That what he spake was held to be oracular,
' So true his writings were) and such immortal
' men [again

"As this now-waning world shall hardly hear
' In our own genuine tongue, that natives were of
' Wales, [tales

"Our Geffray had his Brute. Nor were these idle
' (As he may find, the truth of our descents that
' seeks)

"Nor fabulous, like those devised by the Greeks :
' But from the first of time, by judges still were
' heard,

"Discreetly every (a) year correcting where they
err'd.

"And that whereon our foe his greatest hold
' doth take,

"Against the handled cause and most doth seem
' to make,

"Is, that we shew no book our Brutus to approve;
' But that our idle Bards, as their fond rage did
' move,

"Sang what their fancies pleas'd. Thus do I an-
' swer these; [Druides,

"That th' ancient British priests, the fearless
' That minister'd the laws, and were so truly
' wife,

"That they determin'd states, attending sacrifice,
' { To letters never would their mysteries com-
' mit,

"For which the breast of men they deem'd to be
' more fit.

"Which, questionless should seem from judgment
' to proceed.

"For, when of ages past we look in books to read,
' We retchlessly discharge our memory of those.

"So when injurious time, such monuments doth
' lose

(a) At the Scythia. See to the fourth song.

- ' (As what so great a work, by time that is not
 ' wrackt ?)
 ' We utterly forego that memorable act :
 ' But when we lay it up within the minds of men,
 ' They leave it their next age ; that leaves it hers
 ' agen :
 ' So strongly which (methinks) doth for tradition
 ' make,
 ' As if you from the world it altogether take,
 ' You utterly subvert antiquity thereby. [doth ly,
 ' For though time well may prove that often she
 ' Posterity by her yet many things hath known,
 ' That ere men learn'd to write, could no way
 ' have been shewn :
 ' For, if the spirit of God did not our faith assure
 ' The scriptures he from heaven, like heaven, di-
 ' vinely pure,
 ' Of Moses' mighty works, I reverently may say
 ' (I speak with godly fear tradition put away,
 ' In power of human wit it eas'ly doth not ly
 ' To prove before the flood the genealogy.
 ' Nor any thing there is that kindlier doth agree
 ' With our descent from Troy (if things compar'd
 ' may be) [when
 ' Than peopling of this place, near to those ages,
 ' Exiled by the Greeks, those poor world-wand-
 ' ring men
 ' (Of all hope to return into their country rest)
 ' Sought shores whereon to set that little them
 ' was left :
 ' From some such godlike race we questionless
 ' did spring,
 ' Who soon became so great here once inhabiting.
 ' So barbarous nor were we, as many have usmade,
 ' And Cæsar's envious pen would all the world
 ' persuade,
 ' His own ambitious ends in seeking to advance,
 ' When with his Roman power arriving here
 ' from France,
 ' If he the Britains found experienc'd so in war,
 ' That they with such great skill could wield their
 ' armed car ;
 ' And, as he still came on, his scilful march to let,
 ' Cut down their aged oaks, and in the rivers let
 ' The sharp steel-pointed stakes, as he the fish
 ' should pass ;
 ' I fain would understand how 'tis that nation was
 ' So ignorant he would make, and yet so knowing
 ' war. [we are
 ' But, in things past so long (for all the world)
 ' Like to a man embarkt, and travelling the deep:
 ' Who failing by some hill, or promontory steep
 ' Which juts into the sea, with an amazed eye
 ' Beholds the cliffs thrust up into the lofty sky,
 ' And th' more that he doth look, the more it
 ' draws his sight ;
 ' Now at the craggy front, then at the wond'rous
 ' weight : [hill
 ' But, from the passed shore still as the swelling
 ' (Thrust forward by the wind) the floating bark
 ' doth hail,
 ' The mighty giant-heap, so less and lesser still
 ' Appareth to the eye, until the monstrous hill
 ' At length shews like a cloud ; and farther being
 ' cast,
 ' Is out of kenning quite : so, of the ages past ;
 ' Those things that in their age much to be won-
 ' der'd were,
 ' Still as wing-footed time them farther off doth
 ' Do lessen every hour.' When now the mighty
 ' preface,
 Impatient of his speech, intreat the flood to cease,
 And cry with one consent, the Saxon state to shew,
 As angry with the muse such labour to bestow
 On Wales, but England still neglected thus to be.
 And having past the time, the honourable Des
 At Chester was arriv'd, and bade them all arise :
 When our intended course with England we pursue.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

RETURNING into the land, the muse leads you about Denbigh and Flint, most northern and maritime shires of Wales; which conclude these seven last books dedicated to the glory of that third part of great Britain.

Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British King.

In the first declining state of the British empire (to explain the author in this of Merlin) Vortigern, by advice of his magicians, after divers unfortunate successes in war, resolved to erect a strong fort in Snowdon hills (not far from Con-

way's head in the edge of Merioneth) which might be as his last and surest refuge against the increasing power of the English. Masons were appointed, and the work begun; but what they built in the day, was always swallowed up in the earth next night. The king asks counsel of his magicians touching this prodigy: they advise, that he must find out a child which had no father, and with his blood sprinkle the stones and mortar, and that then the castle would stand as on a firm foundation. Search was made, and in Caer-Merddin (as you have it to the fifth song was Merlin Ambrose found; he, being hither brought

to the king, slighted that pretended skill of those magicians, as palliated ignorance; and with confidence of a more knowing spirit, undertakes to show the true cause of that amazing ruin of the flaps work; tells them, that in the earth was a great water, which could endure continuance of so heavy superstrudion. The workmen digged to discover the truth, and found it so. He then instructs the king to cause them make farther investigation, and affirms, that in the bottom of it were two sleeping dragons: which proved so like-wisely, the one white, the other red; the white he interpreted for the Saxons, the red for the Britons; and upon this event here in (a) Dinas Emyr, as they call it, began he those prophecies to Yortigern, which are common in the British story. Hence questionless was that fiction of the muscs last pupil, the noble Spenser (b), in supposing Merlin usually to visit his old Timon, whose dwelling he places

*low in a valley green
Under the foot of Rauran moffy bar,
From whence the river Dee as silver clean,
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle roar.*

For this Rauran-vaar hill is thereby in Merioneth but observe withal, the difference of the Medline, Ambrose and Silvester, which is before in the fourth song; and permit it only as poetical, that he makes King Arthur and this Merlin of the time. These prophecies were by Geoffrey ap Arthur at request of Alexander bishop of Lincoln under Henry I. turned into Latin, and some three hundred years since had interpretation bestowed on them by a German doctor, one *Alanus de Insula*, who never before, but twice since that happy inauguration and mighty increase of dominion in our present sovereign, hath been imprinted. It is certain that oftentimes they may be directly and without constraint applied to some event of succeeding time; so that which we have before to the fifth king of Caerleon, and this, *the 1st shall again be named after Brut*; which is now seen by a public stick, and in some of his majesty's present coins, and with more such; yet seeing learned (c) men account him but of a professor of unjustifiable magic, and that all prophecies either fall true, or else are among the affecters of such vanity perpetually expected, and that of later time the council of Trent have by their expurgatories prohibited it, I should abuse you, if I endeavoured to persuade your belief to conceit of a true foreknowledge in him.

And the delicious vale thus mildly doth bespeak.

If your conceit yet see not the purpose of this

fiction, then thus take it. This vale of Clwyd (for so is the English of *Dyffryn Edeuyl*) extended from the middle of Denbighshire to the sea, about eighteen miles long, and some five in breadth, having these three excellencies, a fertile soil, healthful air, and pleasant seat for habitation; washed through the middle with this river, and encompassed on the east, west, and south with high mountains, freely receives the wholesome blasts of the north wind (much accounted of among builders and geononiques for immision of pure air) coming in from that part which lies open to the sea: whereupon the muse very properly makes the vale here Boreas his beloved; and in respect of his violence against the waters, supposeth him jealous of Neptune; whose ravishing waves in that troubled Irish sea, and the depressed state of the valley warrants it. And for that of Moylvennil's love to the river, wantonly running by him; I know your conceit cannot but apprehend it.

That naturally remote fix British miles from sea.

It is in the parish of Kilken in Flintshire, where it ebbeth (d) and floweth in direct opposite times to the sea, as the author describes; they call it (e) *Finn Llanu*: Such a one is there about a furlong from the Severn sea, by Newton in (f) Glamorganshire, and another ebbing and flowing (but with the common course of the moon, ascending or setting) by Dinevor (g) in Caermers-hire. Nor think I any reasons more difficult to be given, than those which are most specially hidden, and most frequently strange in particular qualities of floods, wells, and springs; in which (before all other) nature seems as if she had, for man's wonder, affected a not intelligible variety, so different, so remote from conceit of most piercing wits; and such unlooked for operations both of their first and second qualities (to use the school phrase of them) are in every chronographer, naturalist, and historian.

Tet to the sacred fount of Winifred gives place.

At Haliwel a maratime village, near Basingwerk, in Flint, is this Winifred's well, whose sweetness in the moss, wholesomeness for bath, and other such useful qualities, have been referred to her martyrdom in this place. But D. Powel upon Girald, in effect thus: Henry II. in his first Welsh expedition fortified the castle of Basingwerk, and near by, made a cell for Templers, which continued there until their dissolution under (b) Edward II. and was after converted to a nest of lubberly monks, whose superstitious honouring her more than truth, caused this dedica-

(a) Ambrose's Bury. Itinerar. 2. c. 8.

(b) Fairy Queen, lib. 1. Cant. 9. Stanz. 4.

(c) Wier. de praestigis Demon. 2. cap. 16. alii.

(d) Humf. Lhud. descript.

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(e) Powel. ad Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.

(f) Stradling. ap. Cænd.

(g) Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.

(b) 5 Ed. 2.

tion of the fountain; so much to their profit (in a kind of merchandise then too shamefully in request) that they had large guerdons (it belonging to the cell) of those, which had there any medicine, beside increasing rents which accrued to them yearly, out of pardons to such as came thither in solemn pilgrimage. This title of exaction they purchased of P. P. Martin the V. under Henry the V. and added more such gaining pretences to themselves in time of Henry VII. by like authority; nor, until the more clear light of the gospel, yet continuing its comfortable beams among us, dissipated those foggy mists of error and smothering imposture, ended these collected revenues. The author follows the legend; but observe times compared, and you shall find no mention of this well, and the healthful operations of it, until long after the supposed time of St. Winifred's martyrdom.

That figure of the Cross, of which it takes the name.

Deprest among mountains this valley expresses the form of a Cross, and so is called the Cross vale, and in British *Lhan Owss*.

To whom eight lesser kings with homage did resort.

Upon comparing our stories, I find them to be Kenneth of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumberland, Malcuse king of the Isles (whom Malmesbury gives only the name of Archpirate) Donald, Siffrith, Howel, Jago, and Inchithil, kings of Wales. All these, he (thus touched with imperious affection of glory) sitting at the stern, compelled to row him over Dec; his greatness as well in fame as truth, daily at this time increasing, caused multitudes of aliens to admire and visit his court, as a place honoured above all other by this so mighty and worthy a prince: and, through that abundant confluence, such vicious courses followed by example, that, even now was the age, when first the more simple and frugal natures of the English grew infected with what (in some part) yet we languish. For, before his time, the Angles hither traduced, being (i) *homines integri*, and using, *naturali simplicitate sua defensare, aliena non mirari*, did now learn from the stranger Saxons and uncivil kind of fierceness, of the Flemings effeminacy, of the Danes drunkenness, and such other; which so increased, that, for amendment of the last, the king was driven to constitute quantities in quaffing-bowls by little pins of metal, set at certain distances, beyond which, none durst swallow in that provocation of good fellowship.

As then the P. of Sfor, great British monarch, best

Both for excellence in folk and airy, as the first large continent, the high this title: And although in ancientest time of the Greeks (that kept any story or chorography) Sardinia was accounted the (A) greatest isle, and by some Sicily; as the old verses of the (I) Seven tells us, and that by (m) Ptolemy the East Indian Tapebram, now called Sumatra, had pre-eminence of quantity: hence this of ours; yet certainly, by comparison of that with this, either according to the measure of bulk it by Onofrius (n) upon Alexander's conquest, or what later time teaches us, we cannot but affirm with the author here in fullness, that

(o) *Minor Island* is the best proof
Minor 'Oe and the reputation of the P. of Sfor

as long since, Dionysius Afer of our Britain, which hath given cause to call it another world, and the attributes of it in Virgil, Horace, Claudian; and others justify.

And learning long with us 'twas wont to dwell

For the Druids, being in professions very much portionate in many things to Galatians and Pythagorean doctrine, may well be supposed much more ancient than any that had been of learning among the Romans, who (p) before Fabius Salinator, and Navius, Ennius, Pacuvius, Accius, and others, not much preceding Cato, can scarce shew steps of poetry, nor before Fabius Pictor, Valerius Antias, and some such now left only in their names (although by pretence of Nepos there be a piece of Pictor published) can produce the title of a story: whereas we have (q) some that make that supposed eldest historian (of the Gentiles) extant, Dares Phrygius, translated by Cornelius Nepos, and dedicated to Seleus, to have lived here, but indeed upon no such warrant as I dare trust.

Our Geoffrey Monmouth first our Brutus to devise.

It was so laid to Geoffrey's charge (he was bishop of St. Asaph, under king Stephen) by John of Whethamsted, abbot of St. Alban's, William Pottit, called William of Newborough and some other: but plainly (let the rest of his story, and the particulars of Brute be as they can) the name of Brute was long before him in Welsh (out of which his story was partly translated) and Latin

(i) Honest men by simplicity of nature, looking only to their own, neglecting others. Malmesb.

(A) Scylax. Caryand. in *περιπλ.* Edit. per D. Hoeschelium.

(I) Eustath. ad Dionys. Afrum,

(m) Geograph. lib. 2. cap. 2.

(n) Solin. polyhist. cap. 66.

(o) No other isle is equal to Britain.

(p) V. Liv. Decad. 1. lib. 6.

(q) Bal. centur. 1.

both sides, joined with imitation of Greek civility (after this city built near their arrive) it seemed, as my author (g) says, as if Gaul had been turned into Greece, rather than Greece to have travelled into Gaul. Wonder not then why, about Marfeilles, Greek was so respected, nor why in the Romaunt French now such Hellenisms are: here you see apparent original of it; yet conclude, upon the former reasons, that the Druids and Gauls used a peculiar tongue, and very likely the same with the now Welsh, as most learned Camden hath even demonstrated; although I know some great scholars there are, which still suspend their judgment, and make it a doubt, as ever things of such antiquity will be. But (if you will) add hereto that of the famous and great lawyer (h) Hotoman, who presumes that the word *Grecis* in Cæsar's text is crept in by ignorance of transcribers, as he well might, seeing those commentaries, titled with name of J. Cæsar, commonly published, and in divers MSS. with J. Celsus, are very unperfect, now and then abrupt, different in stile, and so variable in their own form, that it hath been much feared by that great (i) critic Lipsius, lest some more impolite hand hath sow'd many patches of bafe cloth into

that more rich web, as his own metaphor expresses it. And if those characters which are in the pillars at Y-Voellas in Denbighshire, are of the Druids, as some imagine (yet seeming very strange and uncouth) then might you more confidently concur in opinion with Hotoman. In some, I know that *Grecis literis* may be taken as well for the language (as in (f) Justin I remember, and elsewhere) as for the character: but here I can never think it to be understood in any but the last sense, although you admit Cæsar's copy to be therein not interpolated. It is very justifiable which the author here implies, by slighting Cæsar's authority in British originals, in respect that he never came farther into the isle than a little beyond Thames towards (m) Berkshire; although some of ours idly talk of his making the Bath, and being at Chester, as the Scottish historians most senselessly of their *Julia Hoff* built by him, which others refer (n) to Vespasian, some affirm it a temple (o) of the god Terminus; whereas it seems expressly to be built by Carausius, in time of Dioclesian, if Nennius deceive us not. But, this out my way.

(g) Trog. Pomp. Hist. 43.

(h) Franco-Gall. cap. 2. quem v. etiam ad Cæsar. Com.

(i) Elect. 2. cap. 7. Epistolic. quæst. 2. cap. 2.

(f) Hist. lib. 20. in extrema.

(m) Cæsarem si legas, tibi ipsi satisfacias, verum & ita Leland ad Cyg. Cant. in Baln.

(n) Veremund. ap. Hist. Boet. hist. 3.

(o) Buchanan. hist. 4. in Donald.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE ELEVENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The Muse, her native earth to see,
Returns to England over Dee;
Visits Shout to Cheshire, and there shews
To her and hers, what England owes;
And of the nymphets sporting there
In Wyrral, and in Delamere.
Weever, the great devotion sings
Of the religious Saxon kings;
Those riverets doth together call,
That into him and Mersey fall.
Thence bearing to the side of Peak,
This zealous canto off doth break.

WITH as unwearied wings, and in as high a gait
As when we first set forth, observing every state,
The muse from Cambria comes, with pinions
fumm'd and found:
And having put herself upon the English ground,
First seizeth in her course the noblest Cestrian
there; [yore,
§ Of our great English bloods as careful here of
As Cambria of her Brute's now is, or could be
then; [of men.
For which, our proverb calls her, Cheshire chief
§ And of our counties, place of Palatine doth hold,
And thereto hath her high regalities inroll'd:
Besides, in many fields since conquering William
came,
Her people she hath prov'd, to her eternal fame.

All, children of her own, the leader and the led,
The mightiest men of bone, in her full bosom
bred:
And neither of them such as cold penurious
need
Spurs to each rash attempt; but such as soundly
feed,
Clad in warm English cloth; and maim'd should
they return
(Whom this false ruthless world else from their
doors would spurn)
Have livelihood of their own, their ages to sustain.
Nor did the tenant's pay the landlord's charge
maintain:
But as abroad in war, he spent of his estate;
Returning to his home, his hospitable gate

The richer and the poor stood open to receive.
 They, of all England, most to ancient customs cleave,
 Their yeomanry and still endeavour'd to uphold.
 For rightly whilst herself brave England was of old,
 And our courageous kings us forth to conquests led,
 Our armies in those times (near through the world
 so dread)
 Of our tall yeomen were, and foot-men for the
 most; [boast,
 Who (with their bills and bows) may confidently
 § Our leopards they so long and bravely did advance
 Above the fleur-de-lis, even in the heart of
 France.
 O! thou thrice happy shire, confined so to be
 *Twixt two so famous floods, as Mersey is, and
 Dee!
 Thy Dee upon the west from Wales doth thee
 divide: [side,
 Thy Mersey on the north, from the Lancastrian
 Thy natural sister-shire; and linkt unto thee so,
 That Lancashire along with Cheshire still doth go.
 As tow'rs the Derbian Peak, and Moreland
 (which do draw
 More mountainous and wild) the high-crown'd
 Shutlingflaw
 And Molcop be thy mounds, with those proud
 hills whence rove
 The lovely sister brooks, the silvery Dane and
 Dove;
 Clear Dove, that makes to Trent; the other to
 the west.
 But, in that famous town, most happy of the rest,
 (From which thou tak'st thy name) fair Chester,
 call'd of old
 § Carlegion; whilst proud Rome her conquests
 here did hold,
 Of those her legions known the faithful station
 then,
 So stoutly held to tack by those near North-
 wales men;
 Yet by her own right name had rather called be,
 § As her the Britons term'd, the fortrefs upon Dee,
 Than vainly she would seem a miracle to stand,
 Th' imaginary work of some huge giant's hand:
 Which if such ever were, tradition tells not who.
 But back a while, my muse: to Weever let us
 go,
 Which (with himself compar'd) each British flood
 doth scorn; [born;
 His fountain and his fall, both Chester's rightly
 The country in his course, that clean through
 doth divide,
 Cut in two equal shares upon his either side:
 And, what the famous flood far more than that
 enriches,
 The brackly fountains are, those two renowned
 Wyches,
 The Nant-wych, and the North; whose either
 briny well,
 For store and sorts of salts, make Weever to
 excel.
 Besides their general use, not had by him in vain,
 § But in himself thereby doth helincs retain

Above his fellow floods: whose healthful virtues
 taught,
 Hath of the sea-gods oft caus'd Weever to be
 For physick in their need: and Thetis oft hath
 seen, [been
 When by their wanton sports her Ner'ides have
 So sick, that Glaucus' self hath failed in their cure:
 Yet Weever, by his salts, recovery durst assure.
 And Amphitrite oft this wizard river led
 Into her secret walks (the depths profound and
 dread)
 Of him (suppos'd so wife) the hid events to know
 Of things that were to come, as things done long
 ago.
 In which he had been prov'd most exquisite to be;
 And bare his fame so far, that oft 'twixt him and
 Dee [skill.
 Much strife there hath arose in their prophetic
 But to conclude his praise, our Weever here
 doth will
 The muse his source to sing; as how his course
 he steers:
 Who from his nat'ral spring, as from his neigh-
 b'ring meres
 Sufficiently supply'd, shoots forth his silver break,
 As though he meant to take directly tow'rd the
 east;
 Until at length it proves he loit'reth but to play,
 Till Ashbrook and the Lee o'ertake him on the
 way,
 Which to his journey's end him earnestly do hasten
 Till having got to Wych, he taking there a taste
 Of her most favory salt, is, by the sacred touch,
 Forc'd faster in his course, his motion quicken'd
 much [near
 To North-wych: and at last, as he approacheth
 Dane, Whelock draws, then Crock, from that
 black ominous mere
 Accounted one of those that England's wonders
 make;
 Of neighbours, Black-mere nam'd, of strangers,
 Brereton's-lake;
 Whose property seems far from reason's way to
 stand:
 For, near before his death that's owner of the land,
 She sends up flocks of trees, that on the top do
 float;
 By which the world her first did for a wonder note.
 His handmaid Howty next, to Weever holds
 her race:
 When Peever, with the help of Pickmere,
 makes apace
 To put in with those streams his sacred step
 that tread,
 Into the mighty waste of Mersey him to lead.
 Where, when the rivers meet, with all their
 stately train,
 Proud Mersey is so great in entring of the main,
 As he would make a shew for empery to stand,
 And wrest the three-fork place from out grise
 Neptune's hand;
 To Cheshire highly bound for that his watry store.
 As to the groffer (a) loughs on the Lancastrian
 shore.

(a) Meres or standing lakes,

From hence he getteth Goyt down from her Pea-
kish Spring, [bring
And Bollen, that along doth nimbler Birkin
From Maxfield's mighty wilds, of whose shagg'd
Sylvans the [be :
Hath in the rocks been woo'd, their paramour to
Who in the darksome holes and caverns kept her
long,

And that proud forest made a party to her wrong.
Yet could not all intreat the pretty brook to stay;
Which to her stream, sweet Bollen, creeps away.
To whom, upon their road she pleasantly reports
The many mirthful jests, and wanton woodish
sports

In Maxfield they have had; as of that forest's
fate : [state
Until they come at length, where Mersey for more
Assuming broader banks, himself so proudly bears,
That at his stern approach, extended Wyrall fears,
That (what betwixt his floods of Mersey, and the
Dee)

In very little time devoured he might be :
Out of the foaming surge till Hilbre lifts his head,
To let the fore-land see how richly he had sped.
Which Mersey cheers so much, that with a
smiling brow

He saws on both those floods; their amorous
arms that throw

About his goodly neck, and bar'd their swelling
breasts :

On which whilst lull'd with ease, his pleased
check he rests,

The Naiads, sitting near upon the aged rocks,
Are busied with their combs, to braid his verdant
locks, [look :

Whilst in their crystal eyes he doth for Cupids
But Delamere from them his fancy quickly took,
Who shews herself all drest in most delicious
flowers; [bowers

And sitting like a queen, sees from her shady
The wanton wood-nymphs mixt with her light-
footed fauns,

To lead the rural routs about the goodly lawns,
As over (b)holt and heath, as thorough (c) firrh
and (d) fell;

And oft at barley-break, and prison-base, to tell
(In carrols as they course) each other all the joys,
The passages, deccits, the sleights, the amorous
toys

The subtil sea-nymphs had, their Wyrall's love to
win. [gin

But Weever now again to warn them doth be-
To leave these trivial toys, which inly he did
hate, [estate

That neither them beseem'd, nor stood with his
(Being one that gave himself industriously to know
What monuments our kings erected long ago :

To which, the flood himself so wholly did apply,
As though upon his skill, the rest should all rely)
it himself to shew, that yet the Britons
old,

Whom the laborious muse so highly had extoll'd,

Those later Saxon kings excell'd not in their deeds
And therefore with their praise thus zealously
proceeds;

' Whilst the celestial powers th' arrived time
attend,

' When o'er this general isle the Britons reign
should end,

' And for the spoiling Pict here prosperously had
wrought, [brought,

' Into th' afflicted land which strong invasion
And to that proud attempt, what yet his power
might want,

' The ill-disposed heavens, Brute's offspring to
supplant,

' Their angry plagues down pour'd, insatiate in
their waste

' (Needs must they fall, whom heaven doth to
destruction haste.)

' And that which lastly came to consummate
the rest,

' Those prouder Saxon powers (which liberally
they prest

' Against th' invading Pict, of purpose hired in)
From those which paid them wage, the island
soon did win; [field ;

' And sooner overspread, being masters of the
Those, first for whom they fought, too impotent
to wield

' A land within itself that had so great a foe ;
And therefore thought it fit them wisely to be-
slow : [shut,

' Which over Severn here they in the mountains
And some upon that point of Cornwall forth
they put.

' Yet forced were they there their stations to de-
scend. [descend

' Nor could our men permit the Britons to
From Jove or Mars alone; but brought their
blood as high,

' § From Woden, by which name they stiled
Mercury.

' Nor were the race of Brute, which ruled here
before, [shore,

' More zealous to the Gods they brought unto this
Than Hengist's noble heirs; their idols that to
raise,

' § Here put their German names upon our
weekly days.

' These noble Saxons were a nation hard and
strong, [long ;

' On fundry lands and seas in warfare nuzzled
Affliction throughly knew; and in proud for-
tune's spight,

' Even in the jaws of death had dar'd her ut-
most might :

' Who under Hengist first, and Horfa, their
brave chiefs,

' From Germany (d) arriv'd, and with the strong
reliefs, [supply,

' Of th' Angles and the Jutes, them ready to
Which anciently had been of their affinity,

(b) A wood growing on a hill on knole.
(c) High wood. (d) Low coppice,

(d) See, concerning their coming, to the 1st, 4th, and
8th songs,

- ' By Scythia first sent out, which could not give
 'them meat,
 ' Were forc'd to seek a soil wherein themselves
 to seat.
 ' Them at the last on Dansk their lingring for-
 tune drave,
 ' Where Holst unto their troops sufficient har-
 bour gave.
 ' These with the Saxons went, and fortunately
 'wan: [began
 ' Whose captain, Hengist, first a kingdom here
 ' In Kent; where his great heirs, e'er other
 'princes rose
 ' Of Saxony's descent, their fulness to oppose,
 ' With swelling Humber's side their empire did
 'confine. [line
 ' And of the rest, not least renowned of their
 ' § Good Ethelbert of Kent, th' first christned
 'English King,
 ' To preach the faith of Christ, was first did hi-
 ther bring
 ' Wife Augustine the monk, from holy Gregory
 'sent [tent
 ' This most religious king, with most devout in-
 ' That mighty sane to Paul, in London did erect,
 ' And privileges gave, this temple to protect.
 ' His equal then in zeal, came Ercombert again,
 ' From that first christned king, the second in
 'that reign.
 ' The gluttony then us'd severely to suppress,
 ' And make men fit to prayer (much hinder'd
 'by excess)
 ' § That abstinence from flesh for forty days be-
 'gan, [nan.
 ' Which by the name of Lent is known to every
 'As mighty Hengist here, by force of arms had
 'done,
 ' § So Ella coming in, soon from the Britons won
 ' The countries neighb'ring Kent; which lying
 'from the main
 ' Directly to the South, did properly obtain
 ' The Southern Saxons name; and not the last
 'thereby
 ' Amongst the other reigns which made the Hep-
 'tarchy:
 ' So in the high descent of that South-Saxon king,
 ' We in the bead-roll here of our religious bring
 ' Wife Ethelwald: alone who Christian not be-
 'came, [name,
 ' But willing that his folk should all receive the
 ' § Saint Wilfrid (sent from York) into this
 'realm receiv'd
 ' (Whom the Northumbrian folk had of his see
 'bereav'd)
 ' And on the south of Thames, a seat did him af-
 'ford, [word.
 ' By whom that people first receiv'd the saving
 'As likewise from the loins of Erchinwin (who
 'rais'd
 ' Th' East-Saxons kingdom first) brave Sebert
 'may be prais'd:
 ' Which, as that king of Kent, had with such
 'cost and state [tate)
 ' Built Paul's; his greatness so (this king to imi-
 ' Began the goodly church of Westminster to rear:
 ' The primer English kings so truly zealous were:
 ' Then (b) Sebba of his seed, that did them all
 'surpass,
 ' Who fitter for a shrine than for a scepter was,
 ' (Above the power of flesh, his appetite to starve
 ' That his desired Christ he strictly might observe)
 ' Even in his height of life, in health, in body
 'strong,
 ' Perswaded with his queen, a lady fair and young,
 ' To separate themselves, and in a sole estate,
 ' After religious sort themselves to dedicate.
 ' Whose nephew Uffa next, inflam'd with his
 'high praise [raise)
 ' Enriching that proud fane his grandfire first did
 ' Abandoned the world he found so full of strife,
 ' And after liv'd in Rome a strict religious life.
 ' Nor these our princes here, of that pure Sax-
 'on strain,
 ' Which took unto themselves each one their fe-
 'veral reign,
 ' For their so godly deeds deserved greater fame,
 ' Than th' Angles their allies, that hither with
 'them came;
 ' Who sharing out themselves a kingdom in the
 'East, [inveff,
 ' With th' Eastern Angles name their circuit did
 ' By Uffa in that part so happily begun:
 ' Whose successors the crown for martyrdom have
 'won
 ' From all before or since that ever suffer'd here;
 ' § Redwald's religious sons: who for their Savi-
 'our dear,
 ' By cruel heathenish hands unmercifully slain,
 ' Amongst us evermore remember'd shall remain,
 ' And in the roll of saints must have a special
 'room,
 ' Where Derwald to all times with Erpenwald
 'shall come.
 ' When in that way they went, next Sebert
 'them succeeds,
 ' Scarce seconded again for sanctimonious deeds:
 ' Who for a private life when he his rule resign'd,
 ' And to his cloister long had strictly him con-
 'fin'd,
 ' A corset for his cowl was glad again to take,
 ' His country to defend (for his religion's sake)
 ' Against proud Penda, com'n with all his Pagan
 'power, [vour:
 ' Those christned Angles then of purpose to de-
 ' And suff'ring with his folk, by Penda's heathen-
 'ish pride,
 ' As he a saint had liv'd, a constant martyr dy'd.
 ' When, after it fell out, that Ossa had not long
 ' Held that by cruel force, which Penda got by
 'wrong,
 ' § Adopting for his heir young Edmond, brought
 'him in, [win:
 ' Even at what time the Danes this island fought to
 ' Who christ'ned soon became, and as religious
 'grown [his throne,
 ' As those most heathenish were who set him on

(b) Sebba, a monk in Paul's.

' Did expiate in that place his predecessors guilt,
 ' Which so much Christian blood so cruelly had
 ' spilt. [try.
 ' For, taken by the Danes, who did all tortures
 ' His Saviour Jesus Christ to force him to deny;
 ' First beating him with bats, but no advantage got,
 ' His body full of shafts then cruelly they shot;
 ' The constant martyr'd king, a saint thus justly
 ' crown'd. [renown'd
 ' To whom even in that place, that monument
 ' Those after-ages built to his eternal fame.
 ' What English hath not heard (c) St. Edmond
 ' Bury's name? [again,
 ' As of those Angles here, so from their loins
 ' Whose hands hew'd out their way to the West-
 ' Saxon reign, [descend)
 ' From Kemrick, or that claim from Cerdick to
 ' A partnership in fame great Ina might pretend
 ' With any king since first the Saxons came to shore.
 ' Of all those christ'ned here, who highlier did adore
 ' The Godhead, than that man? or more that did
 ' apply
 ' His power t' advance the church in true sincerity?
 ' Great Glastonbury then so wond'rously decay'd,
 ' Whose old foundation first the ancient Britons
 ' laid,
 ' He gloriously rebuilt, enriching it with plate,
 ' And many a sumptuous cope, to uses consecrate;
 ' Ordaining godly laws for governing this land,
 ' Of all the Saxon kings the Solon he shall stand.
 ' From (d) Otta (born with him who did this
 ' life invade [made,
 ' And had a conquest first of the Northumbrians
 ' And tributary long of mightier Hengist held,
 ' Till Ida (after born) the Kentish power expell'd,
 ' And absolutely set on the Dierian seat,
 ' But afterward resign'd to Ethelfrid the Great:
 ' An army into Wales who for invasion led,
 ' At Chester and in fight their forces vanquished;
 ' Into their utter spoil, then public way to make,
 ' The long-religious house of goodly Bangor brake,
 ' And slew a thousand monks, as they devoutly
 ' pray'd. [made
 ' For which his cruel spoil upon the Christians
 ' (Though with the just consent of Christian Sax-
 ' ons slain)
 ' His blood, the heathenish lands of Redwald did
 ' distain. [exil'd:
 ' That murderer's issue next, this kingdom were
 ' And Edwyn took the rule; a prince as just and
 ' build [bring
 ' As th' other faithless were: nor could time ever
 ' In all the seven-fold rule an absoluter king;
 ' And more t' advance the faith, his utmost power
 ' that lent
 ' Who re-ordained York a bishop's government;
 ' And so much lov'd the poor, that in the ways of
 ' trade,
 ' Where fountains fitly were, he iron dishes made,
 ' And fast'ned them with chains the way-farer to
 ' ease, [appease.
 ' And the poor pilgrim's thirst, there resting, to

(c) In Suffolk.

(d) Otta, brother to Hengist.

' As Mercia, 'mongst the rest, fought not the
 ' least to raise [praise.
 ' The saving Christian faith, nor merits humbler
 ' Nor those that from the stem of Saxon Ceda
 ' came
 ' (The Britons who expell'd) were any whit in fame,
 ' For piety and zeal, behind the others best;
 ' Though heath'nish Penda long and proudly did
 ' infect
 ' The christ'ned neighbouring kings, and forc'd
 ' them all to bow;
 ' Till Oswy made to God a most religious vow,
 ' Of his abundant grace would he be pleas'd to
 ' grant,
 ' That he this Panim prince in battle might sup-
 ' plant, [bright;
 ' A recluse he would give his daughter and de-
 ' light, [bright;
 ' Sweet Alfred then in youth, and as the morning
 ' And having his request, he gave as he obtain'd;
 ' Though his unnatural hands succeeding Wul-
 ' pher stain'd [mother had
 ' In his own children's blood, whom their dear
 ' Confirm'd in Christ's belief, by that most re-
 ' verend Chad:
 ' Yet to embrace the faith when after he began
 ' (For the unnatural'd deed that e'er was done
 ' by man)
 ' If possible it were to expiate his guilt,
 ' Here many a goodly house to holy uses built:
 ' And she (to purge his crime on her dear chil-
 ' dren done)
 ' A crowned queen, for him, became a veiled nun.
 ' What age a godlier prince than Etheldred
 ' could bring?
 ' Or than our Kinred here, a more religious king?
 ' Both taking them the cowl, th' one here his flesh
 ' did tame, [became.
 ' The other went to Rome, and there a monk
 ' So, Ethelbald may well be set the rest among:
 ' Who, though most vainly given when he was
 ' hot and young;
 ' Yet, by the wise reproof of godly bishops, brought
 ' From those unstay'd delights by which his youth
 ' was caught,
 ' He all the former kings of Mercia did exceed,
 ' And (through his rule) the church from taxes
 ' strongly freed.
 ' Then to the eastern sea, in that deep wat'ry fen
 ' (Which seem'd a thing so much impossible to
 ' men)
 ' He that great abbey built of Crowland, as
 ' though he [tion be.
 ' Would have no other's work like his founda-
 ' As, Offa greater far than any him before:
 ' Whose conquests scarcely were suffic'd with all
 ' the shore;
 ' But over into Wales adventurously he shot
 ' His Mercia's spacious (e) Mere, and Powland
 ' to it got.
 ' This king, even in that place, where with rude
 ' heaps of stones
 ' The Britons had interr'd their proto-martyr's
 ' bones,

(e) Offa's ditch.

- ' That goodly abbey built to Alban; as to shew
 ' How much the sons of Brute should to the Sax-
 ' ons owe.
 ' But when by powerful heaven it was decreed
 ' at last,
 ' That all those seven-fold rules should into one
 ' be cast
 (Which quickly to a head by (f) Britrik's death
 ' was brought) [taught,
 ' Then Egbert, who in France had carefully been
 ' Returning home, was king of the West-Saxians
 ' made, [persuade
 ' Whose people, then most rich and potent, him
 ' (As once it was of old) to monarchise the land.
 ' Who followeth their advice, first with a warlike
 ' hand
 ' The Cornish overcame; and thence, with prof-
 ' perous sails, [Wales;
 ' O'er Severn set his powers into the heart of
 ' And with the Mercians there, a bloody battle
 ' wag'd: [enrag'd,
 ' Wherein he won their rule; and with his wounds
 ' Went on against the rest. Which, sadly when
 ' they saw [awe
 ' How those had sped before, with most subjective
 ' Submit them to his sword: who prosperously
 ' alone
 ' Reduc'd the seven-fold rule to his peculiar throne,
 ' (f) Extirping other titles) and gave it England's
 ' name [came.
 ' Of th' Angles, from whose race his nobler fathers
 ' When scarcely Egbert here an entire rule be-
 ' gan,
 ' But instantly the (g) Dane the island overran;
 ' A people, that their own those Saxons paid again.
 ' For, as the Britons first they treacherously had
 ' slain,
 ' This third upon their necks a heavier burden
 ' laid, [betray'd.
 ' Than they had upon those whom falsely they
 ' And for each others states, though oft they here
 ' did toil. [spoil,
 ' f A people from their first bent naturally to
 ' That cruelty with them from their beginning
 ' brought;
 ' Yet when the Christian faith in them had
 ' thoroughly wrought,
 ' Of any in the world no story shall us tell,
 ' Which did the Saxon race in pious deeds excel:
 ' That in these drowsy times should I in public
 ' bring
 ' Each great peculiar act of every godly king,
 (f) Egbert's predecessors, (g) See long the first.
- ' The world might stand amaz'd in this our age
 ' to see [we
 ' Those goodly fane of theirs, which irreligious
 ' Let every day decay; and yet we only live
 ' By the great freedoms then those kings to these
 ' did give.
 ' Wife Segbert (worthy praise) preparing us
 ' the least
 ' f Of famous Cambridge first, then with endow-
 ' ments great
 ' The muses to maintain, those sisters thither
 ' brought. [taught,
 ' By whose example, next, religious Alfred
 ' Renowned Oxford built: ' Apollo's learned
 ' brood; [flood,
 ' And on the hallowed bank of Isis' goodly
 ' Worthy the glorious arts, did gorgeous bowers
 ' provide.
 ' f He into several shires the kingdom did divide.
 ' So, valiant Edgar, first, most happily destroy'd
 ' The multitudes of wolves, that long the land
 ' annoy'd. [king
 ' And our good Edward here, the confessor and
 ' (Unto whose sumptuous shrine our monarchs
 ' off'ring bring)
 ' That canker'd evil cur'd, bred 'twixt the throat
 ' and jaw,
 ' When physic could not find the remedy nor
 ' cause,
 ' And much it did afflict his sickly people here,
 ' He of Almighty God obtain'd by earnest pray'r,
 ' This tumour by a king might cured be alone:
 ' f Which he an heir-loom left unto the English
 ' throne. [use,
 ' So, our St. Edward here, for England's general
 ' f Our country's common laws did faithfully
 ' produce,
 ' Both from th' old British wit, and from the
 ' Saxon tongue. [throng;
 ' Of forests, hills and floods, when now a mighty
 ' For audience cry'd aloud; because they late had
 ' heard, [dar'd
 ' That some high Cambrian hills the Wrekin proudly
 ' With words that very much had stir'd his rance-
 ' rous spleen:
 ' Where, though clear Severn set her princely self
 ' between
 ' The English and the Welsh, yet could not make
 ' them cease:
 ' Here, Weever, as a flood affecting goodly peace,
 ' His place of speech resigns; and to the Muse refers
 ' The hearing of the cause, to stickle all these fins

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Now are you newly out of Wales, returned into England: and for conveniency of situation, imitating therein the ordinary course of chorography, the first shire eastward (from Denbigh and Flint, left sung by the muse) Cheshire is here surveyed,

Of our great English bloods as careful—

For, as generally in these northern parts of England, the gentry is from ancient time left preferred in the continuance of name, blood, and place; so most particularly in this Cheshire, and the adjoining Lancashire: which, out of their numerous families, of the same name, with their chief houses and lordships, hath (a) been observed.

And, of our counties, place of Palatine doth hold.

We have in England three more of that title. Lancaster, Durham, and Ely; and, until later (b) time, Hexamshire in the western part of Northumberland, was so reputed. William the Conqueror first created one Hugh Wolfe a Norman, Count Palatine of Chester, and gave the earldom to hold, *as freely as the king held his crown*. By this supremacy of liberty he made to himself Barons, which might assist him in council, and had their courts and consiance of pleas in such sort regarding the earldom, as other barons the crown. *Ego Comes Hugo & mei barones confirmavimus ista omnia*, is subscribed to a charter, whereby he founded the monastery of St. Werburg there. For the name of Palatine, know, that in ancient time under the emperors of declining Rome, the title of Count Palatine was; but so, that it extended first only to him (c) which had care of the household and imperial revenue; which is now (so faith (d) Wescmbech; I affirm it not) as the Marshal in other courts; but was also communicated by that honorary attribute of *Comitroa dignitas*, to many others, which had any thing proportionate, place or desert, as the code teacheth us. In

later times both in Germany (as you see in the Palsgrave of Rhine) in France, (which the earldom of Champagne shews long time since in the crown; yet keeping a distinct Palatine government, as Peter Pitheu (f) hath at large published) and in this kingdom such were hereditarily honoured with it, as being near the prince in the court (which they, as we, called the Palace) had by their state-carriage, gained full opinion of their worth, and ability in government, by delegate power of territories to them committed, and here after titled *Comtes de Palais*, as our law-annals call them. If you desire more particulars of the power and great state of this Palatine earldom, I had rather (for a special reason) send you to the marriage of Henry III. and Queen Eleanor in Matthew Paris; where John Scot, then Earl of Chester bare, before the king, St. Edward's sword, called *Curtein*, which the prince at coronation of Henry IV. is recorded to have done as (g) Duke of Lancaster; and wish you to examine the passages there, with what Bracton (h) hath of Earls, and our year (i) books of the High Constable of England, than here offer it myself. To add the royalties of the earldom, as courts, officers, franchises, forms of proceeding, even as at Westminster, or the diminution of its large liberties by the statute of (k) resumption, were to trouble you with a harsh digression.

Our Leopards they so long and bravely did advance.

He well calls the coat of England, Leopards. Neither can you justly object the common blazon of it, by name of Lions, or that assertion of Polydore's ignorance, telling us, that the Conqueror bare three *Fleurs de lis*, and three *Lions*, as quartered for one coat, which hath been, and is as all men know, at this present borne in our sovereign's arms for France and England; and so, that the quartering of the *Fleurs* was not at all until Edward III. to publish his title, and gain the Flemish forces (as you have it in Froissart) who bare the

(a) Camd. in Cortav. & Brigant.

(b) Stat. 14. Elix. c. 13.

(c) C. de Offic. Com. Sac. Palat. vid. Euseb. de vit. Constantin. 2. & Cod. lib. 12.

(d) In Parat. C. 1. tit. 34.

(e) Livre 1. des Comtes de Champagne & Brie, Palatinorum nostrorum nomine. Sarisbur. Policrat. 6. cap. 16. & Epist. 263.

(f) Archiv. in Tur. Lond. jam vero & typis commiff. apud Crompt. Jurisdi. Cur.

(g) De acq. rer. dom. cap. 16. §. 3.

(h) 6 Hen. 8. Kellaway, & v. Brook. tit. Prerog. 31.

(k) 27 Hen. 8. cap. 24.

French (*l*) arms, being then *Azure femy* with *Fleurs de lis*, and were afterwards contracted to three in time of Henry V. by Charles VI. because he would bear different from the English king, who notwithstanding presently seconded the change, to this hour continuing; nor could that Italian have fallen into any error more palpable, and in a profest antiquary so ridiculous. But to prove them anciently Leopards, (*m*) *Mist ergo* (saith Matthew Paris) *Imperator* (that is, Frederick II.) *regi Anglorum tres Leopardo in signum regalis clypei, in quo tres Leopardi transcentes figurantur.* In a MS. of J. Gower's, *Confessio Amantis*, which the printed books have not,

Ad laudem Christi, quem tu Virgo peperisti,
Sit laus RICHARDI, quem sceptrum colunt Leopardi.

And Edward (*n*) IV. granted to Lewis of France Earl of Winchester, that he should bear *d' Azure, a die Mafcles enarmé d'un canton de nostre propre armes d' Engleterre, c'est assavoir, de Goules ung Leopard passant d' Or, arme d' Azure*; as the parent speaks. And likewise (*o*) Henry VI. to King's College in Cambridge, gave a coat armour, three Roses, and *Summo scuti partitum principale de Anoreo cum Francorum flore deque rubeo cum peditante Leopardo*, and calls them *Partelle Armorum; que nobis in regnis Anglia & Francie jura debentur regio.* I know it is otherwise now received, but withal, that princes being supreme judges of honour and nobility, may arbitrarily change their arms in name and nature; as was done (*p*) upon return out of the holy war in Godfrey of Bologne's time; and it seems it hath been taken indifferently, whether you call them the one or the other, both for similitude of delincaments and composition (as in the bearing of Normandy, the county of Zutphen, and such more) being blazoned in Hierom de Bara, and other French heralds, Lion-Leopards: and for that even under this Henry VI. a (*q*) great student in heraldry, and a writer of that kind, makes the accession of the lion of Guienne, to the coat of Normandy (which was by Henry II. his marriage with Queen Eleonor divorced from Louis of France) to be the first three lions, born by the English kings.

Caerlegion whilst proud Rome her conquests here did bold.

You have largely in that our most learned antiquary, the cause of this name from the tents of Roman legions, there, about Vespasian's time. I will only note, that Leland (*r*) hath long since

found fault with William of (*s*) Malmesbury for affirming it so called, *quod ibi Emeriti Legionum Julianarum refideret*; whereas it is plain, that Julius Caesar never came near this territory. Perhaps, by Julius, he meant Agricola (then lieutenant here) so named, and then is the imputation laid on that best of the monks, unjust: to help it with reading *Militarium* for *Julianarum*, as the printed book pretends, I find not sufficiently warrantable, in respect that my MS. very ancient, as near Malmesbury's time as (it seems) may be, and heretofore belonging to the priory of St. Augustine's in Canterbury, evidently persuades the contrary.

the fortress upon Dee.

At this day in British she is called (*s*) *Coel Leon at four dury*, i. e. *the City of Legions upon the river Dee*. Some vulgar antiquaries have referred the name of Leon to a giant, builder of it: I, nor they, know not who, or when he lived. But indeed ridiculously they took (*u*) *Lion Dear* for king Leon the great; to whom the author alludes presently.

But in himself thereby doth Holiness retain.

He compares it with Dee's title presently, which hath its reason given before to the VII. song. Wever, by reason of the Salt-pits at Northwich, Nantwich, and Middlewich, (all on his banks) hath this attribute, and that of the sea-gods suit to him, and kind entertainment for his skill in physic, and prophesy; justifiable in general, as well as to make Tryphon their surgeon, which our excellent Spenser hath done; and in particular cause, upon the most respected and divinely honoured name of salt; of which, if you observe it used in all sacrifices by express commandment of the (*x*) true God, טַחֲכַרְדִּים (*a*) in holy writ, the religion of the salt, set first, and last taken away, as a symbol (*b*) of perpetual friendship, that in Homer (*c*) Πάσι δ' Ἄλλοις Οἶνον, the title of (*d*) Ἀγρίων given it by Lycophron, and (*e*) passages of the ocean's medicinale epithets because of his saltness, you shall see apparent and apt testimony.

From Woden, by which name they stiled Mercury.

Of the Britons descent from Jove, if you remember but Æneas son to Anchises, and Venus, with her derivation of blood from Jupiter's parents, sufficient declaration will offer itself. For

(*l*) V. Stat. 14. Ed. 3.

(*m*) 19 Hen. 3.

(*n*) Pat. 12. Ed. 4. part. 1. memb. 12.

(*o*) Pat. 27 Hen. 6. num. 46.

(*p*) Pont. Heut. de vet. Belgio. 2.

(*q*) Nichol. Upton. de re militari, l. 3.

(*r*) In Deva ad Cyg. Cant.

(*s*) De Pontificib. lib. 4.

(*t*) Humf. Lhuid in Breviario.

(*u*) A great legion.

(*x*) Levit. 2. comm. 13. & Num. 18.

(*a*) Salt of the covenant.

(*b*) Cæl. Rhodigin. ant. Lect. 12. c. 1. V. Ptoarch. Sympos. 1. cap. 10.

(*c*) Iliad. 1. Vid. Lipf. Saturnal. 1. cap. 2.

(*d*) In Cassandra.

(*e*) Cæl. Ant. Lect. 11. cap. 22.

the of Woden, see somewhat to the third song. To what you read there, I here more fully add this: Woden, in Saxon genealogies, is ascended to, as the chief ancestor of their most royal progenitors; so you may see in Menenius, Bede, Ethelward, Elfric of Worcester, an *Anonymous de Regibus Anglorum*, Huggington, and Hoveden; yet in such sort, that in some of them they go beyond him, through Frithwald, Frealaf, Frithulf, Fin, Godolph, Geta, and others, to Seth; but with so much uncertainty, that I imagine many of their descents were just as true as the Theogony in Hesiod, Apollodorus, or that of Profer John's, sometimes deriving (b) himself very near from the loins of Salomon. Of this Woden, beside my authors named, special mention is found in Paul (i) Warfred who makes Frea his wife (others call her Frisco, and by her understand Venus) and Adam (d) of Brema, which describe him as Mars; but in Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Florilegium, in Hengist's own person, he is affirmed the same with Mercury, who by Tacitus report was their chief deity; and that also is warranted in the denomination of our *Woden-day* (according to the Dutch *Wodensdag*) for the fourth day of the week, titled by the ancient planetary account with name of Mercury. If that allusion in the illustrations of the third song to *Mars*, allow it him not, then take the other first taught me by (f) Lipsius, fetching *Woden* from *Won* or *Win*, which is to Gain, and so make his name *Wanden*, expressing in that sense the self name (a) *Eppon* Epion used by the Greeks. But without this inquiry you understand the author.

Here put the German names upon the weekly days.

From their *Sunnan* for the sun, *Menan* for the moon, *Tuise*, or *Tuise* (of whom see to the fourth song) for *Mars*, *Woden* for *Mercury*, *Thor* for *Jupiter*, *Fru*, *Frie*, or *Fripa* for *Venus*, *Saturn* for *Saturn*, they tiled their days *Sunnan-day*, *Menan-day*, *Tuise-day*, *Woden-day*, *Thor-day*, *Frie-day*, *Saturn-day*: thence came our names now used *Sunday*, *Monday*, *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, *Friday*, *Saturday*: which planetary account was very ancient among the (c) *Ægyptians* (having much Hebrew discipline) but so superstitious, that, being great astronomers and very observant of mysteries produced out of number and quantity, they began on the Jewish Sabbath and imposed the name of Saturn, on the next sun, then the moon, as we now reckon, omitting two planets in every nomination, as you easily conceive it. One might seek, yet miss the reasons of that form; but nothing gives satisfaction equal to that, of all-penetrating Joseph Scaliger, (p) whose in-

tended reason for it is thus. In a circle describe an septagonal and equilateral figure; from whose every side shall fall equilateral triangles, and their angles respectively on the corners of the inscribed figure, which are noted with the planets after their not interrupted order. At the right side of any of the bases begin your account, from that to the oppositely noted planet, thence to his opposite, and so shall you find a continued course in that order (grounded perhaps among the ancients upon mysteries of number, and interchanged government by those superior bodies over this habitable orb) which some have sweated at, in inquiry of proportions, music distance, and referred it to planetary hours: where.



as they (the very name of hour for a twenty-fourth part of a day, being unusual till about the Peloponnesiac war) had their original of later time, than this hebdomadal account, whence the hourly from the morning of every day had his breeding, and not the other from this, as pretending and vulgar astrologers receive in supposition. At last, by Constantine the Great, and Pope Silverius, the name of *Sun-day*, was turned into (q) *Lord's-day*; as it is tiled *Dominicus* & *Kypianus*; of *Saturday*, into the *Sabbath*; and the rest not long afterward named according to their numeral order as the first, second, or third *Feria* (that is, Holiday, thereby keeping the remembrance of Easter week, the beginning of the ecclesiastic year, which was kept every day holy) for *Sunday*, *Monday*, *Tuesday*. You may note here that Cæsar (r) was deceived in telling us, the Germans worshipped no other gods but *quos cernunt*, & *quorum opibus aperte juvantur*, *Solem*, *Vulcanum* & *Lunam*, *reliquos de fama quidem accepisse*; for you see more than those thus honoured by them, as also they had (s) their *Gotor Month* for April, dedicated to some adored power of that name: but blame him not; for the discovery of the northern parts was but in weakest infancy, when he delivered it.

Good Ethelbert of Kent first christned English king.

About the year six hundred Christianity was received among the Saxons; this Ethelbert (being

(b) Damian. a Goes de morib. Æthiopum.

(i) De Longobard. i. c. 8.

(d) Hist. Ecclesiast. lib. 4. cap. 91.

(f) Ad Tacit. Germ. not. 32.

(a) Mercury, president of Gain.

(c) Dion. Hist. Rom. 25.

(p) De Emendat. Temp. i. Eandem de hac re Prolegom. & lib. 7. Doctorem merito agnoscimus.

(q) Nicephor. Callist. Eccles. Hist. 2. cap. 100.

(r) Polyd. Lavent. Rec. 6. cap. 5.

(s) Comment. Gallic. 6.

(t) Bed. lib. de Temp. ribus.

first induced to taste that happiness, by Berta his queen, a Christian, and daughter to Hilperic (or Lothar the II.) king of France) was afterward dominated by Augustine a monk, sent hither, with other workmen, for such a harvest, by Pope Gregory the First, zealously being moved to conversion of the English nation: so that after the first coming of Hengist, they had lived here one hundred and fifty years by the common account without tincture of true religion: nor did the Britons, who had long before (as you see to the eighth song) received it, at all impart it by instruction: which Gildas imputes to them for merit of divine revenge. White of (s) Basingstoke (I must cite his name, you would laugh at me if I affirmed it) refers to Kent's Paganism, and British Christianity before this conversion, the original of our vulgar bye-word *Nor in Christendom Nor in Kent*.

That abstinence of flesh for forty days began.

Began it here, so understand him; for plainly that Fasting time was long before in other churches, as appears in the decreeing (u) epistle of Pope Telephorus, constituting that the clergy should fast from *Quinquagesime* (that is, Shrove Sunday) to Easter, whereas the laity, and they both were before bound but to six weeks, accounted, as now, from the first Sunday in Lent; so that even from the (y) first of Christianity, for remembrance of our Saviour, it seems, it hath been observed, although I know it hath been referred to Telephorus, as first author. He died in the year 140 of Christ. But if you compare this of him with (s) that of Pope Melchiades (some 170 years after) taking away the fast upon a Sunday and Thursday, you will lose therein 40 days, and the common name of *Quadragesima*; but again find it thus. St. (a) Gregory (after both these) makes Lent to be so kept, that yet no fasting be upon Sundays; because (among other reasons) he would have it as the tenth of time consecrated to God in prayer and abstinence (and the canonists, (b) how justly I argue not, put it in their division of personal tithes.) Then, in this form, after the exception, calculates out his number. From the first Sunday in Lent to Easter, are six weeks, that is, forty-two days, whence six Sundays subtracted, remain thirty-six, which (fractions avoided) is the quotient of 365, being the number of the common year divided by ten. But seeing that holy number (as he calls it) of forty, which our Saviour honoured with his fasting, is by this reckoning excluded, he adds, to the first week, the four last days of the *Quinquagesima*, that is *As Wednesday, Thursday, Fri-*

day, and Saturday; so keeping both his conceit of tithing, and also observation of that number, which we remember only (not able to imitate) in our assayed abstinence. For proof of this in Theobert, both Bede and Mathewbury, beside their later followers, are witnesses. Their Saxon nation's ours was (c) *Langen-fasten*, as the other four said *yearum fasten*.

So Ella coming in, sent from the Britons' queen.

Near forty years after the Saxons first arrived, Ella (of the same nation) with his sons Ploeting, or Pleting; Cincen and Cissa landed at Chichester in the now Sussex: it is supposed (d) to be near the Witterings by Chichester) and having his forces increased by supply, after much bloodshed betwixt him and the Britons; and long Siege of the city Andredcestre, now in Newenden in Kent (as learned Camden conjectured) got the prime dominion of those southern parts, with the title of king of Suffex, whose son and successor Cissa's name, is yet there left in (e) *Livro-castle* for Chichester, and in a hill enclosed with a deep trench for military defence, called Cissa-bury, by Ollington. The author stily begins with Ella after the Kentish; for he was the first made the styled of the Saxon kings plural; by planting and long reigning over the South Saxons; and as was and always in the heptarchy which had title of the chief King of the Angles and Saxons, for this title not only was honoured with (f) it, but also the prerogative by priority of time; as first enjoying it before all other princes of his nation: but his dominion afterward was for the most part still under the Kentish and West Saxon kings.

Saint Wilfrid sent from York into his realm: receive'd

This Wilfrid archbishop of York, expelled that see by Egfrid king of Northumberland, was kindly received by Edilwalch (otherwise Ethelwalch, being before christened through religious persuasion of his god-father Wulpher king of Mercia) and converted the South-Saxons to the gospel. He endowed this Wilfrid with Selcey a cheroneis in Suffex, and was so founder of a bishopric, afterward translated, under the Norman conqueror, to Cichester, whose cathedral church in public monuments honours the name of Cedwalla (of whom see to the ninth song) king of West-Sex for her first creator: but the reason of that was rather because Cedwalla after death of Edilwalch (whom he slew) so honoured Wilfrid (g) *Magistrum et Dominum omnis Provinciae cum prefuit, nihil in tota Provincia sine illius assensu faciendum arbi-*

(u) Hist. 7. not. 24.

(s) Dist. 4. c. 4. Statimus & ibid. D. Ambrosius.

(y) Ita etiam Baronius, sed & vide Eusebii Chronic. in Sixto 1.

(a) Dist. 4. de Consecrat. cap. 14. Jejunium.

(s) In Homil. dist. 5. de Consecrat. cap. 16.

(b) Rebuff. tract. de decim. quæst. 3. num. 31.

(c) Canut. leg. 16.

(d) Ex antiq. charta Eccles. Selesten. ap Camden.

(e) So it is called in Florent. Wigorn. p. 331. kingdom of Suffex.

(f) Ethelwerd. hist. 3. cap. 2. Bed. hist. 2. c. 5.

(g) Malmsh. de gest. Pontific. 3.

men; uncorrupted, as it seems, thought fit (according to course of yielding with themselves) to forget Edilwald, and acknowledge Colvalla (then a pagan) for first patron of that episcopal dignity. It is reported, that three years before this general receipt there of Christ's apostles, continued without sleep, in so much that famine, and her companion pestilence, so vexed the province, that in multitudes of forty or fifty at a time, they used hand in hand, to end their miseries in the swallowing waves of their neighbouring seas; that all ceased upon Wilfrid's preaching; who taught them also first (if Henry of Huntingdon's teaching deceive me not) to catch all manner of fish, being before skilled only in taking of eels. I know, (b) some make Eadbert abbot of that monastery in Solsey, under king Ine, first bishop there sitting; that before his time the province was subject to Winchester; but that rightly undoubted discourse not; that is, if you refer it to translation of what was discontinued by Wilfrid's return to his archbishopric.

Edilwald, king of Mercia, had slain Sigebert (or Sighard) and Anna, kings of East-Angles, and so in darkness might be said to have possessed that kingdom, when Anna had diverse successors of his blood, of whom Eadbert was traitorously slain in a plot contrived by Offa king of Mercia, and this plot of the heptarchy confounded in the Mercian empire; Thel did Offa adopt this St. Edmund a Saxon, into name of successor in that kingdom: which he had not long enjoyed, but that through barbarous cruelty, chiefly of one Hingaur a Dane (Polydore will needs have his name Agner) he was with miserable torture martyred, upon the 19th of November 870, whither his canonization sanctifies us for holy memory of him.

And flow a thousand monks, as they devoutly pray'd.
You may add two hundred to the author's number. This Ethelfrid, or Edilfrid, king of Northumberland, aspiring to increase his territories, made war against the bordering Britons. But as he was in the field, by Chester, near the onset, he saw, with wonder, a multitude of monks assembled, in a place by, somewhat secure; demanded the cause, and was soon informed that they were there ready to assist his enemies swords with their devout orisons, and had one called Brocmail, professing their defence from the English forces. The king no sooner heard this, but Ergo (saith he, being a heathen) *si adversus nos, ad Dominum suum clement, profecto & ipsi quamvis arma non ferant, contra nos pugnant, qui adversus nos imprecationibus persequuntur*; presently commands their spoil: which

so was performed by his soldiers, that 1200 were in their devotions put to the sword. A strange slaughter of religious persons, at one time and place; but not so strange as their whole number in this one monastery, which was 2100; not such idle lubberly fates as later times pestered the world withal, truly pictured in that (A) description of (their character) sloth.

With two slung eyes
I must sit said the Serge, or else I must needs nap,
I may not stand no stoop, no without mi shole kneeling,
Were I brought a bed (but if my talende is made)
Should no ringing do me rife, or I were ripe to dine,
He began Benedicite with a helth, and his brest heeled
And refilled, and rered, and rest at the last;
If I should dye by this dawe, no lyffe not to take,
I can not perfully my Pater noster, as the Priest it sungeth,
But I can rimer of Robin Hood, and Randalph Chester,
But of our Lord or our Lady I lerne nothing at all.
I am occupied every day, holy day and other,
With idle tales at the ale, and other vobils in Chyrbes.
God's pains and his passion full felds thinke I shewen,
I visited never sebleman, no fostered folke in pittie,
I have lover here an Hanlatria, or a fowere gentle,
Or loofings to laugh at and belye my neighbours,
Then all that ever Mark made, Math, John, and I have
And vigiles and fasting daies, all these let I passe,
And live in bed in Lent, and mi lymour in quene's company.
I have ben Priest and Paston passing thyrty winters,
Yet can I neither Solse no fang, no Salome linte, ready;
But I can find in a fild, or in a furlong an hore
Better then in Bestus Vir, or in Besti Omnia.

Not such were these Bangor monks; but they *Omnia de labore manuum suarum vivere solebant*. Observe here the difference betwixt the more ancient times and our corrupted neighbour ages, which have been so branded, and not unjustly, with dissembled bestial sensualities of monastic profession, that in the universal visitation under Henry VIII. every monastery afforded shameful discovery of Sodomites and incontinent fryers; in Canterbury priory of Benedictines, nine Sodomites; in Battel-Abbey, fifteen; and, in many other, like proportion; larger reckoning will not satisfy if you account their wenches, which married and single (for they affect that variety) supplied the wants of their counterfeited solitariness: so that hercupon, after an account of DC. convents of monks and friars, with mendicants, in this kingdom, when time endured them, *Je laisseray, saith (n) one, maintenant au Lecteur calculer combien par le moins devoient estre de fils de putains en Angleterre, je di seulement fils de Moines & de Putaines*. These were they who admired all for Hebrew or Greek which they understood not, and had at least (as many of our now

(b) Matth. Westmonasteriensis.

(c) Rob. de Langland, sive Joannes Malverne Reg. 5.

(n) H. Stephen en l'Entroduit. au traite de la conformite, &c. 1. chap. 21.

professing formalists) Latin enough to make such a speech as Rablais hath to Gargantua for Paris bells, and call for their *Vinum Cor*; which, in one of them personated, receive thus from a noble (e) poet.

*Has entrâ: nîbil hoc: entrâ totum fit oportet,
Sobriâ, n. jussu atque prâ potare jubet Lex.
Vinum letificat cor hominis, præcipuè Cor.
Gratia fit Domino, Vinum Cor, inquit, habemus.*

How my reader tastes this, I know not; therefore I willingly quit him; and add only, that William of Malmesbury grossly errs in affirming that this Bangor (p) is turned into a bishopric; but pardon him, for he lived in his cloister, and perhaps was deceived by equivocation of name, there being in Caernarvon a bishopric of the same title to this day, which some body later (q) hath on the other side ill taken for this.

Who re-ordained York a bishop's government.

For in the British times it had a metropolitan see (as is noted to the ninth song) and now by Edwine (converted to Christian discipline, both through means of his wife Ethelburg, daughter to Ethelbert king of Kent, and religious persuasion of God's ministers) was restored to the former dignity, and Paulinus, in it, honoured with name of archbishop, being afterwards banished that province, and made bishop of Rochester, which some have ignorantly made him before.

Nor those that in the stem of Sanon Crida came.

Most of our chronologers begin the Mercian race royal with Penda; but Henry of Huntingdon (not without his proofs and followers) makes Crida (grandfather to Penda) first in that kingdom.

Confirm'd in Christ's belief by that most reverend Chad.

This Wulpher, son to Penda, restored to his father's kingdom, is (r) reported with his own hands to have slain his two sons Wulphald and Rufin, for that they privily withdrew themselves to that famous St. Chad, or Cedd, bishop of Litchfield, for instruction in the Christian faith; and all this is supposed to be done where the now

Stone in Staffordshire is seated. Hereupon the author relies. But the credit of it is more than suspicious, not only for that in classic authority I find his issue only to be Kenred, and St. Werburge (by Ermenigild daughter to Erconbert of Kent) but withal that he was both Christian, and a great benefactor to the church. For it appears by consent of all, that Peada, Weda, or Penda (all these names he had) eldest son of the first Penda, first received in Middle Engle (part of Mercland) the faith, and was baptized by Finnan bishop of (s) Lindisfarne: after whose violent death, in spite of Oswy king of Northumberland, Imma, Ebla, and Ederth, gentlemen of power in Mercland, saluted Wulpher (brother to Peada) king of all that province, who was then, as it seems, (by Florence of Worcester, and Bede's reporting of four bishops in succession preferred by him) of Christian name; but howsoever he was at that time, it is certain that in the second or third year of his reign, he was godfather to king Edilswalh of Suffex, and bestowed on him as a gift, in token of that spiritual adoption, the Isle of Wight, with another territory in West Saxony, and gave also to St. Cedd, (made by consent of him and king Oswy, bishop of Lindisfarne) fifty hides of land (a hide, (t) a plough land, or a carue, I hold clearly equivalent) towards foundation of a monastery. All this compared, and his life, in our monks observed, hardly endures his note of persecution; which in respect of his foundership of Peterborough abbey, Robert of Swapham a monk there reporting it, or those from whom he had it, might better in silence have buried it, or rather not so ungratefully feigned it. I only find one thing notably ill of him; that he, first of the English kings, by simony made a bishop, which was wont of London, as Malmesbury is author.

(And through his rule) the church from taxes singly freed.

Ethelbald king of Mercland, founder of Crowland abbey in Lincolnshire, a great, martial, and religious prince, in a synod held (Cuthbert then archbishop of Canterbury) enlarged ecclesiastic liberty in this form: *Donationem meam, me vicinis, concodo, ut omnia Monasteria & Ecclesie regni mei à publicis Vestigaliis, Operibus, & Oneribus absolvantur, nisi Infructibus Arcium vel Pontium, quæ nunquam ulli possunt relaxari, i. e.* he discharged all monasteries and churches of all kind of taxes, wecks,

(o) Jan. Douz. Satyr. 3.

(p) In hist. & lib. 4. de Pontificib. in Dorcestrensis.

(q) Aut lib. Academ. per Europ. edit. 1590.

(r) Robert. de Swapham. in Hist. Petroburgens. ap. Camd. in Stafford. & Northampton. & J. Stouzon.

(s) It is that now called *Holy Island*, by east the utmost parts of *Northumberland*, whence the bishopric, about 1000, was translated to *Durham*.

(t) Ita n. apud Matth. Paris, Huntingdon. Th. Walsingham. docemur, licet alii 100. Acris, & aliter definiunt. Cæterum quod me maxime movet, & absque hæsitacione in hanc sententiam pedibus ire cogit, est tibi ex Dunstani Charta (Ann. 963) qua Terræ partem concedit septem Aratorum, quod Anglice dicitur septem Hidas. Nec immerito hic te vellem vocabuli illius apud Jm. Conf. nostros, *Hide & Taine*; quod Arum rebus bile interpretari hout ignorat Dupendius quispian.

and imposts, excepting such as were for g. of forts and bridges; being (as it seems was then) not releasable. For, besides hority of this statute of Ethelbald, it ap-
equent in charters of the Saxon times, that,
dowment and donations to churches, with
words of exemption, and liberty from all
charges, the conclusion of the *Habendum*
) *exceptis istis tribus, expeditionis, pontis, circifor,*
ime, which among common notaries or scri-
was so well known, that they called it by
leral name, *Trinodi necessitas*, as out of Ced-
charter to Wilfrid, first bishop of Selsey, of
mor of Pagenham (now Paghām) in Suf-
swe been transcribed; whereupon in a de-
ve (concerning papal exactions, and sub-
of church living) held under Hen. (w) III.
ambition of ancient kings indulgence to
gy, it was found, that, *Non adeo libertati de-*
hujusmodi possessiones, quin tria sibi reservarent
propter publicum regni utilitatem, videlicet, ex-
im, pontis & archi reparaciones, vel resistiones,
a regibus hujusmodi incurfionibus; although by
of a Statute of Ethelulph King of West-
in the year 855, made by advice both of
all spirituality, the church was quitted also
: three commonwealth causes of subsidies,
oyed it not; for even the (x) canons them-
subject their possessions to these services and
aid upon interpretation of a charter made
ry Beauchere, founder of the priory of St.
i in Yorkshire, containing words of immu-
d liberty of tenure, as general and effectual
it be, a great lawyer (y) long since affirm-
yet the house was not freed of repairing
and causeways. But all lands; as well in
of clerks as lay, were subjected to particular

tenures after the conquest: and so these kind of
charges and discharges being made rather feudal
(as (z) Bracton calls them) than per-fonal, use of
them in charters consequently ceased. I note here
to students of antiquity, that, where the printed
Ingulph says this was done by Ethelbald in the
3d year of his reign, they must with correction
make it the 31d, as is, without scruple, apparent
in the date of (a) the synod, which was the 745th
of our Saviour.

The Britons had interr'd their protomartyr's bones.

In that universal persecution under Dioclesian
and Herculius, (b) this idle gave, in St. Alban, tes-
timony of Christian profession; even to his last
breath drawn among tormenting enemies of the
cross. His death (being the first martyr, as the
author here calls him, that this country had) was
at Werlamcester; (i. e. the old Verulam) whereby
the abbey of St. Alban was afterward (b) erected.

*(Extirpating other files) and gave it England's
(c) name.*

Look back to the last note on the first song.
Thus, as you see, hath the muse compendiously
run through the heptarchy, and united it in name
and empire under Egbert king of West-saxons: af-
ter whom, none but his successors had absolute
power in their kingdoms, as course of story shews
you. Likely enough I imagine, that as yet the
expectation of the reader is not satisfied in these
seven kingdoms, their beginnings, territory, and
first Christianity: therefore as a corollary receive
this for the eye's more facile instruction.

		Began in	Received the faith in
Comprehended in	I. Kent.	I. Hengist, 456, from whose son Oisc the succeeding Kings were called Oiscings.	I. Ethelbert, 597, of Augustine from Gre- gory I. (d)
	II. South-sex.	II. In Ælla, about 491.	II. Edilwalch, 661, and the whole coun- try converted by Wilfrid 679.
	III. West-sex.	III. Certic, (d) 519, whose grandfather was Gewise, and thence his people and posterity were called Gewises.	III. Kinegils, 635, baptized by Birin, first bishop of Dor- chester in Oxfordshire.

V. Chartam hujusmodi apud D. Ed. Cok.
l. ad lib. 6.

Mat. Par. p. 838.

Gregor. decret. tit. de Imm. Eccl. c. Per-

Knivet. 44. Ea. 3. fol. 25. a.

ol. III.

(z) De Acquir. rer. Dom. 2. cap. 16. § 8.

(a) Malmesh. lib. de gest. Pontif. 1.

(b) Ann. 760, aut circiter.

(c) Circa ann. 800.

(d) I follow here the ordinary chronology of
our monks.

		<i>Began in</i>	<i>Received the faith in</i>	
Comprehended in	IV. Northumberland.	Lancaster. York. Durham. Westmoreland. Northumberland, and the neigh- bouring territo- ry, to Edinburgh Frith; whither, from Tine, was the name of Ber- nicland, and what lay on this side Tine, called Di- erland.	IV. Ida, 547, taking all Bernicland, as Ælla twelve years after began in Dier- land; but both king- doms soon were con- founded in one.	IV. Edwin, 626, chris- tened by Paulin, first archbishop of (in the Saxon times) of York.
	V. East-SEX.	Essex. Middlesex. Part of Here- ford.	V. Sleda after some (others say in Erch- win before) about 580, both uncertain, and their successors.	V. Sebert, 604, dip- tized in holy unction by Mellitus, first bishop of London.
	VI. East-ANGLE.	Norfolk. Suffolk. Cambridgeshire. Part of Ely.	VI. Redwald, about 600: but some talk of one Vuffa (whence these kings were call- ed Vuffings) to be author of it near 30 years before.	VI. Eorpwald, 632, although Redwald were christened, for he soon fell to apos- tasy, by persuasion of his wife, and in the same chapel made one altar to Christ, another to the Devil.
	VII. MercLAND.	Glocester. Hereford. Worcester. Warwick. Leicester. Rutland. Northampton. Lincoln. Huntingdon. Bedford. Buckingham. Oxford. Stafford. Derby. Salop. Nottingham. Chester. The northern part of Hereford. But in these the inhabitants of them inlands were called Middle-engles, and the Mer- cians divided into names of their local quarters.	VII. In Penda 626. Others will in Crida, some forty years be- fore.	VII. Peada, king of Middle-engle, bap- tized by Finna, bishop of Lindisfarne, but enlarged the profes- sion of it in Vulper, next king there.

Perhaps as good authority may be given against some of my proposed chronology, as I can justify myself with. But although so, yet I am therefore freed of error, because our old monks exceedingly in this kind corrupted, or deficient, afford nothing

able to rectify. I know the East-angles, by ancient and late authority, began above one dred years before; but if with synchronism examine it, it will be found most absurd. For ing it is affirmed expressly, that Redwald

by Ethelfrid king of Northumberland, and plain by (s) Bede (take his story together, rely not upon syllables and false printed co-) that it must needs be near 600, (for Edwin reeded Ethelfrid) and that Uffa was some 30 years before: what calculation will cast this into than 500 years after Christ? Forget not (if desire accurate times) my admonition to the song, of the 42 years error upon the Dionysian account, especially in the beginning of the reigns, because they are for the most part reckoned in old monks from the coming of the monks. Where you find different names from Bede, attribute it to the misreading old copies, by which as have published Carpenwald for Eorpenwald, or Eorpenwald; Penda also perhaps for Wen- mistaking the Saxon *w* for our *p*, and other such, variably both written and printed. How in such they successively came under the West-Saxon name, I must not tell you, unless I should untimely touch on the person of an historian. Our common name manifest it. But know here, that although men were, yet but five had any long continuance their supremacies:

*The Saxons the in their power the still were so five
Three kingdoms made in Englelond and (s) further
but were.*

*The king of Northumberland, and of Eastangle also,
Of Kent and of Westsex, and of the March there;*

Robert of Gloucester, according to truth of story shew it, for Essex and Southsex were not long after their beginnings (as it were) annexed to their neighbouring princes.

A nation from their first bent naturally to spoil.

Indeed so were universally the Germans (out of whom our Saxons) as Tacitus relates to us; *Nos
sunt terram aut expectare annum tam facile perfusa-
ria, quam vocare hostes & vulnera mereri. Pigrum
nimis & inertis videtur sudore acquirere quod possit
equine parare*, and more of that nature we read of him.

Of famous Cambridge first————

About the year 630, Sigebert (after death of Eorpwald) returning out of France, whither his other Redwald had banished him, and receiving the East-angle crown, assisted by Felix a Burgundian, and first bishop of Dunwich (then called Elmham) in Suffolk: desiring to imitate what he had seen observable in France, for the common good, *instituit scholam* (read it *scholas*, if you will, some do) I see no consequence of worth) *in qua
vari literis eruditur*, as Bede writeth. Out of these words thus general, Cambridge being in

East-Angle, hath been taken for this school, and the school for the university. I will believe it (inasmuch as makes it then an university) not much sooner than that (I know not what) Gurguntius with Cantaber, some 150 years before Christ, founded it; or, those charters of king Arthur, bulls of Pope Honorius and Sergius sent thither; Anaximander or Anaxagoras their studies there, with more such pretended and absurd unlikelihoods; unless every grammar school be an university, as this was, where children were taught by *Padagogi & magistri juxta morem Cantuariorum*, as Bede hath expressly: which so makes Canterbury an university also. But neither is there any touch in authentic and ancient story, which justifies these schools instituted at Cambridge, but generally somewhere in Eastangle. Reasons of inducement are framed in multitudes on both sides. But, for my own part, I never saw any sufficiently probable, and therefore most of all rely upon what authorities are afforded. Among them I ever preferred the Appendix to the story of Crowland, supposed done by Peter of Blois, affirming that under Henry I. (he lived very near the same time: therefore believe him in a manner not subject to causes of historians temporising) Jossef Abbot of Crowland, with one Gilbert his commoigne, and three other monks, came to his manor of Cotenham, as they used oft-times, to read; and thence daily going to Cambridge, *Conducto, quodam horreo publico suas scientias palam profitentes, in brevi temporis excursu, grandem discipulorum numerum contraxerunt. Anno vero secundo adventus illorum, tantum accrevit discipulorum numerus, tam ex tota patria, quam ex oppido, quod quaelibet domus maxima, horreum, nec ulla ecclesia sufficeret eorum receptaculo*: and so goes on with an ensuing frequency of school. If before his there were an university, I imagine that in it was not profest Aristotle's Ethics, which tell us, *οὐκ εἰς τὸν αἶναιον φιλίας*: for then would they not have permitted learned readers of the sciences (whom all that hated not the muses could not but love) to be compelled into a barn, instead of schools. Nor is it tolerable conceit, that for near five hundred years (which interceded betwixt this and Sigebert) no fitter place of profession should be erected. To this time others have referred the beginning of that famous seminary of good literature: and if room be left for me, I offer subscription; but always under reformation of the most honoured tutors's pupils, which shall (omitting fabulous trash) judiciously instruct otherwise. But the author here out of Polydore, Leland, and others of later time relying upon conjecture, hath his warrant of better credit than Cantilup, another relater of that Arcadian original, which some have so violently patronized.

(s) Beckel. Hist. 2. cap. 9. ubi legendum *sexcentum vice et quingentesimo*.

(o) Afterward.

Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned brood.

So it is affirmed (of that learned king, yet knowing not a letter until he was past twelve) by Polydore, Bale, and others; g.ounding themselves upon what Alfred's beneficence and most deserving care hath manifested in royal provision for that sacred nurse of learning. But justly it may be doubted, lest they took instauration of what was deficient, for institution: for although you grant he first founded Univerſity College, yet it follows not, but there might be common schools and colleges, as at this day in Leyden, Gieſſe, and other places of High and Low Germany. If you please, fetch hither that of Grecklade (to the third ſong) which I will not importune you to believe: but without ſcruple you cannot but credit that of a monk of (p) St. Dewi's (made grammar and rhetoric reader there by king Alfred) in theſe words of the year 886. *Exorta eſt peſſima ac teterima Oxonia diſcordia inter Grimboldum* (this was a great and devout ſcholar, whoſe aid Alfred uſed in his diſpoſition of lectures) *doctiſſimusque illos viros ſecum illos adduxit, & veteres illos ſcholaſticos quos ibidem invenit: qui ejus adventu, leges, modos, ac prælegendi formulas ab eodem Grimbaldo inſtitutas, omni ex parte amplecti recuſabant.* And a little after, *Quintiam probabant & ſtendebant, idque indubitæ veterum annalium teſtimonio, illius loci ordines ac inſtituta, a nonnullis piis & eruditis hominibus fuiſſe ſancita, ut a Gilda (Melkino; he was a great mathematician, and as Gilda alſo lived between 500 and 600) Nennio* (the printed book hath falſely *Nemris*) *Kentigerno* (he lived about 509) *& aliis, qui omnes literis illic conſeuerunt, omnia ibidem ſalici pace & concordia adminiſtrantes;* and affirmed alſo that letters had there been happily profeſt in very ancient time, with frequency of ſcholars, until irruptions of (q) Pagans (they meant Danes) had brought them to this lately reſtored deficiency. After this teſtimony, greater than all exception, what can be more plain than the noble worth and fame of the pillar of the muſes long before king Alfred's? Neither make I any great queſtion, but that, where in an old copy of Gilda's life (published lately by a (r) Frenchman) it is printed, that he ſtudied an Iren, which clearly he took for a place in this land; it ſhould be Ichen (and I confeſs, before n.e. one hath well poliſhed the conjecture) for *Rydichin* the Welch name of that city, expreſſing as much as Oxenford. Yet I would not willingly fall into the extremes of making it Mem-

prikes, as ſome do; that were but vain affection to dote on my reverend mother. But becauſe in thoſe remote ages, not only univerſities and public ſchools (being (s) for a time prohibited by P. P. Gregory for fear of breeding Pelagians and Arians) but divers monaſteries and cloyſters were great (t) auditories of learning, as appears in Theodore and Adrian's profeſſing at Canterbury, Maldulph and Aldelm at Malmesbury (this Aldelm firſt taught the Engliſh to write (u) Latin proſe and verſe) Alcuin at York, Bede at Jarow, and ſuch other more, I gueſs that hence came much obſcurity to their name, omitted or ſuppreſſed by envious monks of thoſe times, thoſe whoſe traditions defending through many hands of their like, we have no credible authorities. But which ſoever of theſe two ſiſters have prerogative of primogeniture (a matter too much controverted betwixt them) none can give them leſs attribute, than to be two radiant eyes fixed in this iſland, as the beauteous face of the earth's body. To what others have by induſtrious ſearch communicated, I add concerning Oxford out of ancient (x) MS. (but ſince the Clementines) what I there read: *Apud montem Peſſulanum, Pariſos, Oxoniam, Colonia, Boloniam, generalia ſtudia ordinamus. Ad qua Prior provincialis quilibet poſſit mittere duos fratres, qui habeant ſtudentiam liberalem;* and alſo admoniſh the reader of an impoſture thruſt into the world this laſt autumn mart in a provincial catalogue of biſhoprics by a profeſt antiquary and populiſ canon of (y) Antwerp, telling us, that the MS. copy of it, found in St Viſtor's library at Paris, was written 500 years ſince, and in the number of Canterbury province, it hath Oxford; which being written Oxonienſis, I imagined might have been miſtaken for Exonienſis (as Exonia for Oxonia ſometimes; until I ſaw Exonienſis joined alſo; by which ſtood Petreburchenſis, which bruſed all the credit of the monument, but eſpecially of him that published it. For, who knows not that Peterborough was no biſhopric till Henry the VIII.? nor indeed was Oxford, which might eaſily be thought otherwiſe, by incidence of an ignorant eye on that vainly promiſing title. I abſtain from expatiating in matter of our muſes ſeats, ſo largely, and too largely treated of by others.

And into ſeveral ſhires the kingdom did divide.

To thoſe ſhires (z) he conſtituted Juſtices and Sheriffs, called *gereras* and *rybyrgereras*, the office of thoſe two being before confounded in *Vice-Domini*,

(p) Aſſer. Menevenſ. de geſt. Alfred.

(q) About Alfred's time, before his inſtauration a Grammarian was not found in his kingdom to teach him. Florent, Wigorn. p. 309.

(r) Joan, a Bolco Pariſ. in Biblioth. Floriacenſ. vit. Gild. cap. 6.

(s) Bri. Tuin. Apolog. Ox. 2. ſ. 84.

(t) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant. in Granta.

(u) Camd. in Wiltonia.

(x) Conſtitutiones Fratrum, cap. de Studiis, & Magiſt. ſtudent.

(y) Aubert Miræus in Notit. Epiſcopat. edit. Pariliæ 1610.

(z) Hiſtor. Crowlandenſis.

i. e. Lieutenants; but so, that *Vicedominus*, and *Viccomes* remained indifferent words for the name of Sheriff, as in a charter of King Edred 950. — *Ego Binsulph Vicedominus consuli* +. *Ego Alfer Vicecomes audi vi* +. I find together subscribed. The Justices were, as I think, no other than those whom they called *dolder mannum*, being the same with *carles*, now earls, in whose disposition and government upon delegation from the king (the title being officary, not hereditary, except in some particular shire, as Leicester, &c.) the county was; with the bishop of the diocese: the earl (a) sat in the *Syregemede* twice every year, where charge was given touching (b) *Godas riddrge foruld rikde*; But by the (c) Conqueror, this meddling of the bishop in Tournes was prohibited. The Sheriff had then his monthly court also, as the now county court instituted by the Saxon Edward I. as that other of the Tourn by King Edgar. The Sheriff is now immediate officer of the King's court; but it seems that then the earl (having always the third part of the shire's profits, both before and since the Normans) had charge upon him. For this division of counties: how many he made, I know not, but Malmesbury, under Ethelred affirms, there were thirty-two, (Robert of Gloucester thirty-five) about which time Wichecomb was one, (d) but then joined to Gloucestershire; those thirty-two (e) were

Kent, Suffex, Surrey, Hamthire, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Somerset, Dorset, Devonshire; these nine were governed by the West Saxon law. Essex, Middlesex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Hertford, Cambridge, Bedford, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Northampton, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, York; these fifteen by the Danish law. Oxford, Warwick, Gloucester, Hereford, Shropshire, Stafford, Cheshire, Worcester; these eight by the Mercian law.

Here was none of Cornwall, Cumberland, (called also Carlisle) Northumberland, Lancashire, Westmoreland, (which was since titled Applebyshire) Durham, Monmouth, nor Rutland, which at this day make our number (besides the twelve in Wales) forty. Cornwall (because of the Britons there planted) until the Conqueror gave the county to his brother Robert of Moreton, continued out of the division. Cumberland, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham, being all northern, seem to have been then under Scottish or Danish power. But the two first received their division, as it seems, before the conquest: for Cumberland had its particular (f) governors, and Northumberland (g) earls: Westmoreland perhaps began

when King John gave it Robert Vipont, ancestor to the Cliffords, holding by that patent to this day the inheritance of the sheriffdom. Durham religiously was with large (h) immunities given to the bishop since the Norman invasion. Lancaster, until Henry III. created his younger son Edmund Crookback earl of it, I think, was no county: for in one of our old year books a learned (i) judge affirms, that in this Henry's time, was the first sheriff's tourn held there. Nor until Edward (first son to Edmund Langley Duke of York, and afterward Duke of Aumerle) created by Richard II. had Rutland any earls. I know for number and time of those, all authority agrees not with me; but I conjecture only upon selected. As Alured divided the shires first; so to him is owing the constitution of hundreds, tithings, lathes, and wapentakes, to the end that whosoever were not lawfully, upon credit of his Boroughs, i. e. pledges, admitted in some of them for a good subject, should be reckoned as suspicious of life and loyalty. Some steps thereof remain in our ancient and later law books.

Which be an heirloom left unto the English throne.

The first healing of the king's evil is referred to this Edward (k) the Confessor: and of a particular example in his curing a young married woman, an old (l) monument is left to posterity. In France such a kind of cure is attributed to their kings also; both of that and this, if you desire particular inquisition, take Dr. Tooker's *Charisma sanationis*.

Our country's common laws did faithfully produce.

In Lambard's *Archæonomy* and Roger of Hoveden's Henry II. are laws under the name of the Confessor and Conqueror joined and deduced for the most part out of their predecessors; but those of the Confessor seem to be the same, if (m) Malmesbury deceive not, which King Cnut collected, of whom his words are, *Omnes leges ab antiquis regibus & maxime antecessore suo Ethelredo latas, sub interminatione regia multa, perpetuis temporibus observari præcepit, in quarum custodiam etiam nunc tempore bonorum sub nomine regis Edwardi juratur, non quod ille statuerit, sed quod observaverit*; and under this name have they been humbly desired by the subject, granted with qualification, and controverted, as a main and first part of liberty, in the next age following the Norman conquest.

(a) Edgar leg. Human. cap. 5. Edw. cap. 11. Casus. cap. 17.

(b) Rot. Chart. 2. Rich. 2. pro Decan. & capit. Lincoln, transscriptum in Jano Anglorum, l. 2. § 14. & videas apud Fox. hist. eccl. 4.

(c) God's right and the world's.

(d) Codex Wigorn. ap. Camd. in Dobunia.

(e) Polychronicon lib. 1. cap. de provinciis.

(f) Mat. West. fol. 366.

(g) Ingulph. hist. Crowland.

(h) Thorp. 17. Ed. 3. fol. 56. b.

(i) Bract. lib. 3. tract de Corona, cap. 10. Quamplurimum casus in annis Ed. 3 & 5. Jacob. apud Dom. Ed. Cok. lib. 6. fol. 77. maxime vero huc faciunt Itin. illa H. 3. & Ed. 1.

(k) Polydor. hist. 8.

(l) Eilred. Rhivallens. ap. Took. in Charismat. Sanat. c. 6.

(m) De gest. R. 2. cap. 11.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

T H E T W E L F T H S O N G .

The Argument.

The muse, that part of Shropshire plies
Which on the east of Severn lies :
Where mighty Wrekin from his height,
In the proud Cambrian mountains spite,
Sings those great Saxons ruling here,
Which the most famous warriors were.
And as she in her course proceeds,
Relating many glorious deeds
Of Guy of Warwick's fight, doth strain
With Colebrond, that renowned Dane,
And of the famous battles try'd
'Twixt Knute and Edmond Ironside,
To the Staffordian fields doth rove,
Visits the springs of Trent and Dove ;
Of Moreland, Cank, and Needwood sings ;
An end which to this canto brings.

THE haughty Cambrian hills enamour'd of their
praise,
(As they who only sought ambitiously to raise
The blood of god-like Brute) their heads do
proudly bear ;
And having crown'd themselves sole regents of
the air
(Another war with heaven as though they meant
to make)
Did seem in great disdain the bold affront to take,
That any petty hill upon the English side,
Should dare, not (with a crouch) to vail unto
their pride.

When Wrekin, as a hill his proper worth thus
knew,
And understood from whence their insolency grew,
For all that they appear'd so terrible in fight,
Yet would not once forego a jot that was his right.
And when they fix'd on him, to them the like he
gave,
And answer'd glance for glance, and brave for
brave :
That, when some other hills which English dwell-
lers were,
The lusty Wrekin saw himself so well to bear

ainst the Cambrian part, regardless of their
power,
eminent disgrace expecting every hour,
he flatterers that before (with many cheerful
look)
I grac'd his goodly site, him utterly forsook,
I muffled them in clouds, like mourners veil'd
in black, [wrack :
ich of their utmost hope attend the ruinous
at those delicious nymphs, fair Tearn and Ro-
don clear [dear ;
no brooks of him belov'd, and twethat held him
, having none but them, they having none but he,
ich to their mutual joy might either's object be)
thin their secret breasts conceived sundry fears,
d as they mixt their streams, for him so mixt
their tears :
som, in their coming down, when plainly he
discerns, [years :
them his nobler heart in his strong bosom
; constantly resolv'd, that (dearer if they were)
e Britons should not yet all from the English
bear ;
herefore, quoth he, brave flood, though forth
by (a) Cambrian brought,
et as fair England's friend, or mine thou
would'it be thought,
O Severn!) let thine ear my just defence par-
take : [spake ;
hich said, in the behalf of th' English thus he
' Wife Weever (I suppose) sufficiently hath said
If those our princes here, which fasted, watch'd
' and pray'd, [deeds :
Whose deep devotion went for other's vent'rous
but in this song of mine, he seriously that reads,
hall find, e'er I have done, the Briton, (so extold,
Whose height each mountain strives so mainly
' to uphold, [might,
atch'd with as valiant men, and of as clean a
is skilful to command, and as inur'd to fight.
Who, when their fortune will'd that after they
' should scorfe
How with the big-bon'd Dane, exchanging
' force for force
When first he put from sea to forage on this
' shore, [equal gore :
Two hundred (b) years disdain'd with either's
Now this aloft, now that, oft did the English
' reign,
And oftentimes again depressed by the Dane)
The Saxons then, I say, themselves as bravely
' shew'd, [bestow'd.
as thou on whom the Welsh such glorious praise
' Nor could his angry sword, who Egbert over-
threw [subdue)
Through which he thought at once the Saxons to
his kingly courage quell : but from his short
' retire, [fire)
his reinforced troops (now forg'd with sprightly
before them drove the Dane, and made the Bri-
' ton run [won
Whom he by liberal wage here to his aid had

a) Out of *Plinlimon* in the confines of Cardigan and
magnoberry.
b) See to Song I.

' Upon their recreant backs, which both in flight
' were slain,
' Till their huge murdered heaps manur'd each
' neighb'ring plain.
' As Ethelwolf again, his utmost powers that bent
' Against those fresh supplies each year from Den-
' mark sent
' (Which prowling up and down in their rude Da-
' nish oars,
' Here put themselves by stealth upon the pef-
' ter'd shores) [wan
' In many a doubtful fight much time in England
' So did the King of Kent, courageous Atheistan,
' Which here against the Dane got such victorious
' days. [praise,
' So we the Wiltshire men as worthily may
' That buckled with those Danes, by Ceorl and
' Ofrick brought.
' And Ethelred, with them nine sandry fields
' that fought,
' Recorded in his praise, the conquests of one year.
' You right-nam'd English then, courageous men
you were, [lord :
' When reading ye regain'd, led by that valiant
' Where Bafrig ye out-brav'd, and Halden, sword
' to sword ; [address.
' The most redoubted spirits that Denmark here
' And Alured, not much inferior to the rest :
' Who having in his days so many dangers past,
' In seven brave foughten fields their champion
' Hubba chas'd,
' And slew him in the end, at Abington, that day,
' Whose like the sun ne'er saw in his diurnal way :
' Where those, that from the field fore wounded
' sadly fled,
' Were well near overwhelm'd with mountains of
the dead : [fear,
' His force and fortune made the foes so much to
' As they the land at last did utterly forswear.
' And when proud (c) Rollo, next, their former
' powers repair'd [far'd)
' (Yea, when the worst of all with the English
' Whose countries near at hand, his force did still
' supply, [mandy,
' And Denmark to her drew the strengths of Nor-
' This prince in many a fight their forces still de-
' fy'd.
' The goodly river Lee he wisely did divide,
' By which the Danes had then their full-fraught
' navies tow'd :
' The greatness of whose stream besieged Hart-
' ford rew'd.
' This Alfred, whose foresight had politic'ly found
' Betwixt them and the Thames advantage of the
' ground,
' A puissant hand thereto laboriously did put, [cur.
' And into lesser streams that spacious current
' Their ships thus set on shore (to frustrate their
' desire) [fire.
' Those Danish hulks became the food of English
' Great Alfred left his life : when Elfrida up-
' grew,
' That far beyond the pitch of other women flew :

(c) See to the next song of *Rollo*.
A a iii]

' Who having in her youth of childing felt the woe,
 ' § Her lord's embraces vow'd she never more
 ' would know :
 ' But differing from her sex (as, full of manly fire)
 ' This most courageous queen, by conquest to af-
 ' pire,
 ' The puissant Danish powers victoriously pursu'd,
 ' And resolutely here through their thick squad-
 ' rons hew'd [won,
 ' Her way into the north. Where Derby having
 ' And things beyond belief upon the enemy done,
 ' She sav'd besieged York; and in the Danes def-
 ' pight, [might,
 ' When most they were upheld with all the eastern
 ' More towns and cities built out of her wealth
 ' and power, [your.
 ' Than all their hostile flames could any way de-
 ' And, when the Danish here the country most
 ' destroy'd, [employ'd;
 ' Yet all our powers on them not wholly were
 ' But some we still reserv'd abroad for us to roam;
 ' To fetch in foreign spoils, to help our loss at
 ' home. [wan :
 ' And all the land, from us they never clearly
 ' But to his endless praise, our English Athelstan,
 ' In the Northumbrian fields, with most victorious
 ' might [sight;
 ' Put Alast and his powers to more inglorious
 ' And more than any king of th' English him be-
 ' fore,
 ' Each way from North to South, from West to
 ' th' Eastern shore,
 ' Made all the isle his own : his feat who firmly
 ' fixt [twixt,
 ' The Caledonian hills and Caithness point be-
 ' § And Constantine their king (a prisoner) hi-
 ' ther brought; [fought :
 ' Then over Severn's banks the warlike Britons
 ' Where he their princes forc'd from that their
 ' strong retreat,
 ' In England to appear at his imperial seat.
 ' But after, when the Danes, who never wea-
 ' ried were, [here,
 ' Came with intent to make a general conquest
 ' They brought with them a man deem'd of so
 ' wond'rous might,
 ' As was not to be match'd by any mortal wight :
 ' For, one could scarcely bear his ax into the field;
 ' Which as a little wand the Dane would lightly
 ' wield :
 ' And (to enforce that strength) of such a daunt-
 ' less spirit,
 ' A man (in their conceit) of so exceeding merit,
 ' That to the English oft they off' red him (in pride)
 ' The ending of the war by combat to decide :
 ' Much scandal which procur'd unto the English
 ' name.
 ' When, some out of their love, and some spurr'd
 ' on with shame,
 ' By envy some provok'd, some out of courage,
 ' fain [Danc.
 ' Would undertake the cause to combat with the
 ' But Athelstan the while, in settled judgment
 ' found [wound
 ' Should the defendant fail, how wide and deep a

' It likely was to leave to his defensive war.
 ' Thus, whilst with sundry doubts his thought
 ' perplexed are,
 ' It pleas'd all-powerful heaven, that Warwick's
 ' famous Guy
 ' (The knight through all the world renew'd
 ' for chivalry)
 ' Arriv'd from foreign parts, where he had held
 ' him long.
 ' His honourable arms devoutly having hung
 ' In a religious house, the off'rings of his praise
 ' To his redeemer Christ, his help at all assays
 ' Those arms, by whose strong proof he many a
 ' Christian freed, [died]
 ' And bore the perfect marks of many a worthy
 ' Himself, a Palmer poor, in homely russet clad
 ' (And only in his hand his hermit's staff he had)
 ' Tow'rd's Winchester alone (so) sadly took his
 ' way, [land lay;
 ' Where Athelstan, that time the King of Eng-
 ' And where the Danish camp then strongly did
 ' abide, [the Hide.
 ' Near to a goodly mead, which men there call
 ' The day that Gay arriv'd (when silent night
 ' did bring [long
 ' Sleep both on friend and foe) that most religious
 ' (Whose strong and constant heart all grievous
 ' cares suppress)
 ' His due devotion done, betook himself to rest.
 ' To whom it seem'd by night an angel did appear,
 ' Sent to him from that God whom he invoc'd by
 ' pray'r;
 ' Commanding him the time not idly to forego,
 ' But rather as he could rise, to such a gate to go,
 ' Whereas he should not fail to find a goodly knight
 ' In Palmerspoor attire: though very meanly knight,
 ' Yet by his comely shape, and limbs exceeding
 ' strong,
 ' He eas'ly might him know the other folk among;
 ' And bade him not to fear, but choose him for the
 ' man. [stan;
 ' No sooner brake the day, but up rose Athel-
 ' And as the vision shew'd, he such a Palmer
 ' found, [ground :
 ' With others of this sort, there sitting on the
 ' Where, for some poor repast they only seem'd
 ' to stay,
 ' Else ready to depart each one upon his way :
 ' When secretly the king revealed to the knight
 ' His comfortable dreams that lately pass'd night:
 ' With mild and princely words bespeaking him;
 ' quoth he,
 ' Far better you are known to heaven (it seems)
 ' than me [command
 ' For this great action fit : by whose most dread
 ' (Before a world of men) its laid upon your hand.
 ' Then, stout and valiant knight, here to my coort
 ' repair,
 ' Refresh you in my baths, and mollify your care
 ' With comfortable wines and meats what you
 ' will ask, [task.
 ' And choose my richest arms to fit you for this
 ' The Palmer (gray with age) with counte-
 ' nance lowing low, [bow,
 ' His head even to the earth before the king did

' Him softly answering thus; Dread Lord, it fits
 ' me ill [will :
 ' (A wretched man) t'oppose high heaven's eternal
 ' Yet my most sovereign Liege, no more of me
 ' esteem
 ' Than this poor habit shews, a Pilgrim as I seem;
 ' But yet I must confess, have seen in former days,
 ' The best knights of the world, and scuffled in
 ' some frays.
 ' Those times are gone with me; and, being aged
 ' now, [my vow
 ' Have off' red up my arms to heav'n, and made
 ' Ne'er more to bear a shield, nor my declining
 ' age [tagc
 ' (Except some palmer's tent, or homely hermi-
 ' Shall ever enter roof: but if, by heaven and thee,
 ' This action be impos'd, great English king, on me,
 ' Send to the Danish camp, their challenge to ac-
 ' cept, [kept :
 ' In some convenient place proclaiming it be
 ' Where, by th' Almighty's power, for England
 ' I'll appear.
 ' The king, much pleas'd in mind, assumes his
 ' wonted cheer,
 ' And to the Danish power his choicest herald sent.
 ' When, both through camp and court, this combat
 ' quickly went,
 ' Which suddenly divulg'd, whilst ev'ry list'ning
 ' ear,
 ' As thrifling after news, desirous was to hear,
 ' Who for the English side durst undertake the day:
 ' The puissant kings accords, that in the middle way
 ' Betwixt the tent and town, to either's equal fight,
 ' Within a goodly mead, most fit for such a fight,
 ' The lists should be prepar'd for this material prize.
 ' The day prefix'd once com'n, both Dane and
 ' English rise,
 And to th' appointed place th' unnumber'd peo-
 ' ple throng : [young
 ' The weaker female sex, old men, and children
 ' Into the windows get, and up on stalls, to see
 ' The man on whose brave hand their hope that
 ' day must be.
 ' In noting of it well, there might a man behold
 ' More sundry forms of fear than thought imagine
 ' could.
 ' One looks upon his friend with sad and heavy
 ' cheer, [bear :
 ' Who seems in this distress a part with him to
 ' Their passions do express much pity mix'd with
 ' rage, [suage,
 ' Whilst one his wife's laments is labouring to af-
 ' His little infant near, in childish gibberish shews,
 ' What addeth to his grief who sought to calm her
 ' woe.
 ' One having climb'd some roof, the concourse to
 ' descry, [cry,
 ' From thence upon the earth dejects his humble
 ' As since he thither came he suddenly had found
 ' Some danger them amongst which lurk'd upon
 ' the ground.
 ' One stands with fixed eyes, as though he were
 ' aghast : [past.
 ' Another sadly comes, as though his hopes were

' This heark'neth with his friend, as though with
 ' him to break [speak,
 ' Off some intended act. Whilst they together
 ' Another standeth near to listen what they say,
 ' Or what should be the end of this so doubtful day.
 ' One great and general face the gathered people
 ' seem : [deem
 ' So that the perfect'st sight beholding could not
 ' What looks most sorrow shew'd; their griefs so
 ' equal were.
 ' Upon the heads of two, whose cheeks were join'd
 ' so near
 ' As if together grown, a third his chin doth rest :
 ' Another looks o'er his : and others hardly prest,
 ' Look underneath their arms. Thus, whilst in
 ' crowds they throng [along ;
 ' (Led by the king himself) the champion comes
 ' A man well strook in years, in homely Palmer's
 ' gray, [stay,
 ' And in his hand his staff, his reverend steps to
 ' Holding a comely pace : which at his passing by,
 ' In every censuring tongue, as every serious eye,
 ' Compassion mixt with fear, distrust and courage
 ' bred.
 ' Then Colebrond for the Danes came forth in
 ' ireful red ;
 ' Before him (from the camp) an ensign first dis-
 ' play'd [array'd
 ' Amidst a guard of gleaves: then sumptuously
 ' Were twenty gallant youths, that to the warlike
 ' found [bound,
 ' Of Danish brazen drums, with many a lofty
 ' Come with their country's march, as they to
 ' Mars should dance.
 ' Thus, forward to the fight, both champions
 ' them advance :
 ' And each without respect doth resolutely choose
 ' The weapon that he brought, nor doth his foe's
 ' refuse. [feel,
 ' The Dane prepares his ax, that pond'rous was to
 ' Whose squares were laid with plates, and riveted
 ' with steel,
 ' And armed down along with pikes; whose hard-
 ' ned points
 ' (Forc'd with the weapon's weight) had power
 ' to tear the joints
 ' Of cuirass or of mail, or whatsoe'er they took,
 ' Which caus'd him at the knight disdainfully to
 ' look.
 ' When our stout palmer soon (unknown for
 ' valiant Guy) [untie,
 ' The cord from his straight lines doth presently
 ' Puts off his palmer's weed, unto his truss, which
 ' bore [before
 ' The stains of ancient arms, but shew'd it had
 ' Been costly cloth of gold; and off his hood he
 ' threw : [drew
 ' Out of his hermit's staff his two-hand sword he
 ' (The unsuspected sheath which long to it had
 ' been) [seen,
 ' Which till that instant time the people had not
 ' A sword so often try'd. Then to himself, quoth
 ' he, [free;
 ' Arms, let me crave your aid, to set my country

- ' And never shall my heart your help again re-
 ' quire,
 " But only to my God to lift you up in pray'r."
 ' Here, Colebrood forward made, and soon the
 ' Christian knight
 ' Encounters him again with equal power and
 ' spight:
 ' Whereas, betwixt them two, might eas'ly have
 ' been seen
 ' Such blows, in public throngs as used had they
 ' been,
 ' Of many there the least might many men have
 ' slain:
 ' Which none but they could strike, nor none but
 ' they sustain;
 ' The most relentless eye that had the power to
 ' awe, [saw,
 ' And so great wonder bred in those the fight that
 ' As verily they thought, that nature until then
 ' Had purposely reserv'd the utmost power of men,
 ' Where strength still answer'd strength, on cou-
 ' rage courage grew.
 ' Look how two lions fierce, both hungry, both
 ' pursue
 ' One sweet and self-same prey, at one another flie,
 ' And with their armed paws ingrappled dread-
 ' fully,
 ' The thunder of their rage, and boist'rous strug-
 ' gling, make
 ' The neighbouring forests round affrightedly to
 ' quake:
 ' Their sad encounter such. The mighty Cole-
 ' brood struck
 ' A cruel blow at Guy: which though he finely
 ' broke,
 ' Yet (with the weapon's weight) his ancient
 ' hilt it split,
 ' And (thereby lessened much) the champion
 ' lightly hit
 ' Upon the reverend brow: immediately from
 ' whence
 ' The blood dropt softly down, as if the wound
 ' had sense
 ' Of their much inward woe, that it with grief
 ' should see.
 ' The Danes, a deadly blow supposing it to be,
 ' Sent such an echoing shout, that rent the troubled
 ' air.
 ' The English, at the noise, wax'd all so wan
 ' with fear,
 ' As though they lost the blood their aged cham-
 ' pion shed:
 ' Yet were not these so pale, but th' other were
 ' as red:
 ' As though the blood that fell, upon their cheeks
 ' had staid.
 ' Here Guy, his better spirits recalling to his
 ' aid,
 ' Came fresh upon his foe; when mighty Cole-
 ' brood makes
 ' Another desperate stroke: which Guy of War-
 ' wick takes
 ' Undauntedly aloft; and followed with a blow
 ' Upon his shorter ribs; that the excessive flow
 ' Stream'd up unto his hilts: the wound so gap'd
 ' withal,
 ' As though it meant to say, Behold your cham-
 ' pion's fall
 ' By this proud palmer's hand. Such claps again
 ' and cries
 ' The joyful English gave, as cleft the very skies
 ' Which coming on along from these that were
 ' without,
 ' When those within the town receiv'd this chem-
 ' fal shout,
 ' They answer'd them with like; as those their
 ' joy that knew.
 ' Then with such eager blows each other they
 ' pursue,
 ' As every offer made should threaten imminent
 ' death;
 ' Until, through heat and toil both hardly draw-
 ' ing breath,
 ' They desperately do close. Look how two
 ' boars being set
 ' Together side to side, their threat'ning tusks do
 ' whet,
 ' And with their gnashing teeth their angry foam
 ' do bite,
 ' Whilst still they should'ring seek, each other
 ' where to smite:
 ' Thus stood those ireful knights; till flying back,
 ' at length [strength,
 ' The palmer, of the two the first recovering
 ' Upon the left arm lent great Colebrood such a
 ' wound,
 ' That whilst his weapon's point fell well-near to
 ' the ground,
 ' And slowly he it rais'd, the valiant Guy again
 ' Sent through his cloven scalp his blade into his
 ' brain.
 ' When downward went his head, and up his
 ' heels he threw;
 ' As wanting hands to bid his countrymen adieu.
 ' The English part, which thought an end he
 ' would have made,
 ' And seeming as they much would in his praise
 ' have said,
 ' He bid them yet forbear, whilst he pursu'd his
 ' fame, [came;
 ' That to this passed king next in succession
 ' That great and puissant knight (in whose victo-
 ' rious days
 ' Those knight-like deeds were done, no less do
 ' serving praise)
 ' Brave Edmond, Edward's son, that Stafford he
 ' ving ta'en,
 ' With as successful speed won Derby from the
 ' Dane.
 ' From Lie'ter then again, and Lincoln at the
 ' length,
 ' Drove out the Dacian powers by his resistless
 ' strength:
 ' And this his England clear'd beyond that raging
 ' (d) flood,
 ' Which that proud King of Huns once christ'ned
 ' with his blood.
 (d) Number,

' By which, great Edmond's power apparently
 ' was shewn, [own;
 ' The land from Humber south recovering for his
 ' That Edgar after him so much disdain'd the
 ' Dane
 ' Unworthy of a war that should disturb his reign,
 ' As generally he form'd regardless of their hate.
 ' And studying every way magnificence in state,
 ' At Chester whilst he liv'd at more than kingly
 ' charge,
 ' Eight tributary (e) kings there row'd him in his
 ' barge;
 ' His shores from pirates sack the king that strong-
 ' ly kept:
 ' { A Neptune, whose proud sails the British ocean
 ' swept.
 ' But after his decease, when his more hopeful
 ' son,
 ' { By cruel Stepdame's hate to death was lastly
 ' done,
 ' To set his rightful crown upon a wrongful head
 ' (When by thy fatal curse, licentious Etheldred,
 ' Through dissoluteness, sloth, and thy abhorred
 ' life, [rise)
 ' As grievous were thy sins, so were thy sorrows
 ' The Dane, possessing all, the English forc'd to
 ' bear [were;
 ' A heavier yoke than first these heathen slaveries
 ' Subjected, bought, and sold, in that most wretch-
 ' ed plight,
 ' As even their thralldom seem'd their neighbours
 ' to afflict.
 ' Yet could not all their plagues the English
 ' height abate: [state,
 ' But even in their low'st ebb, and miserablest
 ' Courageously themselves they into action put,
 ' { And in one night, the throats of all the Danish
 ' cut.
 ' And when in their revenge, the most insatiate
 ' Dane
 ' Unhappily them on our shores, under their puissant
 ' Swane:
 ' And sworn with hate and ire, their huge unwiel-
 ' dy force
 ' Came clast'ring like the Greeks out of the wood-
 ' en-horls: [cast,
 ' And the Norfolkian towns, the near'st unto the
 ' With sacrilege and rape did terriblest infest;
 ' These Danes yet from the shores we with such
 ' violence drove,
 ' That from our swords their ships could them but
 ' hardly save. [when
 ' And to renew the war, that year ensuing,
 ' With fit supplies for spoil they landed here agen,
 ' And all the southern shores from Kent to Corn-
 ' wal spread,
 ' With these disorder'd troops by Alaph hither led,
 ' In seconding their Swane, which cry'd to them
 ' for aid;
 ' Their multitudes so much sad Ethelred dismay'd,
 ' As from his country forc'd the wretched king to
 ' fly.
 ' An English yet there was, when England seem'd
 ' to ly

' Under the heaviest yoke that ever kingdom bore;
 ' Who wait'd his secret knife in Swane's relentless
 ' gore,
 ' Whilst (swelling in excess) his lavish cups he ply'd.
 ' Such mean's t' redeem themselves th' afflicted
 ' nation try'd.
 ' And when courageous Knute, th' late murder'd
 ' Swane's son, [done;
 ' Came in t' revenge that act on his great father
 ' He found so rare a spirit that here against him
 ' rose, [oppose,
 ' As though ordain'd by heaven his greatness to
 ' Who with him foot to foot, and face to face
 ' dark stand. [command,
 ' When Knute, which here alone affected the
 ' The crown upon his head at fair Southampton
 ' set: [get,
 ' And Edmond, loth to lose what Knute desir'd to
 ' At London caus'd himself inaugurate to be.
 ' King Knute would conquer all, King Edmond
 ' would be free
 ' The kingdom is the prize for which they
 ' both are prest:
 ' And with their equal powers both meeting in
 ' the west,
 ' The green Dorsetian fields a deep vermilion dy'd:
 ' Where Gillingham gave way to their great hosts
 ' (in pride)
 ' Abundantly their blood that each on other spent.
 ' But Edmond, on whose side that day the better
 ' went
 ' (And with like fortune thought the remnant to
 ' suppress [distress)
 ' That Sarum them besieg'd, which was in great
 ' With his victorious troops to Salisbury retires:
 ' When with fresh bleeding wounds, Knute, as
 ' with fresh desires,
 ' Whose might though somewhat maim'd, his
 ' mind yet unsubdu'd,
 ' His lately conquering foe courageously pursu'd:
 ' And finding out a way, sent to his friends with
 ' speed, [need,
 ' Who him supply'd with aid: and being helpt at
 ' Tempts Edmond still to fight, still hoping for a
 ' day.
 ' Towards Wor'tershire their powers both well
 ' upon their way
 ' There, falling to the field, in a continual fight,
 ' Two days the angry hosts still parted were by
 ' night:
 ' Where twice the rising sun, and twice the set-
 ' ting, saw
 ' Them with their equal wounds their wearied
 ' breath to draw.
 ' Great London to surprise, then (next) Canu-
 ' tus makes: [takes,
 ' And thitherward as fast king Edmond Ironside
 ' Whilst Knute set down his siege before the eas-
 ' tern gate,
 ' King Edmond through the west past in trium-
 ' phal state.
 ' But this courageous king, that scorned, in his
 ' pride,
 ' A town should be besieg'd wherein he did abide,

' Into the fields again the valiant Edmond goes.
 ' Canutus, yet that hopes to win what he did lose,
 ' Provokes him still to fight: and falling back
 ' where they
 ' Might field-roomth find at large, their ensigns
 ' to display, [blood
 ' Together flew again; that Brentford, with the
 ' Of Danes and English mixt, discolour'd long
 ' time stood.
 ' Yet Edmond, as before, went victor still away.
 ' When soon that valiant Knute, whom nothing
 ' could dismay,
 ' Recall'd his scatter'd troops, and into Essex hies,
 ' Where (as ill fortune would) the Dane with
 ' fresh supplies
 ' Was lately come a-land, to whom brave Ironside
 ' makes; [takes:
 ' But Knute to him again as soon fresh courage
 ' And fortune (as herself) determining to show
 ' That she could bring an ebb on valiant Ed-
 ' mond's flow,
 ' And easily cast him down from off the top of
 ' chance,
 ' By turning of her wheel, Canutus doth advance.
 ' Where he beheld that prince which she had fa-
 ' vour'd long
 ' (Even in her proud despight) his murder'd
 ' troops among
 ' With sweat and blood besmear'd (dukes, earls,
 ' and bishops slain,
 ' In that most dreadful day, when all went to the
 ' Dane)
 Through worlds of dangers wade; and with
 ' his sword and shield, [field
 ' Such wonders there to act, as made her in the
 ' Ashamed of herself, so brave a spirit as he
 ' By her unconstant hand should so much wrong-
 ' ed be.
 ' But, having lost the day, to Gloucester he draws,
 ' To raise a second power in his slain soldiers cause.
 ' When late-encourag'd Knute, whilst fortune
 ' yet doth last,
 ' Who oft from Ironside fled, now followed him
 ' as fast.
 ' Whilst thus in civil arms continually they toil,
 ' And what th' one strives to make, the other
 ' seeks to spoil,
 ' With threat'ning swords still drawn; and with
 ' obnoxious hands
 ' Attending their revenge, whilst either enemy
 ' stands, [breaks,
 ' One man amongst the rest from this confusion
 ' And to the ireful kings with courage boldly
 ' speaks;
 ' ' Yet cannot all this blood your ravenous out-
 ' rage fill?
 ' Is there no law, no bound, to your ambitious will,
 ' But what your swords admit? as nature did or-
 ' dain
 ' Our lives for nothing else, but only to maintain
 ' Your murders, sack, and spoil? If by this waste-
 ' ful war
 ' The land unpeopled ly, some nation shall from
 ' far,

' By ruin of you both, into the isle be brought,
 ' Obtaining that for which you twain so long
 ' have fought.
 ' Unless then through your thirst of empery you
 ' mean [clean,
 ' Both nations in these broils shall be extinguish'd
 ' Select you champions fit, by them to prove your
 ' right,
 ' Or try it man to man yourselves in single fight:
 ' When as those warlike kings, provok'd with
 ' courage high,
 ' It willingly accept in person by and by.
 ' And whilst they them prepare, the shapeless con-
 ' courfe grows
 ' In little time so great, that their unusual flow
 ' Surrounded Severn's banks, whose stream amaz'd
 ' stood,
 ' Her Birch to behold, inisled with her flood,
 ' That with resplendent arms then flamed; whilst
 ' the kings,
 ' Whose rage out of the hate of either's empire
 ' springs,
 ' Both armed cap-a-pie, upon their barred horse
 ' Together fiercely flew; that in their violent
 ' course
 ' (Like thunder when it speaks most horribly
 ' and loud,
 ' Tearing the full-stuff pannach of some congen-
 ' ed cloud)
 ' Their strong hoofs struck the earth: and with
 ' the fearful shock, [unlock
 ' Their spears in splinters flew, their beavers both
 ' Canutus, of the two that farthest was from
 ' hope, cope,
 ' Who found with what a foe his fortune was to
 ' Cries, noble Edmond, hold; let us the land divide.
 ' Here th' English and the Danes, from either
 ' equal side
 ' Were echoes to his words, and all aloud do cry
 ' Courageous kings, divide; 'twere pity such
 ' should die.'

When now the neighbouring floods will'd
 Wreakin to suppress
 His style, or they were like to surfeit with excess
 And time had brought about, that now they all
 began
 To listen to a long-told prophecy, which ran
 Of Moreland, that she might live prosperously
 to see
 A river born of her, who well might reckon'd be
 The third of this large isle: which saw did first arise
 From Arden, in those days delivering prophecies
 The Druids (as some say) by her instructed
 were. [lect.
 In many secret skills she had been coun'd her
 The ledden of the birds most perfectly she knew:
 And also from their flight strange auguries she
 drew;
 Supreme in her place: whose circuit was extant
 From Avon to the banks of Severn, and so Trent
 Where empress like she sat with nature's bound-
 ties blest,
 And serv'd by many a nymph; but now, of all
 the rest,

t Staffordshire calls hers, there both of high
 account.
 eld'ft of which is Cank : though Needwood
 her furmount
 excellence of foil, by being richly plac'd
 int Trent and batning Dove ; and equally im-
 brac'd
 heir abounding banks, participates their flore ;
 Britain's forests all (from th' lefs unto the
 more)
 fineness of her turf surpassing ; and doth bear
 curled head so high, that forests far and near
 grutch at her estate ; her flourishing to see,
 all their stately tyers disrobed when they be.
 (as the world goes now) so woful Cank the
 while,
 brave a wood-nymph once as any of this isle ;
 at Arden's eldest child : which, in her mother's
 ground
 re fair Feck'nham's self, her old age might
 have crown'd ;
 en as those fallow deer, and huge hauncht
 stags that graz'd
 n her shaggy heaths, the passenger amas'd
 see their mighty herds, with high palm'd
 heads to threat
 : woods of o'ergrown oaks ; as though they
 meant to set
 air horns to th' other's heights. But now,
 both those and these
 : by vile gain devour'd : so abject are our days !
 : now, unlike herself, a neat herd's life doth
 live,
 d her dejected mind to country cares doth give.
 bat muse, thou seem'st to leave the Morelands
 too too long : (among)
 whom report may speak (our mighty wastes
 from her chilly site, as from her barren seed,
 body, horn, and hair, as fair a breast doth
 breed
 scarcely this great isle can equal : then of her,
 y should'st thou all this while the prophecy
 defer ? (grew,
 so bearing many springs, which pretty rivers
 : could not be content, until she fully knew
 uch child it was of hers (born under such a
 fate)
 should in time be rais'd unto that high estate.
 ain would have you think, that this was long
 ago,
 en many a river, now that furiously doth flow,
 d scarcely learn'd to creep) and therefore she
 doth will
 le Arden, from the depth of her abundant skill,
 tell her which of these her rills it was she
 meant.
 satisfy her will, the wizard answers ; Trent.
 , as a skillful seer, the aged forest wist,
 more than usual power did in that name consist,
 uch thirty doth import ; by which she thus
 divin'd,
 ere should be found in her, of fishes thirty kind ;
 d thirty abbeyes great, in places fat and rank ;
 mild in succeeding time be builded on her bank ;

And thirty several streams from many a sundry
 way,
 Unto her greatness should their watry tribute pay.
 This, Moreland greatly lik'd : yet in that ten-
 der love,
 Which she had ever born unto her darling Dove,
 She could have wisht it his : because the dainty
 grafs
 That grows upon his bank, all ether doth surpass.
 But, subject he must be : as Sow, which from her
 spring
 At Stafford meeteth Penk, which she along doth
 To Trent by Tixal grac'd, the Aftons ancient seat ;
 Which oft the Muse hath found her safe and sweet
 retreat.
 The noble owners now of which beloved place,
 Good fortunes them and theirs with honour'd ti-
 tles grace :
 May heaven still blefs that house, till happy floods
 you see
 Yourselfs more grac'd by it, than it by you can be.
 Whose bounty, still my Muse so freely shall con-
 fess, (express.
 As when she shall want words, her signs shall it
 So Blyth bears eas'ly down tow'rs her dear
 sovereign Trent : (content
 But nothing in the world gives Moreland such
 As her own darling Dove his confluence to behold
 Of floods in sundry strains : as, cranking Many-
 fold,
 The first that lends him force : of whose mean-
 dred ways, (strays)
 And labyrinth like turns (as in the mores she
 She first receiv'd her name, by growing strangely
 mad, (lad,
 O'ergone with love of Hanse, a dapper Moreland
 Who near their crystal springs as in those wastes
 they play'd,
 Bewicht the wanton heart of that delicious maid :
 Which instantly was turn'd so much from being
 coy, (boy.
 That she might seem to doat upon the morish
 Who closely stole away (perceiving her intent)
 With his dear lord the Dove, in quest of princely
 Trent,
 With many other floods (as, Churnet, in his train
 That draweth Dunsmore on, with Yendon, then
 clear Tain,
 That comes alone to Dove) of which, Hanse one
 would be.
 And for himself he fain of Manyfold would free
 (Thinking this amorous nymph by some means
 to beguile)
 He closely under earth conveys his head a while.
 But, when the river fears some policy of his,
 And her beloved Hanse immediately doth miss,
 Distracted in her course, inprovidently rash,
 She oft against the cleefs her crystal front doth dash :
 Now forward, then again she backward seems to
 bear ; (there.
 As, like to lose herself by straggling here and
 Hanse, that this while suppos'd him quite out
 of her sight,
 No sooner thrusts his head into the cheerful light,

But Manyfold that fill the run-way doth watch,
Him (e'er he was aware) about the neck doth catch:
And, as the angry Hamf would fain her hold re-
move,
They struggling tumble down into their Lord,
the Dove.

Thus though th' industrious muse hath been
employ'd so long,
Yet is she loth to do poor little Smeſſal wrong,

That from her Wilfrane's ſpring near Hampton
plies, to pour [Stow.
The wealth ſhe there receives, into her friendly
Nor ſhall the little Bourn have cauſe the muſe to
blame, [the Tame:
From theſe Staffordian heaths that ſtrives to catch
Whom ſhe in her next ſong ſhall greet with
mirthful cheer,
So happily arriv'd now in her native ſhore.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

TAKING her progreſs into the land, the muſe comes ſouthward from Cheshire into adjoining Stafford, and that part of Shropſhire which lies in the Engliſh ſide eaſt from Severn.

And into leſſer ſtreams the ſpacious current cut.

In that raging deſtroy over this kingdom by the Danes, they had gotten divers of their ſhips fraught with proviſion out of Thames into the river Ley, (which divides Middleſex and Eſſex) ſome twenty miles from London; Alfred holding his tent near that territory, eſpecially to prevent their ſpoil of the inſtant harveſt, obſerved that by dividing the river, then navigable between them and Thames, their ſhips would be grounded, and themſelves bereft of what confidence their navy had promiſed them. He thought it, and did it, by parting the water into three channels. The Danes betook themſelves to flight, their ſhips left as a prey to the Londoners.

Her Lord's embraces now'd ſhe never more would know.

This Alured left his ſon Edward ſucceſſor, and, among other children, this Elſed, or Ethelſed his daughter, married to Ethelſed Earl of Mercland. Of Alfred's worth and troublous reign, becauſe here the author leaves him. I offer you theſe of an ancient Engliſh wit:

*Nobilitas innata tibi probitatis bonorem
Armipotens Alfrede dedit, probitaſque laborem
Perpetuumque labor nomen. Cui mixta dolpri
Gaudia ſemper erant, ſpes ſemper mixta timori.*

*Si modo viſtor eras, ad craftina bella parabas:
Si modo victus eras, ad craftina bella parabas.
Cui voſſes ſudore jugi, cui ſicca cruore
Tincta jugi, quantum ſi onus regnare prebatur.*

Huntingdon cites theſe as his own; and if he deal plainly with us (I doubted it becauſe his MS. epigrams, which make in ſome copies the eleven and twelve of his hiſtory, are of moſt different ſtrain, and ſeem made when Apollo was either angry, or had not leiſure to overlook them) he ſhews his muſe (as alſo in another written by him upon Edgar, beginning *Auſtor opum, vindex ſcelorum, largitor bonorum*, &c.) in that ſtill declining time of learning's ſtate, worthy of much precedence. Of Ethelſed in William of Malmesbury, is the Latin of this Engliſh: "She was the love of the ſubject, fear
" of the enemy, a woman of a mighty heart;
" having once endured the grievous pains of
" childbirth, ever afterward denied her husband
" thoſe ſweeter deſires; proteſting, that yielding
" indulgence towards a pleaſure, having ſo much
" conſequent pain, was unſeemly in a king's
" daughter." She was buried at St. Peter's in Glouceſter; her name loaden by monks with numbers of her excellencies.

For Conſtantine their king, an hoſtage hiſſer brought.

After he had taken Wales and Scotland) as our Hiſtorians ſay) from Howel, Malmesbury calls him Ludwal, and Conſtantine; he reſtored preſently their kingdoms, affirming, that it was more for his Maſteſty to make a king than be one. The Scottiſh (a) ſtories are not agreeing, here, with ours; againſt whom Buchanan ſtorms, for aſ-

(a) Hector Boeth. lib. II. & Buchanan.

firming what I see not how he is so well able to confute, as they to justify. And for matter of that nature, I rather send you to the collections in *Edward the First*, by Thomas of Walsingham, and thence for the same and other to Edward Hall's *Henry VIII*.

A Neptune, whose proud sails the British Ocean sweeps.

That flower and delight of the English world, in whose birth-time St. Dunstan (as is said) at Glaffenbury heard this angelical voice;

*To holy Church, and to the Lord pays his ybore and his
By thulke Child's time, that nauthe ybore is.*

(among his other innumerable benefits, and royal cares) had a navy of (c) 3600 sail; which by tripartite division in the east, west, and northern coasts, both defended what was subject to pirates rapine, and so made strong his own nation against the enemies invasion.

By civil stepdame's hate to death was lastly done.

Edgar had by one woman (his greatest stains shewed themselves in this variety and unlawful obtaining of lustful sensuality, as stories will tell you, in that of Earl Ethelwald, the nun Wulfrith, and the young lass of Andover) called Egelsled, surnamed Ened, daughter to Odmer a great nobleman, Edward; and by Queen Elfrith, daughter to Orgar Earl of Devonshire, Ethelred of some seven years age at his death. That, Egelsled was a profest (d) Nun, some have argued, and so make Ethelred the only legitimate heir to the crown: nor do I think that, except Alfrith, he was married to any of the ladies, on whom he got children. Edward was anointed king (for in those days was that use of anointing among the Saxon princes, and began in King Alfred) but not without disliking grudges of his stepmother's faction, which had nevertheless in substance, what his vain name only of king pretended: but her bloody hate, bred out of womanish ambition, straining to every point of sovereignty, not thus satisfied, compelled in her this cruelty. King Edward not suspecting her dissembled purposes, with simple kindness of an open nature, wearied after the chase in Purbeck Isle in Dorsetshire, without guard or attendance, visits her at Corfe Castle; she under sweet words and saluting kisses, palliating her hellish design, entertains him: but while he being very hot and thirsty (without imagination of treason) was in pledging her, she, (e) or one of her appointed servants, stabbed the innocent king. His

corps, within a little space expiring its last breath, was buried at Wareham, thence afterward by Alfer Earl of Mercland translated into Shaftsbury, which (is to the second song I note) was hereby for a time called (f) St. Edward's. Thus did his brother-in-law Ethelred (according to wicked Elfrith's cruel and traitorous project) succeed him. As, of Constantine Copronymus, the Greeks, so, of this Ethelred, is affirmed, that in his holy tincture he abused the font with natural excrements, which made St. Dunstan, then christening him, angrily exclaim, *Per Deum & Matrem ejus, ignavus homo erit.* Some ten years of age was he, when his brother Edward was slain, and, out of childish affection, wept for him bitterly; which his mother extremely disliking, being author of the murthrer only for his sake, most cruelly beat him herself with (g) a handful of wax

—Candlen long and lowe

(b) *Nee ne bilewed nocht ar be lay at bir (i) vet yfwarwe;*

War throw this child afterward such bey mon as be was

Was the worfe man be (k) yfey Candfen nor this cas.

But I have (l) read it affirmed, that Ethelred never would endure any wax candles, because he had seen his mother unmercifully with them whip the good St. Edward. Its not worth one of the candles, which be the truer; I incline to the first. To expiate all, she afterward built two nunneries, one at Werwel, the other at Ambresbury; and by all means of penitence and satisfaction (as the doctrine then directed) endeavoured her freedom out of this horrible offence.

And in one night the throats of all the Danisb cut.

History, not this place, must inform the reader of more particulars of the Danes; and let him see to the first song. But, for this daughter, I thus ease his inquisition. Ethelred (after multitudes of miseries, long continued through their exactions and devastations, being so large, that sixteen shires had endured their cruel and even conquering (spoils) in the twenty-third year of his reign, strengthened with provoking hopes, grounded on alliance, which, by marriage with Emma, daughter of Richard I. Duke of Normandy, he had with his neighbour potentate, sent privy letters into every place of note, where the Danes by truce peaceably resided, to the English, commanding them, all as one, on the self-same day and hour appointed (the day was St. Brictius, that is, the thirteenth of November) suddenly to put them, as respective occasion best fitted, to fire or sword; which was performed.

(b) Rob. Glocestrenf. Hist. 6. reg. 85.

(c) Some say c13. c13. c13. c13.

(d) Ex Osberno in Vita Durstan. Fox. Eccles. hist. 4.

(e) Vide Malmesb. lib. 2. cap. 9. & Huntingdon hist. 5.

(f) Malmesb. lib. de Pontific. 2.

(g) Rob. Glocestrenf.

(h) Shee.

(i) Feet in woe.

(k) Saw.

(l) Vit. St. Edwardi apud Ranulph. Cest. lib. 6.

A CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER AND DESCENT OF THE KINGS

HERE INCLUDED IN WREKIN'S SONG.

Year of Christ.

800. Egbert son to Inegild (others call him Alhmund) grandchild to King Ine. After (a) him scarce any, none long, had the name of king in the isle, but governors or earls; the common titles being Dukes, Comites, Consules, and such like; which in some writers after the conquest were indifferent names, and William the I. is often called Earl of Normandy.
836. Ethelulph son to Egbert.
855. Ethelbald and Ethelbert, sons to Ethelulph, dividing their kingdom, according to their father's testament.
860. Ethelbert alone, after Ethelbald's death.
866. Ethelred, third son of Ethelulph.
871. Alfred, youngest son to Ethelulph, brought up at Rome; and there, in Ethelred's lifetime, anointed by Pope Leo the IV. as in ominous hope of his future kingdom.
901. Edward the I. surnamed in story, Senior, son to Alfred.
924. Athelstan, eldest son to Edward, by Egwine a shepherd's daughter; but, to whom beauty and noble spirit denied, what base parentage required. She, before the king lay with her, dreamed (you remember that of Olympus, as many such like) that out of her womb did shine a moon, enlightening all England, which in her birth (Athelstan) proved true.
940. Edmund the I. son of (a) Edward by his Queen Edgiva.
946. Edred, brother to Edmund.
955. Edwy, first son of Edmund.

Year of Christ.

959. Edgar, (second son of Edmund) *Emor ac Delicia Anglorum.*
975. Edward the II. son to Edgar by Ecgelf, murdered by his step-mother Alfrith, and thence called St. Edward.
979. Ethelred the II. son to Edgar, by Queen Alfrith, daughter to Or-gar Earl of Devonshire.
1016. Edmund the II. son to Ethelred by his first wife Elfgive, surnamed Ironside.

Between him and Cnut (or Canutus) the Dane, son to Swane, was that intended single combat; so by their own particular fortunes to end the miseries, which the English soil bore recorded in very great characters, written with streams of her childrens blood. It properly here breaks off; for (the composition being, that Edmund should have his part Westsex, Essex, Essex, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Sussex; and the Dane (who durst not fight it out, but first moved for a treaty) Mercland and the northern territories. Edmund died the same year (some report was, that traitorous Edrique Streona Earl of Mercland poisoned him) leaving sons Edmund and Edward: but they were by Danish ambition, and traitorous perjury of the unnatural English state, disinherited and all the kingdom cast under Cnut. After him reigned his son Harold I. Lightfoot, a shoemaker's (e) son (but dissembled, as begotten by him on his Queen Alfgive :) then, with Harold, Hard-cnut, whom he had by his wife Emma, King Ethelred's dowager. So that from Edmund, of Saxon blood (to whose glory Wrekin hath dedicated his endeavour: and therefore should transcend his purpose, if he exceeded their empire) until Edward the Confessor, following Hard-cnut, son to Ethelred, by the same Queen Emma, the kingdom continued under Danish princes.

(a) Sea to the last song before. Because in Westsex all the rest were at last confounded. These are most commonly written kings of Westsex, although in Seigniory (as it were) or, as the Civilians call it, Direct Property, all the other

Provinces (except some Northern, and what the Danes unjustly possess) were theirs.

(a) Male enim & inepte Veremundi sequi Hector ille Boeth. lib. II. qui Ed. & Edroam Athelstano scribit prognatos.

(e) Marian. Scot. & Florent. Wigorn.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE THIRTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

This song our shire of Warwick sounds;
Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.
Through many shapes the Muse here roves;
Now sporting in those shady groves,
The tunes of birds oft stays to hear:
Then finding herds of lusty deer,
She huntress-like the hart pursues;
And like a hermit walks, to choose
The simples every where that grow;
Comes Ancor's glory next to shew;
Tells Guy of Warwick's famous deeds;
To th' vale of Red-horse then proceeds;
To play her part the rest among;
There shutteth up her thirteenth song.

the mid-lands now th' industrious muse
oth fall;
re which we the (a) heart of England
ell may call, [creed)
herself extends (the midst which is de-
St. Michael's mount, and Berwick bord-
ing Tweed,
arwick; that abroad so long advanc'd
er (b) bear,
illustrious earls renowned every where:

wickshire is the middle shire of England,
ancient coat of that kingdom.

.. III.

Above her neighbouring shires which always bore
her head.

My native country then, which so brave spirits
[hast bred,
If there be virtues yet remaining in thy earth,
Or any good of thine thou bred'st into my birth,
Accept it as thine own, whilst now I sing of thee;
Of all thy later brood th' unworthiest though I be.

Muse, first of Arden tell, whose footsteps (c)
yet are found [ground,
In her rough woodlands more than any other

(c) Divers towns expressing her name; as Henly in Ar-
den, Hampton in Arden, &c.

B b

§ That mighty Arden held even in her height of
 pride; [side.
 Her one hand touching Trent, the other, Severn's
 The very sound of these, the wood-nymphs doth
 awake:
 When thus of her own self the ancient forest spake;
 ' My many goodly sites when first I came to
 ' shew,
 ' Here opened I the way to mine own overthrow:
 ' For when the world found out the fitness of my
 ' foil,
 ' The grapple wretch began immediately to spoil
 ' My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds
 ' inclose: [lose.
 By which, in little time my bounds I came to
 ' When Britain first her fields with villages had
 ' fill'd, [build,
 ' Her people waxing still, and wanting where to
 ' They oft dislodg'd the hart, and set their houses,
 ' where [his leyre,
 ' He in the broom and brakes had long time made
 ' Of all the forests here within this mighty isle,
 ' If those old Britons then me sovereign did in-
 ' stile, [alone
 ' I needs must be the great'st; for greatness 'tis
 ' That gives our kind the place: else were there
 ' many a one
 ' For pleasantness of shade that far doth me excel.
 ' But of our forest's kind the quality to tell,
 ' We equally partake with wood-land as with
 ' plain,
 ' Alike with hill and dale; and every day maintain
 ' The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious
 ' wastes, [chafe.
 ' That men for profit breed, as well as those of
 Here Arden of herself ceas'd any more to shew;
 And with her Sylvan joys the muse along doth go.
 When Phoebus lifts his head out of the winter's
 wave,
 No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
 At such time as the year brings on the pleasant
 spring, [sing:
 But hunts-up to the morn the feath'ed Sylvens
 And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,
 Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole.
 Those quirksters are perch't with many a speck-
 led breast, [cast
 Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring
 Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous
 night
 Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morn-
 ing's sight:
 On which the mirthful quires, with their clear
 open throats,
 Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling
 notes,
 That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing
 air [where.
 Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them every
 The throstell, with shrill sharps; as purposely he
 song
 T'awake the lustless sun; or chiding, that so long
 He was in coming forth, that should the thickest
 thrill;
 The woodcock near at hand, that hath a golden bill;

As nature him had mark of purpose, t' let us see
 That from all other birds his tunes should diffe-
 rent be: [May;
 For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant
 Upon his (d) dulcet pipe the merle doth only
 play. [by,
 When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard-
 In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth
 ply. [draw
 As though the other birds she to her tunes would
 And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
 Each bird to her own kind this season doth in-
 vite, [night,
 They else, alone to hear that charmer of the
 (The more to use their ears) their voices sure
 would spare,
 That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
 As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.
 To philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;
 And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place
 we then,
 The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and
 the wren.
 The yellow-pate; which though she hurt the
 blooming tree,
 Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
 And of these chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not
 behind,
 That hath so many sorts descending from her
 kind.
 The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
 The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting joy,
 The soster with the shrill (some hid among the
 leaves,
 Some in the taller trees, some in the lower
 greaves)
 Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,
 Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath
 run, [creeps
 And through the twisted tops of our clove covert
 To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly
 sleeps.
 And near to these our thicks, the wild and
 frightful herds,
 Not hearing other noise but this of chattering
 birds, [deer:
 Feed fairly on the lawns; both sorts of season'd
 Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow
 there:
 The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals
 strew'd,
 As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multi-
 tude. [name,
 Of all the beasts which we for our (e) veneral
 The hart among the rest, the hunter's noblest
 game:
 Of which most princely chafe sith none did e'er
 report, [sport
 Or by description touch, t' express that wondrous
 (Yet might have well bescem'd th' ancient's
 blier songs)
 To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs:

(d) Of all birds, only the blackbird whisteth;
 (e) Of hunting, or chase.

et shall she not invoke the muses to her aid;
 ut thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid:
 many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady
 grove,
 Which oft hath borne thy bow (great huntress,
 as'd to rove)
 It many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to
 pierce [fierce;
 the lion, panther, ounce, the bear, and tyger
 and following thy fleet game, chaste mighty fo-
 rests queen, [green,
 With thy dishevel'd nymphs attir'd in youthful
 About the lawns halt scow'r'd, and wailes both
 far and near,
 rave huntress; but no beast shall prove thy
 quarries here;
 ave those the best of chase, the tall and lusty red,
 the stag for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,
 set'st to hunt at force. For whom, when
 with his hounds
 The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed
 grounds
 Where harbour'd is the hart; there often from
 his feed [heed,
 The dogs of him do find; or thorough skilful
 The huntman by his (f) flot, or breaking earth,
 perceives,
 Or ear'ring of the thick by pressing of the greaves,
 Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the
 hart doth hear
 The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret leir,
 He rouseth rusheth out, and through the brakes
 doth drive;
 As though up by the roots the bushes he would
 rive. [makes,
 And through the cumb'rous thicks, as fearfully he
 He with his branched head the tender saplings
 shakes,
 That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for
 him to weep; [deep.
 When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and
 That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring
 place:
 And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.
 (g) Reclating with his horn, which then the
 hunter cheers, bears,
 Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palm'd head up-
 His body showing statè, with unbent knees up-
 right, [flight.
 Expressing from all beasts, his courage in his
 But when th'approaching foes still following he
 perceives, [leaves:
 That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he
 And o'er the champain flies: which when th'
 assembly find, [wind.
 Such followers, as his horse were footed with the
 But being then imboist, the noble stately deer
 When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast
 arrear) [ing soil:
 Both beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refresh-
 That serving not, then proves if he his scent can
 foil,

(f) The track of the foot.

(g) One of the measures in winding the horn.

And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of flag-
 wool'd sheep,
 Them frightening from the guard of those who
 had their keep.
 But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
 Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows
 tries.
 Whom when the ploughman meets, his team he
 letteth stand [hand,
 T' assail him with his goad: so with his hook in
 The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth
 halow:
 When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and
 huntmen follow;
 Until the noble deer through toil bereav'd of
 strength, [length,
 His long and sinewy legs then failing him at
 The villages attempts, enrag'd, not giving way
 To any thing he meets now at his sad decay.
 The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters
 hear, [fear,
 This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but
 Some bank or quick-set finds: to which his
 haunch oppos'd,
 He turns upon his foes, that soon have him in-
 clos'd.
 The churlish-throated hounds then holding him
 at bay,
 And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
 With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly
 wounds. [hounds.
 The hunter, coming in to help his wearied
 He desperately assails; until oppress'd by force,
 He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
 Upon the ruthless earth his (b) precious tears lets
 fall
 To forests that belongs; but yet this is not all:
 With solitude what sorts, that here's not won-
 d'rous rise?
 Whereas the hermit leads a sweet retired life,
 From villages repleat with ragg'd and sweating
 clowns,
 And from the lothsome airs of smoky-citied towns.
 Suppose 'twixt noon and night, the sun his half-
 way wrought [brought)
 (The shadows to be large, by his descending
 Who with a servent eye looks through the twy-
 ring glades,
 And his dispersed rays commixeth with the shades,
 Exhaling the milch dew, which there had tarried
 long, [hung:
 And on the ranker grafs till past the noon-sled
 When as the hermit comes out of his homely (i)
 cell, [dwell:
 Where from all rude resort he happily doth
 Who in the strength of youth, a man at arms
 hath been; [seen,
 Or one who of this world the vileness having
 Retires him from it quite; and with a constant
 mind [kind,
 Man's beastliness so loathes, that flying human

(b) The hart weepeth at his dying; his tears are held to be precious in medicine.

(i) Hermits have oft had their abodes by ways that lie through forests.

The black and darksome nights, the bright and
gladsome days

Indifferent are to him, his hope on God that stays.
Each little village yields his short and homely
fare :

To gather wind-fall'n sticks, his great'st and on-
ly care ;

Which every aged tree still yieldeth to his fire.

This man, that is alone a king in his desire,
By no proud ignorant lord is basely over-aw'd,
Nor his false praise affects, who grossly being
claw'd,

Stands like an itchy moil ; nor of a pin he weighs
What fools, abused kings, and humorous ladies
raise. [grace

His free and noble thought, ne'er envies at the
That often-times is given unto a bawd most base,
Nor stirs it him to think on the impostor vile,
Who seeming what he's not, doth sensually be-
guile

The fottish purblind world ; but absolutely free,
His happy time he spends the works of God to
see, [grow :

In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty
Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to
know.

And in a little maund, being made of osiers small,
Which serveth him to do full many a thing with-
all,

He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.

Here finds he on an oak rheum-purging poly-
pode ;

And in some open place that to the sun doth lie,
He sumitory gets, and eye-bright for the eye ;
The yarrow, wherewithall he stops the wound-
made gore ;

The healing tutsan then, and plantane for a sore ;
And hard by them again he holy vervain finds,
Which he about his head that hath the megrim
binds.

The wonder-working dill he gets not far from
these,

Which curious women use in many a nice disease.
For them that are with newts, or snakes, or ad-
ders stung,

He seeketh out an herb that's called adders-tongue,
As nature it ordain'd, its own like hurt to cure,
And sportive did herself to niceties incur.

Valerian then he crows, and purposely doth stamp,
T' apply unto the place that's haled with the
cramp ;

As centory, to close the wideness of a wound ;
The belly hurt by birth, by mugwort to make
sound. [doth rise :

His chickweed cures the heat that in the face
For physic, some again he inwardly applies.

For comforting the spleen and liver, gets for juice
Pale hore-hound, which he holds of most especial
use.

So saxifrage is good, and harts-tongue for the stone,
With agrimony, and that herb we call St. John.
To him that hath a flux, of shepherds-purse he
gives,

And moule-ear unto him whom some sharp rup-
ture grieves.

And for the laboring wretch that's troubled with
a cough,

Or stopping of the breath, by phlegm that's hard
and tough,

Campana here he crows, approved wondrous good ;
As comfrey unto him that's bruised, spitting
blood ;

And from the falling-ill, by five-leaf doth restore,
And melancholy cures by sovereign bellerose.

Of these most helpful herbs yet tell we but a
few, [grew.

To those unnumbered sorts of simples here that
Which justly to set down, even (s) Dodon shew
doth fall ; [all

Nor skilful (s) Gerard, yet, shall ever find them
But from our hermit here the muse we must
enforce,

And zealously proceed in our intended course :
How Arden of her rills and rivereys doth dispose ;
By Alcester hew Aia to Arro eas'ly flows ;

And mildly being mixt, to Avon hold their way :
And likewise tow'rd the north, how lively trip-
ping Rhea,

T' attend the lustier Tame, is from her fountain
sent :

So little Cole and Blyth go on with him to Trent.
His Tamworth at the last, he in his way doth
win :

There playing him a while, till Ancor should
come in,

Which trieth twixt her banks, observing state,
so slow,

As though into his arms she scorn'd herself to
throw :

Yet Arden will'd her Tame to serve (s) her on
his knee ;

For by that nymph alone, they both should be-
nour'd be. [sore,

The forest, so much fall'n from what she was be-
That to her former height fate could her not re-
store ;

Though oft in her behalf, the genius of the land
Importun'd the heavens with an suspicious hand.
Yet granted at the last (the aged nymph to grace)

They by a lady's birth would more renown that
place,

Than if her woods their heads above the hills
should seat ;

And for that purpose, first made Coventry so
great [all,

(A poor thatcht village then, or scarcely none at
That could not once have dream'd of her now
stately wall)

§ And thither wisely brought that goodly virgin
band, [maid,

Th' eleven thousand maids, chaste Ursula's com-
Whom then the Britain kings gave her full
power to press,

For matches to their friends in Britany the left.
At whose departure thence, each by her just re-
quest

Some special virtue gave, ordaining it to rest.

(s) The authors of two famous herbals,
(i) Ancor.

With one of their own sex, that there her birth
 should have, [save
 Till fullness of the time which fate did choicely
 Until the Saxons reign, when Coventry at length,
 From her small, mean regard, recovered state and
 strength,

[By Leofrick her lord yet in base bondage held,
 The people from her marts by tollage who ex-
 pell'd: [leave,

Whose duchess, which desir'd this tribute to re-
 their freedom often begg'd. The duke, to
 make her cease,

Told her, that if she would his loss so far inforce,
 His will was, she should ride stark nak't upon a
 horse

By day-light through the street: which certain-
 ly he thought, [wrought,
 in her heroick breast so deeply would have
 That in her former fate she would have left to
 deal.

But that most princely dame, as one devour'd
 with zeal,

Went on, and by that mean the city clearly freed.

The first part of whose name, Godiva, doth
 fore-reed [found;

Th' first syllable of hers, and Goodere half doth
 For by agreeing words, great matters have been
 found.

But farther than this place the mystery extends.
 What Arden had begun, in Ancor lastly ends:
 For in the British tongue, the Britons could not
 find,

Wherefore to her that name of Ancor was assign'd:
 Nor yet the Saxons since, nor times to come had
 known, [shown,

But that her being here was by this name fore-
 As prophesying her. For, as the first did tell
 Her fir-name, so again doth Ancor lively spell
 Her christ'ned title Anne. And as those virgins
 there

Did sanctify that place: so holy Edith here
 A recluse long time liv'd, in that fair abbey
 plac'd, [grac'd,

Which Alured enrich'd, and Powlsforth highly
 A princess being born, and abbess, with those
 maids,

All noble like herself, in bidding of their beads
 Their holiness bequeathed upon her to descend
 Which there should after live; in whose dear self
 should end [creed,

Th' intent of Ancor's name, her coming that de-
 As hers (her place of birth) fair Coventry that
 freed.

But whilst about this tale smooth Ancor trif-
 ling stays,

Unto the lustier Tame as loth to come her ways,
 The flood intreats her thus; 'Dear brook, why
 dost thou wrong [long

'Our mutual love so much, and tediously pro-
 'Our mirthful marriage-hour, for which I still
 prepare? [care.

'Haste to my broader banks, my joy and only
 'For as of all my floods thou art the first in fame;
 'When frankly thou shalt yield thine honour to
 'my name,

'I will protect thy state; then do not wrong thy
 'kind.

'What pleasure hath the world, that here thou
 'may'st not find?'

Hence, muse, divert thy course to Dunsmore,
 by that (m) cross

Where those two mighty (n) ways, the Watling
 and the Fols,

Our center seem to cut. (The first doth hold
 her way,

From Dover, to the farth't of fruitful Anglesey:
 The second south and north, from Michael's ut-
 most mount, [account.)

To Cathness, which the farth't of Scotland we
 And then proceed to show, how Avon from her
 spring,

By (o) Newnham's fount is blest; and how she,
 blandishing,

By Dunsmore drives along. Whom Sow doth
 first assist,

Which taketh Shirburn in, with Cune, a great
 while mis'd;

Though (p) Coventry from thence her name at
 first did raise,

Now flourishing with fanes, and proud pyramides;
 Her walls in good repair, her ports so bravely
 built,

Her halls in good estate, her crosses so richly gilt,
 As scorning all the towns that stand within her
 view:

Yet must she not be griev'd, that Cune should
 claim her due.

Tow'rds Warwick with this train as Avon
 trips along,

To Guy-cliff being come, her nymphs thus brave-
 ly song; [ow,

'To thee, renowned knight, continual praise we
 'And at thy hallow'd tomb thy yearly obits shew;

'Who, thy dear Phillis' name and country to ad-
 vance,

'Left'st Warwick's wealthy seat; and sailing
 'into France,

'At tilt, from his proud steed, Duke Otton threw'st
 'to ground:

'And with th' invaluable prize of Blanch the
 beauteous crown'd

'(The Almain emperor's heir) high acts didst
 'there atchieve:

'As Lovain thou again didst valiantly relieve.

'Thou in the Soldan's blood thy worthy sword
 'imbru'dst;

'And then in single fight, great Amerant sub-
 'du'dst. [stroy'd

'Twas thy Herculean hand, which happily de-
 'That dragon, which so long Northumberland
 'annoy'd;

'And slew that cruel boar, which waste our
 'wood-lands laid,

'Whose tusks turn'd up our tilths, and dens in
 'meadows made:

(m) The higher cross, supposed to be the midst of England.
 (n) See to the xvi. song.

(o) Newnham Wells.

(p) Otherwise, Cune tree; that is, the town upon Cune.

' Whose shoulder-blade remains at Coventry till
 ' now ;
 ' And, at our humble ſite, did quell that mon-
 ' ſtrous cow [fright.
 ' The paſſengers that us'd from Dunſmore to af-
 ' Of all our Engliſh (yet) ſo moſt renowned knight,
 ' That Colebrond overcam' it ; at whoſe amazing
 ' fall
 ' The Dames' remov'd their camp from Wincheſ-
 ' ter's ſieg'd wall.
 ' Thy ſtature Guy-cliff keeps, the gaſer's eye to
 ' pleaſe ;
 ' Warwick, thy mighty arms (thou Engliſh Her-
 ' cules)
 ' Thy ſtrong and maſſy ſword, that never was
 ' controll'd ;
 ' Which, as her ancient right, her caſtle ſtill ſhall
 ' hold.
 ' Scarce ended they their ſong, but Avon's
 ' winding ſtream, [Leam :
 ' By Warwick, entertains the high-complexi-
 ' And as the thence along to Stratford on doth
 ' ſtrain,
 ' Receiveth little Heil the next into her train :
 ' Then taketh in the Stour, the brook, of all the
 ' reſt [beſt ;
 ' Which that moſt goodly vale of Red-horſe loveth
 ' A valley that enjoys a very great eſtate,
 ' Yet not ſo famous held as ſmaller, by her fate :
 ' Now, for report had been too partial in her
 ' praiſe, [wray ;
 ' Her juſt-conceiv'd grief, fair Red-horſe thus be-
 ' Shall every vale be heard to boaſt her wealth ?
 ' and I, [ſupply
 ' The needy countries near that with my corn
 ' As bravely as the beſt, ſhall only I endure
 ' The dull and beaſtly world my glories to ob-
 ' ſcure ;
 ' Near wayleſs Arden's ſide, ſith my retir'd abode
 ' Stood quite out of the way from every common
 ' road ?
 ' Great Eufham's fertile glebe, what tongue hath
 ' not extoll'd ? [gold.
 ' As though to her alone belong'd the (g) garb of
 ' Of Bever's bateful earth, men ſeem as though
 ' to ſain,
 ' Reporting in what ſtore ſhe multiplies her grain :
 ' And folk ſuch wondrous things of Aylſbury will
 ' tell,
 ' As though abundance ſtrove her burden'd womb
 ' to ſwell.
 ' Her room amongſt the reſt, ſo White-horſe is
 ' decreed : [ſteed
 ' She wants no ſetting forth ; her brave Pegafian
 ' (The wonder of the weſt) exalted to the ſkies :
 ' My Red-horſe of you all condemn'd only lies.
 ' The fault is not in me, but in the wretched
 ' time :
 ' On whom, upon good cauſe, I well may lay the
 ' crime
 ' Which as all noble things, ſo me it doth neglect.
 ' But when th' induſtrious muſe ſhall purſue me
 ' reſpect

(r) The ſteed.

' Of countries near my ſite, and wiſe me foreign fate
 ' (The Eden of you all deſerv'dly that am)
 ' I ſhall as much be prais'd for delicacy then,
 ' As now in ſmall account with vile and barba-
 ' rous men. [doth lie,
 ' For, from the lofty (r) Edge that on my ſide
 ' Upon my ſpacious earth who caſts a curious eye,
 ' As many goodly ſeats ſhall in my compaſs ſee.
 ' As many ſweet delights and rarities in me
 ' As in the greateſt vale ; from where my head I
 ' couch [heels I touch
 ' At Cotſwold's country's (s) foot, till with my
 ' The Northampton ſields, and ſatt'ning pa-
 ' tures ; where
 ' I raviſh every eye with my inticing cheer.
 ' As ſtill the year grows on, that Ceres once doth
 ' load
 ' The full earth with her ſtore ; my pleaſant
 ' bottom ſtrow'd [ſhank
 ' With all abundant ſweets ; my firm and luſty
 ' Her bravery then diſplays, with meadows huge-
 ' ly rank.
 ' The thick and well-grown ſeg doth meet my
 ' ſmoother ſides,
 ' And on the lower leas, as on the higher hedges
 ' The dainty clover grows (of graſs the only beſt)
 ' That makes each udder ſtut abundantly with
 ' milk.
 ' As an unletter'd man, at the deſired ſight
 ' Of ſome rare beauty mov'd with infinite delight
 ' Not out of his own ſpirit, but by that power
 ' divine, [doth ſhine,
 ' Which through a ſparkling eye perpetually
 ' Feels his hard temper yield, that he in paſſion
 ' breaks,
 ' And things beyond his height, tranſported
 ' ſtrangeſly ſpeaks : [toil,
 ' So thoſe that dwell in me, and live by ſeed
 ' When they in my defence are reaſoning of my
 ' ſoil, [ed grow,
 ' As rapt with my wealth and beauties, learn
 ' And in well-fitting terms, and nob' language
 ' ſhew [remain
 ' The lordſhips in my lands, from Rolright (which
 ' A witneſs of that day we won upon the
 ' Danes) [uſe to tell
 ' To Tawceſter well-near ; 'twixt which they
 ' Of places which they ſay do Rumney's ſelf en-
 ' Of (t) Daſſet they dare boaſt, and give
 ' (r) Wormington prize,
 ' As of that fertile flat by (s) Biſhop-ton that lies
 ' For ſhowing of my bounds, if men may right-
 ' ly gueſs [prick,
 ' By my continued form which beſt doth me ex-
 ' On either of my ſides, and by the riſing ground,
 ' Which in one faſhion hold, as my moſt certain
 ' mounds,
 ' In length near thirty miles I am diſcern'd to be.
 ' Thus Red-horſe ends her tale ; and I there
 ' with agree [ſit,
 ' To finiſh here my ſong ; the muſe ſome eaſe doth
 ' As wearied with the toil in this her ſerious talk.

(r) Edge h l.

(s) The bounds of the vale of Red-horſe.

(t) Wondrous fruitful places in the vale.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Into the heart of England and Wales the muse here is entered, that is, Warwickshire her native country; whose territory you might call Middle-Eagle (for here was that part of Mercland, spoken of in story) for equality of distance from the warming ocean.

By her illustrious earls renowned every where.

Permit to yourself credit of those, loaden with antique fables, as Guy (of whom the author in the XII Song, and here presently) Morind and such like, and no more testimony might be given, to exceed. But, more sure justification hereof is, in those great Princes Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, and *Præcomes Anglia* (as the record calle him) under (a) Henry VI. and Richard Nevill making it (as it were) his gain to crown and depose kings in that bloody dissension 'twixt the white and red roses.

That mighty Arden held—————

What is now the Woodland in Warwickshire, was heretofore part of a larger wild or forest called Arden. The relics of whose name in Dene of Monmouthshire, and that *Arduenna* or *La Forest d'Ardenne*, by Henault and Luxemburg, shews likelihood of interpretation of the yet-used English name of Woodland. And, whereas, in old ascriptions, (b) *Diana Nemorensis*, with other additions, hath been found among the Latins, the like seems to be express in an old marble, now in Italy, (c) graven under Domitian, in part thus:

DIS MANIBVS.
Q. CAESIVS. Q. F. CLAVD.
ATILIANVS. SACERDOS.
DEANAE. ARDVINNAE.

That comprehensive largeness which this Arden once extended (before rum of her woods) makes the author thus limit her with Severn and Trent. By reason of this her greatness joined with antiquity, he also made choice of this place for description of the chase, the English simples, and hermit, as you read in him.

And thither wisely brought that goodly Virgin band.

Sufficient justification of making a poem, may be from tradition, which the author here uses; see to the VIII. Song, where you have this incredible number of virgins shipped at London; nor skills it much on which you bestow your faith, or if neither. Their request (as the Genius's prayer) are the author's own fictions, to come to express the worth of his native soil's city.

By Leofrique her lord, yet in base bondage held.

The ensuing story of this Leofrique and Godiva, was under the Confessor. I find it reported in Matthew of Westminster, that *Nuda, equum ascendans, crines capitis & tricas dissolvens, corpus suum totum, præter crura condidissima, inde velavit*. This Leofrique (buried at Coventry) was Earl of Leicester, not Chester (as some ill took it by turning Legecestre, being indeed sometimes for Chester^a of old called *urbs legionum*, as to the XI. Song already) which is without scruple shewed in (d) charter of the manner of Spalding in Lincolnshire, made to Wulgat abbot of Crowland, beginning thus: *Ego Theraldus de Buckenhale coram nobilissimo domino meo Leofrico comite Leicestræ, & nobilissima comitissa sua domina Godiva sorore mea, & cum consensu & bona voluntate domini & cognati mei Comitum Algarii primogeniti & hæredis eorum, donavi, &c.* This Algar succeeded him; and, as a special title, government, and honour, this earldom was therein among the Saxons so singular, that it was hereditary with a very long pedigree, till the conquest, from King Ethelbald's time, above 300 years. In Malmesbury, he is styled Earl of Hereford; and indeed, as it seems, had large dominion over most part of Mercland, and was a great protector of good King Edward, from ambitious Godwin's faction. You may note in him, what power the earls of those times had for granting, releasing, or imposing liberties and exactions, which since only the crown hath as inseparably annexed to it. Nay, since the Normans, I find that (e) William Fitz-Osbern Earl of Hereford, made a law in his county, *ut nullus miles pro qualicunque commissio plus septem solidis solvat*, which was observed without

(a) Parl. ret. 23. Hen. 6. ap. Cam.

(b) Hubert. Goltz. Thesaur. in Aris.

(c) Jul. Jacobon. ap. Paul. Merul. Cosmog. Part 2. lib. 3. cap. 11.

(d) Ingulphus Hist. fol. 519.

(e) Malmesb. de gest. reg. 3.

controversy in Malmesbury's time; and I have seen original letters of protection (a perfect and uncommunicable power royal) by that great prince Richard Earl of Poitiers and Cornwall, brother to Henry III. sent to the sheriff of Rutland, for and in behalf of a nunnery about Stanford: and it is well known, that his successor Edmund left no small tokens of such supremacy in constitutions, liberties, and imposed subsidies in the flanneries of Cornwall; with more such like extant in monuments. But whatsoever their power heretofore was, I think it ceased with that (f) custom of their having the third part of the king's profit in the county, which was also in the Saxon times usual, as appears in that; (g) *In Ipswich regina Edmunda duas partes habuit et comes Guert tertiam; Norwich reddebat XX. libras regi, et comiti X. libras:* of the borough of Lewes, its profits *erant duas partes regis, tertius comitis; et Oxford reddebat regi XX. libras, et sex sextarios mellis, comiti vero Algaro X. libras.* And under King John, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter Earl of Essex, and William le Marshall Earl of Strigill, (b) *Administration suorum comitatuum habebant*, saith Hoveden. But time hath, with other parts of government, altered all this to what we now use.

A witness of that day we won upon the Danes.

He means Rollrich-stones in the confines of Warwick and Oxfordshire, of which the vulgar there have a fabulous tradition, that they are an army of men, and I know not what great general amongst them, converted into stones: a tale not having his superior in the rank of untruths. But (upon the conceit of a most learned man) the muse refers it to some battle of the Danes, about the time of Rollo's piracy and incursion, and for her country takes the better side (as justifiable as the contrary) in affirming the day to the English. But, to suppose this a monument of that battle fought at Hochenorton, seems to me in matter of certainty not very probable: I mean, being drawn from Rollo's name, of whose story, both for a passage in the last Song and here, permit a short examination. The Norman (i) tradition is, that he, with divers other Danes transplanting themselves, as well for dissension betwixt him and his king, as for new seat of habitation, arrived here, had some skirmishes with the English, defending their territories; and soon afterward being admonished in a dream, aided and advised by King Athelstan, entered Seine in France, wasted and won part of it about Paris, Baieux, elsewhere; return-

ed upon request by embassy to assist the English king against rebels; and afterward in the year 911 or 12, received his dukedom of Normandy, and Christianity, his name of Robert, with *Agidia* or *Gilla* (for wife) daughter to Charles, surnamed the Simple; as to the IV. Song I have, according to the credit of the story, touched it. But how came such habitude betwixt Athelstan and him, before this 912, when, as it is plain, that Athelstan was not king till 924, or near that point? Neither is my concordance betwixt Athelstan and this Charles, whose kingdom was taken from him by Rodolph Duke of Burgundy, two years before our King Edward I. (of the *Annons*) died. In the 9th year of whose reign, sailing under 906, was that battle of Hochenorton; so that unless the name of Athelstan be mistook for this Edward, or be wanting to the dominical year of those 22 of the Dionysian calculation (whereof to the IV. Song) I see no means to make this story stand with itself, nor our monks; in whom (most of them writing about the Norman times) more mention would have been made of Rollo, ancestor to the Conqueror, and his acts here, had they known any certainty of his name or wars: which I rather guess to have been in our maritime parts, than inland, (unless when (if that were at all) he assisted King Athelstan, Read Frodoard, and the old annals of France, written nearer the supposed times, and you will scarce find him to have been, or else there under (k) some other name; as Godfrey, which some have conjectured to be the same with Rollo. You may see in *Æmilii* what uncertainties, if not contrarieties, were in Norman traditions of this matter; and I make no question, but of that unknown nation no such mistaking hath been of names and times, that scarce any undoubted truth therein now can justify itself. For observe but what is here delivered, and compare it with (l) them which say in 898 Rollo was overthrown at Chartres by Richard Duke of Burgundy, and Ebal Earl of Poitiers, assisting Walzelin bishop of that city; and, my question is, Where have you hope of reconciliation? except only in equivocation of name; for plainly Hastings, Godfrey, Hroruc, and others, (if none of these were the same) all Danes, had to do, and that with dominion in France, about this age; wherein it is further reported, that (m) Robert Earl of Paris, and in some sort a king betwixt Charles and Rodolph, gave to certain Normans that had entered the land at Loire (they first (n) entered there in 853) all Little Bretagne and Nants; and this in 922

(f) Lib. vetust. Monast. de Bello ap. Camd.

(g) Lib. *Domesday* in Scaccario.

(b) Job. Carnutenf. Epist. 263. Nichol. Vicecomiti Essexie.

(i) Guil. Gemeticenf. de Ducib. Norm. 2. cap. 4. & seq. Tho. de Walsingham in Hypodig. Neust. secundum quos, in quantum ad Chronologicam rationem spectat, plerique alii.

(k) Ita quidam apud P. Emil. hist. Franc. 1 quem de hac re vide, & Polydor. ejusdem sequentem hist. 5.

(l) Floren. Wigorn. p. 335. & Roger. Hoveden. part. 1. fol. 241.

(m) Frodoard. Presbyt. Annal. Franc.

(n) Reicherspergens.

which agrees with that gift of the same tract to Rollo by Charles, little better than harshest discords. And so doth that of Rollo's being aided by the English king, and in league with him against the French, with another received truth : which is, that Charles was (by marriage with (e) Edgich of the English king's loins) son-in-law to Edward, and brother-in-law to Athelfan, in whose (p) protection here Lewis (afterward the IV.) was, while Rodolph of Burgundy held the crown. For that unmannerly homage also, spoken of to the IV. Song by one of Rollo's knights, it is reported by Mahnesbury and others, to be done by Rollo himself; and touching that Egidia wife to Rollo, the judicious French Historiographer, P. Emilie (from whom the Italian Poly-

dore had many odd pieces of his best context) tells clearly, that she was daughter to Lothar King of Romans, and given by his cousin Charles the Gros, to Godfrey King of the Normans, with *Wesfrick* (that is, Neustria) about 886, and imagines that the Norman historians were deceived by equivocation of name, mistaking Charles the Simple for Charles the Gros, living near one time; as also, that they finding Egidia a king's daughter (being indeed Lothar's) supposed her Charles the Simple's. This makes me think also that of Godfrey and Rollo hath been like confusion of name. But both times, reigns, and persons, are so disturbed in the stories, that being insufficient to rectify the contrarieties, I leave you to the liberty of common report.

(e) Oginia dicta P. Emilio.

(p) Membran. vetust. Cornob. Floriacens. edit. a P. Pithæo.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE FOURTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

Her sundry strains the muse to prove,
Now sings of hemely country love ;
What moan th' old herdsman Clent doth make,
For his coy wood nymph Feck'nham's sake ;
And, how the nymphs each other greet,
When Avon and brave Severn meet.
The vale of Eufham then doth tell,
How far the vales do hills excel.
Ascending, next, fair Cotswold's plains,
She revels with the shepherd fwains ;
And sends the dainty nymphs away,
'Gainst Tame and Isis' wedding day.

At length, attain'd those lands that south of
Severn lie,
As to the varying earth the muse doth her apply,
Poor sheep hook and plain goad, she many times
doth sound : [bound.
Then in a buskin'd stream, she instantly doth
smooth as the lowly stream she softly now doth
glide :
And with the mountains straight contendeth in
her pride. [take,
Now back again I turn, the land with me to
From the Staffordian heaths as (a) Stour her course
doth make.
Which Clent, from his proud top, contentedly
doth view :
But yet the aged hill, immoderately doth rew

(a) Running by Stourbridge in Worcestershire, towards Se-
vern.

His loved Feck'nham's fall, and doth her state be-
moan ;
To please his amorous eye, whose like the world
had none.
For, from her very youth, he (then an aged hill)
Had to that forest nymph a special liking still :
The least regard of him who never seems to take,
But suff'reth in herself for Salwarp's only sake ;
And on that river doats, as much as Clent on her.
Now when the hill perceiv'd the flood she
would prefer,
All pleasure he forsakes ; that at the full-bagg'd
cow, [low,
Or at the curl-fac'd bull, when venting he doth
Or at th' unhappy wags which let their cattle
fry,
At nine-holes on the heath whilst they together
play,

never seems to flail; nor ever taketh keep
hear the harmless swain pipe to his grazing
sheep:

to the carter's tune in whistling to his team:
lends his list'ning ear (once) to the ambling
stream;

in the evening calm against the stones doth
rush [hush]

such a murmuring noise, as it would seem to
silent meads asleep; but, void of all delight,
sedulously drown'd in sorrow day and night,

Licky his ally and neighbour doth respect:
therewith being charg'd, thus answereth in
effect:

at (b) Lickey to his height seem'd slowly but
to rise,

and that in length and breadth he all extended
lies,

or doth like other hills to sudden sharpness
mount, [account]

at of their kingly kind they scarce can him
as by his swelling soil set in so high a place,

at Malvern's mighty self he seemeth to out-
face.

hilt Clent and Licky, thus, do both express
their pride,

Saltwarpe slips along by Feck'nham's shady side,
sweet him affects in wand'ring to the

(b) Wych:
he, himself by salts there seeking to enrich,
Feck'nham quite forgets; from all affection

free. [to be,

at she, that to the flood most constant means
prodigally gives her woods to those strong

fires
ich boil the source to salts. Which Clent so
much admires,

at love, and her disdain, to madness him pro-
voke:

on to the wood nymph thus the jealous moun-
tain spoke:

Fond nymph, thy twisted curls, on which
were all my care, [bare

how lett'st the furnace waste; that miserably
hope to see thee left, which so dost me despise;

those beauties many a morn have blest my
longing eyes:

and, till the weary sun sunk down unto the
west, [best,

how still my object wast, thou once my only
hope shall quickly come, thy groves and

pleasant springs,
there to the mirthful merle the warbling ma-

vis sings,
he painful labourer's hand shall rock the

roots, to burn;
he branch and body spent, yet could not serve

his turn.
Which when, most wilful nymph, thy chance

shall be to see, [me.]

so late thou shalt repent thy small regard for
at Saltwarpe down from Wych his nimble

feet doth ply,
at Severn to attend along to Tenkibury,

(b) The salt fountain of Worcestershire.

With others to partake the joy that there is seen,
When beauteous Avon comes unto her sovereign
(c) queen.

Here down from Eufham's vale, their greatness
to attend,

Comes Swilliat sweeping in, which Cotswold
down doth send:

And Oarran there arrives, the great recourse
to see. [glee,

Where thus together met, with most delightful
The cheerful nymphs that haunt the valley rank

and low [flow,

(Where full Pomena seems most plentifully to
And with her fruitery swells by Pershore, in her

pride)
Amongst the batful meads on Severn's either side,
To these their confluent floods, full bowls of per-

ry brought:
Where, to each other's health past many a deep-

fetch'd draught,
And many a sound carouse from friend to friend

doth go.
Thus whilst the mellowed earth with her own

juice doth flow,
Inflamed with excess the lusty pimper'd vale,

In praise of her great self, thus frames her glori-
ous tale;

'I doubt not but some vale enough for us hath
said,

'To answer them that most with baseness us up-
braide;

'Those high presumptuous hills, which bend
their utmost might,

'Us only to deject, in their inveterate spite:
But I would have them think, that I (which am

the queen
'Of all the British vales, and so have ever been
Since Gomer's giant brood inhabited this isle,

'And that of all the rest, myself may so ensile)
Against the highest hill dare put myself for place,

'That ever threaten'd heaven with the austere
face.

'And for our praise, then thus; What fountain
send they forth

'(That finds a river's name, though of the final
least worth)

'But it invales itself, and on its either side
Doth make those fruitful meads, which with

their painted pride
Imbroider his proud bank? whilst in lascivious

gyres
He swiftly fallith out, and suddenly retires

'In sundry works and trials, now shallow, and
then deep,

'Searching the spacious shorts, as though it
meant to sweep

'Their sweets with it away, with which they
are repleat.

'And men, first building towns, themselves did
wisely seat

'Still in the bounteous vale: whose burden'd pas-
ture bears

'The most abundant swathe, whose glebe such
goodly cars,

(c) Severn.

* As to the weighty sheaf with scythe or sickle cut,
 * When as his hardened hand the labourer comes
 to put,
 * Sinks him in his own sweat, which it but hard-
 ly yields :
 * And on the corn-strew'd lands, then in the stub-
 ble fields,
 * There feed the herds of neat, by them the
 flocks of sheep,
 * Seeking the scatt' red corn upon the ridges steep :
 * And in the furrow by (where Ceres lies much
 spill'd)
 * Th' unwieldy larding swine his maw then hav-
 ing fill'd,
 * Lies wallowing in the mire, thence able scarce
 to rise.
 * When as those monstrous hills so much that
 us despise
 * (The mountain, which forsooth the lowly val-
 ley mocks)
 * Have nothing in the world upon their barren
 rocks,
 * But greedy clamb'ring goats, and conies, ba-
 nish'd quite
 * From every fertile place ; as rascals, that delight
 * In base and barren plots, and at good earth re-
 cline,
 * And though in winter we to moisture much in-
 * Yet those that be our own, and dwell upon our
 land,
 * When 'twixt their burly stacks and full-stuff'd
 barns they stand,
 * Into the softer clay as eas'ly they do sink,
 * Pluck up their heavy feet, with lighter spirits,
 to think
 * That autumn shall produce, to recompence
 their toil,
 * A rich and goodly crop from that unpleasant soil.
 * And from that envious foe which seeks us to
 deprave,
 * Though much against his will this good we
 clearly have,
 * We still are highly prais'd, and honour'd by
 his height,
 * For, who will us survey, their clear and judging
 * May see us thence at full : which else the
 searching'st eye,
 * By reason that so flat and levelled we lie,
 * Could never throughly view ourselves, nor
 could we shew.
 * Yet more ; what lofty hills to humble vallies
 owe,
 * And what high grace they have which near to
 us are plac'd,
 * In (d) Breendon may be seen, being amorously
 embrac'd
 * In cincture of my arms. Who though he do not
 * His head like those that look as they would
 heaven supplant :
 * Yet let them wisely note, in what excessive pride
 * He in my bosom fits ; while him on every side
 * With my delicious sweets and delicacies I trim.
 * And when great Malvern looks most terrible
 and grim,

(d) A hill environed on every side with the vale of Eufham.

* He with a pleased brow continually doth smile.
 Here Breendon, having heard his praises all the
 while,
 Grew insolently proud ; and doth upon him take
 Such state, as he would seem but small account to
 make
 Of Malvern, or of Mein. So that the wiser vale
 To his instruction turns the process of her tale.
 * 'T' avoid the greater's wrath, and shun the
 meaner's hate,
 * Quoth she, take my advice, abandon idle state ;
 * And by that way I go, do thou thy course con-
 trive :
 * Give others leave to vaunt, and let us closely
 thrive :
 * Whilst idly but for place the lofty mountains
 toil,
 * Let us have store of grain, and quantity of
 * To what end serve their tops (that seem to
 threat the sky)
 * But to be rent with storms ? whilst we in safe-
 ty lie.
 * Their rocks but barren be, and they which
 rashly climb,
 * Stand most in envy's sight, the fairest prey
 for time.
 * And when the lowly vales are clad in summer's
 green,
 * The gristled winter's snow upon their heads is
 seen.
 * Of all the hills I know, let Mein thy pattern be :
 * Who though his site be such as seems to equal
 thee,
 * And destitute of nought that Arden him can
 yield,
 * Nor of th' especial grace of many a goodly field ;
 * Nor of dear Clifford's seat (the place of health
 and sport)
 * Which many a time hath been the muses quiet
 port ;
 * Yet brags not he of that, nor of himself esteema
 * The more for his fair site ; but richer than he
 seems,
 * Clad in a gown of grass, so soft and wondrous
 warm,
 * As him the summer's heat, nor winter's cold can
 * Of whom I well may say, as I may speak of thee ;
 * From either of your tops, that who beholdeth me,
 * To paradise may think a second he had found,
 * If any like the rest were ever on the ground.
 Her long and zealous speech thus Eufham
 doth conclude :
 When straight the active muse industriously pur-
 This noble country's praise, as matter still did rise.
 For Glo'ster in times past herself did highly prize,
 When in her pride of strength she nourish'd
 goodly vines,
 § And oft her carea repress with her delicious
 wines.
 But now, th' all-cheering sun the colder soil de-
 ceives,
 § And us (here towards the pole) still falling
 southward leaves :
 So that the sullen earth th' effect thereof doth
 prove ;
 According to their books, who hold that he
 doth move

from his first zenith's point; the cause we feel
his want. [plant
but of her vines depriv'd, now Glo'ster learns to
the pear tree every where: whose fruit she
strains for juice, [produce
That her pur'ft perry is, which first she did
from Wor'sterfhire, and there is common as the
fields;

Which naturally that soil in moft abundance yields.

But the laborious mufe, which ftill new work
affays,

here fallieth through the flades, where beauteous
Severn plays

Until that river gets her Glo'ster's wifhed fight:
Where the her ftream divides, that with the more
delight

he might behold the town, of which ſhe's won-
d'rous proud:

Then takes ſhe in the Frome; then Cam, and next
the Strowd,

is thence upon her courſe ſhe wantonly doth
ſtrain.

ſuppoſing then herſelf a ſea god by her train,
ſhe Neptune like doth float upon the bracky marſh;
Where, left ſhe ſhould become too cumbersome
and harſh,

Fair Micklewood (a nymph, long honour'd for
a chafe,

Contenting to have flood the high'ft in Se-
vern's grace,

Of any of the Dryads there bord'ring on her ſhore)
With her cool amorous ſhades, and all her ſylvan
ſtore,

To pleaſe the goodly flood employs her utmoſt
powers,

ſuppoſing the proud nymph might like her
woody bowers.

But Severn (on her way) ſo large and head-
ſtrong grew,

That ſhe the wood nymph ſcorns, and Avon
doth purſue;

A river with no leſs than goodly King's-wood
crown'd,

A foreſt and a flood by either's fame renown'd;
And each with other's pride and beauty much
bewitch'd; [rich'd.

Befides, with Briſtol's ſtate both wond'rouſly en-
Which ſoon to Severn ſent th' report of that fair

(g) road

(So burdened ſtill with barks, as it would overload
Great Neptune with the weight) whoſe fame ſo

far doth ring; [ing
When as that mighty flood, moſt bravely flouriſh-
Like 7 hetis' goodly ſelf majeſtically glides;

Upon her ſpacious breaſt toſſing the furgeful tides,
To have the river ſee the ſtate to which ſhe grows,

And how much to her queen the beauteous Avon
owes.

But, noble mufe, proceed immediately to tell
How Eufham's fertile vale at firſt in liking fell

With Cotſwold, that great king of ſhepherds:
whoſe proud ſite

When that fair vale firſt ſaw, ſo nourish'd her de-
light,

(g) King's road

That him ſhe only lov'd: for wiſely ſhe beheld
The beauties clean throughout that on his ſurface
dwell'd:

Of juſt and equal height two banks ariſing, which
Grew poor (as it ſhould ſeem) to make ſome val-
ley rich:

Betwixt them thruſting out an elbow of ſuch
height,

As ſhrowds the lower ſoil; which ſhadowed from
the light,

Shoots forth a little grove, that in the ſummer's
day, [ſtray.

Invites the flocks, for ſhade that to the covert
A hill there holds his head, as though it told a tale,

Or ſtooped to look down, or whiſper with a vale;
Where little purling winds like wantons ſeem to

dally,

And ſkip from bank to bank, from valley trip
to valley, [wiſe.

Such ſundry ſhapes of ſoil where nature doth de-
That ſhe may rather ſeem fantaſtical, than wiſe.

T' whom Sarum's plain gives place: though
famous for her flocks, [locks.

Yet hardly doth ſhe tythe our Cotſwold's wealthy
Though Lemſter him exceed for fineneſs of her ore,

Yet quite he puts her down for his abundant ſtore.
A match ſo fit as he, contenting to her mind,

Few vales (as I ſuppoſe) like Eufham hapt to find:
Nor any other wold, like Cotſwold ever ſped,

So fair and rich a vale by fortunating to wed.
He hath the goodly wool, and ſhe the wealthy

grain:
Through which they wiſely ſeem their houſhold
to maintain.

He hath pure wholeſome air, and dainty cryſtal
ſprings.

To thoſe delights of his, ſhe daily profit brings:
As to his large expence, ſhe multiplies her heaps:

Nor can his flocks devour th' abundance that ſhe
reaps;

As th' one with what it hath, the other ſtrove
to grace.

And now, that every thing may in the pro-
per place [breed

Moſt aptly be contriv'd, the ſheep our wold doth
(The ſimpleſt though it ſeem) ſhall our deſcrip-
tion need,

And ſhepherd like, the mufe thus of that kind
doth ſpeak:

No brown, nor ſullied black the face or legs doth
ſtreak,

Like thoſe of Moreland, Cank, or of the Cambri-
an hills,

That lightly laden are: but Cotſwold wiſely fills
Her with the whitest kind: whoſe brows ſo

woolly be,
As men in her fair ſheep no emptineſs ſhould ſee.

The ſtaple deep and thick, through to the very
grain,

Moſt ſtrongly keepeth out the violentest rain:
A body long and large, the buttocks equal broad;

As fit to undergo the full and weighty load.
And of the ſleecy face, the flank doth nothing

lack,
But every where is ſtor'd; the belly, as the back,

The fair and goodly flock, the shepherd's only
 pride,
 As white as winter's snow, when from the river's
 side
 He drives his new wash'd sheep; or on the shear-
 ing day,
 When as the lusty ram, with those rich spoils of
 May
 His crooked horns hath crown'd; the bell wedder
 so brave,
 As none in all the flock they like themselves
 would have.
 But, muse, return to tell how there the shep-
 herd's king,
 Whose flock hath chanc'd that year the earliest
 lamb to bring,
 In his gay bauldric sits at his low grassy board,
 With flawns, curds, clouted cream, and country
 dainties stor'd:
 And whilst the bagpipe plays, each lusty jocund
 swain
 Quaffs sillabubs in cans, to all upon the plain,
 And to their country girls, whose nosegays they
 do wear.
 Some roundelays do sing: the rest, the burden
 bear.
 But Cotswold, be this spoke to th' only praise
 of thee,
 That thou of all the rest the chosen soil should'st
 Fair Isis to bring forth (the mother of great
 Tames)
 With those delicious brooks, by whose immortal
 streams
 Her greatness is begun: so that our rivers king,
 When he his long descent shall from his bell fires
 bring,
 Must needs (great pasture's prince!) derive his
 stem by thee,
 From kingly Cotswold's self, sprung of the third
 degree:
 As th' old world's heroes went, that in the times
 of yore,
 On Neptune, Jove, and Mars, themselves so high-
 ly bore.
 But easily from her source as Isis gently dades;
 Unto her present aid, down through the deeper
 flades,
 The nimble footed Churn, by Cissiter doth
 slide;
 And first at Grecklade gets pre-eminence to
 guide

Queen Isis on her way, e'er she receive her
 train,
 Clear Coln, and lively Leech, so down from Cot-
 swold's plain
 At Leechlade linking hands, come likewise to
 support
 The mother of great Tames. When, seeing the
 resort,
 From Cotswold Windrush scours, and with her
 self doth cast
 The train to overtake, and therefore hies her
 fast
 Through the Oxfordian fields; when (as the last
 of all
 Those floods, that into Tames out of our Cot-
 swold fall,
 And farth't unto the north) bright Enload forth
 doth bear.
 For, though it had been long, at length she came
 to hear
 That Isis was to Tame in wedlock to be ty'd:
 And therefore she prepar'd t' attend upon the
 bride;
 Expecting, at the feast, past ordinary grace.
 And being near of kin to that most springful
 place,
 Where out of Blockley's banks so many fountains
 flow,
 That clean throughout his soil proud Cotswold
 cannot shew
 The like: as though from far, his long and many
 hills
 There emptied all their veins, wherewith those
 founts he fills,
 Which in the greatest drought so brimful still do
 float,
 Sent through the rifted rocks with such an open
 throat,
 As though the cleves consum'd in humour; they
 alone,
 So crystalline and cold, as hard'neth sick to
 stone.
 But whilst this while we talk, the far divulg'd
 fame
 Of this great bridal tower'd, in Phœbus' mighty
 name
 Doth bid the muse make haste, and to the bride
 house speed
 Of her attendance there lest they should stand
 in need.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

returning now near the way you define the northern parts, them use leads that part of Worcestershire, which is Severn, and the neighbouring Staffs also Cotswold, and so Gloucester. of this song are not so covert, nor so difficult, but that I presume your the most part, willingly discharges

cares repress with her delicious wines.

act of Gloucestershire (where to this ages are stiled Vine-yards was of among other fruits of a fertile soil, great s, and more than in any other place om. Now in many parts of this realm ie : but what comes of them in the press rh respect. Long since the emperor (a) *Gallis omnibus & Hispanus ac Britannis vites habere vinumque conficerent.* But before that, speaking of this island, t with *Solum præter oleam vitemque & oribus terris oriri sucta, patiens frugum,* Long since Probus, England had its so and some store of wine, as appears *Domesday, Unus & Parcus & VI. Ar-* (that is, between five and six acres; French signifying a content of ground d rods square, every rod eighteen foot) *C. modios vini, si bene procedit,* being replace (c) by Raleigh in Essex. This William I : and since him in time of much wine was made here in Gloucester that now the isle enjoys not frequency esit, as in old time, whether it be : soil's old age, and so like a woman rile (as (e) in another kind Tremellius red years since thought) or by reason 's change of place, as upon difference ical observations Stadus guessed, or art of singular influence, whereon ags most, of inferior qualities, is altered r course (yet of great power in altera- ren's system) of the eighth sphere (or

præcession of the *Æquinoctial*) or by reason of industry wanting in the husbandman, I leave it to others examination.

—still falling southward leaves.

He alludes to the difference of the zodiac's obliquity from what it was of old. For, in Ptolemy's time, about fourteen hundred and sixty years since the utmost declination of the sun in the first of Cancer (where she is nearest to our vertical point) was 23 gr. and about 52 minut. since that Albategni (about Charlemaine's time) observed it some 15 scruples less : after him near 1000 year off Christ) Arzachel found it 23 gr. 34 scr., and in this later age John of Coningsburg and (f) Copernicus brought it to 23 gr. 28 scrup. which concords also with the Prutenique account, and as many as thence traduce their Ephemerides So that (by this calculation) about 24 minutes the sun comes not so near our zenith, as it did in Ptolemy's time. But in truth (for in these things I account that truth, which is warranted by most accurate observation; and those learned mathematicians, by omitting of parallax and refractions, deceived themselves and posterity) the declination in this age is 23 gr. 31½. scrup. as that noble Dane, and most honoured restorer of astronomical motions, Tycho Brahe, had taught us : which, although it be greater than that of Copernicus and his followers, yet is much less than what is in Ptolemy, and by two scruples different from Arzachel's, so justifying the author's conceit, supposing the cause of our climate's not now producing wines, to be the sun's declination from us, which for every scruple answers in earth, about one of our miles; but a far more large distance in the celestial globe. I can as well maintain this high-fetcht cause, being upon difference of so few minutes in one of the slowest motions (and we see that greatest effects are always attributed to them, as upon the old conceit of the Platonic year, abridged into near his half by Copernicus, those consequents foretold upon the change of (g) Eccentrics out of one sign into another, the equinoctial præcession, and such

Vopiscus in ejusd. vita.

l. Agricola.

l. in Trinobantibus.

actib. de Pontificum gestis 4.

Dolumell, de re Rustic. 2. cap. 1.

ernic, Re. 2. cap. 3.

(g) Cardan. ad 2. Tetrabibl. & de Varietat. Rer. 2. qui prophane nimium, a motibus octavar Sphæræ, iis scilicet, quos circa 1100. annis contrario velut fieri modo supponit sacrosanctæ Religionis mutationem inepte simul & impie prædixit, & hujus generis sexcenta.

like; as others may their conversion of a planet's state into Fortunate, Opprest or Combust, by measuring or missing their 16 scruples of Cazimi, their *Orbes moities*, and such curiosities. Neither can you salve the effect of this declination, by the sun's much nearer approach to the earth, upon that decrease of his Eccentricity which Copernicus and his followers have published. For, admitting that were true, yet judicial astrology relies more upon aspect and beams falling on us with angles (which are much altered by this change of obli-

quity in the zodiac) than distance of every singular star from the earth. But indeed, upon mistaking the pole's altitude, and other error in observation, (b) Copernicus was deceived, and in this present age the sun's eccentricity (in Ptolemy, being the 24th of the eccentric's semidiameter, divided into 60.) hath been (i) found between the 27 and 28 P. which is far greater than that in Copernicus, erroneously making it but near the 31. But this is too heavenly a language for the common reader; and perhaps too late I leave it.

(b) Cui, hec nomine, graviter minuitus est Jul. Scalig. exercitet. 90. sect. 2.

(i) Tycho Brahe in Progymnasim.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE FIFTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The guests here to the bride-house hie.
The goodly vale of Aylsbury
Sets her son (Tame) forth, brave as May,
Upon the joyful wedding day :
Who, deckt up, tow'rd his bride is gone.
So lovely Ifis coming on,
At Oxford all the muses meet her,
And with a Prothalamion greet her.
The nymphs are in the bridal bow'rs,
Some strowing sweets, some sorting flow'rs ;
Where lusty Charwel himself raises,
And sings of rivers, and their praises.
Then Tames his way tow'rd Windsor tends.
Thus, with the song, the marriage ends.

me had through this life divulg'd in every ear, Expected day of marriage to be near, Cotswold's heir, long woo'd was lastly on, Antly should wed with (a) Tame, old hiltern's son. ow that wood-man's wife, the mother of e flood, and goodly vale of Aylsbury, that flood	So much upon her Tame, was busied in her bowers, Preparing for her son as many suits of flowers, As Cotswold for the bride, his Ifis lately made ; Who for the lovely Tame, her bridegroom only staid. Whilst every crystal flood is to this business prest, The cause of their great speed and many thus re- quest ; O ! whither go ye, floods ? what sudden wind doth blow, Than other of your kind, that you so fast should flow,
---	--

e arises in the vale of Aylsbury, at the foot
tern.
. III.

What business in hand, that spurs you thus away?
 Fair Windrush, let me hear; I pray thee, Char-
 wel say. [see
 They suddenly reply, 'What lets you should not
 'That for this nuptial feast we all prepared be?
 'Therefore this idle chat our ears doth but of-
 'fend:
 'Our leisure serves not now these trifles to attend.'
 But whilst things are in hand, old Chiltern
 (for his life)
 From prodigal expence can noway keep his wife;
 Who feeds her Tame with marle, in cordial-wise
 prepar'd,
 And thinks all idly spent, that now she only spar'd,
 In setting forth her son: nor can she think it
 well,
 Unless her lavish charge do Cotswolds far excel.
 For, Aylsbury's a vale that walloweth in her
 wealth,
 And (by her wholesome air continually in health)
 Is lusty, firm, and fat, and holds her youthful
 strength.
 Besides her fruitful earth, her mighty breadth and
 length,
 Doth Chiltern fitly match; which mountainously
 high,
 And being very long, so likewise she doth lie
 From the Bedfordian fields, where first she doth
 begin, [doth win
 To fashion like a vale, to th' place where Tame
 His Isis' wish'd bed; her soil throughout so sure,
 For goodness of her glebe, and for her pasture
 pure, [breed,
 That as her grain and grafs, so she her sheep doth
 For burthen and for bone all other that exceed:
 And she, which thus in wealth abundantly doth
 flow, [bestow:
 Now cares not on her child what cost she do
 Which when wife Chiltern saw (the world who
 long had try'd,
 And now at last had laid all garish pomp aside;
 Whose hoar and chalky head defery'd him to be
 old, [cold)
 His beechen woods bereft, that kept him from the
 Would fain persuade the vale to hold a steady
 rate; [bate:
 And with his curious wife, thus wisely doth de-
 'Quoth he, you might allow what needeth, to
 the most:
 'But whereas less will serve, what means this
 'idle cost?
 'Too much, a surfeit breeds, and may our child
 'annoy:
 'These fat and luscious meats do but our sto-
 'machs cloy. [wife
 'The modest comely mean, in all things likes the
 'Apparel often shews us womanish precise.
 'And what will Cotswold think when he shall
 'hear of this?
 'He'll rather blame your waste, than praise your
 'cost, I wiss.' [have;
 But women wilful be, and she her will must
 Nor cares how Chiltern chides, so that her Tame
 be brave.

Alone which tow'rds his love she easly doth
 convey:
 For the Oxonian (b) Ouze was lately sent away
 From Buckingham, where first he finds his nim-
 bler feet;
 Tow'rds Whittlewood then takes; where, past the
 noblest † street,
 He to the forest gives his farewell, and doth keep
 His course directly down into the German deep,
 To publish that great day in mighty Neptune's
 hall,
 That all the sea-gods there might keep it festival.
 As we have told how Tame holds on his even
 course,
 Return we to report, how Isis from her source
 Comes tripping with delight down from her
 daintier springs; [brings
 And in her princely train, t' attend her marriage,
 Clear (c) Churnet, (c) Coln, and (c) Letch,
 which first she did retain,
 With (c) Windrush; and with her (all outrage
 to restrain
 Which well might off'red be to Isis as she went)
 Came Yenlood with a guard of satyrs which
 were sent
 From (c) Whichwood, to await the bright and
 god-like dame. [Tame,
 So, (c) Bernwood did bequeath his satyrs to the
 For sticklers in those flirs that at the feast should
 be. [to her,
 These preparations great, when Charwell comes
 To Oxford got before, to entertain the flood,
 Apollo's aid he begs, with all his sacred brood,
 To that most learned place to welcome her re-
 pair. [fair,
 Who in her coming on, was wax'd so wondrous
 That meeting, strife arose betwixt them, whether
 they [(d) her.
 Her beauty should extol, or she admire their
 On whom their several gifts (to amplify her
 dow'r) [pow'r
 The muses there bestow; which ever have the
 Immortal her to make. And as she pass along,
 Those modest (e) Thespian maids thus to their
 Isis sung;
 'Ye daughters of the hills, come down from
 'every side,
 'And due attendance give upon the lovely bride:
 'Go, strew the paths with flowers, by which she
 'is to pass.
 'For be ye thus assur'd, in Albion never was
 'A beauty (yet) like her's: where have you ever
 'seen
 'So absolute a nymph in all things, for a queen?
 'Give instantly in charge the day be wondrous
 'fair,
 'That no disorder'd blast attempt her braided hair.
 'Go, see her state prepar'd, and every thing be fit.
 'The bride-chamber adorn'd with all becoming.

(b) Arising near Brackley, running into the German Sea
 † Watling.

(c) Rivers arising in Cotswold, spoke of in the former
 Song.

(d) Laurel for 'learning.

(e) The muses.

the princely groom, who ever yet could
 same
 that is so fit for Isis as the Tame?
 h so lovely are, that knowledge scarce
 can tell,
 ure whether he, or beauty she excel:
 vish'd with joy each other to behold,
 s your crystal waists you closely do en-
 bold, [son,
 your beauteous selves you shall beget a
 hen your lives shall end, in him shall be
 begun. [delight,
 rant Surryan shores shall in that flood
 nt esteem herself most happy in his sight.
 re that London loves, shall only him
 refer,
 e full many a gift to hold him near to her.
) Scheldt, the goodly Meuse, the rich
 ind viny Rhine,
 ome to meet the Thames in Neptune's
 wat'ry plain,
 the Belgian streams and neighbouring
 floods of Gaul,
 shall stand in awe, his tributaries all.
 air Isis thus the learned virgins spake,
 and sudden bruit this Prothalamion
 ake; [ally,
 ite-horse, for the love she bare to her
 ured sister vale, the bounteous Ailfbury,
 ents to the Tame by Ock her only flood,
 r his mother vale so much on greatness
 od.
 Oxford, Isis hastes more speedily, to see
 r like his birth might entertained be:
 ambitious vale, still striving to command,
 g for her place continually to stand,
 hite-horse to persuade, much business
 ere hath been
 wledge that great vale of Eufham for her
 een
 that Eufham is so opulent and great,
 why she herself holds in the sovereign
 it,
 ite-horse all the vales of Britain would
 rbear,
 lutely sit in the imperial chair;
 is as goodly herba, and numerous flocks
 feed,
 s soft a glebe, as good increase of seed;
 nd fresh an air upon her face to flow,
 n for her life; and from her speed doth
 w,
 rising downs, as fair a prospect take
 mperious (g) Wold; which her great
 een doth make
 ously admir'd, and her so far extend,
 marriage hence, industrious muse, de-
 nd.
 iads and the nymphs extremely over-
 'd,
 e winding banks all busily employ'd,

all three, rivers of greatest note in Lower
 ant themselves into the ocean, in the coast op-
 e mouth of Thames,
 old.

Upon this joyful day, some dainty chaplets twine:
 Some others chosen out, with fingers neat and
 fine, [do bind:
 Brave (b) anadems do make: some bauldricks up
 Some, garlands; and to some the nosegays were
 assign'd;
 As best their skill did serve. But for that Tame
 should be [he
 Still man-like as himself, therefore they will that
 Should not be drest with flowers to gardens that
 belong
 (His bride that better fit) but only such as sprung
 From the replenish'd meads, and fruitful pastures
 near.
 To fort which flowers, some sit; some making
 garlands were; [spring
 The primrose placing first, because that in the
 It is the first appears, then only flourishing;
 The azur'd hare-bell next, with them they neatly
 mix'd:
 T' ally whose luscious smell, they woodbind
 plac'd betwixt.
 Amongst those things of scent, there prick they
 in the lilly:
 And near to that again, her sister daffadilly.
 To fort these flowers of show, with th' other
 that were sweet, [her meet:
 The cowslip then they couch, and th' oxlip, for
 The columbine amongst they sparingly do set,
 The yellow king-cup, wrought in many a curious
 fret,
 And now and then among, of eglantine a spray,
 By which again a course of lady-smocks they lay:
 The crow-flower, and thereby the clover-flow'r
 they stick,
 The daisy, over all those sundry sweets so thick,
 As nature doth herself; to imitate her right;
 Who seems in that her (i) pearl so greatly to de-
 light, [hold:
 That every plain therewith she powd'reth to be-
 The crimson daniel flower, the blue-bottle, and
 gold;
 Which though esteem'd but weeds; yet for their
 dainty hues, [chuse.
 And for their scent not ill, they for this purpose
 Thus having told you how the bridegroom
 Tame was drest,
 I'll shew you how the bride, fair Isis, they invest;
 Sitting to be attir'd under her bower of state,
 Which scorns a meaner sort, than fits a princely
 rate.
 In anadems for whom they curiously dispose
 The red, the dainty white, the goodly damask
 rose,
 For the rich ruby, pearl, and amethyst, men place
 In kings imperial crowns, the circle that inchase.
 The brave carnation then, with sweet and sove-
 reign power
 (So of his colour call'd, although a July-flower)
 With th' other of his kind, the speckled and the
 pale: [gale
 Then th' odoriferous pink, that sends forth such a

(b) Crowns of flowers.

(i) Margarita is both a pearl and a daisy.

Of sweetneſs; yet in ſcents as various as in forts.
The purple violet then, the panſie there ſupports:
The marygold above t' adorn the arched bar:
The double daiſy, thrift, the button batchelor,
Sweet-william, ſops-in-wine, the campion: and
to theſe

Some lavender they put, with roſemary and bays:
Sweet marjoram, with her like, ſweet baſil rare
for ſmell,

With many a flower, whoſe name were now too
long to tell:

And rarely with the reſt, the goodly flour-de-lis.
Thus for the nuptial hour, all fitted poin-de-
vice,

Whilst ſome ſtill buſied are in decking of the
Some others were again as ſeriously employ'd
In ſtrewing of thoſe herbe, at bridals uſ'd that be;
Which every where they throw with bounteous
hands and free.

The healthful balm and mint, from their full
laps do fly,

The ſcentful camomile, the ver'rous coſmary;
They hot muſcado oil with milder maudlin caſt;
Strong tauſey, fennel cool, they prodigally waſte:
Clear hyſop, and therewith the comfortable
thyme,

Germander with the reſt, each thing then in her
As well of wholeſome herbe, as every pleaſant
flower,

Which nature here produc'd, to fit this happy
Amongſt theſe ſtrewing kind, ſome other wild
that grow,

As burnet, all abroad, and meadow-wort they
throw.

Thus all things falling out to every one's de-
The ceremonies done that marriage doth require,
The bride and bridegroom ſet, and ſerv'd with
fundry cates,

And every other plac'd, as fitted their eſtates;
Amongſt this confluence great, wife Charwell
here was thought

The fitteſt to cheer the gueſts; who throughly
had been taught

In all that could pertain to courtſhip, long ago,
As coming from his ſiſe, the fruitful (k) Mel-
don,

He travelleth to Tames; where paſſing by thoſe
Of that rich country near, whereas the mirthful
clowns,

With tabor and the pipe, on holidays do uſe,
Upon the may-pole green, to trample out their
ſhoes:

And having in his ears the deep and (l) ſolmn
Which ſound him all the way, unto the (o) learned
ſprings,

Where he, his ſovereign Ouze moſt happily doth
And him, the thrice-three maids, Apollo's off-
ſpring, greet

With all their ſacred gifts; thus, expert being
grown

In muſic; and beſides, a curious maker known;

(k) A hill betwixt Northamptonſhire and Warwick.

(l) Famous rings of bells in Oxfordſhire called, the
croſing.

(o) Oxford.

This Charwell (as I ſaid) the firſt theſe floods
among,

For ſilence having call'd, thus to th' aſſembly
' Stand ſaſt, ye higher hills; low valleys eaſily
' lie;

' And foreſts, that to both you equally apply
' (But for the greater part, both wild and barren
' be)

' Retire ye to your waſſes; and rivers, only we,
' Oft meeting let us mix: and with delightful
' grace,

' Let every beauteous nymph her beſt-lov'd flood
' An alien be he born, or near to her own ſpring,
' So from his native fount he bravely flouriſhing,

' Along the flow'ry fields licentiouſly do ſtrain,
' Greeting each curled grove, and circling every
' plain;

' Or haſting to his fall, his ſhoaly gravel ſcow'rs,
' And with his cryſtal front then courts the
' climbing tow'rs.

' Let all the world be judge, what mountain
' hath a name,

' Like that from whoſe proud foot there ſprings
' ſome flood of fame:

' And in the earth's ſurvey, what ſeat like that is
' Whoſe ſtreets ſome ample ſtream abundantly
' doth wet?

' Where is there haven ſound, or harbour, like
' Int' which ſome goodly flood his burden doth
' unload?

' By whoſe rank ſwelling ſtream the far-ſeeth ſo-
reign fraught

' May up to inland-towns conveniently be brought.
' Of any part of earth, we be the moſt renown'd;

' That countries very oft, nay, empires oft we
' bound.

' As Rubicon, much ſam'd both for his ſount and
' The ancient limit held 'twixt Italy and (p) Gaul
' Europe and Aſia keep on Tanais' either ſide

' Such honour have we floods, the world (even)
' to divide.

' Nay, kingdoms thus we prove are chriſtened oft
' by us;

' Iberia takes her name of cryſtal Iberus.
' Such reverence to our kind the wiſer ancients
' gave,

' As they ſuppos'd each flood a deity to have.
' But with our fame at home return we to pro-
' ceed.

' In Britain here we find, our Severn, and our
' Tweed,

' The tripartited iſle do generally divide,
' To England, Scotland, Wales, as each doth keep
' her ſide.

' Trent cuts the land in two ſo equally, as tho'
' Nature it pointed-out, to our great ſtute to
' ſhew

' How to his mighty ſons the iſland he might
' A thouſand of this kind, and nearer, I will ſpare;
' Where, if the ſtate of floods at large I liſt to
' ſhew,

' I proudly could report how Pactolus doth throw

(p) That which was called Gallia Cithripina, and is Lombardy, Romagna and the western part of Italy.

Up grains of perfect gold; and of great Ganges
 tell,
 Which when full India's showers enforceth him
 'to swell,
 Gilds with his glittering sands the over-pam-
 'per'd shore:
 How wealthy Tagus sink, by tumbling down
 his ore,
 The rude and slothful Moors of old Iberia
 'caught
 To search into those hills, from which such
 'wealth he brought.
 Beyond these if I pleas'd I to your praise could
 'bring,
 In sacred Tempe, how (about the hoof-plough'd
 'spring)
 The Heliconian maids, upon that hallowed
 'ground,
 'Recounting heavenly hymns eternally are
 'crown'd. [nourish;
 'And as the earth doth us in her own bowels
 'so every thing that grows by us, doth thrive and
 'flourish.
 'To godly virtuous men, we wisely liken'd are:
 'To be so in themselves, that do not only care;
 'But by a sacred power, which goodness doth
 'await,
 'Do make those virtuous too, that shem associate.'
 By this, the wedding ends, and brake up all the
 shew: [slow
 And Thames, got, born, and bred, immediately doth
 To Windsor-ward amain (that with a wond'ring
 eye,
 The forest might behold his awful empery)
 And soon becometh great, with waters west so
 rank,
 That with his wealth he seems to retch his
 wid'ned bank:
 Till happily attain'd his grandfire Chiltern's
 grounds, [crowns.
 Who with his beechen wreaths this king of rivers
 Amongst his holts and hills, as on his way he
 makes,
 At Reading once arriv'd, clear Kennet overtakes
 Her lord the stately Thames, which that great
 flood again
 With many signs of joy doth kindly entertain.

Then Loddon next comes in, contributing her
 store;
 As still we see, the much runs ever to the more.
 Set out with all this pomp, when this imperial
 stream
 Himself establish'd sees amidst his watry realm,
 His much-lov'd Henry leaves, and prouder doth
 pursue
 His wood-nymph Windsor's seat, her lovely site
 to view. [fees,
 Whose most delightful face when once the river
 Which shews herself attir'd in tall and stately trees,
 He in such earnest love with amorous gestures
 wooes,
 That looking still at her, his way was like to lose;
 And wand'ring in and out, so wildly seems to go,
 As headlong he himself into her lap would
 throw. [brace,
 Him with the like desire the forest doth em-
 And with her presence strives her Thames as much
 to grace.
 No forest, of them all, so fit as she doth stand,
 When princes, for their sports, her pleasures will
 command;
 No wood-nymph as herself such troops hath ever
 seen, [been;
 Nor can such quarries boast as have in Windsor
 Nor any ever had so many solemn days,
 So brave assemblies view'd, nor took so rich
 (g) assays.
 Then, hand in hand, her Thames the forest soft-
 ly brings
 To that supremest place of the great English
 kings, [vance
 { The Garter's royal seat, from him who did ad-
 That princely order first, our first that conquer'd
 France; [knights,
 The temple of St. George, whereas his honour'd
 Upon his hallowed day, observe their ancient
 rites: [brood,
 Where Eaton is at hand to nurse that learned
 To keep the muses still near, to this princely flood;
 That nothing there may want, to beautify that
 seat,
 With every pleasure stor'd: and here my song
 complete.

(g) Breaking up of deer brought into the quarry.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I shall here be shorter than in the last before.
 The muse is so full-in herself, employ'd wholly
 about the nuptials of Tame and Isis. In the gar-
 lands of Tame are wreathed most of our English

field-flowers: in them of Isis, our more sweet
 and those of the garden; yet upon that,

The Garter's royal seat, from him who did advance.

I cannot but remember the institution, (toucht to the fourth song) of his most honourable order dedicated to St. George (in 24 Ed. III.) it is yearly at this place celebrated by that noble company of 26. Whether the cause were upon the word of Garter given in the French wars among the English, or upon the queen's, or countess of Salisbury's garter fallen from her leg, or upon different and more ancient original whatsoever, know clearly (without unlimited affectation of our country's glory) that it exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world; and (excepting those of Templars, St.

James, Calatrava, Alcantara, and such like other, which were more religious than military) hath no precedence of antiquity before the eldest rank of honour, of that kind any where established. The anunciada (a) instituted by Amades VI. Earl of Savoy, about 1409, although others have it by Amades IV. and so create it before this of the Garter) and that of the Golden Fleece, by Philip Duke of Burgundy 1429, of St. Michael by Lewis XI. Della Banda, by Alphonso of Spain, and such like, ensued it, as imitating institutions, after a regard of the far extended fame, worth, and glory of St. George's knights.

(a) V. Aubert Mir. Orig. Equest. 3. cap. 4. & Sanfovin. Orig. de Cavalieri.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE SIXTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

Old Ver, near to St. Alban's, brings
Watling to talk of ancient things;
What Ver'lam was before she fell,
And many more sad ruins tell.
Of the four old imperial ways,
The course they held, and to what seas;
Of those seven Saxon kingdoms here,
Their sites, and how they bounded were,
Then Pure-vale vaunts her rich estate:
And Lea bewrays her wretched fate.
The muse, led on with much delight,
Deliver's London's happy site;
Shews this loose age's lewd abuse
And for this time there stays the muse.

al of our 'Tame and princely Isis past:
efis their son, begot, and waxing fast,
ystal (*a*) Coln his wealth on him to lay,
uties had entic'd his sovereign Tames
stay,
t been enforc'd, by his unruly train.
, a pretty brook, allures him on again,
don to salute, whose high-rear'd turrets
ong
pon the flood, as he doth pass along,
ie Tames is great, so most transparent
In [swoln,
th excessive joy, her amorous bosom
iver running by Uxbridge and Colnbrook.

That Ver of long esteem'd a famous ancient flood.
(Upon whose aged bank old Ver'lamchester stood,
Before the Roman rule) here glorify'd of yore,
Unto her clearer banks contributed his store;
Enlarging both her stream, and strength'ning his
renown,
Where the delicious meads her through her course
do crown. [brook,
This (*b*) Ver (as I have said) Coln's tributary
' On Ver'lam's ruin'd walls as sadly he doth look.
Near holy Alban's town, where his rich shrine was
set,
Old Watling in his way the flood doth over-get.

(*b*) The little clear river by St. Alban's.

Where after reverence done, ' Ver, quoth the an-
cient street, [meet.]
' 'Tis long since thou and I first in this place did
' And so it is, quoth Ver, and we have liv'd to see
' Things in far better state than at this time they be:
' But he that made, amend: for much there goes
' amiss. [it is:]
' Quoth Watling, gentle flood, yea, so in truth
' And fish of this thou speak'st; the very sooth to
' say, [way,
' Since Great Mulmutius first made me the noblest
' The soil is alter'd much: the cause I pray thee
' shew.
' The time that thou hast liv'd, hath taught thee
' much to know.
' I fain would understand, why this delightful
' place [grace
' In former time that stood so high in nature's
' (Which bare such store of grain, and so that
' wond'rous great,
' That all the neighbouring coast was call'd the
' (c) soil of wheat)
' Of later time is turn'd a hot and hungry sand,
' Which scarce repays the seed first cast into the
' land.
At which the silent brook shrunk in his silver
head, [sed:]
And feign'd as he away would instantly have
suspecting, present speech might pass'd grief re-
new.
Whom Watling thus again doth seriously pursue;
' I pray thee be not coy, but answer my demand:
' The cause of this (dear flood!) I fain would
' understand.
' § Thou saw'st when Ver'lam once her head
' aloft did bear
' (Which in her cinders now lies sadly buried here)
' With alabaster, tuch, and porphyry adorn'd,
' When (well-near) in her pride Troynovant she
' scorn'd.
' § Thou saw'st great-burden'd ships through
' these thy vallies pass,
' Where now the sharp'd scythe sheers up the
' spiring grafs: [play,
' That where the ugly seale and porpoise us'd to
' Tho' grasshopper and ant now lord it all the day:
' Where now St. Alban's stands, was called Holm-
' hurst then; [again,
' Whose sumptuous fane we see neglected now
' 'This rich and goodly fane which ruin'd thou
' dost see, [me.
' Quoth Ver, the motive is that thou importun'st
' But to another thing thou cunningly dost flie,
' And reason seem'st to urge of her sterility,
With that he fetch'd a sigh, and ground his teeth
' in rage; [age.
' Quoth Ver, even for the sin of this accursed
' Behold that goodly fane, which ruin'd now doth
' stand, [land;
' To holy (d) Albion huilt, first martyr of the
' Who in the faith of Christ from Rome to Britan
' came, [name.
' And dying in this place, resign'd his glorious

(c) Well examined.

(d) Look before to the eleventh Song.

' In memory of whom, (as more than half divine)
' Our English Offa rear'd a rich and sumptuous
' shrine [king
' And monastery here: which our succeeding
' From time to time cadow'd with many goodly
' things. [queen
' And many a Christian knight was buried her,
' The Norman set his foot upon this conquer'd
' shore;
' And after those brave spirits in all these hills
' That with Duke (c) Robert went against the
' Pagan powers, [Norm's
' And in their country's right at Cressy these the
' flood,
' And that at Poitiers bath'd their billow in
' French blood;
' Their valiant nephews next at Agincourt did
' fought,
' Whereas rebellious France upon her knees
' brought:
' In this religious house at some of their return,
' When nature claim'd her due, here plac'd their
' hallow'd urns: [with
' Which now devouring time, in his so mighty
' Demolishing those walls, hath utterly defur'd
' So that the earth to feel the ruinous heap of
' stones,
' That with the burd'ous weight now push'd their
' sacred bones, [fall:
' Forbids this wicked brood should by her fruits
' As loathing her own womb, that such bad
' children breed. [fall:
Herewith transported quite, to these exclaim he
' Lives no man, that this world her grievous
' crimes dare tell?
' Where be those noble spirits for ancient chieft
' that stood? [flood;
' When in my prime of youth I was a gallant
' In those free golden days, it was the fatys of
' To tax the guilty times, and rail upon abuse:
' But soothers find the way preferment most to
' win;
' Who serving great mens turns, become the
' bawds to sin.
When Watling in his words that took but
small delight,
Hearing the angry brook so cruelly to bite;
As one that fain would drive these fancies from
his mind,
' Quoth he, I'll tell thee things that fute thy ges-
' ler kind.
' My song is of myself, and my three sister streams,
' Which way each of us run, where each her is-
' low meets,
' Since us, his kingly ways, Mulmutius first began,
' From sea again to sea, that through the island
' ran
' Which that in mind to keep posterity might have,
' Appointing first our course, this privilege he gave,
' That no man might arrest, or debtors goods
' might seize
' In any of us four his military ways.

(c) With the eldest son of the Conqueror in the Red
Land,

'd though the Fofs in length exceed me many
 ' a mile, [the ifle,
 at holds from fhore to fhore the length of all
 an where rich Cornwal points to the Iberian
 ' fea,
 I colder Cathnefs tells the fcattered Orcades,
 feafuring but the breadth, that is not half his
 ' gact; [ftate;
 t, for that I am grac'd with goodly London's
 d Tames and Severn both fince in my courfe
 ' I crofs.

id in much greater trade, am (f) worthier
 ' far than Fofs.

t ð unhappy chance! through time's difaft'-
 ' rous lot,

r other fellow Streets lie utterly forgot: [caft,
 lning, that fet out from Yarmouth in the
 the Iceni then being generally poffeft,
 as of that people firft term'd lning in her
 ' race, [embrace:

pon the (g) Chiltern here that did my courfe
 to the dropping South and bearing then out-
 ' right.

pon the Solent fea ftopt on the Ifle of Wight.

' And Rickneld, forth that raught from Cam-
 bria's farther fhore,

Where South Wales now fhoots forth St. Da-
 ' vid's promontore;

had, on his mid-way near, did me in England
 ' meet; [ftreet

hen in his oblique courfe the lufky ftaggling
 on overtook the Fofs; and toward the fall of
 ' Time,

nto the German fea diffolv'd at his decline.'

Here Watling would have ceas'd, his tale as
 having told:

n now this flood, that fain the ftreet in talk
 would hold,

fe ancient things to hear, which well Watling
 knew, [drew.

in thefe enticing words, her fairly forward
 ' Right noble ftreet, quoth he, thou haft liv'd

' long, gone far, [war;

Much traffic had in peace, much travailed in
 And in thy larger courfe furvey'ft as fundry

' grounds
 ' Where I poor flood am lockt within thefe nar-
 ' rower bounds,

And like my ruin'd felf thefe ruins only fee,
 And there remains not one to pity them or me)

On with thy former fpeech: I pray thee fome-
 ' what fay.

For, Watling, as thou art a military,
 Thy ftory of old ftreets likes me fo wond'rous

' well, [tell.'

That of the ancient folk I fain would hear thee
 ' With thefe perfuafive words fmoother Ver the

' Watling wan: [began;

broking her dufty face, when thus the ftreet
 When once their fevend fold rule the Saxons came

' to rear,
 And yet with half this ifle fufficed fcarcely were,

(f) Watling, chiefft of the four great ways.

(g) Not far from Dunstable.

' Though from the inland part the Britons they
 ' had chac'd,

' Then underftand how there themfelves the Sax-
 ' ons plac'd.

' Where in Great Britain's ftate four people of her
 ' own [known

' Were by the feveral names of their abodes well

' (As, in that horn which juts into the fea fo far,
 ' Wherein our Devonfhire now, and fartheft Corn-
 ' wal are,

' The old Danmonii dwelt: fo hard again at hand,
 ' The Durotriges fat on the Dorfetian fand:

' And where from fea to fea the Belgæ forth were
 ' let, [and Somerfet,

' Even from Southampton's fhore, through Wilt
 ' The Attrebrates in Bark unto the bank of Tames,

' Betwixt the Celtic fieve and the Sabrianian ftreams)
 ' The Saxons there fet down one kingdom, which

' install'd, [dom call'd.

' And being weft, they it their (g) weftern king-
 ' So eaftward where by Tames the Trinobants

' were fet,
 ' To Trinovant their town, for that their name

' in debt, [poffeff,

' That London now we term, the Saxons did
 ' And their eaft kingdom call'd, as (b) Eflex

' doth exprefs;
 ' The greateft part thereof, and ftill their name,

' doth bear;
 ' Through Middlefex therein, and part of Hert-
 ' ford were;

' From Coln upon the weft, upon the eaft to *
 ' Stour,

' Where mighty Tames himfelf doth into Nep-
 ' tune pour.

' As to our fartheft rife, where forth thofe fore-
 ' lands lean [man main,

' Which bear their chalky brows into the Ger-
 ' The Angles which arofe out of the Saxon

' race,

' Allured with delights and fitnefs of that place,
 ' Where the Iceni liv'd did fet their kingdom

' down,
 ' From where the wallowing fea thofe quenchy

' wafhes drown
 ' That Ely do inifle, to martyr'd Edmond's ditch,

' Till thofe Norfolcian fhores vaft Neptune doth
 ' enrich:

' Which (fartheft to the eaft of this divided ifle)
 ' Th' Eaft-Angles kingdom, then, thofe Englifh

' did inifle.
 ' And Suffex feemeth ftill, as with an open

' mouth, [fouth

' Thofe Saxons rule to fhew, that of the utmoft
 ' The name to them affum'd, who rigoroufly

' expell'd
 ' The Kentifh Britons thence, and thofe rough

' woodlands held
 ' From where the godly Tames the Surryau

' grounds doth fwcep,
 ' Until the fmiling downs falute the Celtic deep.

(g) For a more plain divifion of the Englifh king-
 doms, fee to the XI. long.

(b) So called, of the Eaft Saxons.

* A river upon the confines of Suffex and Eflex.

• Where the Dobuni dwelt, their neighbouring
 Cateuclani,
 • Carnavi more remote, and where the Coritani,
 • Where Dee and Mersey shoot into the Irish sea;
 • (Which well-near o'er this part, now called
 England lay, [plain,
 • From Severn to the ditch that cuts Newmarket
 • And from the banks of Thames to Humber, which
 contain
 • So many goodly shires of Mersey, Mercia hight)
 • Their mightier empire, there, the middle-English
 right.
 • Which farthest though it raught, yet there it did
 not end:
 • Bay Offa, king thereof, it after did extend
 • Beyond the bank of Dee; and by a ditch he cut
 • Through Wales from north to south, into wide
 Mercia put
 • Well near the half thereof, and from three peo-
 ples there,
 • To whom three special parts divided justly were
 • (The Ordovices, now which North Wales peo-
 ple be,
 • From Cheshire which of old divided was by Dee;
 • And from our Marches now, that were Demetae
 then; [then)
 • And those Silures call'd, by us the South Wales
 • Beyond the Severn, much the English Offa took,
 • To shut the Britons up within a little neck.
 • From whence, by Mersey's banks, the rest a
 kingdom made: [sway'd;
 • Where in the Britons rule (before) the Brigantes
 • The powerful English there establish were to
 stand: [Northumberland;
 • Which, north from Humber set, they term'd
 • Two kingdoms which had been with several
 thrones install'd.
 • Bernitia hight the one; Diera th' other call'd.
 • The first from Humber stretcht unto the bank
 of Tine:
 • Which river and the Frith the other did confine.
 • Diera beareth through the spacious Yorkish
 bounds, [(4) founds,
 • From Durham down along to the Lancastrian
 • With Mersey and clear Tine continuing to their
 fall, [wall,
 • To England-ward within the Picts renowned
 • And did the greater part of (1) Cumberland
 contain: [remain;
 • With whom the Britons names for ever shall
 • Who there amongst the rocks and mountains
 lived long,
 • When they Loegria left, inforc'd through pow-
 erful wrong.
 • Bernitia over Tine into Albania lay, [sea.
 • To where the (m) Frith falls out into the German
 This said, the aged street sagg'd sadly on alone:
 • And Ver upon his course, now hasted to be gone
 T' accompany his Coln: which as she gently
 glides,
 • Doth kindly him embrace: whom soon this hap
 betides;

(2) Sea-depths near the shores.

(1) The Cymbrie land.

(m) A river running by Edinborough into the sea.

As Coln comes on along, and cheer'd to cast her
 eye [so high,

Upon that neighbouring hill where Harrow stands
 She (n) Peryvale perceiv'd prank'd up with
 wreaths of wheat, [sea;
 And with exulting terms thus glorying in her
 • Why should not I be coy, and of my beauties
 nice, [prize!
 • Since this my goodly grain is held of ground
 • No manchet can so well the courtly palate please,
 • As that made of the meal fetch'd from my fer-
 tile leaze, [wheat
 • Their finest of that kind, compared with my
 • For whiteness of the bread doth look like our
 mon cheat.
 • What barley is there found, whose hair and
 bearded ear [beer!
 • Makes flouter English ale, or stronger English
 • The oat, the bean, and pease, with me but pikes
 are; [and ure.
 • The coarse and browner rye, no more than such
 • What feed doth any soil in England bring, that
 • Beyond her most increase yet cannot multiply!
 • Besides, my sure abode next goodly London is,
 • To vent my fruitful store, that me doth never miss
 • And those poor bawler things, they cannot put away,
 • Howe'er I set my price, ne'er on my chapmen-day.
 When presently the hill that maketh her a vale,
 With things he had in hand did interrupt her tale.
 With Hampstead being fall'n and Highgate in
 debate; [dile;
 As one before them both that would advance his
 From either for his height to bear away the prize,
 Besides that he alone rich Peryvale surveys.
 But Hampstead pleads, himself in simples to him
 skill,
 And therefore by desert to be the noblest hill;
 As one, that on his worth and knowledge doth
 rely
 In learned physic's use, and skilful surgery;
 And challengeth, from them, the worthiest place
 her own, [known.
 Since that old Watling once, o'er him to pass was
 Then Highgate boasts his way; which men do
 most frequent; [defect;
 His long-continued fame, his high and great
 Appointed for a gate of London to have been,
 When first the mighty Brute that city did begin
 And that he is the hill, next Endfield which
 bath place,
 A forest for her pride, though titled but a chaunt.
 Her purlieus, and her parks, her circuit fall in
 large, [chaunt;
 As some (perhaps) whose state requires a greater
 Whose (m) holts that view the east, do willy
 stand to look
 Upon the winding course of Lee's delightful brook
 Where Mimer coming in, invites her sister Bea,
 Amongst the chalky banks t' increase their mi-
 treis' train;

Whom by the dainty hand obsequiously they led
 (By Hartford gliding on, through many a pleasant
 mead

(n) Peryvale, or Fur-vale, yieldeth the best mead
 England. (a) High woody banks,

coming in her course to cross the common
fare,
kindness she doth kiss that hospitable Ware.)
scarcely comfort Lee (alas!) so woe begun,
explaining in her course, thus to herself alone;
no should my beauty now give Waltham such
delight,

I, poor silly brook, take pleasure in her
stiquity (for that it stands so far from view,
and would her doating dreams should be be-
liev'd for true

are loudly lie for Coln, that sometimes ships
did pass,

Ver'lum by her stream, when Ver'lum famous
is, by the later times, suspected but to feign,
planks and anchors shews, her error to main-
tain;

which were, indeed, of boats, for pleasure there
to row

then her (then a lake) the Roman pomp to
When Rome her forces here did every year
supply,

but old Ver'lum kept a warlike colony.
but I, distressed Lee, whose course doth plainly
tell,

that what of Coln is said, of me none could
When (a) Alfred but too wise (poor river!)
I may say

When he the cruel Danes did cunningly betray,
Which Hartford then believ'd, whose navy there
abode;

but on my spacious breast before the castle rode)
by vantage of my soil, he did divide my stream;
that they might ne'er return to Neptune's
wat'ry realm.

And, since, distressed Lee, I have been left forlorn,
A bye-word to each brook, and to the world a
scorn.

When Sturt, a nymph of her's, (whose faith
she oft had prov'd,
at whom, of all her train, Lee most entirely
did so excessive grief her mistress might invade,
but (by fair gentle speech) to patience doth per-
suade :

'Though you be not so great to others as be-
fore,

Yet not a jot for that dislike yourself the more.
Your case is not alone, nor is (at all) so strange;
that everything on earth subjects itself to change.
Where rivers sometime ran, is firm and certain
ground :

And where before were hills, now standing lakes
are found.

And that which most you urge, your beauty to
despoil,

Doth recompence your bank with quantity of
fish with ranks of swans; that, in their wonted
pride,

Do prune their snowy plumes upon your pleasant
And Waltham woos you still, and smiles with
wonted cheer :

And Tames, as at the first, so still doth hold you
dear.

(a) See to the 11th Eclog.

To much-beloved Lee this scarcely Sturt had
spoke,

But goodly London's sight their farther purpose
When Tames his either banks adorn'd with build-
ings fair,

The city to salute doth bid the muse prepare.

Whose turrets, fances, and spires, when wistly she
beholds,

Her wonder at the site thus strangely she unfolds:

'At thy great builder's wit, who's he but wonder
'may?

'Nay, of his wisdom thus ensuing times shall
'O more than mortal man, that did this town
'begin!

'Whose knowledge found the plot, so fit to set it
'What God, or heavenly power was harbour'd in
'thy breast,

'From whom with such success thy labours should
'be blest?

'Built on a rising bank, within a vale to stand,
'And for thy healthful soil, chose gravel mix'd
'with sand.

'And where fair Tames his course into a crescent
'casts

'That, forced by his tides, as still by her he hastes,
'He might his surging waves into her bosom send)

'Because too far in length his town should not
'extend.

'And to the north and south, upon an equal
'Two hills their even banks do somewhat seem to
'stretch,

'Those two extremer winds from hurting it to let;
'And only level lies upon the rise and set.

'Of all this goodly isle, where breathes most
'cheerful air,

'And every way thereto the ways most smooth
'and fair :

'As in the fittest place by man that could be
'thought,

'To which by land, or sea, provision might be.
'And such a road for ships scarce all the world
'commands,

'As is the goodly Tames, near where Brute's
'city stands.

'Nor any haven lies to which is more resort,
'Commodities to bring, as also to transport

'Our kingdom that enrich'd (through which we
'flourish'd long)

'E'er idle gentry up in such abundance sprung,
'Now peck'ring all this isle : whose disproportion
'draws

'The public wealth so dry, and only is the cause
'Our gold goes out so fast, for foolish foreign
'things,

'Which upstart gentry still into our country
'Who their insatiate pride seek chiefly to maintain

'By that, which only serves to uses vile and vain :
'Which our plain fathers erst would have account-
'ed sin,

'Before the costly coach, and filken stock came
'Before that Indian weed (a) so strongly was
'embrac'd,

'Wherein such mighty fums we prodigally waste ;

(a) Tobacco.

- That merchants long train'd up in gain's deceit-
ful school, [fool,
• And subtly having learn'd to sooth the humorous
• Present their painted toys unto this frantic gull,
• Disparaging our tin, our leather, corn, and wool;
• When foreigners, with our's them warmly clothe
and feed, [need.
• Transporting trash to us, of which we ne'er had

But whilst the angry muse, thus on the
claims,
Sith every thing therein consisteth in extre
Left she inforc'd with wrongs, her limits
transcend,
Here of this present song she briefly makes

ILLUSTRATIONS.

In wandering passage the muse returns from the wedding, somewhat into the land, and first to Hartford; whence, after matter of description, to London.

Thou saw'st when Ver'lam once her hand alight did bear.

For, under Nero, the Britons intolerably loaden with weight of the Roman government, and especially the Iceni (now Norfolk and Suffolk men) provoked by that cruel servitude, into which not themselves only, but the wife also and posterity of their King Prasutagus were, even beyond right of victory, constrained, at length breathing for liberty (and in a farther continuance of war, having for their general R. Boudicca, Boudicca, or as the difference of her name is) rebelled against their foreign conqueror, and in martial opposition committing a slaughter of no less than 80,000 (as Dio hath, although Tacitus misht 10,000 of this number) ransacked and spoiled Maldon (then Camalodunum) and also this Verulam near St Alban's) which were the two (a) chief towns of the isle; the first a colony (whereof the 8th Song) this (b) a municipal city, called expressly in a catalogue at the end of Nennius, Cacr-Municip. Out of || Agellius I thus note to you its nature. *Municipes sunt cives Romani ex municipiis suo jure & legibus suis utentes, muneres tantum cum pop. Rom. bonorari participes, a quo munere capessendo appellati videntur; nullis aliis necessitatibus neque ulla top. Rom. lege ascriptis, quum nunquam pop. Rom. eorum fundus factus esset.* It differed from a colony, most of all in that a colony was a progeny of the city, and this of such as were received into state-favour and friendship by the Roman. Personating the Genus of Ver'lam, that ever-famous (c) Spenser sung:

*I was that city, which the garland wore
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore;
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in mine own ashes, as ye see:
Ver'lam I was; what boots it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and wasteful grass*

As under the Romans, so in the Saxon time-ward it endured a second ruin; and, of corruption, after the abbey erected by King was generated that of St. Alban's; whilst in later times most of the stone-works, an ever fit for building was by the abbots used. So that,

—————(f) *Now remains no memory,
Nor any little monument to see,
By which the traveller that fares that way,
This once was see, may warned be to say.*

The name hath been thought from thence running called Ver, and Humphrey Lhuid makes it, as if it were *Her-Iban* church upon Ver.

*Thou saw'st great burden'd ships through
valleys pass.*

Lay not here unlikelihooods to the charge; he tells you more judiciously towards end of the song. But the cause why son thought so, is for that, (b) Gildas, speaking of Alban's martyrdom, and his miraculous through the river at Verlamestre, calls it *notum trans Thamefis fluvii alveum*: so by consequence that Thames had then his full

(a) Suet. lib. 6. cap. 39.

(b) Municipium Tacit. Annal. 14.

|| Neq. Attic. 16. cap. 13.

(c) In his ruins of time.

(e) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant.

(f) Spens. ubi supra.

(g) In Brev. Brit.

(h) In Epist. de Excid. Britan.

cing thereto farther moved by anchors like are digged up. This conjecture followed by that (i) noble muse thus in of Verlam;

*'e the crystal Thames wont to slide
:banet down along the Lee,
of flow'ry banks on either side,
d nymphs, with mirthful jollity,
at to play from all annoyances free:
w no river's course is to be seen,
th' sun, and marshes ever green.*

*i where the winged ship were seen,
waves to cut their foamy way;
d fishers number'd to have been
ide lake looking for plenteous prey
ith baits which they us'd to betray,
late, nor any fisher's store,
ship shall sail there any more.*

this matter of the Thames, those two quarries, Leland and Camden, have digment against it: and for the anomaly be supposed of fish-boats in large have here been; and yet are left re-name.

is kingly ways Mulmutius first began.

years before our Saviour, this king (take it upon credit of the British lituted divers laws; especially that loughs, and highways should have li-anctuary, by no authority violable. res should be free and enjoy liberty consenting allowance of most nations ed, and in this kingdom (it being af-by constitution of (4) King Lucius (a very church-yard was a sanctuary, : of (I) parliament under Henry VIII., for protection of offences, being too d, was taken away; but, whether now the last (m) parliament, wherein all cerning abjuration or sanctuary made Eliz. are repealed, I examine not. and husbandmen have by our (n) d especially by (o) civil and (p) Per-reat freedoms. Highways being with-n necessary, as well for peace as war, defended in the (q) Roman laws, and ours, to be in that respect (as they ication of the name) the king's high-

ways, and (r) *res sacra*: *U' qui aliquid inde occupaverit excedendo fines U' terminos terra sua, dicitur fecisse purpessuram super ipsum regem.* According to this privilege of Mulmutius in the statute of Marlbridge (z) it is enacted, that none should disfrain in the king's highway, or the common street, but the king and his ministers, *specialem autoritatem ad hoc habentibus*; which I particularly transcribe, because the printed books are therein so generally corrupted by addition of this here cited in Latin: you see it alters the law much, and we have divers judgments, that in behalf of the king by common bailiffs, without special authority, *Distress* may be (s) taken, as for an amerciamment in the sheriff's torn or leet, or for parliament knights fees. But the old rolls of the statute (as I have seen in a fair MS. examined by the exemplification, for the record itself is with many other lost) had not those words, as the (u) register also specially admonishes, nor is any part of that chapter in some MSS. which I marvel at, seeing we have a formal writ grounded upon it. Not much amiss were it here to remember a worse fault, but continually received, in the charter of the forest, article VII where you read *Nullus foresterius, U'c. aliquam collectam faciat nisi per visum U' sacramentum XII. regardatorum quando faciunt regardum.* *Tot foresterii, U'c.* the truth of the best copies (and so was the record) being in this digression *Nullus foresterius, U'c. aliquam collectam faciat. Et per visum sacramentum XII. regardatorum, quando faciunt regardum, tot foresterii ponantur, U'c.* as, beside authentic MSS. it is expressly in the like charter, almost word for word, given first by King John, and printed in Matthew Paris; betwixt which, and that of ours commonly read, he may be made a time-deserving comparison. Were it not for digression, I would speak of the senseless making of Boniface, archbishop of Canterbury witness to the grand charter in 9th Henry III. When as it is plain that he was not archbishop until the 25th. The best copy that ever I saw had Simon archbishop of Canterbury; which indeed was worse, there being no such prelate of that see in those times; but the mistake was by the transcriber's turning the single S. (according to the form of writing in that age) into Simon for Stephen, who was (Stephen of Langton) archbishop at that time. But I forget myself in following matter of my more particular study, and return to Mulmutius. His constitution being general for liberty of highways, controversy grew about the course and limits of them; whereupon

er.
legus.
en. 8. cap. 14.
b. Scil. 1. c. 25.
m. 2. c. 20 & 21. Ed. 1. District.
12 res pignori oblig. l. 7. Executores
aph. Cyropzed. 1.

(g) ff. de via public.
(r) Bract. lib. 4. tract. Assis. Nov. dis. c. 16.
§ 8.
(z) 52 Hen. 3. cap. 16. & V. Art. Cler. cap. 9.
Statutum Marlbridge sibi restitutum.
(t) 34. Ed. 1. *Assise* 232. 8. Rich. 2. ibid. 194. 12.
Hen. 4. fol. 1. 19. Ed. 2. *Assise*, 221 & 225. alibi.
(u) Original. fol. 97. b. Charta de Foresta ad
MS. emendat.

his son King Belin, to quit the subject of that doubt, caused more especially these four, here presently spoken of, to be made, which might be for interrupted passage, both in war and peace; and hence by the author they are called Military (a name given by the Romans to such highways, as were for their marching armies) and indeed by more polite conceit (*) and judicious authority these our ways have been thought a work of the Romans also. But their courses are differently reported, and in some part their names also. The author calls them Watling-street, the Fosse, Ikenild, and Rickeneld. This name of Rickeneld is in Randal of Chester, and by him derived from St. Dewy's in Pembroke into Hertford, and so through Worcester, Warwick, Derby, and York-shires to Tinnmouth, which (upon the author's credit reporting it to me) is also justifiable by a very ancient deed of lands, bounded near Birmingham in Warwickshire by Rickeneld. To endeavour certainty in them, were but to obtrude unwarrantable conjecture, and abuse time and you. Of Watling (who is here personated, and so much the more proper, because Verlam was called also by the English, (y) Watling-chester) it is said that it went from Dover in Kent, and so by west of London (yet part of the name seems to this day left in the middle of the city) to this place, and thence in a crooked line through Shropshire by Wrekin hill into (z) Cardigan; but (a) others say from Verlam to Chester; and where all is referred to Belin

by Geoffrey ap Arthur, and Polychronicon, neither (b) tells you that the sons of (I know not what) king Wethle made, and denominated it. The Fosse is derived, by one consent out of Cornwall into Devonshire, through Somerset, over Cotswold by Teakesbury, along near Coventry, to Leicester, through Lincoln to Burwick, and thence to Caithness the utmost of Scotland. Of restitution of the other you may be desperate; Rickeneld I have told you of; in Henry of Huntingdon, no such name is found, but with the first two, Ikenild and Ermingstreet. Ikenild, saith he, goes from east to west; Erming-street, from south to north: another tells me, that Erming-street begins at St. Dewy, and conveys itself to Southampton; which the author hath attributed to Ichning, begun upon the same community with Icens) in the eastern part. It is not in my power to reconcile all these, or elude the best; I only add, that Erming-street, which being of English idiom, seems to have had its name from *Irmanfall* in that signification whereby it (c) interprets an universal pillar worshipped for Mercury, president of ways, is like enough if Huntingdon be in the right, making it from south to north) to have left its part in Stan-street in Surrey, where a way made with stones and gravel in a soil on both sides very different continues near a mile; and thence towards the eastern part in Sussex are some places seeming as other side of it. But I here determine nothing.

(*) V. Camden. Roman.

(y) Lhud. Breviar. Brit.

(z) Polychron. lib. x. cap. de Plat. reg.

(a) Henric. Huntingd. hist. 1.

(b) Roger. Hoveden, part 1. fol. 248.

(c) Adam. Bremenf. hist. Ecclef. cap. 5. and to the 3d song.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE SEVENTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.



To Medway, Tames a suter goes ;
But fancies Mole, as forth he flows.
Her mother, Homesdale, holds her in :
She digs through earth, the Tames to win.
Great Tames, as king of rivers, sings
The catalogue of th' English kings.
Thence the light muse, to th' southward soars,
The Surrian and Suffexian shores ;
The forests and the downs surveys,
With rillets running to those seas ;
This song of hers then cutteth short,
For things to come, of much import.

gth it came to pass, that Ivis and her
fame
way understood, a nymph of wondrous
ame ;
ch desirous were, their princely Tames
ould prove
woer) he could win her maiden love ;
so great descent, and of so large a dower,
rell ally their house, and much increase
is power :
ving to prefer their son, the best they may,
the lussy flood in rich and brave array,
rich imbroider'd meads, of sundry suits
f flowers,
ft adorn'd with swans, oft walsh with sil-
cr showers ;

A train of gallant floods, at such a costly rate
As might besecm their care, and fitting his estate.

Attended and attir'd magnificently thus,
They send him to the court of great Oceanus,
The world's huge wealth to see ; yet with a full
intent, [went.

To woo the lovely nymph, fair Medway, as he
Who to his dame and fire his duty scarce had done,
And whilst they sadly wept at parting of their son,
See what the Tames befel, when 'twas suspes-
ed least.

As still his goodly train yet every hour increast,
And from the Surrian shores clear Wey came
down to meet

His greatness, whom the Tames so graciously
doth greet,

That with the (a) fern crown'd flood he minion-
like doth play :

'Yet is not this the brook, enticeth him to stay.
But as they thus, in pomp, came sporting on the
shole,

'Gainst Hampton-court he meets the soft and gen-
tle Mole.

Whose eyes so pierc'd his breast, that seeming to
foreflow

The way which he so long intended was to go,
With trifling up and down, he wand'reth hese
and there;

And that he in her sight transparent might appear,
Applies himself to fords, and setteth his delight
On that which most might make him gracious in
her sight.

Then this and the Tame from their conjoined
bed,

Desirous still to learn how Tames their son had
(For greatly they had hop'd, his time had so been
spent,

That he e'er this had won the goodly heir of Kent)
And sending to inquire, had news return'd again
(By such as they employ'd, on purpose in his train)
How this their only heir, the life's imperial flood,
Had loitered thus in love, neglectful of his good.

No marvel (at the news) though (d) Oude and
Tame were sad,

More comfort of their son expecting to have had.
Nor blame them, in their looks much sorrow
though they show'd :

Who fearing lest he might thus meanly be be-
slow'd,

And knowing danger still increased by delay,
Employ their utmost power to hasten him away.
But Tames would hardly on : oft turning back,
to show

From his much loved Mole how loth he was to go.

The mother of the Mole, old (c) Homeisdale,
likewise bears

Th' affection of her child, as ill as they do theirs :
Who nobly though deriv'd, yet could have been
content

T' have matcht her with a flood of far more mean
descent,

But Mole respects her words as vain and idle
dreams,

Compar'd with that high joy to be belov'd of
Tames :

And headlong holds her course, his company to
win.

But Homeisdale raised hills, to keep the straggler
That of her daughter's stay she need no more to
doubt :

(Yet never was there help, but love could find it
) Mole digs herself a path, by working day and
night

(According to her name, to shew her nature right)
And underneath the earth for three miles space
doth creep :

Till gotten out of sight, quite from her mother's
keep,

Her fore intended course the whiten nymph
doth run ;

As longing to embrace old Tames and his' son.

When Tames now understood what pains the
Mole did take,

How far the loving nymph adventur'd for his sake,
Although with Medway matcht, yet never could
remove

The often quick'ning sparks of his moss moist
love.

So that it comes to pass, when by great nature's
guide

The ocean doth return, and thrusteth in the tide,
Up tow'rs the place, where first his much lov'd
Mole was seen,

§ He ever since doth flow beyond delightful
Shene (d).

Then Wandal cometh in, the Mole's beloved
mate,

So amiable, fair, so pure, so delicate,

So plump, so full, so fresh, her eyes so wondrous
clear :

And first unto her Lord, at Wandsworth doth ap-
pear

That in the goodly court of their great sovereign
Tames,

There might no other speech be had among
the streams,

But only of this nymph, sweet Wandal, what she
wore ;

Of her complexion, grace, and how herself she
wore ;

But now this mighty flood, upon his voyage past
(That found how with his strength, his beauty
still increas'd,

From where brave Windsor stood on tiptoe to
behold

The fair and goodly Tames, so far as e'er he could,
With kingly houses crown'd, of more than earth-
ly pride,

Upon his either banks, as he along doth glide)
With wonderful delight doth his long course
peruse,

Where Otlands, Hampton Court, and Richmond
he doth view,

Then Westminster the next great Tames doth en-
tertain ;

That vaunts her palace large, and her most sum-
ptuous fane :

The land's tribunal seat that challengeth for her's,
The crowning of our kings, their famous sepul-
chres :

Then goes he on along by that more beauteous
strand,

Expressing both the wealth and bravery of the
land

(So many sumptuous bowers, within so little space,
The all-beholding sun scarce sees in all his race.)

And on by London leads, which like a crescent
lies,

Whose windows seem to mock the star-bed-
ded skies ;

Besides her rising spires, so thick themselves
that show,

As do the brilliant reeds within his banks that
grow.

(a) Coming by Fernham, so called of fern there growing.
(b) i.e. a.

(c) A very woody vale in Surrey.

(d) Tames ebbe and flows beyond Richmond.

There sees his crowded wharfs and people-pep-
 'red shores,
 His bosom overspread with shoals of labouring
 With that most costly bridge that doth him most
 renown;

By which he clearly puts all other rivers down.

Thus furnished with all that appertain'd to
 state,

Desired by the floods (his greatness which await)
 That as the rest before, so somewhat he would
 sing.

Both worthy of their praise, and of himself their
 king.

A catalogue of those, the sceptre here that sway'd,
 The princely Tames recites, and thus his song he
 laid:

As bastard William first, by conquest hither
 came,

And brought the Norman rule upon the English
 So with a tedious war, and almost endless toils,
 Throughout his troubled reign, here held his
 hard-got spoils.

Decreasing at the last, through his unsettled state,

Left (with his ill-got crown) unnatural debate.

For, dying at his home, his eldest son abroad

(Who in the holy war his person then bestow'd)

His second, Rufus, next usurp'd the wronged
 reign:

And by a fatal dart in his new forest slain,

Whilst in his proper right religious Robert slept,

Through craft into the throne, the younger
 Beauclerk crept.

From whom his sceptre, then, whilst Robert
 strove to wrest,

The other (of his power that amply was possess)

With him in battle join'd: and in that dreadful
 day

(Where Fortune shew'd herself all human pow-
 er to sway)

Duke Robert went to wreck; and taken in the
 flight,

Was by that cruel king deprived of his sight,

And in close prison put; where miserably he
 dy'd:

But Henry's whole intent was by just heav'n
 deny'd.

For, as of light and life he that sad lord bereft;

So his, to whom the land he purpos'd to have
 left,

The (d) raging seas devour'd, as hitherward
 they sail'd.

When in this line direct, the conqueror's if-
 fee fail'd,

Twixt Henry's daughter Mauid, the Almain
 emperor's bride

(Which after to the earl of Anjou was assign'd)

And Stephen Earl of Blois, the Conqueror's sis-
 ter's son,

A fierce and cruel war immediately begun;

Who with their several powers arriv'd here
 from France,

By force of hostile arms their titles to advance.

But Stephen, what by coin, and what by fo-
 reign strength,

Through worlds of danger gain'd the glorious
 goal at length.

But, left without an heir, the empress' issue
 next,

No title else on foot; upon so fair pretext,

The second Henry soon upon the throne was
 set,

(Which Mauid to Jeffrey bare) the first Plan-
 tagenet.

Who held strong wars with Wales, that his sub-
 jection spurn'd:

Which often times he beat, add; beaten oft, re-
 turn'd:

With his stern children vex'd: who (whilst he
 strove to advance

His right within this isle) rais'd war on him in
 France.

With his high fame in fight, what cold breast
 was not fir'd?

Through all the western world, for wisdom
 most admir'd.

Then Richard got the rule, his most renown-
 ed son,

Whose courage, him the name of *Cœur de Lion*

With those first earthly gods had this brave
 prince been born;

His daring hand had from Alcides' shoulders torn

The Nemean lion's hide: who in the Holy
 Land

So dreadful was, as thought from Jove and Nep-
 tune's hand,

The thund'ring three-fork'd fire, and trident he
 had rest,

And him to rule their charge they only then had
 Him John again succeeds; who having put
 away

Young Arthur (Richard's son) the sceptre took
 to sway.

Who, of the commonwealth first havoc having
 made,

His sacrilegious hands upon the churches laid,
 In cruelty and rape continuing out his reign;

That his outrageous lust and courses to restrain,
 The baronage were forc'd defensive arms to
 raise,

Their daughters to redeem, that he by force
 would seize;

Which the first civil war in England here begun.

And for his sake such hate his son young Henry
 won,

That to depose their prince, th' revengeful peo-
 ple thought;

And from the line of France young Lewis to
 have brought

To take on him our rule: but, Henry got the
 throne,

By his more forceful friends: who, wise and
 puissant grown,

The general charter seiz'd: that into slave-
 ry drew

The freest born English blood. Of which such
 discord grew,

(b) See the last note of the 4th song.

- ' And in the barons breasts so rough combustions
 ' rais'd [appeas'd,
 ' With much expence of blood as long was not
 ' By strong and tedious gusts held up on either side,
 ' Betwixt the prince and peers, with equal power
 ' and pride.
 ' He knew the worst of war, match'd with the ba-
 ' rons strong; [long-
 ' Yet victor liv'd, and reign'd both happily and
 ' This long-liv'd prince expir'd: the next suc-
 ' ceeded; he,
 ' Of us, that for a good might well related be.
 ' Our Longshanks, Scotland's scourge: who to the
 ' Orcads raught
 ' His sceptre, and with him from wild Albania
 ' brought
 ' The relics of her crown (by him first placed here)
 ' § The seat on which her kings inaugurated were.
 ' He tam'd the desperate Welsh, that out so long
 ' had rood,
 ' And made them take a (A) prince, sprung of the
 ' English blood.
 ' This isle from sea to sea, he generally controul'd,
 ' And made the other parts of England both to hold.
 ' This Edward, first of ours, a second then en-
 ' fues; [abuse;
 ' Who both his name and birth, by looseness did
 ' Fair Ganimeides and fools who rais'd to princely
 ' places; [faces;
 ' And chose not men for wit, but only for their
 ' In parasites and knaves, as he repos'd his trust
 ' Who footh'd him in his ways apparently unjust;
 ' For that preposterous sin wherein he did offend,
 ' In his posterior parts had his preposterous end.
 ' A third then of that name, amends for this
 ' did make: [take.
 ' Who from his idle fire seem'd nought at all to
 ' But as his grandfire did his empire's verge ad-
 ' vance: [France.
 ' So led he forth his powers into the heart of
 ' And fast'ning on that right he by his mother had,
 ' Against the Salique law, which utterly forbad
 ' Their women to inherit; to propagate his cause,
 ' At Cressy with his sword first cancelled those
 ' laws:
 ' Then like a furious storm, through troubled
 ' France he ran; [wan
 ' And by the hopeful hand of brave Black Edward
 ' Proud Prelaters, where King John he valiantly
 ' subdu'd, [hew'd;
 ' The miserable French and there in manmoocks
 ' Then with his battering rams made earthquakes
 ' in their towers,
 ' Till trampled in the dust herself she yielded ours.
 ' As mighty Edward's heir, to a second Richard
 ' then [of men,
 ' (Son to that famous Prince Black Edward, man
 ' Untimely that before his conquering father dy'd)
 ' Too soon the kingdom fell: who his vain youth
 ' apply'd
 ' To wantonness and spoil, and did to favour draw
 ' Unworthy ignorant fops, with whose dull eyes he
 ' saw:
 ' Who plac'd their like in court, and made them
 ' great in state
 ' (Which wife and virtuous men, beyond all
 ' plagues, might hate.)
 ' To whom he blindly gave: who blindly spent
 ' again,
 ' And oft oppress'd his land, their riot to maintain.
 ' He hated his allies, and the deserving starv'd;
 ' His minions and his will, the gods he only serv'd;
 ' And finally, depos'd, as he was ever friend
 ' To ribaulds, so again by villains had his end.
 ' Henry the son of Gaunt, supplanting Richard
 ' then
 ' Ascended to the throne: when discontented men,
 ' Desirous first of change, which to that height
 ' him brought,
 ' Deceived of their ends, into his actions sought;
 ' And as they set him up, assay'd to pluck him
 ' down [crown;
 ' For whom he hardly held his ill-achieved
 ' That treasons to suppress which oft he did disclose,
 ' And raising public arms against his powerful foes,
 ' His usurpation still being troubled to maintain,
 ' His short disquiet days scarce raught a peaceful
 ' reign. [get
 ' A fifth succeeds the fourth: but how his father
 ' The crown, by right or wrong, the son respect-
 ' eth not.
 ' Nor farther hopes for that e'er leaveth to pursue;
 ' But doth his claim to France courageously renew;
 ' Upon her wealthy shores unlades his warlike
 ' fraught;
 ' And shewing us the fields where our brave fa-
 ' thers fought, [light,
 ' First drew his sun-bright sword, reflecting such a
 ' As put sad guilty France into so great a fright,
 ' That her pale genius sunk; which trembling
 ' seem'd to stand,
 ' When first he set his foot on her rebellious land.
 ' That all his grandfire's deeds did over, and there
 ' to [not to:
 ' Those high achievements add the former could
 ' At Agincourt's proud fight, that quite put Poie-
 ' tiers down; [renown.
 ' Of all, that time who liv'd, the king of most
 ' Whose too untimely end the Fates too soon did
 ' haste:
 ' Whose nine years noble acts, nine worlds deserve
 ' to last.
 ' A sixth in name succeeds, born great, the
 ' mighty son [had won.
 ' Of him, in England's right that spacious France
 ' Who coming young to reign, protected by the
 ' peers
 ' Until his non-age out: and grown to riper years,
 ' Prov'd upright, soft, and meek, in no wise loving
 ' war;
 ' But fitter for a cowl, than for a crown by far.
 ' Whose mildness over-much did his destruction
 ' bring:
 ' A wond'rous godly man, but not so good a king.
 ' Like whom yet never man try'd fortune's change
 ' so oft;
 ' So many times thrown down, so many times alac-

(A) See Song ninth.

the utmost power their friends
 them afford,
 out their right upon the dint of

and won, in that long bloody war,
 two factions still'd, of York and
 er. [power,
 inforc'd to yield him to their
 eign and life both ended in the

d's name the fourth put on the
 'cath :

bloody war (that seem'd a while
),

ook. For Henry's queen and heir
 ed reign still seeking to repair)
 with their friends their title to
 [distain,

l Barnett's streets and Teuksbury's
 to stir. The title then at rest,
 trian line being utterly suppress'd,
 upon king to amorous pleasures

[grave.
 of his right, descended to his
 fant left: who had he liv'd to

h had been. But justly see again,
 d prince before had caus'd to die
 ie Tower, the son at Teuksbury)
 dren young, being left to be pro-

[pected.
 io nor God, nor human laws re-
 most vile devourer of his kind
 itious ends had struck so grossly

mother's lap them seizing for a
 [away)
 t the next, could they be made
 y usurp'd, and them in prison

t last he smothered as they slept.
 l hands were in their blood im-

nsfself) with murder he pursu'd
 nous acts as look'd not fair and
 [might

ere not his expressly, and had
 n his course; 'till (as a monster
 [betroth'd)

ill and death himself that had
 other in, to thrust that tyrant

last resign'd both life and crown.
 nry, then, the imperial feat at-
 [main'd,
 who long in Britain had re-
 forkists fought his life to have

an house there only being left
 ohn of Gaunt) whom Richmond
 ,
 ter born to John of Somerset.
 rk this noble prince affy'd,
 s strong thereby on either side.

' And grafting of the white and red rose firm to-
 ' gether, [of Tether.

' Was first, that to the throne advanc'd the name
 ' In Bosworth's fatal field, who having Richard
 ' slain, [reign,

' Then in that prosperous peace of his successful
 ' Of ail that ever rul'd, was most precise in state.

' And in his life and death a king most fortunate,
 ' This seventh that was of ours, the eighth suc-
 ' ceeds in name : [came

' Who by Prince Arthur's death (his elder brother)
 ' Unto a land with wealth abundantly that flow'd :

' Abundantly again so he the same bestow'd,
 ' In banquets, masks, and tilts, all pleasures prone
 ' to try,

' Besides his secret 'scapes who lov'd polygamy.
 ' The abbey he suppress'd ; a thousand ling'ring
 ' year, [to rear.

' Which with revenues large the world had fought
 ' And through his awful might, for temporal
 ' ends did save,

' To other uses erst what frank devotion gave ;
 ' And here the papal power, first utterly deny'd,

' *Defender of the Faith* that was instil'd ; and dy'd.
 ' His son the empire had, our Edward sixth
 ' that made;

' Untimely as he sprang, untimely who did fade.
 ' A Protestant being bred ; and in his infant reign,

' Th' religion then receiv'd, here stoutly did
 ' maintain : [rest,

' But e'er he taught to man, from his sad people
 ' His sceptre he again unto his sisters left.

' Of which the eldest of two, Queen Mary,
 ' mounts the chair :

' The ruin'd Roman state who striving to repair,
 ' With persecuting hands the Protestants pursu'd ;

' Whose martyr'd allies oft the wond'ring streets
 ' bestrew'd.

' She match'd herself with Spain, and brought
 ' King Philip hither, [together.

' Which with an equal hand, the sceptre sway'd
 ' But issueless she dy'd : and under six years reign,

' To her wife sister gave the kingdom up again.
 ' Elizabeth, the next, this falling sceptre hent ;

' Digressing from her sex, with manlike govern-
 ' ment [extend

' This island kept in awe, and did her power
 ' Afflicted France to aid, her own as to defend ;

' Against th' Iberian rule, the Flemings sure de-
 ' fence :

' Rude Ireland's deadly scoutge ; who sent her
 ' navies hence

' Unto the either Inde, and to that shore so green,
 ' Virginia which we call of her, a virgin queen :

' In Portugal 'gainst Spain, her English ensigns
 ' spread ; [fled.

' Took Cales, when from her aid the brav'd Iberia
 ' Most flourishing in state : that, all our kings
 ' among [so long,

' Scarce any rul'd so well : but (I) two, that reign'd
 ' Here suddenly he staid : and with his kingly song,

' Whilst yet on every side the city loudly rang,
 ' He with the eddy turn'd, a space to look about :

' The tide, retiring soon, did strongly thrust him out.

(I) Hen. III. & Ed. III.

And soon the pliant mule, doth her brave wing
advance,
Tow'rds those sea-bord'ring shores of ours, that
point at France;
The harder Surrey heath, and the Suffexian
down
Which with so great increase though nature do
As many other shires of this environ'd isle,
Yet on the (f) weather's head, when as the sun
doth smile,
Nursh by the southern winds, that soft and gently
Here doth the luffy sap as soon begin to flow;
The earth as soon puts on her gaudy summer's
sute;
The woods are soon in green, and orchards great
To seaward, from the seat where first our song
began,
Exalted to the south by the ascending fan,
Four stately wood-nymphs stand on the Suffexian
ground,
Great (m) Andredsweld's sometime: who, when
she did abound
In circuit and in growth, all other quite surpass:
But in her wane of pride, as she in strength de-
creas'd,
Her nymphs assum'd the names, each one to her
As, Water-down, so call'd of her depressed site:
And Ash-down, of those trees that most in her do
grow,
Set higher to the downs, as th' other standeth low.
St. Leonard's, of the seat by which she next is
plac'd,
And Whord, that with the like delighteth to be
These forests, as I say, the daughters of the Weald
(That in their heavy breaks had long their grief
conceal'd)
Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast come on,
Under the ax's stroke fetcht many a grievous groan,
When as the anvil's weight, and hammer's dread-
ful sound,
Even rent the hollow woods, and shook the
queachy ground,
So that the trembling nymphs, oppress'd through
ghastly fear,
Ran madding to the downs, with loose dishevell'd
The Sylvens that about the neighbouring woods
did dwell,
Both in the tufty frith and in the messy fell,
Forsook their gloomy bow'rs, and wand'red far
abroad,
Expell'd their quiet seats, and place of their abode,
When labouring carts they saw to hold their daily
trade,
Where they in summer wont to sport them in the
' Could we, say they, suppose, that any would us
' cherish,
' Which suffer (every day) the holiest things to
' Or to our daily want to minister supply?
' These iron times breed none that mind posterity.
' 'Tis but in vain to tell, what we before have been,
' Or changes of the world, that we in time have
' seen;

(f) The sun in Aries.

(m) A forest, containing most part of Kent, and Surrey.

' When, now devising how to spend our wealth
' with waste,
' We to the savage swine let fall our larding mast,
' But now, alas! ourselves we have met to disdain,
' Nor can our tops suffice to shield our roots from
' rain.
' Jove's oak, the warlike ash, vein'd elm, the fisher
' beech,
' Short hazel, maple plain, light asp, the bending
' Trough holly, and smooth birch, must altogether
' burn:
' What should the builder serve, supplies the foe:
' When under public good, base private gain takes
' hold,
' And we poor woful woods to ruin hasty sell'
This uttered they with grief: and more they
would have spoke,
But that the envious downs, in t' open laughter
As joying in those wants, which nature them had
given,
Sith to as great distress the forests should be driven.
Like him that long time hath another's misery'd,
And sees a following ebb, unto his former tide;
The more he is depressed, and brain'd with fu-
ture's might,
The larger rein his foe doth give to his delight;
So did the envious downs; but that again the
floods
(Their fountains that derive from chalk upland
woods,
And so much grace thy downs, as through their
dales they creep,
Their glories to convey unto the Celtic deep)
It very hardly took, much murmuring at their
pride.
Clear Lavant, that doth keep the Southampton
(Dividing it well near from the Suffexian land
That Selsey doth survey, and Solent's troubled
sands)
To Chichester their wrongs impatiently dash't:
§ And Arun (which doth name the beauteous A-
rundel)
As on her course she came, it to her forest told
Which, nettled with the news, had not the power
to hold:
But breaking into rage, with tempests them might
rive;
And on their barren scalps, still flint and chalk
might thrive,
The brave and nobler woods which lately she
upbraid.
§ And Adur coming on, to Shoreham softly sail'd
"The downs did very ill, poor woods to be
"base."
But now, the Ouse, a nymph of very formal
grace,
So touchy waxt therewith, and was so squand'ring
grown,
That her old name she scorn'd should publicly be
known.
Whose haven out of mind when as it almost grew,
The lately-passed times debronnate the new.
So Cucmer with the rest, put to her utmost might:
As Ashburn undertakes to do the forests right

(At Pemsey, where she pours her soft and gentler flood)
And Aften, once distain'd with native English blood
(Whose soil, when yet but wet with any little rain,
§ Doth blush; as put in mind of those there sadly slain,

When Hastings harbour gave unto the Norman powers,
Whose name and honours now are denizen'd for [ours]
That boding ominous brook, it through the forests rung:
Which echoing it again the mighty Wcald along,
Great stir was like to grow; but that the mule did charm
Their furies, and herself for nobler things did arm.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Asraa your travels (thus led by the muse) through the islands, out of the Welsh coast maritime, here are you carried into Surrey and Suffex, the southern shires from London to the ocean: and Thames, as king of all our rivers, summarily sings the kings of England, from Norman William to yesterday's age.

Mole digs herself a path, by working day and night.

The Mole runs into the earth, about a mile from Darking in Surrey, and after some two miles sees the light again, which to be certain hath been affirmed by inhabitants thereabout reporting trial made of it. Of the river Deveril near Warminster in Wiltshire is said as much; and more of Alpheus running out of Elis (a part of the now Morea, anciently Peloponnesus in Greece) through the vast Ocean to Arethusa in a little isle (close by Syracuse of Sicily) called Ortygia, and thither thus coming unmixed with the sea, which hath been both tried by a (a) cup, lost in Elis, and other stuff of the Olympian sacrifices there cast up, and is justified also by express assertion of an old (b) oracle to Archias, a Corinthian, advising him he should hither deduce a colony.

Ἦν Ὀλφεν ἔρμα ἐλίζον,
Μαργάριτον πηγῆς Εἰρηπῶντος Ἀρβύρου.

Like this, (c) Pausanias reckons more; (d) Erasim in Greece, Lucus (e) that runs into Meander, (f) Tiger, and divers others, some remember for such quality. And Guadiana (the ancient limit of Portugal and the Basique Spain) is specially fa-

mous for this form of subterranean course: which although hath been thought fabulous, yet by some learned and judicious of that (g) country, is put for an unfeigned truth,

His ever since hath flown beyond delightful Shreene.

Mole's fall into Thames is near the utmost of the flood, which from the German Ocean, is about sixty miles, scarce equalled (I think) by any other river in Europe; whereto you may attribute its continuing so long a course, unless to the diurnal motion of the heavens, or moon, from east to west (which hardly in any other river of note falling into so great a sea, will be found so agreeable, as to this, flowing the same way) and to the easiness of the channel being not over creekly, I cannot guess. I incline, to this of the heavens, because such (h) testimony is of the ocean's perpetual motion in that kind; and whether it be for frequency of a winding, and thereby more resisting shore, or for any other reason judiciously not yet discovered, it is certain, that our coasts are most famous for the greatest differences by ebbs and floods, before all other whatsoever.

Left with his ill-got crown unnatural debate.

See what the matter of descent to the fourth song tells you of his title; yet even out of his own mouth, as part of his last will and testament, these words are reported; (i) "I constitute no heir of the crown of England: but to the universal creator, whose I am, and in whose hand are all things, I recommend it. For I had it not by

(a) Strab. Geograph. c.

(b) Pausan. Eliac. i.

(c) There Alpheus springeth again, embracing fair Arethusa.

(d) Herodot. hist. c.

(e) Idem. § Palibym.

(f) Justin. hist. 42.

(g) Ludov. Nonius in Fluv. Hispa.

(h) Scalig. de subtilit. exercit. 52.

(i) Guil. Picstavenf. in hist. Cadomens.

"inheritance, but with direful conflict, and much
 "effusion of blood I took it from that perjured
 "Harold, and by death of his favourites, have I
 "subdued it to my empire." And somewhat
 after: "Therefore I dare not bequeath the sceptre
 "of this kingdom to any but to God alone, lest
 "after my death worse troubles happen in it by
 "my occasion. For my son William (always, as
 "it became him, obedient to me) I wish that
 "God may give him his graces, and that, if so
 "it please the Almighty, he may reign after me."
 This William the Second (called Rufus) was his
 second son, Robert his eldest having upon dis-
 content (taken because the Dukedom of Norman-
 dy, then, as it were, by birthright, nearly like the
 principality of Wales anciently, or duchy of Corn-
 wall at this day, belonging to our kings heirs ap-
 parent, was devised him) revolted unnaturally, and
 moved war against him, aided by Philip First of
 France, which caused his merited disinheri-
 tance. Betwixt this William and Robert, as also betwixt
 him and Henry I. all brothers (and sons to the
 Conqueror) were divers oppositions for the king-
 dom and dukedom, which here the author alludes
 to. Our stories in every hand inform you: and
 will discover also the Conqueror's adoption by the
 Confessor, Harold's oath to him, and such institu-
 tions of his lawful title enforced by a case (1) re-
 ported of one English, who, deriving his right
 from Scisin before the conquest, recovered by
 judgment of King William I. the manor of Shar-
 bon in Norfolk against one Warren a Norman, to
 whom the king had before granted it: which
 had been unjust, if he had by right of war oply
 gotten the kingdom; for then had (2) all titles of
 subjects before, been utterly extinct. But (admit
 this case as you please, or any cause of right beside
 his sword) it is plain that his will and imperi-
 ous affection (moved by their rebellions which
 had stood for the sworn Harold) disposed all
 things as a conqueror. Upon observation of his
 subjection of all lands to tenures, his change of
 laws, disinheriting the English, and such other re-
 ported (which could be but where the profitable
 dominion, as civilians call it, was universally ac-
 quired into the prince's hand) and in reading the
 disgraceful account then made of the English
 name, it will be manifest.

Was by a fatal dart in vest New Forest slain.

His death by an unfortunate looking at a deer
 out of one Walter Tirrel's hand in New Forest,
 his brother Richard being blasted there with in-
 fection, and Richard, Duke Robert's son, having
 his neck broken there in a boar's twist catching
 him from his horse, have been thought as divine
 revenges on William I. who desired in Ham-
 stire 16 parish churches to make dens for wild
 beasts; although it is probable enough, that it

was for security of landing new forces there, if the
 wheel of fortune, or change of Mars, should have
 disposed him of the English crown. Our stories
 will of these things better instruct you; but if
 you seek Matthew Paris for it, amend the absurd-
 ity of both the London and Figurin prints in
 an. 1086, and for *Rex magnificus & bone indolis ob-
 lesens*, read *Ri. b. magnificus*, &c. for Richard bro-
 ther to this Red William

Was by that cruel king deprived of his sight.

Thus did the conqueror's posterity unquietly
 possess their father's inheritance. William had
 much to do with his brother Robert, justly grudg-
 ing at his usurping the crown from right of pri-
 mogeniture: but so much the less, in that Ro-
 bert with divers other German and French prin-
 ces left all private respects for the holy war, which
 after the crois undertaken (as those times used)
 had most fortunate success in recovery of Pale-
 stine. Robert had no more but the duchy of Nor-
 mandy, nor that without swords often drawn, be-
 fore his holy expedition; about which (having
 first offer of, but refusing the kingdom of Jera-
 salem) after he had some five years been absent,
 he returned into England, finding his younger
 brother (Henry I.) exalted into his hereditary
 throne. For, although it were undoubtedly ag-
 greed that Robert was eldest son of the Conquer-
 or; yet the pretence which gave Henry the
 crown) beside the means of his working favour-
 ites) was, that he was the only issue born after
 his father was a king; upon which point a great
 question is disputed among (a) civilians. Robert
 was no sooner returned into Normandy, but pre-
 sently (first animated by Randal bishop of Dur-
 ham, a great disturber of the common peace be-
 twixt the prince and subject by intolerable ex-
 ceptions and unlimited injustice under William II.
 whose (p) chief justice it seems he was, newly
 escaped out of prison (whither for those state
 misdemeanors he was committed by Henry) he
 dispatches and interchanges intelligence with
 most of the baronage, claiming his primogeni-
 ture right, and thereby the kingdom. Having thus
 gain'd to him most of the English nobility, he
 lands with forces at Portsmouth, thence marching
 towards Winchester: but before any encounter
 the two brothers were persuaded to a peace; co-
 venant was made and confirmed by oath of 12
 barons, on both parts, that Henry should pay him
 yearly 2000 pounds of silver, and that the sur-
 vivor of them should inherit, the other dying with-
 out issue. This peace, upon denial of payment
 (which had the better colour, because, at request
 of Queen Maud, the Duke prodigally released his
 2000 pounds the next year after the covenant)
 was soon broken. The king (to prevent what
 mischief might follow a second arrival of his bro-

(1) Arrig. Sed. in Fer. Comid.

(2) Atqui ad hanc rem etiam testis dilectissimus dilectissimus, Jure & Gentium & Anglicano, videntur fuisse Bottoman. Illust. qua. 3. 5. Aliter, Gentil. de

Jure Belli 3. cap. 5. & cas. Calv. in D. Cole l. 7.

(a) Bottom. Illust. qua. 2.

(p) Placator & laxator totius regni, Plac. Wig. & Aenachorum turba.

er) assisted by the greatest favours of Norman-
and Anjou, besieged Duke Robert in one of his
cities, took him, brought him home captive, and
length using that course (next secure to death)
often read of in Choniates, Cantucuzen, and
her oriental stories, put out his eyes, being all
is time imprisoned in Cardiff Castle in Gla-
morgan, where he miserably breathed his last. It
by Polydore added, out of some authority, that
ing Henry after a few years imprisonment releas-
ed him, and commanded that within 40 days and
2 hours (these hours have in them time of two
oods, or a flood and an ebb) he should, abjuring
England and Normandy, pass the seas as in per-
tual exile, and that in the mean time, upon new
asons attempted by him, he was secondly com-
itted, and endured his punishment and death, as
e common monks relate. I find no warrantable
authority that makes me believe it: Yet, be-
use it gives some kind of example of our obso-
te law of abjuration (which it seems had its be-
gining from one of the statutes published under
me of the Confessor) a word or two of the
me prescribed here for his passage: which being
named upon Bracton's credit, makes the re-
port therein faulty. For he seems confident that
he forty days in abjuration, were afterward in-
uced upon the statute of (g) Clarendon, which
ave the accused of felony or treason, although
sited by the Ordel (that is, judgment by water
fire, but the statute published, speaks only of
ster, being the common trial of meaner (r) per-
as) forty days to pass out of the realm with his
stance, which to other felons taking sanctuary
d confessing to the coroner, he affirms not
ratable; although John le Berton is against
im, giving this liberty of time, accounted after
ie abjuration to be spent in the sanctuary, for
revision of their voyage necessities, after which
omplete, no man, on pain of life and member, is
o supply any of their wants. I know it a point
ery intricate to determine, observing these op-
osite authors and no express resolution. Since
hem, the oath of abjuration published among our
nual statutes nearly agrees with this of Duke
Robert, but with neither of those old lawyers. In
t, after the felon confesses, and abjures, and hath
his port appointed; I will (proceeds the oath)
diligently endeavour to pass over at that port, and will
ot delay time there above a flood and an ebb, if I may
ave passage in that space; if not, I will every day go
into the sea up to the knees, assaying to go over, and un-
less I may do this within forty continual days, I will
turn to the sanctuary, as a felon of our lord the king;
& God me help, &c. So here the 40 days are to be
spent about the passage, and not in the sanctuary;
compare this with other (s) authorities, and you

shall find all so dissonant, that reconciliation is
impossible, resolution very difficult. I only offer
to their consideration, which can here judge, why
Hubert de Burch (Earl of Kent, and Chief Jus-
tice of England under Henry III.) having incurred
the king's high displeasure, and grievously per-
secuted by great enemies, taking sanctuary, was,
after his being violently drawn out, retored; yet
that the sheriff of Hereford and Essex were com-
manded to ward him there, and prevent all asste-
nance to be brought him, which they did, *decer-
nentes (t) ibi X. dierum excubitis observare*: And
whether also the same reason (now unknown to
us) bred this forty days for expectation of em-
barkment out of the kingdom, which gave it in
another kind for return? as in case of *diffusion*, the
law hath (u) been that the disseisor could not
re-enter without action, unless he had as it were
made a present and continual claim, yet if he had
been out of the kingdom in single pilgrimage
(that is, not in general voyages to the holy land)
or in the king's service in France, or so, he had
allowance of 40 days, two floods, and one ebb, to
come home in, and 15 days, and four days,
after his return; and if the tenant had been so
beyond sea, he might have been effoigned *de ultra
Mare*, and for a year and a day, after which he
had 40 days, one flood, and one ebb (which is
easily understood as the other for two floods) to
come into England. This is certain, that the
space of 40 days (as a year and a day) hath had
with us divers applications, as in what before, the
assize of Freshford in cities and boroughs, and
the widow's quarantine, which seems to have had
beginning either of a deliberative time granted to
her, to think of her conveniency in taking letters
of administration, as in another (x) country the
reason of the like is given; or else from the 40
days in the effoign of child-birth allowed by the
Norman customs. But you dislike the digression.
It is reported, that when William the Conqueror
in his death-bed left Normandy to Robert, and
England to William the Red, this Henry asked
him what he would give him? 100. pounds of sil-
ver (saith he) and be contented, my son; for, in time,
thou shalt have all which I possess, and be greater than
either of thy brethren.

His sacrilegious bands upon the Churches laid.

The great controversy about electing the arch-
bishop of Canterbury (the king, as his right bade
him, commanding that John Bishop of Norwich
should have the prelacy, the Pope, being Innocent
III. for his own gain, aided with some disloyal
monks of Canterbury, desiring, and at last conse-
crating Stephen of Langton a cardinal) was first

(g) Hen. 2. ap. Rog. Hoved fol. 314.

(r) Glanvil. lib. 14. cap. 1. ceterum, si placet,
deas Janum nostrum lib. 2. f. 67.

(s) Itin. North. 3 Ed. 3. Coron. 113. Lectur.
p. Br. tit. Coron. 181. V. Stamfordum lib. 2.
ap. 40. qui de his graviter & modeste, sic interpretatur.

(t) Math. Par. pag. 507.

(u) Bract. lib. 4. tract. assis. Nov. Diff. cap. 5.
& lib. 5. tract. de Eflon, cap. 3. Vid. de Consecra-
tione in Oxonia 21. Ed. 3. fol. 46. b.

(x) Cust. Generaux. de Artois art 164.

cause of it. For king John would by no means endure this Stephen, nor permit him the dignity after his unjust election at Rome, but banished the monks, and stoutly menaces the Pope. He presently makes delegation to William Bishop of London, Eustace of Ely, and Malgere of Worcester, that they should, with monitory advice, offer persuasion to the king of conformity to the Romanish beheft; if he persisted in constancy, they should denounce England under an interdict. The bishops tell king John as much, who suddenly, mov'd with imperious affection and scorn of papal usurpation, swears, *by God's tooth, if they or any other, with unadvised attempt, subject his kingdom to an interdict, he would presently drive every prelate and priest of England to the pope, and confiscate all their substance, and of all the Romans amongst them, he would first pull out their eyes, and cut off their noses, and then send them all packing*, with other like threatening terms, which notwithstanding were not able to cause them to desist; but within little time following in public denunciation they performed their authority: and the king, in some sort, his threatnings; committing all abbeys and priories to laymens custody, and compelling every priest's concubine to a grievous fine. Thus for a while continued the realm without divine sacraments or exercise, excepted only confession, extreme unction, and baptism; the king being also excommunicated, and burials allowed only in highways and ditches without ecclesiastical ceremony, and (but only by indulgence procur'd by Archbishop Langton, who purchas'd favour that in all the monasteries, excepting of White-friers, might be divine service once a week) had no change for some four or five years, when the Pope in a solemn council of cardinals, according to his pretended plenary power, depos'd king John, and immediately by his legate Pandulph offered to Philip II. of France the kingdom of England. This, with suspicion of the subjects hearts at home, and another cause then more esteem'd than either of these, that is, the prophecy of one Peter an hermit in Yorkshire, foretelling to his face that before holy Thursday following he should be no king, altered his stiff, and resolute, but too disturbed affections; and persuaded him by oath of himself and 16 more of his barons, to make submission to the Church of Rome, and condescended to give for satisfaction, 100. c. 10. c. 10. pounds Sterling (that name of Sterling (y) began, as I am instructed, in time of Henry II. and had its original of name from some esterling, making that kind of money, which hath its essence in particular weight and fineness, not of the starling bird, as some; nor of Sterling in Scotland under Edward I. as others absurdly; for in (z) records much more ancient the express name *Sterlingorum* I have

read) to the clergy, and subject (a) all his dominions to the Pope; and so had absolution, and after more than four years, release of the interdict (b). I was the willingest to insert it all, because you might see what injurious opposition, by papal usurpation, he endured, and then conjecture that his violent dealings against the church were not without intolerable provocation, which maded rather than amended his troubled spirits. Easily you shall not find a prince more beneficial to the holy cause than he, if you take his former part of reign, before this ambitious Stephen of Langton's election exasperated desire of revenge. Most kind habitude then was betwixt him and the Pope, and for alms toward Jerusalem's aid he gave the fortieth part of his revenue, and caused his baronage to second his example. Although therefore he be noways excusable of many of those faults, both in government and religion which are laid on him, yet it much extenuates the ill of his action, that he was so besieged with continual and undigestible incentives of the clergy with traitorous confidence striking at his crown, and in such sort, as humanity must have exceeded itself, to have endured it with any mixture of patience. Nor ever shall I impute that his wicked attempt of sending ambassadors, Thomas Hardington, Ralph Fitz-Nicholas, and Robert of London, to Amiramully, king of Morocco, for the Mahometan religion, so much to his own will and nature, as to the persecuting bulls, interdicts, excommunications, depofings, and such like, published and acted by them, which counterfeiting the vain name of pastors, hearing, and not feeding their sheep, made this poor king (for they brought him so poor, that he was call'd (c) *Johannes pauper terra*) even as a phrenetique, commit what posterity receives now among the worst actions (and in themselves they are so) of princes.

His Baranage were forc'd defensive arms to raise.

No sooner had Pandulph transacted with the king and Stephen of Langton was quietly possessor of his archbishoprick, but he presently, in a council of both orders at Paul's stirs up the hearts of the barons against John, by producing the old charter of liberties granted by Henry I. comprehending an insurrection of St Edward's laws, as they were amended by the conqueror, and provoking them to challenge observation thereof as an absolute duty to subjects of free state. He was easily heard, and his thoughts seconded with rebellious designs; and after denials of this purpos'd request, armies were mustered to extort these liberties. But at length by treaty in Runnymede near Stanes, he gave them two charters;

(y) Jo. Stou. in Notit. Londini pag. 52. Vid. Camd. in Scot. Buchan. alios.

(z) Polydor. hist. 16.

(a) Norff. 6. Rich. I. fin. rot. 13. & in alibi

eisdem Archivis V.

(b) Ante alios de his consulendus fit Math. Paris.

(c) John Hadland.

the one, of liberties general, the other of the forest; both which were not very different from our Grand Charter and that of the Forest. The Pope at his request confirmed all; but the same year, discontentment (through too much favour and respect given by the king to divers strangers, whom since the composition with the legate, he had too frequently, and in too high esteem entertained) renewing among the barons, ambassadors were sent to advertise the Pope what injury the see of Rome had by this late exaction of such liberties out of a kingdom, in which it had such great interest (for king John had been very prodigal to it, of his best and most majestic titles) and with what commotion the barons had rebelled against him, soon obtain'd a bull cursing in thunder all such as stood for any longer maintenance of those granted charters: This (as how could it be otherwise?) bred new, but almost incurable broils in the state betwixt king and subject: but in whom more, than in the Pope and his Archbishop, was cause of this dissention? Both, as wicked bountesmen, applying themselves to both parts; sometimes animating the subject by censorious exaundering the prince, then assisting and moving forward his proneness to faithless abrogation, by pretence of an interceding universal authority.

The general charter join'd—

The last note somewhat instructs you in what you are to remember, that is, the grand charters granted and (as matter of fact was) repealed by King John; his son Henry III. of some nine years age (under protection first of William Marshal Earl of Pembroke, after the earl's death, Peter de Roches Bishop of Winchester) in the ninth year of his reign, in a parliament held at Westminster desired of the baronage (by mouth of Hubert de Burch proposing it) a fifteenth; whereto upon deliberation, they gave answer, *quod legis petitionibus gratanter adquisierant, si illis diu petitis Libertates concedere voluisset.* The king agreed to the condition, and presently under the great seal delivered charters of them into every county of England, speaking as those of king John (faith Paris) *ita quod Charta utrovisque Regum in nullo inveniatur dissimiles.* Yet those, which we have, published want of that which is in king John's, wherein you have a special chapter that, if a Jew's debtor die, and leave his heir within age subject to payment, the usury during the nonage should cease, which explains the meaning of the Statute of Merton chap. V. otherwise but ill interpreted in some of our year (f) books: after this, follows further, that no aid, except to redeem the king's person out of captivity (example of that was in Richard I. whose ransom out of the hands of Leopold Duke of Austria, was near

ccccccc. pounds of silver, collected from the subject) make his eldest son knight, or marry his eldest daughter, should be levied of the subject, but by Parliament. Yet, reason why these are omitted in Henry III. his charter, it seems, easily may be given; seeing ten years before time of Edward Longshank's exemplification (which is that whereon we now rely, and only have) all Jews were banished the kingdom: and among the petitions and grievances of the commons at time of his instauration of this charter to them, one was thus consented to (g) *Nullum tallagium vel auxilium, per nos vel heredes nostros de cetero in regno nostro imponatur seu levetur sine voluntate et consensu communi Archiepiscoporum, Episcoporum, Abbatum et aliorum Prelatorum, Comitum, Baronum, Militum, Burgensium, et aliorum liberorum hominum;* which although compar'd with that of aids by tenure, be no law, yet I conjecture that upon this article was that chapter of aids omitted. But I return to Henry; he, within some three years, summons a parliament to Oxford, and declares his full age, refusing any longer Peter de Roches his Protection; but taking all upon his personal government, by pretence of past nonage, caused all the charters of the forest to be cancell'd, and repeal'd the rest, (for so I take it, although my author speak chiefly of that of the forest) and made the subject with price of great sums, rated by his chief Justice Hugh de Burch, renew their liberties, affirming that his grant of them was in his minority, and therefore so defeasible: which, with its like (in disinheriting and seizing on his subjects possessions, without judicial course, beginning with those two great potentates Richard Earl of Cornwall his brother, and William le Marshal Earl of Pembroke) bred most intestine trouble betwixt him and his barons, although sometime discontinued, yet not extinguish'd even till his declining days of enthroned felicity. Observe among this, that where our historians and chronologers, talk of a desire by the baronage, to have the constitutions of Oxford restored, you must understand those charters cancelled at Oxford; where after many rebellious, but provoked oppositions, the king at last, by oath of himself and his son Edward, in full parliament (b) (having nevertheless oft times before made show of as much) granted again their desired freedom: which in his spacious reign was not so much impeach'd by himself, as through ill counsel of alien caterpillars crawling about him, being as scourges then sent over into this kingdom. But Robert of Gloucester shall summarily tell you this, and give your palate variety.

*The meste we that bere vel bi king Henry's day
In this lond, icbelle beginne to tell yuf icb may.
He adde (i) thre breibren that is medre's sons were,*

(f) 35 Hen. 6. fol. 61. & 3. Eliz. Plowd. 1 fol. 236. atqui vid. Braet. lib. 2. cap. 26. § 2.

(g) Thom. de Walsingham in 26. Ed. 1. Po. lyd. hist. 17.

(b) 42. Hen. 3.

(i) Guy of Lusignan, William of Valence, and Athelmar, his half brothers, sons of Isabel king John's dowager, daughter to Aimar Earl of Engolisme, married to Hugh Brown Earl of March in Poitiers.

*And the (h) king of Almaine the vertbe that to beie
them bere.*

*At Sir William de Valance and Sir (l) Eimer
thereto.*

*Glit of Wincetre and Sir Guy de Liferai also
Thoru bom and thoru the (m) quene was so much
Frenſis felt throught*

*That of Engliſhmen me told as right nought,
And the king bom let her will that each was as king
And nome poure men God, and ne paiade nothing.
To eni of this brethren yuf ther pleinde eny wight
Hii fede, yuf we doth ou wrong, we ſhall ou do right:
As we ſeiſh we betw kins, ur wille we morue do,
And many Engliſh alas bulde mid bom alſo.
So that thorou Godes grace the erls at laſt,
And the biſhops of the lond, and barons beſpeake waſte,
That the kind Engliſhmen of Londe hii wolde out caſte,
And that long bring adoun, yuf her poer loſe.
Thereof (n) hii nome conſeil, and to the king hii ſend,
To (o) abbe pite of his lond and ſuiche manners
amend.*

*So ther at laſte hii brought him thereto
To make a purveiance amendment to do,
And made it was at Oxenford, that lond vor to ſette,
Twelf hundred as in yer of grace and fifty and
eygbte,*

*Right aboute miſſomer fourtene night is laſte
The erles and the barons were well ſtude (p) waſte
Nor to amendi that lond as the erle of Gloucetre,
Sir Richard, and Sir Simond erle of Leicetre.
And Sir John le Fiz-Geffry and other barons inowe,
So that at laſt the king thereto hii drowe,
To remue the Frenſis men to (q) libbe beyonde ſe
Bi bor londz ber and ther and ne come night (r) age.
And to granti (s) god lawes and the Old Charter
alſo*

*That ſo ofte was igranted er, and ſo ofte undo.
Hereſ was the chartre imade and ſealed waſt there
Of the king and of other beye men that there were,
Tho nome (t) tende tapers the biſhops in bor bond
And the king himſelf and other beye men of the lond,
The biſhops (u) amanſid all that there agon were
And ever eft undude the lawes that loke were there,
Mid berninge tapers; and ſuch as laſte,
The king and others ſeid Amen and the tapers adoun
caſte.*

If particulars of the ſtory, with precedents and
conſequents be deſired, above all I ſend you to
Matthew Paris, and William Riſhanger, and end
in adding, that theſe ſo controverted charters had
not their ſettled ſurety until Ed. I. ſince whom
they have been more than thirty times in parlia-
ment confirmed.

The ſeat on which her kins inaugurated were.

Which is the chair and ſtone at Weſtminſter,
whereon our ſovereigns are inaugurated. The
(w) Scottiſh ſtorie (on whoſe credit, in the firſt
part hereof I importune you not to rely) affirm
that the ſtone was firſt in Gallicia of Spain at Bri-
gantia (whether that he Compoſtella, as Francis
Tarapha wills, or Corunna, as Florian del Campo
conjectures, or Betanſa, according to Mariana, I
cannot determine) where Gathel, king of Scotland
ſat on it as his throne: Thence was it brought
into Ireland by Simon Brech, 1ſt king of Scots,
transplanted into that iſle about 700 years before
Chriſt; out of Ireland, king Ferguze (in him, by
ſome, is the beginning of the now continuing Scot-
tiſh reign) about 350 years afterwards, brought
it into Scotland; king Kenneth, ſome 850 of the
incarnation, placed it at the abbey of Scone (in
the ſheriffdom of Perth) where the coronation of
his ſucceſſors was uſual, as of our monarchs now
at Weſtminſter, and in the Saxon times at King-
ſton upon Thames. This Kenneth, ſome ſay,
cauſed that diſtich to be engraven on it.

*Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.*

—(Whereupon it is called *ſatule marmor* in Hec-
tortius) and incloſed it in a wooden chair. It is
now at Weſtminſter, and on it are the coronations
of our ſovereigns; thither firſt brought (as the
author here ſpeaks) among infinite other ſpoils, by
Edward Longſhanks after his wars and victories
againſt king John Balliol.

Their women to inherit——

So they commonly affirm: but that denial of ſo-
vereignty to their women coſt the lives of many
thouſands of their men, both under this victorious
Edward, and his ſon the Black Prince, and others
of his ſucceſſors. His caſe ſtood briefly thus:
Philip IV. ſurnamed the Fair, had iſſue three ſons,
Lewis the (x) Contentious, Philip the Long, and
Charles the Fair, (all theſe ſucceſſively reigned af-
ter him, and died without iſſue inheritable:) he
had likewiſe a daughter Iſabel (I purpoſely omit
the other, being out of the preſent matter,) mar-
ried to Edward II. and ſo was mother to Edward
III. The iſſue male of Philip the Fair thus fail-
ing, Philip ſon and heir of Charles earl of Valois,
Beaumont, Alenſon, &c. (which was brother to
Philip the Fair,) challenged the crown of France

(h) Richard Earl of Cornwall, ſon to king John.

(l) Athamarus.

(m) Elianor daughter to Raymund Earl of Pro-
vence.

(n) They took.

(o) Have.

(p) Steadſt.

(q) Live:

(r) Again.

(s) Good.

(t) Kindled tapers.

(u) Curſed.

(w) Hector Boeth. hiſt. 1. 10. & 14. Boeth.
rer. Scotic. 6. & 8.

† 1297. 24 Ed. I.

(x) Hunting.

as next heir male against this Edward, who answered to the objections of the Salique law, that (admitting it as their assertion was, yet) he was heir male, although descended of a daughter: and in a public assembly of the states first about protectorship of the womb, (for queen Joan dowager of the Fair Charles, was left with child, but afterwards delivered of a daughter, Blanch, afterwards duchess of Orleans) was this had in a solemn disputation by lawyers on both sides, and applied at length also to the direct point of inheriting the crown. What followed upon judgment given against his right, the valiant and famous deeds of him and his English, recorded in Walsingham, Froissart, Æmilius, and the multitude of later collected stories make manifest. But for the law itself, every mouth speaks of it; few, I think, understand at all why they name it. The opinions are, that it being part of the ancient laws made among the Salians (the same with Franks) under king Pharamond, about 1200 years since, hath thence denomination; and Goropius (that fetches all out of Dutch, and more tolerably perhaps this than many other of his etymologies) deriving the Salians name from *Sal*, which in contraction he makes from *Sadel* (y) * (inventors whereof the Franks, saith he, were) interprets them as it were horsemen, a name fitly applied to the warlike and most noble of any nation, as (x) *chevaliers* in French, and *equites* in Latin allows likewise. So that, upon collection, the Salique law by him is as much as a chivalrous law, and Salique land, *que ad equestrio or. inis dignitatem* & in capite summo, & in ceteris sumpibus conservandum pertinebat: which very well agrees with a (a) sentence given in the parliament at Bourdeaux upon an ancient testament devising all the testator's Salique lands, which was, in point of judgment interpreted (b) Fief. And who knows not that Fiefs were originally military gifts. But then, if so, how comes Salique to extend to the crown, which is merely without tenure? Therefore (c) *Ego scio* (saith a later lawyer) *legem privato salicam agere de patrimonio tantum*. It was composed (not this alone, but with others, as they say) by Wisogast, Bodogast, Salogast, and Windogast, wise counsellors about that Pharamond's reign. The text of it in this part is offered us by Claude de Sciffell bishop of Marilles, Bodin, and divers others of the French, as it were as ancient as the origin of the name, and in these words, *De terra salica nulla portio hereditatis mulieri veniat, sed ad virilem sexum tota terra hereditas pervenit*; and in substance, as referred to the person of the king's heir female; so much is remembered by that great civilian (d) Baldus, and divers others,

but rather as custom than any particular law, as one (f) of that kingdom also hath expressly and newly written; *Ce n'est point une loi écrite, mais née avec nous, que nous n'avons point inventée, mais l'avons puisee de la nature même, qui le nous a ainsi appris & donne cet instinct*: But why the same author dares affirm that king Edward yielded upon this point to the French Philip de Valois, I wonder, seeing all story and carriage of state in those times is so manifestly opposite. Becanus undertakes a conjecture of the first cause, which excluded Gynæcocracy among them, guessing it to be upon their observation of the misfortune in war, which their neighbours the Bructerans (a people about the now Over-Yssel in the Netherlands, from near whom he, as many other, first derive the Franks) endured in time of Vespasian, under the conduct and empire of one (g) Velleda, a lady even of divine esteem amongst them. But howsoever the law be in truth, or interpretable, (for it might ill become me to offer determination in matter of this kind) it is certain, that to this day, they have an use of ancient (h) time which commits to the care of some of the greatest peers, that they, when the queen is in childbirth, be present, and warily observe lest the ladies privily should counterfeit the inheritable sex, by supposing some other made when the true birth is female, or, by any such means, wrong their ancient custom royal, as of the birth of this present Lewis the XIII. on the last of September in 1601, is after other such remembered.

Of these two factions still'd, of York and Lancaster.

Briefly their beginning was thus: Edward the III. had seven sons, Edward the Black Prince, † William of Hatfield, Lionel Duke of Clarence, John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, Edmund of Langley Duke of York, Thomas of Woodstock, and William of Windsor; in prerogative of birth as I name them. The Black Prince died in life of his father, leaving Richard of Bourdeaux (afterward the II) William of Hatfield died without issue; Henry Duke of Lancaster (son to John of Gaunt the fourth brother) deposed Richard the II. and to the Vth and VIth of his name left the kingdom, descending in right line of the family of Lancaster. On the other side Lionel Duke of Clarence, the 3d brother, had only issue Philip a daughter, married to Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, (who upon this title was designed heir apparent to Richard II.) Edmund, by her had Roger; to Roger was issue two sons and two daughters; but all died without posterity, excepting

(y) Francic. lib. 2.
* As our word saddle.
(z) Knights.
(x) Bodin. de Repub. 6. cap. 5. vid. Barth. Chassan. Conf. Burgund. Rubric. 3. § 5. num. 70
(b) Knights fees, or lands held.
(c) Paul. Merul. Cosmog. part 2. l. 3. cap. 17.

(d) Ad l. ff. de Senatorib.
(f) Hierome Bigeon. de l'excel. des Roics, Livre 3.
(g) V. Tacit. hist. 4.
(h) Redulph. Boter. Commentar. 8.
† Ex Archiv. Parl. 1. Ed. 4. in lucem edit. 9. Ed. 4. fol. 9.

It is called by Ethelwerd expressly *Immanis sylva*, *quæ vulgo Andredsfuða nuncupatur*, and was (r) 120 miles long, and 30 broad. The author's conceit of thick forests being nymphs of this great Andredsfuða, and their complaint for loss of woods in Suffex, so decayed, is plain enough to every reader.

As Arun which doth name the beauteous Arundel.

So it is conjectured, and is without controversy justifiable, if that be the name of the river. Some fable it from Arundel, the name of Bevis' horse: it were so as tolerable as (r) Bucephalon, from Alexander's horse, (u) Tymenna in Lycia from a goat of that name. and such like, if time would endure it: But Bevis was about the Conquest, and this town is by name of Erundeic, known in time of King Alfred, (w) who gave it with others to his nephew Athelm. Of all men (x) Goropius had somewhat a violent conjecture, when he derived Harondell, from a people called Charudes (in Ptolomey, towards the utmost of the new Jutland) port of whom he imagines (about the Sax-

on and Danish irruptions) planted themselves here, and by difference of dialect, left this as a branch sprung of their country title.

And Adur coming on to Shoreham.

This river, that here falls into the ocean, might well be understood in that (y) port of Adur, about this coast, the reliques whereof, learned Camden takes to be Edrington, or Adrington, a little from Shoreham. And the author here so calls it Adur.

Doth blub, as put in mind of those there sadly slain.

In the plain near Hastings, where the Norman William after his victory found King Harold slain, he built Battle-abbey, which at last (as divers other monasteries) grew to a town enough populous. Thereabout is a place which after rain always looks red, which some (z) have (by that authority the muse also) attributed to a very bloody sweat of the earth, as crying to heaven for revenge of so great a slaughter.

(r) Hen. Huntingd. hist. 5. in Alfredo.

(s) Plutarch in Alex. & Q. Curt. lib. 9.

(u) Steph. *urp. wal.*

(w) Testament Alfred. ubi etiam. Ritheramfeild, Diccalingum, Armeringum, Feltham, & alie

in hoc agro villæ legantur Osertho ejusdem cognat.

(x) Gothodanic. lib. 7.

(y) Portus Adurni innot. provinc.

(z) Guil. Parvus hist. 1. cap. 1.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE EIGHTEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The Rother through the Weald doth rove,
Till he with Oxney fall in Love :
Rumney, would with her wealth beguile,
And win the river from the isle.
Medway, with her attending streams,
Goes forth to meet her Lord great Thames :
And where in breadth she her disperses,
Our famous captains she rehearces,
With many of their valiant deeds,
Then with Kent's praise the muse proceeds,
And tells when Albion o'er sea rode,
How he his daughter-isles bestow'd ;
And how grim Goodwin foams and frets :
Where to this Song an end she sets,

gas scarcely yet delivered of her son,
the river down, through Andredsweald
oth run :
the aged hill have comfort of her child.
ig in the woods, her Rother waxed wild ;
s with aged oaks, and bushes overgrown,
m the Sylvans kind he hardly could be
own :
ny a time the nymphs, which hapt this
ood to see,
n him, whom they sure a satyr thought
be ;
like he held all pleasures in disdain,
ld not once vouchsafe, to look upon a
lain ;
cing in his course to view a goodly plot,
Albion in his youth upon a sea-nymph got,

For Oxney's love he pines : who being wildly
chaste, {brac'd,
And never woo'd before, was coy'd to be em-
But, what obdurate heart was ever so perverse,
Whom yet a lover's plaints, with patience could
not pierce ?
For, in this conflict she being lastly overthrown,
In-issled in his arms, he clips her for his own.
Who being gross and black, she lik'd the river well.
Of Rother's happy match, when Rumney marks
heard tell,
Whilst in his youthful course himself he doth apply,
And falleth in her sight into the sea at Rye,
She thinketh with herself how she a way might
find
To put the homely isle quite out of Rother's
mind ;

Appearing to the flood, most bravely like a queen,
 Clad all from head to foot, in gaudy summer's
 green;
 Her mantle richly wrought, with sundry flowers
 and weeds;
 Her moistful temples bound, with wreaths of
 quivering reeds:
 Which loosely flowing down, upon her lustrous
 thighs, [eyes.
 Most strongly seem to tempt the river's amorous
 And on her loins a frock, with many a swelling
 plait;
 Imbos'd with well-spread horse, large sheep, and
 full-fed neat.
 Some wallowing in the grass, there lie a while to
 batten; [fatten;
 Some sent away to kill; some thither brought to
 With villages amongst, oft powdered here and
 there; [appear)
 And (that the same more like to landskip should
 With lakes and lesser fords, to mitigate the heat
 (In summer when the fly doth prick the gadding
 neat,
 Forc'd from the brakes, where late they brows'd
 the velvet buds)
 In which, they lick their hides, and chew their
 favoury cud.
 Of these her amorous toys, when Oxney came
 to know,
 Suspecting left in time her rival she might grow,
 Th' allurements of the marsh the jealous isle doth
 move, [love:
 'That to a constant course, she thus persuades her
 'With Romney though for dower I stand in no
 degree;
 'In this, to be below'd yet liker far than she:
 'Though I be brown, in me there doth no favour
 lack, [black.
 'The soul is said deform'd: and she, extremely
 'And though her rich attire, so curious be and
 rare, [air:
 'From her there yet proceeds unwholesome putrid
 'Where my complexion more suits with the high-
 er ground,
 'Upon the lusty Weald, where strength doth still
 abound.
 'The wood-gods I refus'd, that su'd to me for
 grace,
 'Me in thy wat'ry arms, thee suff'ring to embrace;
 'Where, to great Neptune she may one day be a
 prey:
 'The sea-gods in her lap lie wallowing every day.
 'And what, though of her strength she seem to
 make no doubt? [out,
 'Yet put unto the proof she'll hardly hold him
 With this persuasive speech which Oxney lately
 us'd;
 With strange and sundry doubts, whilst Rother
 flood confus'd,
 Old (a) Andredswald at length doth take her
 time to tell
 The changes of the world, that since her youth
 befel,

(a) See Song 17.

When yet upon her foil, scarce human
 trod;
 A place where only then the Sylvens made
 Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart secure
 And every where walk'd free, a burgess
 wood;
 Until those Danish routs, whom hunger-
 home,
 (Like wolves pursuing prey) about the we
 And stemming the rude stream dividing u
 France,
 Into the spacious mouth of Rother fell (by c
) That Lymen then was nam'd, when (wit
 irksome care)
 The heavy Danish yoke, the servile English
 And when at last she found, there was no
 leave [c
 Those, whom she had at first been for
 And by her great resort, she was through
 need,
 Constrained to provide her peopled towns:
 She learn'd the churlish ax and twybill to p
 The steel the coulters' edge, and sharp the s
 ing share:
 And more industrious still, and only hatin
 A housewife she became, most skill'd in a
 cloth.
 That now the draper comes from London
 year,
 And of the Kentish ferts makes his provision
 Whose skirts ('tis said) at first that fifty fa
 went,
 Have lost their ancient bounds, now (d) lin
 Which strongly to improve, the Medway
 did bring, [c
 From Suffex who ('tis known), receives her
 Who tow'rs the lordly Thames, as she
 doth strain,
 Where Teise, clear Beule, and Len bear u
 limber train
 As she removes in state: so for her more re
 Her only name she leaves, t' her only (e) ch
 ed town;
 And Rochester doth reach, in ent'ring t
 bower [ra
 Of that most matchless Thames, her prince
 Whose bosom doth so please her sovereign
 her pride)
 Whereas the royal fleet continually doth rid
 That where she told her Thames, she did i
 to sing
 What to the English name immortal praise
 bring;
 To grace his goodly queen, Thames present
 claims, [a
 That all the Kentish floods, resigning him
 Should presently repair unto his mighty hall
 And by the posting tides, towards London
 to call
 Clear Ravensburn (though small, remem
 them among) [c
 At Deptford ent'ring. Whence as down she

(b) The Weald of Kent.

(c) Maidstone, i. e. Medway's town.

o Darent thither warns : who calls her sister
 Cray, [may.]
 hich harken to the court with all the speed they
 ad but that Medway then of Thames obtain'd
 such grace,
 cept her country nymphs, that none should be
 in place,
 one rivers from each part, had instantly been
 there,
 an at their marriage, first, by (d) Spenser
 numb'red were.
 This Medway still had nur'd those navies in
 her road,
 r armies that had oft to conquest borne abroad ;
 d not a man of ours, for arms hath famous been,
 eorn she not going out, or coming in hath seen :
 by some passing ship, hath news to her been
 brought,
 hat brave exploits they did ; as where, and how
 they fought.
 herefore, for audience now, she to th' assembly
 calls,
 e captains to recite when seriously she falls.
 ' Of noble warriors now, saith she, shall be my
 song ; [sprung.]
 If these renowned spirits, that from the conquest
 Of th' English Norman blood : which, matchless
 for their might,
 save with their flaming swords, in many a
 dreadful fight,
 illustrated this isle, and bore her fame so far ;
 her heroes, which the first wan, in that holy war,
 each fear from every foe, and made the east
 more red,
 With splendour of their arms, than when from
 Tithon's bed
 The blushing dawn doth break ; towards which
 our fame begun,
 By Robert (Curt-hose call'd) the Conqueror's
 eldest son,
 Who with great Godfrey and that holy hermit
 went
 The sepulchre to free, with most devout intent.
 And to that title which the Norman William got,
 When in our conquest here, he strove t' include
 the Scot,
 The general of out power, that stout and war-
 like earl, [merle ;]
 Who English being born, was fill'd of Aube-
 thafe Lacyes then no less courageous, which
 had there [were.]
 The leading of the day, all brave commanders
 Sir Walter Especk, matcht with Peverel,
 which as far [war,]
 Adventur'd for our fame : who in that bishops
 immortal honour got to Stephen's troubled reign :
 That day ten thousand Scots upon the field were
 slain.
 ' The Earl of Strigule then our Strongbow, first
 that won
 Wild Ireland with the sword (which, to the glo-
 rious sun,

(d) In the Fairy Queen.

Volt III,

Lifts up his nobler name) amongst the rest may
 stand.
 ' In Cœur de Lyon's charge unto the holy land,
 Our Earl of Le'fter, next, to rank with them we
 bring :
 ' And Turnham, he that took th' imposs'rous Cy-
 prian king.
 ' Strong Tuchet chose to wield the English stan-
 dard there ;
 ' Pole, Gourney, Nevill, Gray, Lyle, Ferres, Mor-
 timer :
 ' And more, for want of pens whose deeds not
 brought to light, [right.]
 ' It grieves my zealous soul, I cannot do them
 The noble Pembroke then, who, Strongbow
 did succeed,
 ' Like his brave grandfire, made th' revolting
 Irish bleed,
 ' When yielding oft, they oft their due subjection
 broke ; [Irish yoke,]
 ' And when the Britons scorn'd to bear the Eng-
 Lewellin Prince of Wales in battle overthrew,
 ' Nine thousand valiant Welsh and either took or
 slew.
 ' Earl Richard, his brave son, of Strongbow's
 matchless strain,
 ' As he a Marshal was, did in himself retain
 The nature of that word, being martial, like his
 name :
 ' Who, as his valiant fire, the Irish oft did tame.
 ' With him we may compare Marisco (king of
 men [then]
 ' That Lord Chief Justice was of Ireland, whereas
 Those two brave Burrowes, John, and Richard,
 had their place,
 ' Which through the bloodied bogs, those Irish
 oft did chafe ;
 ' Whose deeds may with the rest deservedly be read.
 ' As those two Lacyes then, our English powers
 that led :
 ' Which twenty thousand, there, did in one battle
 quell,
 ' Amongst whom (trodden down) the King of
 Conaught fell.
 ' Then Richard, that lov'd Earl of Cornwal,
 here we set :
 ' Who, rightly of the race of Great Plantagenet,
 Our English armies shipt, to gain that hallowed
 ground,
 ' With Long-sword the brave son of beauteous
 Rosamond :
 ' The Pagans through the beasts, like thunder-
 bolts that shot ;
 ' And in the utmost east such admiration got,
 That the shril-sounding blast, and terror of our
 fame [came :]
 ' Hath often conquered, where our swords yet never
 As Gifford, not forgot, their stout associate there.
 ' So in the wars with Wales, of ours as famous
 here,
 ' Guy Beauchamp, that great Earl of Warwick,
 place shall have :
 ' From whom the Cambrian hills the Welchmen
 could not save ;

E e

- Whom he, their general plague, impetuously
pursu'd, [imbru'd.
And in the British gore his slaughtering sword
In order as they rise (next Beauchamp) we
prefer [Mortimer;
The Lord John Gifford, match'd with Edmond
Men rightly moulded up, for high advent'rous
deeds.
In this renowned rank of warriors then suc-
ceeds [guide;
Walwin, who with such skill our armies oft did
In many a dangerous straight, that had his
knowledge try'd,
And in that fierce assault, which caus'd the fatal
fight, [right,
Where the distressed Welsh resign'd their ancient
Stout Frampton: by whose hand, their Prince
Le wellin fell.
Then followeth (as the first who have deserv'd
as well)
Great St. John: from the French, which twice
recovered Guyn: [shine,
And he, all him before that clearly did out-
Warren, the puissant Earl of Surrey, which led
forth
Our English armies oft into our utmost north;
And oft of his approach made Scotland quake to
hear,
When Tweed hath sunk down flat, within her
banks for fear.
On him there shall attend, that most adventu-
rous Twhing, [bring
That at Scambekin fight, the English oft did
Before the furious Scot, that else were like to fall.
As Basset, last of these, yet not the least of all
Those most renowned spirits that Fowkerk
bravely fought; [brought.
Where Longshanks, to our lort, Albania lastly
As, when our Edward first his title did ad-
vance, [France,
And led his English hence, to win his right in
That most deserving Earl of Derby we prefer,
Henry's third valiant son, the Earl of Lancaster,
That only Mars of men; who (as a general
scourge,
Sent by just-judging heaven, outrageous France
to purge)
At Cagant plagu'd the power of Flemings that
she rais'd, [scas'd,
Against the English force: which as a handfell
Into her very heart he marcht in warlike wise;
Took Bergera, Langobek, Mountdurant, and
Mountguyse;
Leau, Poudra, and Punach, Mount-Segre, Forfa
won;
Mountpelans, and Beaumont, the Ryal, Aiguil-
lon,
Rochmillon, Mauleon, Franch, and Angolime
surpris'd;
With castles, cities, forts, nor provinces suffic'd.
Then took the Earl of Leyle to conduct whom
there came
Nine viscounts, lords, and earls, astonish'd at his
name.
- To Gascoyne then he goes (to plague her, being
prest)
And manfully himself of Mirabel posselt;
Surgeres, and Alnoy, Benoon, and Mortain
struck:
And with a fearful siege, he Taleburg lastly took;
With prosperous success, in lesser time did win
Maximien, Lusingham, Mount-sorrel, and Bo-
vin; [treasure hold;
Sacket Poitiers: which did, then, that country's
That not a man of ours would touch what was
not gold.
With whom our (e) Maney here deservedly
doth stand,
Which first inventor was of that courageous
band, [fired,
Who clos'd their left eyes up; as, never to be
Till there they had achiev'd some high adva-
t'rous deed.
He first into the press at Cagant conflict flew;
And from amidst a grove of gleaves, and hal-
berds drew
Great Derby beaten down; t' amaze the men of
war, [Lancaster:
When he for England cry'd, St. George, and
And as mine author tells (in his high courage
proud)
Before his going forth, unto his mistress vow'd,
He would begin the war: and, to make good the
same,
Then setting foot in France, there first with ho-
stile flame
Forc'd Mortain, from her towers, the neigh-
bouring towns to light;
That suddenly they caught a fever with the
fright. [made;
Thin castle (near the town of Cambray) ours he
And when the Spanish powers came (f) Britain
to invade,
Both of their aids and spoils, them utterly bereft.
This English Lion, there, the Spaniards never left,
Till from all air of France, he made their Lewis
fly.
And fame herself, to him, so amply did apply,
That when the most unjust Calicians had fore-
thought,
Into that town (then ours) the Frenchmen to
have brought,
The (g) king of England's self, and his renown-
son [done)
By those perfidious French to see what would be
Under his guydon march, as private soldiers
there. [were;
So had we still of ours, in France that famous
Warwick, of England then high-counstable that
was,
As other of that race, here well I cannot pass;
That brave and godlike brood of Beauchamp;
which so long
Them Earls of Warwick held; so hardy, great
and strong,

(e) Sir Walter Maney.

(f) Little Britain in France.

(g) Edward III. and the Black Prince.

' That after of that name it to an adage grew,
 ' If any man himself advent'rous hapt to shew,
 ' (b) Bold Beauchamp men him term'd, if none
 ' so bold as he.
 ' With those our Beauchamps, may our Bour-
 ' chers reck'ned be,
 ' Of which, that valiant lord, most famous in
 ' those days, [frays:
 ' That hazarded in France so many dangerous
 ' Whose blade in all the fights betwixt the French
 ' and us,
 ' Like to a blazing star was ever ominous;
 ' A man, as if by Mars upon Bellona got.
 ' Next him, stout Cobham comes, that with as
 ' prosp'rous lot
 ' Th' Englishmen hath led; by whose auspicious
 ' hand,
 ' We often have been known the Frenchmen to
 ' command.
 ' And Harcourt, though by birth an alien; yet,
 ' ours won,
 ' By England after held her dear adopted son:
 ' Which oft upon our part was bravely prov'd to
 ' do,
 ' Who with the hard'ft attempts fame earnestly
 ' did woo: [stealth
 ' To Paris-ward, that when the Amyens fled by
 ' (Within her mighty walls to have inclos'd their
 ' wealth) [took;
 ' Before her bulwark'd gates the burgesses he
 ' Whilst the Parisians, thence that sadly stood to
 ' look, [stead,
 ' And saw their faithful friends so woefully be-
 ' Not once durst issue out to help them, for their
 ' head.
 ' And our John Copland; here courageously
 ' at home
 ' (Whilst every where in France, those far abroad
 ' do roam)
 ' That at Newcastle fight (the battle of the queen,
 ' Where most the English hearts were to their so-
 ' vereign seen)
 ' Took David king of Scots, his prisoner in the
 ' fight, [might:
 ' Nor could these wars employ our only men of
 ' But as the queen by these did mighty things
 ' achieve;
 ' So those, to Britain sent the countess to relieve,
 ' As any yet of ours, two knights as much that
 ' dar'd,
 ' Stout Danghorn, and with him strong Hartwel
 ' honour shar'd;
 ' The dreaded Charles de Bloys, that at Rochdar-
 ' ren beat, [set.
 ' And on the royal seat, the countess Mountfort
 ' In each place where they came so fortunate
 ' were ours,
 ' Then, Audly, most renowned amongst those
 ' valiant powers,
 ' That with the Prince of Wales at conquer'd
 ' Poitiers fought;
 ' Such wonders that in arms before both armies
 ' wrought;

(b) Bold Beau. camp; a proverb.

' The first that charg'd the French; and, all tha
 ' dreadful day,
 ' Through still, renewing worlds of danger made
 ' his way;
 ' The man that scorn'd to take a prisoner (through
 ' his pride)
 ' But by plain down-right death the title to de-
 ' cide.
 ' And after the retreat that famous battle done,
 ' Wherein rich spacious France was by the English
 ' won, [bestow'd
 ' Five hundred marks in fee, that noblest prince
 ' For his so brave attempts, through his high
 ' courage show'd.
 ' Which to his four Esquires (i) he freely gave,
 ' who there
 ' Vy'd valour with their lord; and in despite
 ' of fear,
 ' Oft fetcht that day from death, where wounds
 ' gap'd wide as hell;
 ' And cries, and parting groans, whereas the
 ' Frenchmen fell, [were,
 ' Even made the victors grieve, so horrible they
 ' Our Dabridgcourt the next shall be remem-
 ' bred here, [horfe,
 ' At Poitiers who brake in upon the Alman
 ' Through his too forward speed: but, taken by
 ' their force,
 ' And after, by the turn of that so doubtful fight,
 ' Being rescu'd by his friends in Poitiers' fearful
 ' fight,
 ' Then like a lion rang'd about th' enemy's host:
 ' And where he might suppose the danger to be
 ' most, [dismay,
 ' Like lightning entred there, to his French foes
 ' To gratify his friends which rescued him that
 ' day.
 ' Then Chandos: whose great deeds found
 ' fame so much to do,
 ' That she was lastly forc'd, him for her ease to
 ' woo; [shone
 ' That minion of dread Mars, which almost over-
 ' All thoe before him were, and for him none
 ' scarce known, [won;
 ' At Cambray's scaled wall his credit first that
 ' And by the high exploits in France by him were
 ' done,
 ' Had all so over-aw'd, that by his very name
 ' He could remove a siege; and cities where he
 ' came
 ' Would at his summons yield. That man, the
 ' most belov'd,
 ' In all the ways of war so skilful and approv'd,
 ' The (4) Prince at Poitiers chose his person to
 ' assist.
 ' This stout Herculean stem, this noble martialist,
 ' In battle 'twixt brave Bloys and noble Mount-
 ' fort, try'd
 ' At Array, then the right of Britain to decide,
 ' Rag'd like a furious storm beyond the power of
 ' min, [English wat
 ' Where valiant Charles was slain, and the stern

(i) The honourable bounty of the Lord Audley.

(4) The Black Prince.

- ' The royal British rule to Mountfort's nobler
 ' name.
 ' He took strong Tarryers in, and Anjou oft did
 ' tame.
 ' Gavaches he regain'd, and us Rochmador got.
 ' Where-ever lay'd he siege that he invested not ?
 ' As this brave warrior was, so no less dear to
 ' us,
 ' The rival in his fame, his only æmulus,
 ' Renown'd Sir Robert Knowles, that in his glo-
 ' ries shar'd,
 ' His chivalry and oft in present perils dar'd ;
 ' As nature should with time, at once by these
 ' content [spent.
 ' To show, that all their store they idly had not
 ' He Vermandoise o'er-ran with skill and courage
 ' high ;
 ' Notoriously he plagu'd revolting Picardy :
 ' That up to Paris walls did all before him win,
 ' And dar'd her at her gates (the king that time
 ' within)
 ' A man that all his deeds did dedicate to fame,
 ' Then those stout Percyes, John, and Thomas,
 ' men of name.
 ' The valiant Gourney, next, deservedly we grace,
 ' And Howet, that with him assumes as high a
 ' place.
 ' Strong Trivet, all whose ends at great adven-
 ' tures shot :
 ' That conquer'd us Mount Pin, and castle Carci-
 ' As famous in the French, as in the Belgic war ;
 ' Who took the Lord Brimewe ; and with the
 ' great Navarre,
 ' In Papaloon, attain'd an everlasting praise.
 ' Courageous Carill next, than whom those glo-
 ' rious days
 ' Produc'd not any spirit that through more dan-
 ' gers swam.
 ' That princely Thomas next, the Earl of Buck-
 ' ingham,
 ' To Brittany through France that our stout En-
 ' glish brought,
 ' Which under his command with such high for-
 ' tune fought
 ' As put the world in fear Rome from her cin-
 ' ders rose.
 ' And of this earth again meant only to dispose.
 ' Thrice valiant Hawkwood then, out-shining all
 ' the rest,
 ' From London at the first a poor mean soldier
 ' prest
 ' (That time but very young) to those great wars
 ' in France,
 ' By his brave service there himself did so ad-
 ' vance, [done
 ' That afterward, the heat of those great battles
 ' (In which he to his name immortal glory won)
 ' Leading fix thousand horse, let his brave guy-
 ' don fly.
 ' So, passing through cast France, and enter'ing
 ' Lombardy,
 ' By th' greatness of his fame, attain'd so high
 ' command,
 ' That to his charge he got the white Italian
 ' band,
 ' With (I) Mountferato then in all his wars he
 ' went :
 ' Whose clear report abroad by fames shrill trum-
 ' pet sent,
 ' Wrought, that with rich rewards him Milan
 ' after won, [gus ;
 ' To aid her, in her wars with Mantua then be-
 ' By (m) Barnaby, there made the Milanese
 ' guide :
 ' His daughter, who, to him, fair Domina, affy'd.
 ' For Gregory then the twelfth, he dangerous
 ' battles stroke,
 ' And with a noble siege revolted Pavia took.
 ' And there, as fortune rose, or as she did decline,
 ' Now with the Pisan serv'd, then with the Flo-
 ' rentine :
 ' The use of th' English bows to Italy that
 ' brought ;
 ' By which he, in those wars, seem'd wonders to
 ' have wrought.
 ' Our Henry Hotspur next, for high achieve-
 ' ment meet,
 ' Who with the thundering noise of his swift
 ' couriers feet,
 ' Aston'd the earth, that day, that he in Holm-
 ' don's strife
 ' Took Douglas, with the Earls of Angus, and of
 ' Fyfe.
 ' And whilst those hardy Scots, upon the firm
 ' earth bled,
 ' With his revengeful sword swicht after them
 ' that fled.
 ' Then Calverly, which keeps us Calais with
 ' such skill, [fill :
 ' His honour'd room shall have our catalogue to
 ' Who, when th' rebellious French, their liberty
 ' to gain,
 ' From us our ancient right unjustly did detain
 ' (T' let Bullen understand our just conceived ire)
 ' Her suburbs, and her ships, sent up to heaven in
 ' fire ;
 ' Estaples then toke in that day she held her fair,
 ' Whose merchandise he let his soldiers freely
 ' share ;
 ' And got us back Saint Marks, which loosely we
 ' had lost. [most.
 ' Amongst these famous men, of us deserving
 ' In these of great't report, we gloriously prefer,
 ' For that his naval fight, John Duke of Exeter ;
 ' The puissant fleet of Jean (which France to her
 ' did call)
 ' Who mercilessly sunk, and slew her admiral.
 ' And one, for single fight, amongst our mar-
 ' tial men,
 ' Deserves remembrance here as worthily again ;
 ' Our Clifford, that brave, young, and most cou-
 ' rageous quire :
 ' Who thoroughly provok'd, and in a great desire
 ' Unto the English name a high report to win,
 ' Slew Bockmel hand to hand at castle Jocelin,
 ' Suppos'd the noblest spirit that France could
 ' then produce. [mule,
 ' Now, forward to thy task proceed, industrious

(I) The Marquis of Montferato.

(m) Brother to Gaiazzo, Viscount of Milan.

' To him, above them all, our power that did ad-
 ' vance;
 ' John Duke of Bedford, styl'd the fire-brand to
 ' sad France: [sent,
 ' Who to remove the foe from sieged Harflew,
 ' Afrighted them like death; and as at sea he
 ' went,
 ' The huge French navy fir'd, when horrid Nep-
 ' tune roar'd,
 ' The whilst those mighty ships out of their scup-
 ' pers pour'd [face.
 ' Their traiterous clutted gore upon his wrinkled
 ' He took strong Ivery in: and like his kingly
 ' race,
 ' There down before Vernoyle the English stand-
 ' ard stuck: [luck,
 ' And having on his helm his conquering brother's
 ' Alanson on the field and doughty Douglass laid,
 ' Which brought the Scottish power unto the
 ' Dauphin's aid;
 ' And with his fatal sword, gave France her fill
 ' of death,
 ' Till wearied with her wounds, she gasping lay
 ' for breath. [abet,
 ' Then, as if powerful heaven our part did there
 ' Still did one noble spirit, a noble spirit beget.
 ' So, Salisbury arose; from whom, as from a
 ' source [force.
 ' All valour seem'd to flow, and to maintain her
 ' From whom not all their forts could hold our
 ' treacherous foes. [lose.
 ' Pontmelance he regain'd, which ours before did
 ' Against the envious French, at Cravant then
 ' came on;
 ' As sometime at the siege of high-rear'd Ilion,
 ' The gods descending, mix'd with mortals in the
 ' fight: [might,
 ' And in his leading, shaw'd such valour and such
 ' As though his hand had held a more than earth-
 ' ly power;
 ' Took Stuart in the field, and general Vantadour,
 ' The French and Scottish force that day, which
 ' bravely led; [fled.
 ' Where few at all escap'd, and yet the wounded
 ' Mount Aguilon, and Mouns, great Salisbury
 ' surpris'd:
 ' What time (I think in hell) that (p) instru-
 ' ment devis'd,
 ' The first appeared in France, as a prodigious
 ' birth
 ' To plague the wretched world, sent from the
 ' envious earth;
 ' Whose very roaring seem'd the mighty round
 ' to shake,
 ' As though of all again it would a chaos make.
 ' This famous general then got Gwerland to our
 ' use,
 ' And Malicorne made our's, with Loupland, and
 ' La Suise, [Lyle,
 ' St. Bernard's Fort, St. Kales, St. Susan, Mayon,
 ' The Hermitage, Mountseure, Baugency, and
 ' Yanville.

(p) Great ordnance.

' Then he (in all her shapes that dreadful war
 ' had seen,
 ' And that with danger oft so conversant had been,
 ' As for her threats at last he seem'd not once to
 ' care,
 ' And fortune to her face advent'rously durst dare)
 ' The Earl of Suffolk, Poole, the marshal that
 ' great day
 ' At Agincourt, where France before us prostrate
 ' lay
 ' (Our battles every where that Hector-like sup-
 ' ply'd,
 ' And march'd o'er murder'd piles of French-
 ' men as they dy'd)
 ' Invested Aubemerle, rich Cowcy making our's,
 ' And at the Bishop's Park o'erthrew the dau-
 ' phin's powers.
 ' Through whose long time in war, his credit so
 ' increas'd,
 ' That he supply'd the room of Salisbury deceas'd.
 ' In this our warlike rank, the two stout Af-
 ' tons then,
 ' Sir Richard and Sir John, so truly valiant men,
 ' That ages yet to come shall hardly over-top 'em,
 ' Umfrevil, Peachy, Franch, Montgomery, Felton,
 ' Popham.
 ' All men of great command, and highly that de-
 ' serv'd:
 ' Courageous Ramston next, so faithfully that
 ' serv'd
 ' At Paris, and St. James de Benecon, where we
 ' gave,
 ' The French those deadly foils, that ages since
 ' deprave
 ' The credit of those times, with these so won-
 ' d'rous things,
 ' The memory of which, great Warwick for-
 ' ward brings.
 ' Who (as though in his blood he conquest did
 ' inherit,
 ' Or in the very name there were some secret spirit)
 ' Being chosen for these wars in our great re-
 ' gent's place
 ' (A deadly foe to France, like his brave Ro-
 ' man race)
 ' The castiles of Loyre, of Maiet, and of Lund,
 ' Mountdublian, and the strong Pountorfon beat
 ' to ground.
 ' Then he, above them all, himself that fought
 ' to raise,
 ' Upon some mountain top, like a Piramides;
 ' Our Talbot, to the French so terrible in war,
 ' That with his very name their babes they us'd
 ' to scar,
 ' Took in the strong Lavall, and Main all over ran,
 ' As the betrayed Mons he from the marshal wan,
 ' And from the treacherous foe our valiant Suf-
 ' folk freed.
 ' His sharp and dreadful sword made France so
 ' oft to bleed,
 ' Till fainting with her wounds, she on her wreck
 ' did fall;
 ' Took Ioling, where he hung her traitors on the
 ' wall;

And with as fair success won Beaumont upon
 Oyle,
 The new town in Esmoy, and Crispin in Valloies:
 Creile, with St. Maxine's-Bridge; and at Au-
 ranche's aid,
 Before whose batter'd walls the foe was strong-
 ly laid,
 March'd in, as of the siege at all he had not
 known;
 And happily reliev'd the hardly-gotten Roan:
 Who at the very hint came with auspicious feet,
 Whereas the traiterous French he miserably beat.
 And having overspread all Picardy with war,
 Proud Burgaine to the field he lastly sent to dare,
 Which with his English friends so oft his faith
 had broke:
 Whose countries he made mourn in clouds of
 smouldring smoke:
 Then Guyfors he again, then did St. Denis raze:
 His parallel, with him, the valiant Scales we
 praise;
 Which oft put sword to sword, and foot to foot
 did set:
 And that the first alone the garland might not get,
 With him hath hand in hand leap'd into dan-
 ger's jaws;
 And oft would forward put, where Talbot stood
 to pause;
 Equality in fame, which with an equal lot,
 Both at St. Denis' siege, and batter'd Guyfors got.
 Before Pont-Orfon's walls, who, when great
 Warwick lay
 (And he with soldiers sent a foraging for prey)
 Six thousand French o'erthrew with half their
 numbred powers,
 And absolutely made both Main and Anjou ours.
 To Willoughby the next, the place by turn
 doth fall; [all:
 Whose courage likely was to bear it from them
 With admiration oft on whom they stood to
 look,
 St. Vallery's proud gates that off the hinges
 shook:
 In Burgundy that forc'd the recreant French to
 fly, [dy:
 And beat the rebels down disordering Norman-
 That Amiens near laid waste (whose strengths
 her could not save)
 And the perfidious French out of the country
 drove.
 With these, another troop of noble spirits
 there sprung,
 That with the foremost prest into the warlike
 throng.
 The first of whom we place that stout Sir Phi-
 lip Hall,
 So famous in the fight against the Count St. Paul,
 That Crotoy us regain'd: and in the conflict
 'twixt
 The English and the French, that with the Scot
 were mix'd,
 On proud Charles Clermont won that admira-
 ble day.
 Strong Fastolph with this man compare we
 justly may,

By Salisbury who oft being seriously employ'd
 In many a brave attempt, the general foe as-
 noy'd:
 With excellent success in Main and Anjou fought:
 And many a bulwark there into our keeping
 brought;
 And chosen to go forth with Vadamont in war,
 Most resolutely took proud Renate duke of Barre.
 The valiant Draytons then, Sir Richard and
 Sir John,
 By any English spirits yet hardly overgone;
 The fame they got in France, with costly wounds
 that bought: [fought.
 In Gascony and Guyne, who oft and stoutly
 Then, valiant Matthew Gough: for whom
 the English were
 Much bound to noble Wales in all our battles
 there,
 Or sieging or besieg'd that never fail'd our force,
 Oft hazarding his blood in many a desperate
 course.
 He beat the Bastard Balmew with his selected band,
 And at his castle-gate surpriz'd him hand to
 hand,
 And spight of all his power away him prisoner
 bare.
 Our hardy Burdet then with him we will
 compare,
 Besieg'd within St. James de Bencon, issuing out,
 Crying Salisbury, St. George, with such a horrid
 shout,
 That cleft the wand'ring clouds; and with his
 valiant crew
 Upon the envied French like hungry lions flew,
 And Arthur Earl of Eure and Richmond took
 in fight:
 Then following them (in heat) the army put
 to flight:
 The Briton, French, and Scot, receiv'd a gene-
 ral rack,
 As, flying, one fell still upon another's back;
 Where our six hundred flew so many thousands
 more.
 At our so good success, that once a Frenchman
 swore [swe,
 That God was wholly turn'd unto the English
 And to assist the French the Devil had deny'd.
 Then here our Kerril claims his room amongst
 the rest, [best.
 Who justly, if compar'd, might match our very
 He in our wars in France with our great Tal-
 bot oft,
 With Willoughby and Scales, now down, and
 then aloft,
 Endur'd the sundry turns of often varying fate;
 At Clermont seiz'd the earl before his city gate,
 Eight hundred faithless French who took or put
 to sword;
 And, by his valour, twice to Artois us restor'd.
 In this our service then great Arondel doth
 ensue,
 The marshal Boussack who in Beauvoys overthrew;
 And in despite of France and all her power,
 did win [he:
 The castles Darle, Nellay, St. Lawrence, Bome-

- ' Took Silly, and Count Lore at Sellerin subdu'd,
 ' Where with her owner's blood, her buildings he
 'imbru'd :
 ' Revok'd Lovers sack'd, and manfully suppress
 ' Those rebels that so oft did Normandy molest.
 ' As Poyninge, such high praise in Guekder-
 ' land that got,
 ' On the Savoyan side, that with our English shot
 ' Struck warlike Aisk, and Straule, when Flanders
 ' shook with fear.
 ' As Howard, by whose hand we so renowned
 ' were :
 ' Whose great success at sea, much fam'd our
 ' English fleet :
 ' That in a naval fight the Scottish Barton beat;
 ' And setting foot in France, her horribly did
 ' fright :
 ' (As if great Chandos' ghost, or feared Talbot's
 ' spirit
 ' Had come to be their scourge, their fame again
 ' to earn)
 ' Who having stoutly sack'd both Narbin and De-
 ' verne,
 ' The castles of De Boyes, of Fringes, took us there,
 ' Of Columburge, of Rew, of Dorlans, and Da-
 ' verre ;
 ' In Scotland, and again the marches east to west,
 ' Did with invasive war most terribly infect.
 ' A nobler of that name, the Earl of Surry then,
 ' That famous heroe fit both for the spear and pon
 ' (From Flodden's doubtful fight, that forward
 ' Scottish king
 ' In his victorious troop who home with him
 ' did bring)
 ' Rebellious Ireland scourg'd, in Britany and wan
 ' Us Morlae. Happy time that breed'd so brave
 ' a man !
 ' To Cobham, next, the place deservedly doth
 ' fall : [miral,
 ' In France who then employed with our great ad-
 ' In his successful road blew Sellois up in fire,
 ' Took Bottingham and Bruce, with Samkerke
 ' and Mansier.
 ' Our Peachy, nor our Carre, nor Thomas, shall
 ' be hid,
 ' That at the field of Spurres by Tirwyn stoutly
 ' did.
 ' Sands, Guylford, Palmer, Lyle, Fitzwilliams
 ' and with them,
 ' Brave Dacres, Musgrave, Bray, Coc, Wharton,
 ' Jerningham,
 ' Great martialists, and men that were renowned far
 ' At sea ; some in the French, some in the Scot-
 ' tish war.
 ' Courageous Randolph then, that serv'd with
 ' great command,
 ' Before Newhaven first, and then in Ireland.
 ' The long-renown'd Lord Gray, whose spirit we
 ' oft did try ;
 ' A man that with dread Mars stood in account
 ' most high.
 ' Sir Thomas Morgan then, much fame to us
 ' that wan, [gan :
 ' When in our miden reign the Belgic war be-
- ' Who with our friends the Dutch, for England
 ' stoutly stood,
 ' When Netherland first learn'd to lavish gold
 ' and blood.
 ' Sir Roger Williams next (of both which Wales
 ' might vaunt)
 ' His martial compeer then, and brave commili-
 ' tant :
 ' Whose conflicts, with the French and Spanish
 ' manly fought,
 ' Much honour to their names, and to the Britons
 ' brought.
 ' Th' Lord Willoughby may well be reckon'd
 ' with the rest,
 ' Inferior not a whit to any of our best ;
 ' A man so made for war, as though from Pal-
 ' las sprung.
 ' Sir Richard Bingham then our valiant men among,
 ' Himself in Belgia well, and Ireland, who did
 ' bear ;
 ' Our only schools of war this later time that were.
 ' As Stanly, whose brave act at Zurphen's service
 ' done, [won.
 ' Much glory to the day, and him his knighthood
 ' Our noblest Norris next, whose fame shall ne-
 ' ver die [tany :
 ' Whilst Belgia shall be known ; or there's a Bri-
 ' In whose brave height of spirit, time seem'd as
 ' to restore
 ' These, who to th' English name such honour
 ' gain'd of yore.
 ' Great Essex of our peers the last that e'er we
 ' knew ; [new ;
 ' Th' old world's heroes lives who likeli'st did re-
 ' The soldier's only hope, who stoutly serv'd in
 ' France ; [vance
 ' And on the towers of Calais as proudly did ad-
 ' Our English ensigns then, and made Iberia quake.
 ' When as our warlike fleet rode on the surging
 ' lake,
 ' T' receive that city's spoil, which set her bat-
 ' ter'd gate
 ' Wide open, t' affrighted Spain to see her wretch-
 ' ed state.
 ' Next, Charles, Lord Mountjoy, sent to Ire-
 ' land to suppress
 ' The envious rebel there ; by whose most fair
 ' success,
 ' The trowzed Irish led by their unjust Tyrone,
 ' And the proud Spanish force were justly over-
 ' thrown.
 ' That still Kingfale shall keep and faithful record
 ' bear,
 ' What by the English prowess was executed there.
 ' Then liv'd those valiant Veres, both men of
 ' great command
 ' In our employments long : whose either martial
 ' hand
 ' Reach'd at the highest wreath, it from the top
 ' to get. [set,
 ' Which on the proudest head, fame yet had e'er
 ' Our Dokwray, Morgan next, Sir Samuel Bag-
 ' nall, then [pet ;
 ' Stout Lambert, such as well deserve a living

' True martialists, and knights, of noble spirit
' and wit. [sit,

' The valiant Cecil last, for great employment
' Deservedly in war the last of ours that rose:

' Whose honour every hour, and fame still great-
' er grows. [her song,

When now the Kentish nymphs do interrupt
By letting Medway know she tarried had too long
Upon this warlike troop, and all upon them laid,
Yet for their nobler Kent she nought or little said.

When as the pliant muse, straight turning her
about,

And coming to the land as Medway goeth out,
Saluting the dear soil, ' O famous Kent, quoth she,

' What country hath this isle that can compare
' with thee, [with ?

' Which hath within thyself as much as thou canst
' Thy conies, ven'son, fruit, thy sorts of fowl and
' fish :

' As what with strength comports, thy hay, thy
' corn, thy wood :

' Nor any thing doth want, that any where is good.
' Where Thames-ward to the shore, which shoots
' upon the rise,

' Rich Tenham undertakes thy closets to suffice
' With cherries, which we say, the summer in
' doth bring,

' Where with Pomona crowns the plump and
' lustful spring ;

' From whose deep ruddy cheek, sweet Zephyr
' kisses steals,

' With their delicious touch his love-sick heart
' that heals.

' Whose golden gardens seem th' Hesperides to
' mock : [cock,

' Nor there the damson wants, nor dainty apri-
' Nor pippin, which we hold of kernel-fruits the
' king,

' The apple-orange ; then the savoury rustetan :
' The pear-main, which to France long e'er to us
' was known, [own.

' Which careful fruit'ers now have denizen'd our
' The renat : which though first it from the pip-
' pin came,

' Grown through his pureness nice, assumes that
' curious name,

' Upon the pippin stock, the pippin being set ;
' As on the gentle, when the gentle doth beget

' (Both by the fire and dame being anciently de-
' scended [amended.

' The issue born of them, his blood hath much
' The sweetening, for whose sake the plowboys oft
' make war : [water,

' The wilding, costard, then the well-known pom-
' And sundry other fruits, of good, yet several
' taste,

' That have their sundry names in sundry coun-
' tries plac'd :

' Unto whose dear increase the gardner spends
' his life,

' With piercer, wimble, saw ; his mallet, and his
' knife ; [root,

' Oft covereth, oft doth bare the dry and moist'ned
' As faintly they mislike, or as they kindly sute :

' And their selected plants doth workman-like
' bestow,

' That in true order they conveniently may grow.
' And kills the slimy snail, the worm, and labour.

' ing ant, [plant :

' Which many times annoy the graft and tender
' Or else maintains the plot much starved with
' the wet,

' Wherein his daintiest fruits in kernels he doth set :
' Or scrapeth off the moss, the trees that oft annoy.'

But with these trifling things why idly do I toy,
Who any way the time intend not to prolong ?

To those Thamian isles now nimbly turns my
song,

Fair Shepey and the Greane sufficiently supply'd,
To beautify the place where Medway shews her
pride.

But Greane seems most of all the Medway to
adore, [shore,

And Tenet standing forth to the (g) Rhampten
shore,

By mighty Albion plac'd till his return again
From Gaul ; where after he by Hercules was slain.

For earth-born Albion then, then Great Neptune's
eldest son,

Ambitious of the fame by stern Alcides won,
Would over (needs) to Gaul, with him to hazard
fight, [might ;

Twelve labours which before accomplish'd by his
His daughters then but young (on whom was all
his care)

Which Doris, Thetis' nymph, unto the giant bare :
With whom those isles he left ; and will'd her for
his sake,

That in their grandfire's court she much of them
would make :

But Tenet, th' eld'st of three, when Albion was
to go,

Which lov'd her father best, and loth to leave
him so,

There at the giant raught : which was perceiv'd
by chance : [France ;

This loving isle would else have followed him to
To make the channel wide that then he forced
was, [pass

§ Whereas (some say) before he us'd on foot to
Thus Tenet being stay'd, and surely settled
there, [bear,

Who nothing less than want and idleness could
Doth only give herself to tillage of the ground.

With sundry sorts of grain whilst thus she doth
abound,

She falls in love with Stour, which coming down
' by Wye, [ply.

And towards the goodly isle, his feet doth nimbly
To Canterbury then as kindly he resorts,

His famous country thus he gloriously reports ;
' O noble Kent, quoth he, this praise doth thee
' belong, [wrong.

' The hard'st to be controul'd, impatient of
' Who, when the Norman first with pride and
' horror sway'd, [laid ;

' Threw'st off the servile yoke upon the English

' And with a high resolve, most bravely didst
 ' restore
 ' That liberty so long enjoy'd by thee before.
 ' § Not suff'ring foreign laws should thy free cus-
 ' toms bind, [kind.
 ' Then only shew'dst thyself of th' ancient Saxon
 ' Of all th' English shires be thou farnam'd the
 ' Free,
 ' § And foremost ever plac'd, when they shall
 ' reck'ned be.
 ' And let this town, which chief of thy rich coun-
 ' try is,
 ' Of all the British sees be still Metropolis.
 Which having said, the Stour to Tenet him
 doth hie,
 Her in his loving arms embracing by and by,
 Into the mouth of Thames one arm that forth doth
 lay,
 The other thrusting out into the Celtic sea.
 § Grim Goodwin all this while seems grievously
 to lowre,
 Nor cares he of a straw for Tenet, nor her Stour;
 Still bearing in his mind a mortal hate to France
 Since mighty Albion's fall by war's uncertain
 chance.
 Who, since his wish'd revenge not all this while
 is had,
 'Twixt very grief and rage is fall'n extremely mad;
 That when the rolling tide doth stir him with
 her waves,
 Straight foaming at the mouth, impatiently he
 raves,

And strives to swallow up the sea-marks in his
 deep, [keep.
 That warn the wand'ring ships out of his jaws to
 The surgeons of the sea do all their skill apply,
 If possibly, to cure his grievous malady:
 As Amphitrite's nymphs their very utmost prove,
 By all the means they could, his madness to re-
 move.
 From Greenwich to these sands, some scurvy-
 grafs do bring, [thing.
 That inwardly apply'd's a wond'rous sovereign
 From Shepey, sea-moss some, to cool his boiling
 blood;
 Some, his ill-season'd mouth that wisely understood,
 Rob Dover's neighbouring cleaves of sampyre, to
 excite
 His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite.
 Now, Shepey, when she found she could no
 farther wade
 After her mighty fire, betakes her to his trade,
 With sheep-hook in her hand, her goodly flocks to
 heed,
 And cherisheth the kind of those choice Kentish
 breed.
 Of villages she holds as husbandly a port,
 As any British isle that neighboureth Neptune's
 court.
 But Greane, as much as she her father that did
 love [move)
 (And, then the inner land, no farther could re-
 In such continual grief for Albion doth abide,
 That almost underhood she weepeth every tide,

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Out of Suffex, into its eastern neighbour, Kent,
 this canto leads you. It begins with Rother,
 whose running through the woods, in insiling
 Omey, and such like; poetically here described is
 plain enough to any apprehending conceit; and
 upon Medway's song of our martial and heroic
 spirits, because a large volume might be written to
 explain their glory in particular action, and in less
 comprehension, without wrong to many worthies
 it is not performable, I have omitted all illustration
 of that kind, and left you to the muse herself.

That Limen then was named.—

So the author conjectures; that Rother's mouth
 was the place called Limen, at which the Danes
 in the time of King Alfred made irruption;
 which he must (I think) maintain by adding like-

hood that Rother then fell into the ocean about
 Hith; where (as the relics of the name in Lime,
 and the distance from Canterbury in Antoninus,
 making (s) Portus Lemanis, which is misprinted
 in Surata's edition, Pontem Lemanis, sixteen miles
 off) it seems Limen, then also, there was it dis-
 charged out of the land. But for the author's
 words read this; *Equestris Paganorum exercitus cum*
suis equis CCL. navibus Cantiam transvexus in Ostio
Amnis Limen qui de sylva magna Andred nominatus
decurrit, applicuit, a cujus ostio LIII. miliaris in eandem
sylvam navis suas sursum traxit, ubi quandam arctam
semistructam, quam pauci inhabitabant villani, diruerunt,
aliasque sibi firmiorem in loco qui dicitur Apultrea con-
struxerunt, which are the syllables of *Florence* of
Worcester; and with him in substance fully agrees
 Matthew of Westminster; nor can I think but

that they imagined Rye (where now Rother hath its mouth) to be this port of Limen, as the muse here; if you respect her direct terms. Henry of Huntingdon names no river at all, but lands them *ad portum Limene cum 250 navibus qui portus est in Orientali parte Gnet juxta magnum nemus Andredshige*. How Rother's mouth can be properly said in the east (but rather in the south part) of Kent, I conceive not, and am of the adverse part, thinking clearly that Hith must be Portus Lemanis, which is that coast, as also learned Camden teaches, whose authority cited out of Huntingdon, being near the same time with Florence might be perhaps thought but as of equal credit; therefore I call another witness that (b) lived not much past L. years after his arrival in these words: *In Limen portu confluunt puppes, Apolde*, (so I read, for the print is corrupted) *loco condito Orientali Cantia parte, destruantque ibi prisco opere castrum propter quod rustica manus exigua quippe intrinsecus erat, illiusque biberna castra confirmant*. Out of which you note both that no river, but a port only, is spoken of, and that the ships were left in the shore at the haven, and thence the Danes conveyed their companies to Appledore. The words of this Ethelred I respect much more than the later stories, and I would advise my reader to incline so with me.

What time I think in bell that instrument devised.

He means a gun; wherewith that most noble and right martial Thomas Montague Earl of Salisbury at the siege of Orleans in the time of Henry VI. was slain. The first inventor of them (I guess you dislike not the addition) was one (o) Berthold Swartz (others say Constantius Anklitzen a Dutch monk and chymist) who having in a mortar, sulphurous powder for medicine, covered with a stone, a spark of fire by chance falling into it, fired it, and the flame removed the stone; which he observing, made use afterwards of the like in little pipes of iron, and shewed the use to the Venetians in their war with the Genoese at Chioggia about 1380. Thus is the common assertion: but I see as good (d) authority, that it was used above twenty years before in the Danish seas. I will not dispute the conveniency of it in the world, compare it with Salmoncus's imitation of thunder, Archimedes's engines, and such like; nor tell you that the Chinese had it, and printing, so many ages before us, as Mendoza Maffy and others deliver; but not with persuading credit to all their readers.

Whereas some say before be used on foot to pass.

The allusion is to Britain's being heretofore joined to Gaul in this straight betwixt Dover and

Calais (some thirty miles over) as some have conjectured. That learned anti Twine is very confident in it, and do name from *Brith*, signifying (as he says) as *Duith*, i. e. a separation in Welsh, w (c) Isle of Wight was so called; Guith as being soon made of each other. Of this is the late Verstegan, as you may read and for examination of it, our great light quiry Camden hath proposed divers c tions, in which, experience of particul direct. Howsoever this was in truth, likely, for ought I see, as that Cyprus joined to Syria, Euboea (now Negropont otia, Atalante to Euboea, Belbicum to Leucosia to Thrace, as is (f) affirmed; s (whose like our island is) was certainly b from the continent of Italy, as both V presly, Strabo and Pliny deliver; and names of Rhegium, (g) *whence* "Peyon of the self Sicily; which rather than from I derive from (h) *Sicilia*, which is of t signification and nearer in analogy: t calls the isle

———— *Didacta Britannia Mundo;*

and Virgil hath

———— *Toto divisos orbe Britannos.*

Where Servius is of opinion, that, for pose, the learned poet used that phrase. deserves inquisition, how beasts of rapine, and such like, came first into this isle England and Wales, as now Scotland and had store of wolves, until some three years since) if it were not joined to a fi that either by like conjunction, or narrow of swimming, might receive them from tinent where the ark rested, which is t That men desired to transport them, is ne and a learned (i) Jesuit hath conjectured, West-Indies are therefore, or have been with firm land, because they have lions, panthers, and such like, which in the B Cuba, Hispaniola, St. Domingo, and c mote isles, are not found. But no place dispute the question.

Not suffering foreign laws should thy fri bind.

To explain it, I thus English you a f of an old (k) monk: "When the Norm queror had the day, he came to Dove "that he might with the same subdue Ki "wherefore, Stigand archbishop, and Eg

(b) Ethelwerd. lib. 4. cap. 4.
(c) v. Polyd. de Invent. rer. x. cap. 3. & Sal-
muth. ad G. Panciroll. 2. tit. 18.
(d) Achilles Gassar. ap. Munst. Cosmog. 3.
(e) Sam. Beulan. ad. Nennium.
(f) Plin. hist. Nat. 2. cap. 88.

(g) From breaking off. Trog. hist. 4. &
(h) Varr. de re rustic 1. cap. 49.
(i) Joseph. Acost. de natur. novi orbi
20 & 21.
(k) Tho. Spotus ap. Lamb. in explic.

is the chief of that shire, observing that whereas heretofore no villains" (*the Latin is fuerat seruus, and applying it to our law—translates it*) "had been in England, they be now all in bondage to the Normans; they assembled all the county, and shewed imminent dangers, the insolence of the Normans, and the hard condition of Villainage: resolving all rather to die than lose their country's liberty. Their captains are the archbishop and abbot. Upon an appointed day, the duke coming by Swanescumb, he met all at Swanescumb, and harboured himself in the woods, with boughs in his hand, they encompass his way. Next day, the duke coming by Swanescumb, he met to see with amazement, as it were, approaching towards him; the Kentish sent the sound of a trumpet, take themselves, when presently the archbishop and abbot are sent to the duke, and saluted him with words: Behold, sir duke, the Kentish come to meet you, willing to receive you in liege lord, upon that condition, that they may for ever enjoy their ancient liberties as was used among their ancestors; otherwisely offering war; being ready rather to undergo a yoke of bondage, and their ancient laws. The Norman in this pinch, not so willingly, as wisely, granted fire; and hostages given on both sides, the men direct the Normans to Rochester, deliver them the county and the castle of Kent." Hither is commonly referred the reversion of ancient liberties in Kent. Indeed it is that special customs they have in their shire (although now many of their gentle-nesses (1) are altered in that part) *felony, without forfeiture of estate, and, as in particular, with many other dilutions you have in Lambard's perambulation the report of Thomas Spot, is not, of clear credit, as well by reason that out of the historians about the conquest (and this monk lived under Ed. I.) as his commixture of a fauخته about villainage it was not in England before that which is apparently false by divers testi-*

monies. (m) *Gif weoren* (says King Inca's laws) *weorce on Sunnan dag. be his Hlofordes beft fy befreo;* and, under Edward the Confessor, *Tborold of Beauchenele* grants to the abbey of Crowland his manor of Spalding, with all the apurtenances, *scilicet Colgrinum prepositum meum, & totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis & catallis, que habet in dicta villa, &c. Item Hardingum fabrum & totam sequelam suam;* and the young wench of Andover, that Edgar was in love with, was a Nief. But for Kent, perhaps it might be true, that no villains were in it, seeing since that time it hath been adjudged in our (n) law, that one born there could not, without confians of record, be a villain.

And foremost ever pleas'd when they shall reckon'd be.

For this honour of the Kentish, hear one (o) that wrote it about Henry II. *Enodus* (as some copies are, but others, *Cnidus*; and perhaps it should be so, or rather *Cnidus*, for King Caut; or else I cannot conjecture what) *quantia virtute Anglorum, Dacus Danisque frangerit motusque compescuerit Noricorum, vel ex eo perspicuum est, quod ob egregiam virtutis meritum quam ibidem potenter & patenter exercuit, Cantia nostra, primæ cohortis honorem & primus congressus hostium usque in bodiernum diem in omnibus praliis obtinet. Provincia quoque Severiana, qua moderno usu & nomine ab incolis Wiltshire vocatur, eodem jure sibi vendicat Cohortem subsidariam, adjecit sibi Devoniam & Cornubiam.* Briefly, it had the first English king, in it was the first Christianity among the English, and Canterbury then honoured with the metropolitane see; all which give note of honourable prerogative.

Grim Goodwin but the subtle seems grievously to lounge.

That is, Goodwin sands, which is reported to have been the patrimony (p) of that Goodwin Earl of Kent, under Edward the Confessor, swallowed into the ocean by a strange tempest somewhat after the conquest, and is now as a floating isle or quicksand, very dangerous to sailors, sometimes as fixt, sometimes moving, as the muse describes.

11. 31. Hen. 8. cap. 3.
a villain work on Sunday by his Lord's
1. he shall be free.
12. Cornub. 30. Ed. 1. *Dillenage* 46.

& Mich. 5. Ed. 2. MS. in Bibliothec. Int. Templ.
caf. John de Garton.

(o) Joh. Sarisbur. de Nugis curial. 6. cap. 18.

(p) Hecl. Boeth. hist. Scotie. 12. & Jo. Twin.
Albionie. 1.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE NINETEENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The muse, now over Thames makes forth,
Upon her progress to the north,
From Cauncey with a full career,
She up against the stream doth bear ;
Where Waltham Forest's pride express,
She points directly to the East.
And shews how all those rivers strain
Through Essex to the German main ;
When Stour, with Orwell's aid prefers,
Our British brave sea-voyagers ;
Half Suffolk in with them she takes,
Where of this song an end she makes,

BEAR bravely up my muse, the way thou went'st
before, [shore,
And cross the kingly Thames to the Essexian
Stem up his tideful stream, upon that side to rise,
Where (s) Cauncey, Albion's child in-isled richly
lies,
Which, though her lower scite doth make her
seem but mean,
Of him as dearly lov'd as Shepey is or Greane,
And him as dearly lov'd ; for when he would
depart,
With Hercules to fight, she took it so to heart,

(s) An Island lying in the Thames, on Essex side.

That falling low and flat, her habitation
hide,
By Thames the well-sear is surrounded even
And since of worldly state, she never parteth
But only gives herself, to tend and milk her
But muse, from her so low, divert thy
song
To London-wards, and bring from Lea with
The forests, and the floods, and most smooth
How these in order stand, how these
flow ;
For in that happy soil, doth pleasure ever
Through forests, where clear rills in wild
dells run ;

re dainty summer bowers, and arborets are
made,
out of bushy thickets, for coolness of the shade.
gaze at painted courts, to th' country let
me go, [low;
climb the easy hill, then walk the valley
gold-embossed roofs, to me are like the
woods;
ed like to the grass, no liquor like the floods:
ry's but a sink, gay houses gawdy graves,
mauses have free leave, to starve or live in
caves. [estate,
at (d) Waltham forest still in prosperous
bunding to this day (so strangely fortunate)
re her neighbour nymphs, and holds her
head aloft;
rf beyond them all, so sleek and wondrous
soft,
n her setting side, by goodly London grac'd,
n the north by Lea, her south by Thames
embrac'd.
n her rising point, she chanced to spy,
sainty forest nymph of her society.
(e) Hatfield, which in height all other did
surmount,
d of the Dryades held in very high account;
in respect of her stood far out of the way,
so doubting of herself, by others late decay,
sister's glory view'd with an astonish'd eye,
on Waltham wisely thus reproveth by and by.
Dear sister rest content, nor our declining rue,
but thing is in this world, that we can say is
'new;
re ridge and furrow shews, that once the
'crooked plough,
un'd up the grassy turf, where oaks are root-
ed now: [tear
ed at this hour we see, the share and coulter
re full corn-bearing glebe, where sometimes
'forests were;
ed those but caitiffs are, which most do seek
'our spoil, [soil;
ho having sold our woods, do lastly sell our
's virtue to give place to these ungodly times,
hen as the fustred ill proceeds from others
'crimes;
sinst lunatics, and fools, what wise folk spend
'their force; [course:
r folly headlong falls, when it hath had the
ed when God gives men up, to ways abhor'd
'and vile, [while
understanding he deprives them quite, the
ey into error run, confounded in their sin,
simple fowls in lime, or in the fowler's gin.
ed for those pretty birds, that went in us to
'sing, [spring,
my shall at last forbear to welcome in the
hen wanting where to perch, they sit upon
'the ground,
ed curse them in their notes, who first did
'woods confound.

The situation of Waltham forest.
Hatfield forest lying lower towards the east, be-
tween Stamford and Dunmow.

'Dear sister Hatfield, then hold up thy drooping
'head,
'We feel no such decay, nor is all succour fled:
'For Essex is our dower, which greatly doth
'abound
'With every simple good, that in the idle is found;
'And though we go to wreck in this so general
'waste,
'This hope to us remains, we yet may may be
'the last.'

When Hatfield taking heart, where late she
sadly stood,
Sends little Roding forth, her best beloved flood;
Which from her chrystal fount, as to enlarge her
fame,
To many a village lends her clear and noble name,
Which as she wandreth on, through Waltham
holds her way,
With goodly oaken wreaths, which makes her
wond'rous gay;
But making at the last into the watry marsh,
Where though the blady grass unwholesome be
and harsh,
Those wreaths away she casts, which bounteous
Waltham gave,
With bulrush, flag, and reed, to make her won-
d'rous brave,
And herself's strength divides, to sundry lesser
streams,
So wantoning she falls into her sovereign Thames.
From whose vast beechy banks a rumour
straight resounds,
Which quickly ran itself through the Essexian
grounds,
That Crouch amongst the rest, a river's name
should seek,
As scorning any more the nickname of a creek,
Well furnish'd with a stream, that from the fill to
fall, [withal.
Wants nothing that a flood should be adorn'd
On (d) Benges's batful side, and at her going out,
With Walnut, Foulness fair, near watred round
about. [stand
Two isles for greater state to stay her up that
Thrust far into the sea, yet fixed to the land;
As nature in that sort them purposely had plac'd,
That she by sea and land, should every way be
grac'd.
Some sea-nymphs and besides, her part, (there
were) that took,
As angry that their Crouch should not be call'd a
brook; [wrong.
And bade her to complain to Neptune of her
But whilst these grievous fits thus hap'n'd
them among,
Choice Chelmer comes along, a nymph most
neatly clear,
Which well near through the midst doth cut the
wealthy shire,
By Dunmow gliding down to Chelmsford holds
her chafe,
To which she gives the name, which as she doth
embrace

(d) The fruitfulest hundred of Essex.

Clear Can comes tripping in, and doth with
Chelmer close :

With whose supply (though small as yet) she
greater grows. {by,

She for old Maldon makes, where in her passing
She to remembrance calls that Roman colony,
And all those ominous signs her fall that did
forego, [throw;

As that which most exprest'd their fatal over-
Crown'd victory revers'd, fell down whereas she
stood, [blood.

And the vast greenish sea, discolour'd like to
Shrieks heard like people's cries, that see their
deaths at hand,

The pourtraictures of men imprinted in the sand.
When Chelmer scarce arrives in her most wished
bay,

But Blackwater comes in, through many a crook-
ed way [exil'd,

Which Pant was call'd of yore; but that, by time
She Froshell after hight, then Blackwater infill'd,
But few such titles have the British floods among.
When Northey near at hand, and th' isle of Ousey
rung [arrive,

With shouts the sea-nymphs gave, for joy of their
As either of those isles in courtesy do strive,
'To Tethis' darlings, which should greatest ho-
nour do

And what the former did, the latter adds thereto.

But Colne, which frankly lends fair Colchester
her name, [fame]

(On all th' Essexian shore, the town of greatest
Perceiving how they still in courtship did con-
tend,

Quoth she, 'Wherefore the time thus idly do
you spend? [worth,

'What is there nothing here, that you esteem of
'That our big-bellied sea, or our rich land brings
'forth? [praise?

'Think you our oysters here, unworthy of your
'Pure (e) Walfleet, which do still the daintiest
'palates please,

'As excellent as those, which are esteemed most.
'(f) Cyzic shells, or those on the Lucrinian
'coast; [sends;

'Or cheese, which our fat soil to every quarter
'Whose tack the hungry clown, and ploughman
'so commends. [ground,

'If you esteem not these, as things above the
'Look under, where the urns of ancient times
'are found; [dust,

'The Roman emp'rors coins, oft dig'd out of the
'And warlike weapons, now consum'd with
'cankering rust; [ful men,

'The huge and massy (g) bones, of mighty fear-
'To tell the world's full strength, what creatures
'lived then; [earth

'When in her height of youth, the lusty fruitful
'Brought forth her big-limb'd brood, even giants
'in their birth.'

'The bones of giant-like people found in these parts.'

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'The bones of giant-like people found in these parts.'

Thus spoke she, when^a from sea they
do hear

A strong and horrid noise, which struck
with fear;

For with their crooked trumps, his Triton
tune sent,

To warn the wanton nymphs, that they
Should straight repair to Stour, in Orwe-
lant road;

For it had been divulg'd the ocean all ab-
That Orwell and this Stour, by meeting
bay,

Two, that each other's good, intended ev-
Prepar'd to sing a song, that should
shew,

That (b) Medway for her life, their sk-
not out-go;

For Stour, a dainty flood, that duly doth
Fair Suffolk from this shire, upon her oth-

By Clare first coming in, to Sudbury doth
The even course she keeps; when far
not flow,

But Breton a bright nymph, fresh succour
Yet is she not so proud of her superfluities

But Orwell coming in from Ipswich thinks
Should stand for it with Stour, and la-
agree,

That since the Britons hence their first
ries made,

And that into the east they first were to
Besides, of all the roads, and havens of the

This harbour where they meet, is reckon'd
the best.

Our voyages by sea, and brave discoveries
Their argument they make, and thus to
their own;

In (i) Severn's late tun'd lay, that en-
the west,

In which great Arthur's acts are to the
His conquests to the North, who Norway
vade,

Who Greenland, Iceland next, then Lap-
ly made

His awful empire's bounds, the Brit-
This god-like hero's deeds exactly have be-

His valiant people then, who to those o-
brought,

Which many an age since that, our great
veries thought.

This worthiest then of ours, our (k) Ar-
shall lead.

Next Malgo, who again that conqueror
to tread,

Succeeding him in reign, in conquests for
Plough'd up the frozen sea, and with as
cess.

By that great conqueror's claim, first
over-ran;

Proud Denmark then subdu'd, and spacious
way won,

'The bones of giant-like people found in these parts.'

'The bones of giant-like people found in these parts.'

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(e) Walfleet oysters.

(f) Cyzicum is a city of Bythinia. Lucrinia is a city of Apulia upon the Adriatic sea; the oysters of which places were reckoned for great delicacies with the Ro-
mans.

(g) The bones of giant-like people found in these parts.

(b) Medway in the 18th song, recited the catalogue of the English warriors.

(i) See the 4th song.

(k) Sea voyages.

'd Iceland for his own, and Gothland to each shore,
 ere Arthur's full-sail'd fleet had ever touch'd before. [cline,
 And when the Britons reign came after to de-
 l to the Cambrian hills their fate did them confine, [reign,
 : Saxon swaying all, in Alfred's powerful English Ofter put a fleet to sea again,
 th' huge Norwegian hills, and news did hi-
 ther bring. [travelling.
 ose tops are hardly wrought in twelve days leaving Norway then a starboard, forward kept, [swept,
 l with our English sails that mighty ocean ere those stern people won, whom hope of gain doth call,
 balks with grappling hooks, to hunt the dreadful whale;
 l great (1) Duina down from her first spring-
 ing place, [found,
 h roll her swalling waves in churlish Nep-
 tune's face. [found,
 then Woolstan after him discovering Dantzic here (s) Wexel's mighty mouth is pour'd in-
 to the found,
 d towing up his stream, first taught the En-
 glish oars, [shores.
 : useful way of trade to these most gainful and when the Norman stem here strong and potent grew,
 l their successful sons did glorious acts pursue,
 : Nicholas nam'd of Lyn, where first he breath'd the air,
 mgh Oxford taught him art, and well may hold him dear;
 : mathematics learn'd (although a friar pro-
 fess'd) [possess'd,
 see those northern climes, with great desire self he thither ship'd, and skilful in the globe,
 & every several height with his true astrolabe;
 (s) whirlpools of the seas, and came to un-
 derstand,
 in the four card'nal winds, four indraughts that command;
 : any of whose falls, if th' wandering bark doth light,
 erried is away with such tempestuous flight,
 : that swallowing gulph, which seems as it would draw
 : very earth itself into th' infernal maw.
 : such immeasur'd pools, philosophers agree,
 : four parts of the world undoubtedly to be;
 : which they have supposed, nature the winds doth raise,
 l from them to proceed the flowing of the seas.
 and when our civil wars began at last to cease,
 l these late calmer times of olive-bearing peace,
 e leisure to great minds, far regions to descry;
 t brave adventurous knight, our Sir Hugh Willoughby,

The great river of Russia.
 The greatest river of Dantzick.
 The greatest wonder of nature.

Ship'd for the northern seas, 'mongst those con-
 gealed piles.
 Fashion'd by lasting frosts, like mountains, and
 like isles,
 (In all her fearful shapes saw horror, whose
 great mind,
 In lesser bounds than these, that could not be
 confin'd; [keep;
 Adventur'd on those parts, where winter still doth
 When most the icy cold had chain'd up all the deep)
 In bleak Arzina's road his death near Lapland took,
 Where Keger from her scite, on those grim seas
 doth look.
 Two others follow then, eternal fame that won,
 Our Chancellor, and with him, compare we Jen-
 kinson;
 For Russia both embark'd, the first arriving there,
 Ent'ring Duina's mouth, up her proud stream did
 steer,
 To Volga, to behold her pomp, the Russian state,
 Muscovia measuring then; the other with like fate;
 Both those vast realms survey'd, then into Bactria
 past, [waste,
 To Boghar's bulwark walls, then to the liquid
 Where Oxus rolleth down 'twixt his far-distant
 shores, [oars,
 And o'er the Caspian main, with strong untired
 Adventured to view rich Persia's wealth and pride,
 Whose true report thereof the English since have
 tried. [is,
 With Fitch, our Eldred next, deserv'dly placed
 Both travelling to see the Syrian Tripolis.
 The first of which (in this whose noble spirit was
 shewn)
 To view those parts, to us that were the most
 unknown,
 On thence to Ormus set, Goa, Cambaya, then
 To vast Zelasdim, thence to Echubar, again
 Cross'd Ganges' mighty stream, and his large
 banks did view,
 To Bacola went on, to Bengola, Pegu;
 And for Mallaccan then, Zeiten, and Cochinchina,
 Measuring with many a step, the great East-Indi-
 an waste.
 The other from that place, the first before had
 gone,
 Determining to see the broad-wall'd Babylon,
 Cross'd Euphrates, and row'd against his mighty
 stream;
 Licia, and Gaya saw, with great Hierusalem,
 And our dear Saviour's seat, bless'd Bethlehem did
 behold, [told.
 And Jordan, of whose waves much is in scripture
 Then Macham, who (through love to long ad-
 ventures led
 Madera's wealthy isles, the first discovered,
 Who having stole a maid, to whom he was affy'd,
 Yet her rich parents still her marriage rites deny'd,
 Put with her forth to sea, where many a danger
 pass'd,
 Upon an isle of those, at length by tempest cast;
 And putting in, to give his tender love some ease,
 Which very ill had brook'd the rough and boist'-
 rous seas;

And ling'ring for her health, within quiet bay,
 The mariners most false, fled with the ship away,
 When as it was not long, but she gave up her
 breath;
 When he whose tears in vain bewail'd her time-
 less death; [have,
 That their deserved rites her funeral could not
 A homely altar built upon her honoured grave.
 When with his folk but few, not passing two or
 three, [trec,
 (e) There making them a boat, but rudely of one
 Put forth again to sea, where after many a flaw,
 Such as before themselves, scarce mortal ever saw;
 Nor miserable men could possibly sustain,
 Now swallowed with the waves, and then spew'd
 up again;
 At length were on the coast of sun-burnt Afric
 thrown. [own.
 T' amaze that further world, and to amuse our
 Then Windham who new ways, for us and
 ours to cry,
 For great Morocco made, discovering Barbary.
 Lock, Towerfon, Fenner next, vast Guinea
 forth that sought,
 And of her ivory home in great abundance
 brought. [caster,
 Th' East-Indian voy'ger then, the valiant Lan-
 To Buona Esperance, Comara, Zanziber,
 To Nicuba, as he to Gomerpolo went,
 Till his strong bottom struck Mollucco's continent;
 And sailing to Brazil another time he took
 Olynda's chiefest town, and harbour Farnambuke,
 And with their precious wood, sugar and cotton
 fraught,
 It by his safe return into his country brought.
 Then Forbisher, whose fame flew all the ocean
 o'er,
 Who to the north-west sought huge China's
 wealthy shore,
 When nearer to the north, that wand'ring sea-
 man set [met
 Where he in our hot't months of June and July
 With snow, frost, hail, and fleet, and found stern
 winter strong, [long.
 With mighty isles of ice, and mountains huge and
 Where as it comes and goes, the great eternal
 Light [night.
 Makes half the year still day, and half continual
 Then for those bounds unknown, he bravely set
 again,
 As he a sea-god were, familiar with the main.
 The noble Fenton next, and Jackman we prefer,
 Both voyagers, that were with famous Frobisher.
 And Davies, three times forth that for the
 north-west made;
 Still striving by that course, t' enrich the English
 trade;
 As he well deserv'd to his eternal fame,
 There by a mighty sea, immortaliz'd his name.
 With noble Gilbert next, comes Hoard who
 took in hand,
 To clear the course scarce known into the New-
 foundland,
 (e) The wonderful adventure of Machan,

And view'd the plenteous seas, and fish
 vens, where
 Our neighbouring nations since have stor
 every year.
 Then globe-ingirdling Drake, the nav
 that won,
 Who strove in his long course to emulate
 Of whom the Spaniard us'd a prophecy to
 That from the British isles should rise a dra
 That with his armed wings, should strike
 rian main,
 And bring in after time much horror upon
 This more than man (or what) this dem
 sea,
 Leaving behind his back, the great Ameri
 Upon the furling main his well-stretch
 lings flew'd,
 To forty-three degrees of north'ly latitud
 Unto that land before to th' Christian w
 known,
 Which in his country's right he nam'd
 And in the western land, spight of the p
 Spain,
 He Saint Iago took, Domingo, Carthagen
 And leaving of his prowess, a mark in ew
 Saint Augustine surpriz'd, in Terra Florid
 Then those that forth for sea, industria
 leigh wrought,
 And them with every thing, fit for d
 fraught;
 That Amadas, (whose name doth scarcely
 found)
 With Barlow, who the first Virginia tho
 As Greenville, whom he got to undertake
 Three sundry times from hence, who
 Virginia.
 (In his so rare a choice, it well approv'd
 That with so brave a spirit, his turn so w
 fit.
 O Greenville, thy great name for ever be re
 And borne by Neptune still, about this
 round;
 Whose naval confid' won thy nation so mu
 And in th' Iberians bread fear of the Engli
 Nor should fame speak her loud'st, of L
 could not lie,
 Who in Virginia left, with th' English cok
 Himself so bravely bare, amongst our peop
 That him they only lov'd, when others t
 fear.
 And from those barbarous, brute, and wilk
 ans wan
 Such reverence, as in him there had be
 than man.
 Then he which favoured still such high s
 as these,
 Rawleigh, whose reading made him skill'
 the seas,
 Embark'd his worthy self, and his adve
 crew,
 And with a prosperous sail to those fair c
 Where Oronoque, as he on in his course d
 Seems as his greatness meant, grim Nep
 controul;

Like to a puissant king, whose realms extend so far,

That many a potent prince his tributaries are.
So are his branches seas, and in the rich Guiana,
A flood as proud as he, the broad-brim'd Orellana :

And on the spacious firm Manoa's mighty seat,
The land (by nature's power) with wonders most replete.

So Leigh, Cape Breton saw, and Ramea's isles again ;

As Thompson undertook the voyage to New-Spain :

And Hawkins not behind the best of these before,
Who boasting sail, to seek the most remotest shore,
Upon that new-nam'd Spain, and Guiney fought his prize,

As one whose mighty mind small things could not suffice,

The son of this brave sire, who with his furrowing keel,

Long e'er that time had touch'd the goodly rich Brazil.

Courageous Ca'ndish then, a second Neptune here,

Whose name fill'd every mouth, and took up every ear.

What man could in his time discourse of any seas,
But of brave Ca'ndish talk'd, and of his voyages ;
Who through the south seas pass'd, about this earthly ball,

And saw those stars, to them that only rise and fall,

And with his silken sails, stain'd with the richest ore,

Dar'd any one to pass where he had been before.

Count Cumberland, so hence to seek th' Azores sent,

And to the Western-Indies, to Porto-Rico went,
And with the English power it bravely did sur-prize.

Sir Robert Dudley then, by sea that sought to rise,

Heist'd sails with happy winds to the isles of Tri-nidado :

Paris then he pass'd, the islands of Granado ;

As those of Santa Cruz, and Porto Rico : then
Amongst the famous rank of our sea-searching men,

Is Prefton sent to sea, with Summers forth to find,
Adventures in the parts upon the Western-Inde ;

Vol. III.

Porto Santo who surpriz'd, and Coches, with the fort

Of Coro, and the town, when in submissive sort,
Cumana ransom crav'd, St. James of Leon sack'd,
Jamaica went not free, but as the rest they wreck'd.

Then Sherley, (since whose name such high renown hath won)

That voyage undertook, as they before had done :
He St. Iago saw, Domingo, Margarita,

By Terra-firma sail'd to th' islands of Jamaica,
Up Rio Dolce row'd, and with a prosperous hand,

Returning to his home, touch'd at the New-foundland,

Where at Jamaica's isles, courageous Parker met
With Sherley, and along up Rio Dolce set,

Where bidding him adieu, on his own course he ran,

And took Campeche's town, the chief't of Juca-tan.

A frigate, and from thence did home to Britain bring,

With most strange tribute fraught, due to that In-dian king.

At mighty Neptune's beck, thus ended they their song,

When as from Harwich all to Loving-land along,
Great claps and shouts were heard refunding to the shore,

Wherewith th' Essexian nymphs applaud their loved Stour,

From the Suffolcean side yet those which Stour prefer

Their princely Orwell praise, as much as th' other her :

For though clear Briton be rich Suffolk's from her spring,

Which Stour upon her way to Harwich down doth bring,

Yet Deben of herself a stout and steadfast friend,
Her succour to that sea, near Orwell's road doth send.

When Wauaney to the north, rich Suffolk's on-ly meere,

As Stour upon the north, from Essex parts this shire ;

Left Stour and Orwell thus might steal her nymphs away,

In Neptune's name commands, that here their force should stay :

For that herself and Yar in honour of the deep,

Were purpos'd a feast in Loving-land to keep.

F f

THE TWENTIETH SONG.

The mufe that part of Suffolk fings,
That lyes to Norfolk, and then brings
The bright Norfolkcan nymphs, to gueft
To Loving-land, to Neptune's feaft;
To Ouze the lefs then down ſhe takes,
Where ſhe a flight at river makes:
And thence to Marſh-land ſhe defends,
With whoſe free praiſe this ſong ſhe ends.

As Or, through all the coast a flood of wond'rous
fame, [name]
Whose honoured fall begets a (a) haven of her
And Blyth a dainty brook, their speedy course
do cast, [haste :]
For Neptune with the rest, to Loving-land to
When Waucney in her way, on this Septentrional
side,
That these two eastern shires doth equally divide,
From Laphamford leads on, her stream into the
east,
By Bungey, then along by Beckles, when possib
Of Loving-land, 'bout which her limber arms she
throws, [inclos.
With Neptune taking hands, betwixt them who
And her an island make, fam'd for her scite so far.
But leave her music a while, and let us on with
Yar,

(e) Orford-haven.

nich Gariens some, some Hier, some Yar do
name;
to rising from her spring not far from Wal-
tingham,
rough the Norfolcean fields seems wantonly
to play,
Norwich comes at length, towards Yarmouth
on her way,
were Wentsum from the south, and Bariden
do bear
with her, by whose wealth she much is ho-
noured there,
entertain her Yar, that in her state doth
stand
th' towns of high'st account the fourth of all
the land:
it hospitable place to the industrious Dutch,
of skill in making Ruffs, and workmanship is
such,
(a refuge hither come) as they our aid deserve,
labour fore that live, whilst oft the English
starve;
roots and pulse that feed, on beef and mutton
spare,
ruggally they live, not gluttons as we are.
But from my former theme, since thus I have
digress'd
borrow more of time, until my nymphs be
dress'd:
I since these floods fall out so fitly in my way,
little while to them I will convert my lay.
The colewort, colliflower, and cabbage in their
season,
: rouncefall, great beans, and early ripening
peas;
: onion, scallion, leek, which housewives high-
ly rate;
: sir kinsman garlic then, the poor man's Mith-
ridate;
: savoury parsnip next, and carrot, pleasing food;
: skirret (which some say) in sallads stirs the
blood;
: turnip, tasting well to clowns in winter
weather:
as in our verse we put, roots, herbs, and fruits
together.
: great moist pumpkin then, that on the ground
doth lie,
: urer of this kind, the sweet musk-mellon by;
: rich dainty palates now, because they would
not want,
: we kindly learnt to set, as yearly to transplant:
: radish somewhat hot, yet urine doth pro-
voke;
: cucumber as cold, the heating artichoke;
: citrons, which our soil not easily doth af-
ford;
: rampion rare as that, the hardly gotten gourd.
But in these trivial things, muse, wander not
too long,
now to nimble Yar, turn we our active song,
rich in her winding course, from Norwich to
the main,
many a stately seat lasciviously doth strain,

To Yarmouth till she come, her only christ'ned
town,
Whose fishing through the realm doth her so much
renown,
Where those that with their nets still haunt the
boundless lake,
Her such a sumptuous feast of salted herrings
make,
As they had robb'd the sea of all his former store,
And past that very hour, it could produce no more.
Her own selves harbour here, when Yar doth
hardly win,
But kindly she again, saluted is by Thrin-
A fair Norfolcean nymph, which gratifies her fall.
Now are the Tritons heard, to Loving-land to
call,
Which Neptune's great commands, before them
bravely bear,
Commanding all the nymphs of high account that
were,
Which in fat Holland lurk among the queachy
plashes,
Or play them on the sands, upon the foamy washes,
As all the wat'ry brood, which haunt the Ger-
man deeps,
Upon whose briny curls, the dewy morning weeps,
To Loving-land to come, and in their best attires,
That meeting to observe, as now the time requires.
When Erix, Neptune's son by Venus, to the
shore:
To see them safely brought, their herald came be-
fore,
And for a mace he held in his huge hand, the horn
Of that so much esteem'd, sea honouring unicorn.
Next (A) Prote wond'rous swift, led all the rest
the way,
Then she which makes the calms, the mild
(A) Cymodice,
With god-like (A) Dorida, and (A) Galatea fair,
With dainty nets of pearl, cast o'er their braided
hair:
(A) Analiis which the sea doth salt, and seasoned
keep;
And (A) Batheas, most supreme and sovereign in
the deep,
Brings (A) Cyane, to the waves which that green
colour gives;
Then (A) Atmis, which in fogs and misty vapours
lives:
(A) Phrinax, the billows rough, and surges that
bestrides, [rides;
And (A) Rothion, that by her on the wild waters
With (A) Ichias, that of frye the keeping doth
retain,
As (A) Pholoë, most that rules the monsters of the
main:
Which brought to bear them out, if any need
should fall,
The dolphin, sea-horse, gramp, the wherpoole,
and the whale.

(A) The virtual properties incident to waters, as well
foss, as rivers, expressed by their names in the persons of
nymphs, as hath been used by the ancients.

An hundred more besides, I readily could name,
With these as Neptune will'd, to Loving-land
that came.

These nymphs trick'd up in tyers, the sea-gods
to delight : [white ;
Of coral of each kind, the black, the red, the
With many sundry shells, the scallop large and fair ;
The cockle small and round, the periwinkle spare,
The oyster, wherein oft the pearl is found to
breed,

The mussel, which retains that dainty orient feed :
In chains and bracclets made, with links of sundry
twists,

Some worn about their waists, their necks, some
on the wrists.

Great store of amber there, and jet they did not
miss ;

Their lips they sweet'ned had with costly amber-
grease.

Scarcely the Nereids thus arrived from the seas,
But from the fresher streams the brighter Naides,
The Loving-land make haste with all the speed
they may,

For fear their fellow-nymphs should for their com-
ing stay.

Glicio the running streams in sweetness still that
keeps,

And Clymene which rules, when they surround
their deeps.

Spio, in hollow banks, the waters that doth hide :
With Opis that doth bear them backward with the
tide.

Semaia that for sights doth keep the water clear :
Zanthe their yellow sands, that maketh to appear,
Then Drymo for the oaks that shadow every bank,
Phylodice, the boughs for garlands fresh and rank.
Which the clear Naides make them Anadems
withal,

When they are call'd to dance in Neptune's migh-
ty hall.

Then Ligea, which maintains the birds harmoni-
ous lays,

Which sing on rivers banks amongst the slender
sprays,

With Rhodia, which for them doth nurse the
refresh fets,

Iolide, which preserves the azure violets.

Anthea, of the flowers, that hath the general
charge,

And Syrinx of the reeds, that grow upon the
marge.

Some of these lovely nymphs wore on their flax-
en hair [were :

Fine chaplets made of flags, that fully flower'd
With water-cans again, some wantonly them dight,
Whose larger leaf and flower, gave wonderful de-
light

To those that wisely view'd their beauties: some
again,

That sovereign places held among the wat'ry train,
Of cat-tails made them crowns, which from the
sedge doth grow,

Which neatly woven were, and some to grace
the show,

Of lady-smocks most white, do rob each neigh-
bouring mead,

Wherewith their looser locks most curiously they
braid.

Now thus together come, they friendly do devise,
Some of light toys, and some of matters grave and
wife.

But to break off their speech, her reed when Sy-
rinx sounds,

Some cast themselves in rings, and sell to horn-
pipe rounds :

They ceasing, as again to others turns it falls,

The lusty galiards tread, some others jigga, and
braules.

This done, upon the bank together being set,
Proceeding in the cause, for which they thus were
met,

In mighty Neptune's praise, these sea-born vi-
gins sing :

' Let earth, and air, say they, with the high
praises ring,

' Of Saturn by his Ops, the most renowned son,

' From all the gods but Jove, the diadem that won,

' Whose off-spring wife and strong, dear nymphs,
' let us relate,

' On mountains of vast waves, know he that sits in
' state,

' And with his trident rules the universal stream,
' To be the only sire of mighty Polypheme.

' On fair Thoosa got old Phorcus loved child,

' Who in a feigned shape that god of sea beguild.

' Three thousand princely sons, and lovely nymphs
' as we, [be :

' Were to great Neptune born, of which we sparing

' Some by his goodly queen, some in his lemmas
' bed ;

' Chrysaor grim begot, on stern Medusa's head.

' Swart Brontes, for his own to mighty Neptune
' takes,

' One of the Cyclops strong, Jove's thunderbolts
' that makes.

' Great Neptune, Nelius got (if you for wisdom
' seek)

' Who was old Nessor's sire, the grav'st and wisest
' Greek.

' Or from this king of waves, of such thou lov'st
' to hear, [were ;

' Of famous nations first, that mighty founder

' Then Cadmus, who the plot of ancient Thebes
' contriv'd,

' From Neptune god of sea, his pedigree deriv'd,

' By Agenor his old sire, who rul'd Phoenicia long :

' So Inachus, the chief of Argives great and strong

' Claim'd kindred of his king, and by some bear-
' teous niece,

' So did Pelafus too, who peopled ancient Greece.

' A world of mighty kings and princes I could
' name,

' From our god Neptune sprung ; let this suffice,
' his fame [rise,

' Incompasseth the world ; those stars which never

' Above the lower south, are never from his eyes :

' As those again to him do every day appear,

' Continually that keep the northern hemisphere :

* Who like a mighty king, doth cast his watched
 robe. [globe.
 * Far wider than the land, quite round about the
 * Where is there one to him that may compared
 be, [see;
 * That both the poles at once continually doth
 * And giant-like with heaven as often maketh
 wars;
 * The islands in his power as numberless as stars,
 * He wafeth at his will, and with his mighty
 hands,
 * He makes the even shores, oft mountainous with
 sands:
 * Whose creatures, which observe his wide impe-
 rial feat,
 * Like his immeasured self, are infinite and great.
 Thus ended they their song, and off th' assembly
 brake,
 When quickly towards the west, the muse her
 way doth take;
 Whereas the swelling soil, as from one bank doth
 bring
 This (J) Waueney sung before and (J) Ouse-the-
 less, whose spring
 Towards Ouse-the-greater points, and down by
 Thetford glides, [divides,
 Where the clear Thet receives, her glory that
 With her new-named town, as wond'rous glad
 that she, [be:
 For frequency of late, so much esteem'd should
 Where since these confluent floods, so fit for hawk-
 ing lie, [lie.
 And store of fowl entice skill'd falconers there to
 Now of a flight at Brooke shall my description
 be: [me.
 What subject can be found, that lies not fair for
 Of simple shepherds now, my muse exactly sings,
 And then of courtly loves, and the affairs of kings.
 Then in a buskin'd strain, the warlike spear and
 shield,
 And instantly again of the disports of field;
 What can this ille produce, that lies from my re-
 port, [sport.
 Industrious muse, proceed then to my hawking
 When making for the brook, the falconer doth
 espy, [doth lie.
 One river, plash, or mere, where store of fowl
 Whence forced over land, by skilful falconer's
 trade,
 A fair convenient flight, may easily be made.
 He whistleth of his hawks, whose nimble pinions
 streight,
 Do work themselves by turns, into a stately height:
 And if that after check, the one or both do go,
 Sometimes he them the lure, sometimes doth wa-
 ter shew;
 The trembling fowl that hear the jiggling hawk-
 bells ring,
 And find it is too late, to trust them to their wing,
 Lie flat upon the flood, whilst the high-mounted
 hawks,
 Then being lords alone, in their ethereal walks,

(J) The fountains of these rivers, not far a'under, yet one
 runneth westward, the other to the east.

Aloft so bravely stir, their bells so thick that shake,
 Which when the falconer sees, that scarce one
 plane they make;
 The gallant'st birds, said he, that ever flew on
 wing, [king.
 And swears there is a flight, were worthy of a
 Then making to the flood, to force the fowls to
 rise,
 The fierce and eager hawks, down thrilling from
 the skies, [reach,
 Make sundry cancellers e'er they the fowl can
 Which then to save their lives, their wings do
 lively stretch.
 But when the whizzing bells the silent air do
 cleave, [deceive;
 And that their greatest speed, them vainly do
 And the sharp cruel hawks, they at their backs do
 view,
 Themselves for very fear they instantly (m) incaw.
 The hawks get up again into their former
 place, [race:
 And ranging here and there, in that their airy
 Still as the fearful fowl attempt to 'scape away,
 With many a stouping brave, them in again they
 lay.
 But when the falconers take their hawking-poles
 in hand,
 And crossing of the brook, do put it over land;
 The hawk gives it a fouse, that makes it to re-
 bound,
 Well near the height of man, sometimes above
 the ground;
 Oft takes a leg, or wing, oft takes away the head,
 And oft from neck to nail, the back in two
 doth shread.
 With many a wo ho ho, and jocund lure again,
 When he his quarry makes upon the grassy plane.
 But to my floods again; when as this Ouse-the-
 less, [cells,
 Hath taken in clear Thet, with far more free ac-
 To Ouse-the-great she goes, her queen that cometh
 crown'd,
 As such a river fits, so many miles renown'd;
 And pointing to the north, her crystal front she
 dasheth,
 Against the swelling sands of the surrounded
 washes;
 And Neptune in her arms, so amply doth embrace,
 As she would rob his queen, fair Thetis, of her
 place.
 Which when rich Marshland sees, lest she should
 lose her state,
 With that fair river thus, she gently doth debate.
 Disdain me not, dear flood, in thy excessive
 pride,
 * There's scarcely any foil that sitteth by thy side,
 * Whose turf so batful is, or bears so deep a swath;
 * Nor is there any Mark in all Great Britain, hath
 * So many goodly seats, or that can truly shew,
 * Such rareties as I, so that all Marshes owe
 * Much honour to my name, for that exceeding
 grace, [place.
 * Which they receive by me, so sovereign in my
 (m) Lay the fowls again in water.

- ' Though Rumney, as some say, for fineness of her
 ' grafs,
 ' And for her dainty scite, all others doth surpass;
 ' Yet are those seas but poor, and rivers that con-
 ' fine,
 ' Her greatness but mean rills, be they compar'd
 ' with mine.
 ' Nor hardly doth she tythe th' abundant fowl
 ' and fish,
 ' Which nature gives to me, as I myself can with.
 ' As Amphytrite oft, calls me her sweet and fair,
 ' And sends the northern winds to curl my braid-
 ' ed hair,
 ' And makes the Washes stand, to watch and ward
 ' me still,
 ' Left that rough god of sea, on me should work
 ' his will.
 ' Old Wifbitch to my grace, my circuit sits within,
 ' And near my banks I have the neighbourhoed
 ' of Lynn.
- ' Both towns of strength and state, my profits still
 ' shall vent, [tinent.]
 ' No Marsh hath more of sea, none more of con-
 Thus Marshland ends her speech, as one that
 theroughly knew, [due.]
 What was her proper praise, and what was Onse's
 With that the zealous muse, in her poetic rage,
 To Walsingham would needs have gone a pilgrim-
 age,
 To view those farthest shores, whence little Niger
 ' flows, [grows,
 Into the northern main, and see the glebe where
 That saffron (which men say) this land hath not
 the like, [Strike.
 All Europe that excels; but here she sail doth
 For that Apollo pluck'd her easily by the ear;
 And told her in that part of Norfolk, if there were
 Ought worthy of respect, it was not in her way,
 When for the greater Onse, her wing she doth
 display.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTY-FIRST SONG.

The Argument.

Now from Newmarket comes the muse,
Whose spacious heath, the wifly views,
Those ancient ditches and surveys,
Which our first Saxons here did raise;
To Gogmagog then turns her tale,
And shews you Ring-tail's pleasant vale;
And to do Cambridge all her rites,
The muses to her town invites.
And lastly, Ely's praise she sings,
An end which to this canto brings.

his our little rest, thus having gotten breath,
ably in our way, upon Newmarket heath;
great and ancient (a) ditch, which as ex-
pected long,
ed by the muse, at her arrival song;
me, what earthly thing with thee itself can
' trust, [unjust!
n thou in thine own course art to thyself
thou contract with death, and to oblivion
' give [live?
glories after them, yet shamefully dar'st
me, had'st thou preserv'd, what labouring
' man hath done,
a long before this day, might'st to thyself
' have won
city with the gods, and in thy temple plac'd,
sacriligious thou, hast all great works defac'd;

(a) The Devil's Ditch.

' For though the things themselves have suffer'd
' by thy theft, [left,
' Yet with thy ruins, thou, to ages might'st have
' Those monuments who rear'd, and not have suf-
' fer'd thus
' Posterity so much, t' abuse both thee and us.
' I, by th' East Angles first, who from this heath
' arose,
' The long'st and largest ditch, to check their
' Mercian foes;
' Because my depth, and breadth, so strangely
' doth exceed,
' Men's low and wretched thoughts, they con-
' stantly decreed,
' That by the Devil's help, I needs must raised
' be,
' Wherefore the Devil's Ditch they basely nam'd
' me;

' When ages long before, I bare St. Edmond's
 name, [came
 ' Because up to my side, (some have supposed)
 ' The liberties bequeath'd to his most sacred shrine.
 ' Therefore my fellow Dykes, ye ancient friends
 of mine,
 ' That out of earth were rais'd, by men whose
 minds were great,
 ' It is no marvel, though oblivion do you treat.
 ' First, Flemditch next myself, that art of greatest
 strength,
 ' That do'st extend thy course full seven large
 miles in length;
 ' And thou the Fivemile call'd, yet not less dear
 to me,
 ' With Brenditch, that again is shortest of the three,
 ' Can you suppose yourselves at all to be respected,
 ' When you may see my truth's bely'd, and so ne-
 glected; [estate,
 ' Therefore dear Heath, live still in prosperous
 ' And let thy well-fleec'd flocks, from morn to
 evening late,
 ' (By careful Shepherds kept) rejoice thee with
 their praise,
 ' And let the merry lark, with her delicious lays,
 ' Give comfort to thy plains, and let me only lie,
 ' Though of the world contem'd yet gracious in
 thine eye.

Thus said, these ancient Dykes neglected in
 their ground, [sound,
 Through the sad aged earth, sent out a hollow
 To gratulate her speech; when as we met again,
 With one whose constant heart, with cruel love
 was slain;

Old Gogmagog, a hill of long and great renown,
 Which near to Cambridge set, o'erlooks that
 learn'd town.

Of Balfham's pleasant hills, that by the name was
 known,

But with the monstrous times, he rude and bar-
 barous grown,

A giant was become; for man he cared not,
 And so the fearful name of Gogmagog had got:
 Who long had borne good-will to most delicious
 Grant, [supplant.

But doubting lest some god his greatness might
 For as the dainty food by Cambridge keeps her
 course,

He found their muses left their old Boeotian source;
 Resorting to her banks, and every little space,
 He saw bright Phœbus gaze upon her crystal face,
 And through th' exhaled fogs, with anger looked
 red, [to bed.

To leave his loved nymph, when he went down
 Wherefore this hill with love, being foully over-
 gone;

And one day as he found the lovely nymph alone,
 Thus wooes her: ' Sweetening mine, if thou mine
 own wilt be,

' I've many a pretty gaud, I keep in store for
 thee,

' A nest of broad-fac'd owls, and goodly urchins
 two, [wooe:

' Nav, nymph, take heed of me, when I begin to

' And better yet than this, a bulchin two years
 old, [fold;

' A curl'd-pate calf it is, and oft could have been
 ' And yet beside all this, I've goodly bear-whelps

 two, [play,
 ' Full dainty for my joy, when she's dispos'd to

' And twenty fowles of lead, to make our wedding
 ring; [thing:

' Besides, at Sturbridge fair, I'll buy thee many a
 ' I'll smouch thee every morn, before she can

 rise, [eyes.
 ' And look my manly face, in thy sweet glaring

Thus said, he smug'd his beard, and strook
 up his hair,

As one that for her love he thought had offered
 fair:

Which to the muses, Grant did presently report,
 Wherewith they many a year shall make them

 wond'rous sport. [dole,
 When Ringdale in herself, a most delicious

Who having heard too long the barbarous moun-
 tain's tale,

Thus thinketh in herself, ' Shall I be silenc'd, when
 ' Rude hills and ditches, digg'd by discontented

 men,
 ' Are aided by the muse; their minds at large to

 speak,
 ' Besides my sister vales, supposing me but weak,

' Judge meanly of my state, when she no longer
 staid,

' But in her own behalf, thus to the other said.
 ' What though betwixt two (b) shires, I be

 by fortune thrown, [own;

' That neither of them both can challenge me her
 ' Yet am I not the less, nor less my fame shall be;

' Your figures are but base, when they are set by me:
 ' For nature in your shapes, notoriously did err,

' But skilful was in me, cast pure orbicular.
 ' Nor can I be compar'd so like to any thing,

' By him that would express my shape, as to a
 ring:

' For nature bent to sport, and various in her
 trade,

' Of all the British vales, of me a circle made:
 ' For in my very midst there is a swelling ground.

' About which Ceres nymphs dance many a waa-
 ton round.

' The frisking fairy there, as on the light air borne,
 ' Oft run at barley-break upon the ears of corn;

' And catching drops of dew in their lascivious
 chaces,

' Do cast the liquid pearl in one another's faces.
 ' What they in largeness have, that bear them-

 selves so high,
 ' In my most perfect form, and delicacy, I,

' For greatness of my grain, and sueness of my
 grafs; [surpass-

' This isle scarce hath a vale, that Ringdale doth
 When more she would have said, but suddenly

 there sprung,
 A confident report, that through the country

 rung,
 (b) This vale standeth part in Hertfordshire, part in

Cambridgeshire.

That Cam her daintiest flood, long since entitled
Grant,
Whose fountain Ashwell crown'd, with many an
upright plant.
In falling on for Ouse, determin'd by the way,
To entertain her friends the muses with a lay.
Wherefore to shew herself e'er she to Cambridge
came,
Most worthy of that town to which she gives the
name,
Takes in her second head, from Linton coming in,
By Shelford having slid, which straightway she
doth win :
Than which, a purer stream, a delicates brook,
Bright Phœbus in his course, doth scarcely over-
look.
Thus furnishing her banks ; as sweetly she doth
glide
Towards Cambridge, with rich meads laid forth
on either side ;
And with the muses oft, did by the way con-
verse :
Wherefore it her behoves, that something she re-
hearse,
The fitters that concern'd, who whisper'd in her
ear,
Such things as only she, and they themselves
should hear,
A wond'rous learned flood ; and she that had
been long
(Though silent, in herself, yet) vexed at the
wrong
Done to Apollo's priests, with heavenly fire infus'd,
Oft by the worthless world, unworthily abus'd :
With whom, in their behalf, hap ill, or happen
well,
She meant to have a bout, even in despite of
hell,
When humbly lowt'ing low, her due obedience
done,
Thus like a satyr she, deliberately begun.
' My invective, thus quoth she, I only aim at
' you,
' Of what degree soe'er) ye wretched worldly
' crew,
' In all your brainless talk, that still direct your
' drifts
' Against the muses sons, and their most sacred
' gifts,
' That hate a poet's name, your villainess to ad-
' vance,
' For ever be you damn'd in your dull ignorance.
' Slave, he whom thou dost think, so mean and
' poor to be,
' Is more than half divine, when he is set by thee.
' Nay more, I will avow, and justify him then,
' He is a god, compar'd with ordinary men.
' His brave and noble heart, here in a heaven doth
' dwell
' Above those worldly cares, that sink such sots to
hell ;
' A caith if there be yet viler than thyself,
; If he through baseness light upon this worldly
' pelf,

' The chimney-sweep, or he that in the dead of
' night,
' Doth empty loathsome vaults, nay purchase all
' your right ;
' When not the greatest king, should he his trea-
' sure rain,
' The muses sacred gifts, can possibly obtain ;
' No, were the monarch of the universal earth,
' Except that gift from heav'n, he breath'd into
' his birth.
' How transitory be those heaps of rotting mud,
' Which only to obtain, ye make your chiefest
' good ?
' Perhaps to your fond sons, your ill-got goods
' you leave,
' You scarcely buried are, but they your hopes
' deceive.
' Have I not known a wretch, the purchase of
' whose ground,
' Was valued to be sold, at threescore thousand
' pound ;
' That in a little time, in a poor threadbare coat,
' Hath walk'd from place to place, to beg a silly
' groat !
' When nothing hath of yours, or your base broods
' been left,
' Except poor widows cries, to memorize your
' theft.
' That curse the serpent got in paradise for hire,
' Descend upon you all, from him your devilish
' fire,
' Groveling upon the earth, to creep upon your
' breast,
' And lick the loathsome dust, like that abhorred
' beast.
' But leave these hateful herds, and let me now
' declare,
' I th' Heliconian font, who rightly christ'ned
' are ;
' Not such as basely sooth the humour of the
' time,
' And flubberingly patch up some slight and shal-
' low rhyme,
' Upon Parnassus' top, that strive to be install'd,
' Yet never to that place were by the muses
' call'd.
' Nor yet our mimic apes, out of their bragging
' pride,
' That fain would seem to be, what nature them
' deny'd ;
' Whose verses hobbling run, as with disjointed
' bones,
' And make a viler noise, than carts upon the
' stones ;
' And these forsooth must be, the muses only
' heirs.
' When they but standards are, and foundlings
' none of theirs,
' Inforcing things in verse for poetry unfit,
' Mere filthy stuff, that breaks out of the sores of
' wit ;
' What poet reck's the praise upon such anticks
' heap'd,
' Or envies that their lines, in cabinets are kept ?

' Though some fantastic fool promote their rag-
 ged rhymes,
 ' And do transcribe them o'er a hundred several
 times,
 ' And some fond women wins, to think them
 wond'rous rare,
 ' When they lewd beggary trash, say very gib-
 berish are.
 ' Give me those lines (whose touch the skilful ear
 to please)
 ' That gilding slow in state, like swelling Eu-
 phrates,
 ' In which things natural be, and not in falsely
 wrong;
 ' The sounds are fine and smooth, the sense is full
 and strong;
 ' Not bombasted with words, vain ticklish ears to
 feed,
 ' But such as may content the perfect man to read.
 ' What is of painters said, is of true poets rife,
 ' That he which doth express things nearest to the
 life,
 ' Doth touch the very point, nor needs he add
 thereto,
 ' For that the utmost is, that art doth strive to do.
 Had Orpheus, whose sweet harp (so musically
 strung)
 ' Enticed trees, and rocks, to follow him along;
 ' Th' morality of which, is, that his knowledge
 drew, [ness knew,
 ' The stony, blockish rout, that nought but rude-
 ' T' embrace a civil life, by his enticing lays.
 ' Had he compos'd his lines, like many of these
 days,
 ' Which to be understood, he take it in disdain,
 ' Nay Oedipus may fail, to know what they would
 mean.
 ' If Orpheus had so play'd, not to be understood,
 ' Well might those men have thought the harper
 had been wood;
 ' Who might have sit him down, the trees and
 rocks among,
 ' And been a verier block than those to whom he
 sung. [town,
 O noble Cambridge then, my most beloved
 ' In glory flourish still, to heighten thy renown;
 ' In woman's perfect shape, still be thy emblem
 right, [light.
 ' Whose one hand holds a cup, the other bears a
 ' Phocis bedew'd with drops, that from Parnassus
 fall,
 ' Let Cirrha seek to her, nor be you least of all,
 ' Ye fair Boeotian Thebes, and Thespia still to
 pay [way.
 ' My Cambridge all her rites; Cirrha send this
 ' O let the thrice-three maids, their dews upon
 the rain,
 ' From Aganippa's font, and hoof-plow'd Hip-
 pocrane. [place
 ' Mount Pindus, thou that art the muses sacred
 ' In Thessaly; and thou, O Pimpla, that in Thraee
 ' They chose for their own hill, then thou Par-
 nassus high,
 ' Upon whose by-clift top, the sacred company

' About Apollo sit; and thou, O flood, with thee
 ' Pure Helicon, below'd of the Pieridea.
 ' With Tempe, let thy walks, and shades, be
 brought to her,
 ' And all your glorious gifts upon my town con-
 fer.
 This said, the lovely Grant glides easily on
 along,
 To meet the mighty Ouse, which with her wat'ry
 throng,
 The Cantabrigian fields had entered, taking in
 Th' inisled Ely's earth, which strongly she doth
 win
 From Grant's soft-neighbouring grounds, when
 as the fruitful isle,
 Much wondering at herself, thought fairly all
 this while,
 That by her silence she had suffered too much
 wrong,
 ' Wherefore in her self-praise, so thus the island
 sung.
 ' Of all the Marshland isles, I Ely am the
 Queen,
 ' For winter each where sad, in me looks fresh
 and green.
 ' The horse, or other beast, o'erweigh'd with his
 own mass,
 ' Lies wallowing in my fens, hid over head in
 grass;
 ' And in the place where grows rank fodder for
 my neat,
 ' The turf which bears the hay, is wood'rous
 needful peat:
 ' My full and bat'ning earth, needs not the plow-
 man's pains,
 ' The rills which run in me, are like the branched
 veins [hand
 ' In human bodies seen; those ditches cut by
 ' From the surrounding Meres, to win the mea-
 sur'd land,
 ' To those choice waters, I most fitly may com-
 pare,
 ' Wherewith nice women use to blanch their
 beauties rare.
 ' Hath there a man been born in me, that never
 knew
 ' Of Watersey the Lame, or th' other call'd the
 New.
 ' The Frithdike near'st my midst, and of ano-
 ther sort,
 ' Whoever fish'd, or fowl'd, that cannot make
 report
 ' Of sundry Meres at hand, upon my western
 way,
 ' As Ramsey-mer, and Ug, with the great Whit-
 telsey;
 ' Of the abundant store of fish and fowl that
 bred,
 ' Which whilst of Europe's isles Great Britain is
 the head.
 ' No Meres shall truly tell, in them, than at one
 draught,
 ' More store of either kinds hath with the art
 been caught;

Which though some petty isles do challenge
 ' them to be
 Their own, yet must those isles likewise ac-
 ' knowledge me
 Their sovereign. Nor yet let that islet Ramsley
 ' shame,
 Although to Ramsley-mere she only gives the
 ' name;
 (c) Nor Huntingdon, to me though she extend
 ' her grounds,
 'Twix me that I at all usurp upon her bounds.

(c) Though Ely be in part of Cambridgeshire, yet app-
 ears for the most part in Huntingdonshire.

' Those Meres may well be proud, that I will
 ' take them in,
 ' Which otherwise perhaps forgotten might have
 ' been.
 ' Besides my tow'red (d) Phane, and my rich ci-
 ' ty'd seat,
 ' With villages, and dorps, to make me most
 ' compleat.
 Thus broke she off her speech, when as the
 muse a while,
 Desirous to repose, and rest her with the isle,
 Here consummates her song, and doth fresh cou-
 rage take,
 With war in the next book, the muses to awake
 (d) The town and church of Ely.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTY-SECOND SONG.

The Argument.

The muse, Ouse from her fountain brings
Along by Buckingham, and sings :
The earth that turned wood to stone,
And th' holy wells of Harlaxton :
Then shews wherefore the fates do grant,
That she the civil wars should chant :
By Huntingdon the Waybridge meets,
And thence the German ocean greets.

INVENTION as before, thy high-pitch'd pinions
rouze,
Exactly to set down how the far-wandering Ouse,
Through the Bedfordian fields deliciously doth
strain,
As holding on her course, by Huntingdon again,
How bravely she herself betwixt her banks doth
bear,
Fre Ely she inisle, a goddess honoured there ;
From Brackley breaking forth, through foils most
heavenly sweet,
By Buckingham makes on, and crossing Watling-
street, [twin,
She with her lesser Ouse, at Newport next doth
Which from proud Chiltern near, comes eas'ly
ambling in.
The brook which on her bank doth boast that
earth alone : [stone.
(Which noted) of this isle, converteth wood to

That little Asply's earth we anciently enisle,
'Mongst sundry other things, a wonder of the isle:
Of which the lesser Ouse oft boasteth in her way,
As she herself with flowers doth gorgeously ar-
ray.
Ouse having Oulney past, as she were waxed
mad, [gad;
From her first stayder course immediately doth
And in meandred gyres doth whirl herself about,
That, this way, here and there, back, forward, on,
and out,
And like a wanton girl, oft doubling in her gate,
In labyrinth-like turns, and twinings intricate,
Through those rich fields doth run, till lastly in
her pride, [vide,
The shire's hospitious town, she in her course doth
Where she her spacious breast in glorious breadth
displays [way,
And varying her clear form a thousand sundry

ks through the verdant meads; but far she
 hath not gone, [on,
 a level a clear nymph from Shefford falling
 as deftly dancing in through many a dainty
 glade, [swade,
 run'd with a goodly bridge, arriv'd at Bickle-
 uraged the more her mistress to pursue,
 whose clear face the sun delights himself to
 view: [make,
 mix herself with Ouse, as on she thus doth
 lovingly at last hath apt to overtake;
 in her chrysal arms her sovereign Ouse doth
 cling,
 which flood in her ally, as highly glorying,
 its forward to St. Neot's, into those nether
 grounds,
 wards Huntingdon, and leaves the lov'd Bed-
 fordian bounds.
 'tis she ent'red yet upon this second shire,
 which she sovereign is, but that two fountains
 clear, [sweet,
 Harleston near hand, th' one salt, the other
 her first entrance, thus her greatness gently
 greet.
 'Once were we two fair nymphs, who fortu-
 nately prov'd,
 the pleasures of the woods, and faithfully be-
 lov'd [here;
 'Two such Sylvan gods, by hap that found us
 or then their Sylvan kind most highly honour-
 ed were,
 When this whole country's face was foresty,
 and we
 liv'd loosely in the weilds, which now thus
 'peopled be. [sent,
 'We interchang'd we sighs, oft amorous looks we
 'We whispering our dear loves, our thoughts oft
 'did we vent [play,
 'Amongst the secret shades, oft in the groves did
 'and in our sports our joys, and sorrows did be-
 'wray.
 'We cunningly we met, yet coyly then embrac'd,
 'till languish'd in desire, yet liv'd we ever chaste.
 'and quoth the saltish spring, as one day mine
 'and I, [eye
 'let to recount our loves, from his more tender
 'the brinish tears drop'd down, on mine im-
 'pierced breast,
 'had instantly therein so deeply were imprest,
 'that brackish I became; he finding me de-
 'priv'd
 'Of former freshness quite, the cause from him
 'deriv'd, [quite,
 'On me bestow'd this gift, my sweetness to re-
 'that I should ever cure the dimness of the sight.
 'And, quoth the fresher spring, the wood-god
 'me that woo'd,
 'As one day by my brim, surpris'd with love he
 'stood,
 'On me bestow'd this gift, that ever after I
 'should cure the painful itch, and loathsome le-
 'prosy. [run,
 'Held on with this discourse, she on not far hath
 'that she is arriv'd at goodly Huntingdon;

Where she no sooner views her darling and de-
 light,
 Proud (a) Portholme, but became so ravish'd
 with the sight,
 That she her limber arms lasciviously doth throw
 About the islets waift, who being embraced so,
 Her flowry bosom shows to the enamour'd
 brook;
 On which when as the Ouse amazedly doth look
 On her brave damask'd breast, bedeck'd with ma-
 ny a flow'r
 (That grace this godly mead) as though the
 spring did pour
 Her full abundance down, whose various dyes so
 thick,
 Are intermix'd as they by one another stick,
 That to the gazing eye that standeth far, they
 show
 Like those made by the sun in the celestial bow.
 But now t' advance this flood, the fates had
 brought to pass,
 As she of all the rest the only river was:
 That but a little while before that fatal war,
 'Twixt that divided blood of York and Lancaster,
 Near Harleswood, above in her Bedfordian trace,
 By keeping back her stream, for near three sur-
 longs space,
 Laying her bosom bare unto the public view;
 Apparently was prov'd by that which did ensue,
 In her prophetic self, those troubles to foresee:
 Wherefore (even as her due) the destinies agree,
 She should the glory have our civil fights to sing,
 When swelling in her banks, from her abundant
 spring,
 Her sober silence she now resolutely breaks,
 In language fitting war, and thus to purpose
 speaks.
 'With that most fatal field, I will not here be-
 'gin,
 'Where Norman William first the Conqueror,
 'did win
 'The day at (b) Hastings, where the valiant Ha-
 'rold slain [retain,
 'Resign'd his crown, whose foil the colour doth,
 'Of th' English blood there shed, as th' earth still,
 'kept the scar:
 'Which since not our's begot, but an invasive war,
 'Amongst our home-fought fields, hath no de-
 'scription here. [year,
 'In Normandy nor that, that same day forty
 'That bastard William brought a conquest on this
 'isle,
 'Twixt Robert his eld'st son, and Henry, who
 'the while [pight,
 'His brother's warlike tents in Palestine were
 'In England here usurp'd his eld'st-born brother's
 'right;
 'Which since it foreign was, not struck within
 'this land,
 'Amongst our civil fights here number'd shall
 'not stand.

(a) A little island made by this river, lying near Hun-
 tington.

(b) In Sussex, near the sea.

- ' But Lincoln battle now we as our first will
 ' lay,
 ' Where Maud the empress flood to try the
 ' doubtful day,
 ' With Stephen, when he here had well-near
 ' three years reign'd,
 ' Where both of them their right courageously
 ' maintain'd, [put,
 ' And marshaling their troops, the king his person
 ' Into his well-arm'd main, of strong and va-
 ' liant foot :
 ' The wings that were his horse, in th' one of
 ' them he plac'd
 ' Young Alan that brave Duke of Britain whom
 ' he grac'd
 ' With th' Earls of Norfolk, and Northampton,
 ' and with those, [pose.
 ' He Mellent in that wing, and Warren did di-
 ' The other no whit less, that this great day might
 ' fled ;
 ' The Earl of Aubemerle, and valiant spires led.
 ' The Empress' powers again, but in two squa-
 ' drons were : [rear ;
 ' The vaward Chester 'had, and Gloucester the
 ' Then were there valiant Welsh, and desperate
 ' men of our's,
 ' That when supplies should want, might rein-
 ' force their powers. [dash'd
 ' The battles join, as when two adverse seas are
 ' Against each other's waves, that all the plains
 ' were wash'd
 ' With showers of sweltring blood, that down
 ' the furrows ran, [won.
 ' Ere it could be discern'd which either lost or
 ' Earl Baldwin, and Fitzurse those valiant knights,
 ' were seen
 ' To charge the Empress' horse, as though dread
 ' Marshad been
 ' There in two sundry shapes : the day that
 ' beauteous was, [glafs,
 ' Twinkled as when you see the sun-beams in a
 ' That nimble being stir'd, flings up the tremb-
 ' ling flame
 ' At once, and on the earth reflects the very same.
 ' With their resplendent swords, that glister'd
 ' gainst the sun ; [won.
 ' The honour of the day, at length the Empress
 ' King Stephen prisoner was, and with him ma-
 ' ny a lord,
 ' The common soldiers put together to the sword,
 ' The next, the battle near St Edmundsbury
 ' fought,
 ' By our Fitz-empress' force, and Flemings hi-
 ' ther brought [strife.
 ' By th' Earl of Le'iter, bent to move intestine
 ' For young king (c) Heney's cause, crown'd in
 ' his father's life ;
 ' Which to his kingly fire much care and sorrow
 ' bred, [spread,
 ' In whose defiance then that earl his ensigns
 ' Back'd by Hugh Bigot's power, the Earl of
 ' Norfolk then,
 ' By bringing to his aid the valiant Norfolk men.
 ' 'Gainst Bohun, England's great high
 ' that sway'd
 ' The royal forces, join'd with Lucy for l
 ' Chief justice, and with them the
 ' powers, t'expel
 ' The Earls of Cornwall came, Glo'ster, as
 ' From Bury, that with them St. Edmund
 ' ner bring,
 ' Their battles in array ; both wisely order
 ' The armies chanc'd to meet upon the
 ' ground,
 ' Betwixt St. Edmund's town, and Forns
 ' found)
 ' The bellowing drums beat up a thunder
 ' The trumpets rend the air, the ensig
 ' large,
 ' Like waving flames far off, to either host
 ' The bristling pikes do shake, to the
 ' coming near ;
 ' All clouded in a mist they hardly cou
 ' So shadow'd with the shafts from either
 ' flew.
 ' The wings came wheeling in, at joi
 ' whose forces,
 ' The either part were seen to tumble fr
 ' horses,
 ' Which empty put to rout, are paunc
 ' gleaves and piles,
 ' Left else by running loose, they might
 ' their files.
 ' The bill-men come to blows, that swith t
 ' thacks,
 ' The ground lay stray'd with male, and f
 ' tatter'd jacks :
 ' The plains like to a shop, look'd each w
 ' behold,
 ' Where limbs of mangled men on heaps
 ' be sold ;
 ' Stern discontented war did never yet ap
 ' With a more threatening brow, than
 ' time did there.
 ' O Leicester (alas) in ill time wast the
 ' To aid this graceful youth, the most un
 ' son
 ' Against his natural fire, who crown'd his
 ' Whose ill-requited love did him much
 ' raise,
 ' At Le'iter by this war against King
 ' Upon so bad a cause, O courage ill bestow
 ' Who had thy quarrel been, as thou thy
 ' skill'd
 ' In brave and martial feats, thou everm
 ' This isle with thy high deeds, done
 ' bloody field :
 ' But Bigot and this lord, enforc'd as le
 ' Them to the other part, when on th
 ' plain,
 ' Of th' English and the Dutch, ten d
 ' men lay slain.
 ' As for the second fight at Lincoln,
 ' Who sided with the French, by seeking
 ' pose,
 ' Henry the son of John, then young, an
 ' The Dauphin Lewis, son to Philip F
 ' France,

Which Lincoln castle, thou most straitly did
 besiege; [liege.
 And William Marshal Earl of Pembroke for his
 (Who led the faithful lords) although so many
 there,
 Or in the conflict slain, or taken prisoners were;
 Yet but for a surprise, no field appointed fight
 'Mongst our set battles here, may no way claim
 a right. [fought
 The field at Lewes then, by our third Henry
 Who Edward his brave son unto that conflict
 brought; [son
 With Richard then the King of Almain, and his
 Young Henry, with such lords as to his part he
 won,
 With him their sovereign liege, their lives that
 durst engage.
 And the rebellious league of the proud baronage,
 By Simon Mountford Earl of Leicester their chief
 head,
 And th' Earl of Gloucester, Clare, against King
 Henry led;
 Forth' ancient freedoms here that bound their
 lives to stand,
 The aliens to expulse, who troubled all the land,
 Whilst for this dreadful day, their great designs
 were meant; [sent
 From Edward the young prince, defiance were
 To Mountford's valiant sons, Lord Henry, Sim,
 and Guy,
 And calling unto him a herald, quoth he, fly
 To th' earl of Leicester's tents, and publicly pro-
 claim [name,
 Defiance to his face, and to the Mountford's
 And say to his proud sons, say boldly thus from
 me;
 That if they be the same, that they would seem
 to be, [known,
 Now let them in the field be by their band-rouls
 Where as I make no doubt, their valour shall be
 shown: [pride,
 Which if they dare to do, and still uphold their
 There will we vent our spleens, where swords
 shall it decide.
 To whom they thus reply'd, tell that brave
 man of hope,
 He shall the Mountfords find in th' head of all
 their troop, [good
 To answer his proud braves; our bilboes be as
 As his, our arms as strong; and he shall find
 our blood
 Sold at as dear a rate as his; and if we fall,
 Tell him we'll hold so fast, his crown shall go
 withal. [vide,
 The king into three fights his forces doth di-
 Of which his princely (d) son the vaward had
 to guide:
 The second to the King of Almain, and his son,
 Young Henry he betook, in the third legion
 of knights, and men of arms, in person he ap-
 pears.
 Into four several fights, the desperate barons
 theirs.

(d) Prince Edward, after called Edward I.

I th' first those valiant youths, the sons of
 Leicester came, [name:
 Of leading of the which, lord Henry had the
 The Earl of Gloucester brought the second battle
 on,
 And with him the lords Mountchency, and
 Fitz-John: [plac'd,
 The third wherein alone the Londoners were
 The stout lord Segrave led; the greatest, and
 the last, [took.
 Brave Leicester himself, with courage under-
 The day upon the host affrightedly doth look,
 To see the dreadful shock, their first encounter
 gave,
 As though it with the roar, the thunder would
 out-brave. [been:
 Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had
 The Mountfords all in plumes, like ostriches
 were seen,
 To beard him to his teeth, to th' work of death
 they go; [fro.
 The crowds like to a sea seem'd waving to and
 Friend falling by his friend, together they ex-
 pire:
 He breath'd, doth charge afresh; he wounded,
 doth retire.
 The Mountfords with the prince vye valour all
 the day,
 Which should for knightly deeds excel, or he,
 or they, [throws,
 To them about his head, his glitt'ring blade he
 They waft him with their swords, as long with
 equal shows: [Guy,
 Now Henry, Simon then, and then the youngest
 Kept by his brothers back, thus stoutly doth re-
 ply,
 What though I be but young, let death me
 overwhelm,
 But I will break my sword upon his plumed
 helm.
 The younger Bohun there, to high achieve-
 ments bent, [went,
 With whom two other lords, Lucy and Hastings
 Which charging but too home, all sorely wound-
 ed were, [to bear,
 Whom living from the field, the barons strove
 Being on their party fix'd; whilst still Prince
 Edward spurs,
 To bring his forces up to charge the Londoners,
 T' whom cruel hate he bare, and joining with
 their force, [horse,
 Of heavy-armed foot, with his light northern
 He putting them to flight, four miles in chase
 them slew: [drew
 But ere he could return, the conquest wholly
 To the stout Barons side: his father fled the
 field, [yield.
 Into the abbey there, constrained thence to
 The lords Fitz-warren slain, and Wilton that
 was then
 Chief Justice (as some say) with them five
 thousand men;
 And Bohun that great Earl of Hereford over-
 thrown, [known.
 With Bardolf, Somery, Patshul, and Percie

' By their coat-armours they, for barons, prison-
 ' ers ta'en;
 ' Though Henry wore the crown, great Le'ster
 ' yet did reign,
 ' Now for the conflict next, at Chesterfield that
 ' chanc'd [advanc'd
 ' Gainst Robert that proud Earl of Derby, who
 ' His ensigns 'gainst the king, (contrary to his
 ' oath)
 ' Upon the barons part, with the lord Deuell, both
 ' Surpris'd by Henry Prince of Almain with his
 ' power,
 ' By coming at so strange an unexpected hour:
 ' And taking them unarm'd; since merely a
 ' defeat, [repeat.
 ' With our well-ordered fights, we will not here
 ' The fatal battle then at fertile Eufham struck,
 ' Though with the self-same hands, not with the
 ' self-same luck:
 ' For both the king and prince at Lewes prisoners
 ' taken,
 ' By fortune were not yet so utterly forsaken:
 ' But that the prince was got from Le'ster, and
 ' doth gather
 ' His friends, by force of arms yet to redeem his
 ' father;
 ' And th' Earl of Glo'ster won, who through the
 ' Mountfords' pride [side.
 ' Disgrac'd, came with his power to the imperial
 ' When now those lords, which late at Lewes won
 ' the day, [lay,
 ' The sacrament receiv'd, their arms not down to
 ' Until the king should yield th' old charter to
 ' maintain. [again,
 ' King Henry and his son prince Edward swore
 ' They would repeal those laws that were at Ox-
 ' ford made, [wade.
 ' Or through this bloody war to their destruction
 ' But since the king remain'd in puissant Le'ster's
 ' power,
 ' The remnant of, his friends whom death did
 ' not devour
 ' At Lewes' battle late, and durst his part partake.
 ' The prince excites again, an army up to make,
 ' Whom Roger Bigot, Earl of Norfolk, doth af-
 ' fect, [martialist,
 ' England's high marshal then, and that great
 ' Old Henry Bohun, Earl of Her'ford, in this
 ' war, [timer,
 ' Gray, Basset, and Saint-John, Lisle, Percie, La-
 ' All barons, which to him their utmost strengths
 ' do lay,
 ' With many a knight for power their equal
 ' every way;
 ' And William Valencè, Earl of Pembroke, who
 ' had fled
 ' From Lewes' field, to France, then with fresh
 ' succour sped.
 ' Young Humphry Bohun still, doth with great
 ' Le'ster go, [foe.
 ' Who for his country's cause becomes his father's
 ' Fitz-John, Gray, Spencer, Strange, Roffe, Se-
 ' grave, Vessy, Gifford.
 ' Wake, Lucy, Vipount, Vaux, Clare, Marmion,
 ' Hastings, Clifford.

' In that black night before this sad and
 ' day, [
 ' Were apparitions strange, as dread heaven
 ' The horrors to enfee, O most amazing fi-
 ' Two armies in the air, discerned were to
 ' Which came so near to earth, that in th'
 ' they found
 ' The prints of horses feet remaining
 ' ground,
 ' Which came but as a shew, the time to er
 ' Till th' angry armies join'd, to act the
 ' scene.
 ' Shrill shouts, and deadly cries, each
 ' air do fill,
 ' And not a word was heard from either t
 ' The father, 'gainst the son, the brothe
 ' the brother,
 ' With gleaves, swords, bills, and pike
 ' murdering one another.
 ' The full luxurious earth, seems surfeit
 ' Whilst in his uncle's gore th' unnatural
 ' stood;
 ' Whilst with their charged staves, the
 ' horsemen meet,
 ' They hear their kinsmen groan under th'
 ' ses feet. [
 ' Dead men, and weapons broke, do on t
 ' The drums bedash'd with brains, dog
 ' mal found.
 ' Great Le'ster there expir'd, with He
 ' brave son,
 ' When many a high exploit they in that
 ' Scarce was there noble house, of whi
 ' times could tell,
 ' But that some one thereof, on this, or
 ' Amongst the slaughter'd men, that t
 ' heap'd on piles:
 ' Bohuns, and Beauchamps were, Bassets, a
 ' deviles:
 ' Segraves, and Saint-Johns seek, upon th'
 ' To give those of their names their chri
 ' rial.
 ' Ten thousand on both sides were ta'en:
 ' that day:
 ' Prince Edward gets the goal, and bears t
 ' All Edward Longshank's time, her c
 ' did cease, [
 ' Who strove his country's bounds by cor
 ' But in th' ensuing reign of his most riot
 ' As in his father's days, a second war be-
 ' When as the stubborn heirs of the stou
 ' dead, [Eufh
 ' Who for their country's cause, their
 ' Not able to endure the Spencers hateful
 ' The father and the son, whose counsels
 ' guide
 ' Th' inconsiderate king, conferring all hi
 ' On them who got all gifts, and bought
 ' all places,
 ' Them raising to debate the baronage the
 ' For Gaveston, whom they had put to c
 ' fore.
 ' Which urg'd too far, at length to o
 ' they brake,
 ' And for a speedy war they up their po

' Upon King Edward's part, for this great ac-
 ' tion bent, [Kent,
 ' His brother Edmund came, the valiant Earl of
 ' With Richmond, Arundel, and Pembroke, who
 ' engage,
 ' Their powers, (three powerful earls) against the
 ' baronage.
 ' And on the barons side, great master of the
 ' war, [ter,
 ' Was Thomas (of the blood) the Earl of Lancas-
 ' With Henry Bohun, Earl of Hereford, his peer,
 ' With whom (of great command and martialists)
 ' there were
 ' Lyle, Darcy, Denville, Teis, Beach, Bradburne,
 ' Bernville, Knowile,
 ' With Baglesimer, and Bercks, Fitz-William, Ley-
 ' Urne, Lovell,
 ' Tachet, and Talbot stout, do for the barons stand,
 ' Mandate, and Mowbray, with great Clifford
 ' that command
 ' Their tenants to take arms, that with their land-
 ' lords run; [ton;
 ' With these went also Hugh, and Henry Willing-
 ' Redoubted Damory, as Audley, Elmestbridge,
 ' Wither,
 ' Earl, barons, knights, esquires, embodied all
 ' together,
 ' At Burton-upon Trent who having gather'd head,
 ' Tow'rd's them with all his power the king in
 ' person sped;
 ' Who at his near approach (upon his march) de-
 ' cry'd,
 ' That they against his power the bridge had for-
 ' tify'd:
 ' Which he by strong assault, assays from them to
 ' win,
 ' Where as a bloody fight doth instantly begin,
 ' When he to beat them off, assays them first by
 ' shot;
 ' And they to make that good, which they before
 ' had got,
 ' Defend them with the like, like hailstones from
 ' the sky,
 ' From cross-bows, and the long, the light-wing'd
 ' arrows fly:
 ' By friendlyed with the flood, the barons hold
 ' their strength,
 ' Facing the king by boats, and piles of wood
 ' at length,
 ' Attempt to land his force upon the other side.
 ' The barons, that the more his stratagems defy'd,
 ' Withstand them in the stream, when as the
 ' troubled flood,
 ' (Within a little time) was turned all to blood;
 ' And from the boats and bridge, the mangled
 ' bodies fell'd, [expell'd.
 ' The poor affrighted fish, their wat'ry walks
 ' While at the bridge the fight still strongly doth
 ' abide, [guide,
 ' The king had learn'd to know, that by a skilful
 ' He by a ford not far might pass his power of
 ' horse,
 ' Which quickly he performs, which drave the ba-
 ' rons force

' From the defended bridge, t' affront th' ap-
 ' proaching foe, [go,
 ' Imbattelling themselves, when to the shock they
 ' (On both sides so assail'd) till th' water, and the
 ' shore [gore.
 ' Of one complexion were, distain'd with equal
 ' Oft forc'd to change their fights, being driven
 ' from their ground,
 ' That when by their much loss, too weak them-
 ' selves they found,
 ' Th' afflicted barons fly, yet still together keep.
 ' The king his good success, not suff'ring so to
 ' sleep,
 ' Pursues them with his power, which northward
 ' still do bear;
 ' And seldom 'scapes a day, but he doth charge
 ' their rear:
 ' Till come to Burrough-bridge, where they too
 ' soon were slain
 ' By Andrew Herckley, Earl of Carlisle, with
 ' fresh aid
 ' Being lately thither come, King Edward's part
 ' to take.
 ' The barons range their fights, still good their
 ' ground to make;
 ' But with long marches tir'd, their wel'ried brea'h
 ' they draw,
 ' After the desp'rat' st fight the sun yet ever saw,
 ' Brave Bohun there was slain, and Lancaster for-
 ' faken
 ' Of Fortune, is surpriz'd; the barons prisoners
 ' taken.
 ' For these rebellions, stirs, commotions, up-
 ' roars, here
 ' In (e) Richard Bourdeaux reign, that long so
 ' usual were;
 ' As that the first by Straw, and Tyler, with their
 ' rout [stout,
 ' Of rebels brought from Kent, most insolent and
 ' By ent'ring London, thought the island to sub-
 ' due: [slew;
 ' The first of which the mayor of London bravely
 ' Walworth, which won his name much honour
 ' by the deed: [ceed,
 ' As they of Suffolk next, those rascals that suc-
 ' By (f) Litster led about, their captain who en-
 ' stil'd
 ' Himself the commons' king, in hope to have
 ' exil'd
 ' The gentry from those parts, by those that were
 ' his own,
 ' By that brave bishop (then) of Norwich over-
 ' thrown.
 ' By such unruly slaves, and that in Essex rais'd
 ' By Thomas that stout Duke of Glo'ster strongly
 ' ceas'd,
 ' As that at Kadcot-bridge, where the last named
 ' peer,
 ' With four brave (g) earls his friends, encount'ed
 ' Robert Vere

(e) Richard II. born at Bourdeaux.

(f) John Litster, a dyer of Norwich.

(g) Warwick, Derby, Arundel, and Nottingham.

- ' Then Duke of Ireland call'd, by Richard so cre-
 ' ated,
 ' And 'gainst those lords maintain'd, whom they
 ' most deadly hated;
 ' Since they but garbøyles were, in a deformed
 ' mase,
 ' Not ordered fitting war, we lightly overpass.
 ' I choose the battle next of Shrewsbury to chant,
 ' Betwixt Henry the Fourth, the son of John of
 ' Gaunt,
 ' And the stout Percies, Henry Hotspur and his
 ' Eanie
 ' The Earl of Worcester, who the rightful diadem
 ' Had from King Richard reft, and heav'd up to
 ' his feat
 ' This Henry, whom (too soon) they found to be
 ' too great,
 ' Him seeking to depose, and to the rule prefer
 ' Richard's proclaimed hei', their cousin Mortimer,
 ' Whom Owen Glendour then in Wales a priso-
 ' ner staid,
 ' Whom to their part they won, and thus their
 ' plot they laid,
 ' That Glendour should have Wales, along as Se-
 ' vern went,
 ' The Percies all the north, that lay beyond the
 ' Trent;
 ' And Mortimer from thence the south to be his
 ' share;
 ' Which Henry having heard, doth for the war
 ' prepare,
 ' And down to Cheshire makes (where gathering
 ' powers they were)
 ' At Shrewsbury to meet, and doth affront them
 ' there:
 ' With him his peerless son, the princely Henry
 ' came, [name,
 ' With th' Earl of Stafford, and of gentlemen of
 ' Blunt, Shyrley, Clifton, men that very powerful
 ' were,
 ' With Cockayne, Calverly, Maffy, and Mortimer,
 ' Gausell, and Wendley, all in friends and tenants
 ' strong,
 ' Reforting to the king still as he past along;
 ' Which in the open field before the ranged fights,
 ' He with his warlike son, there dub'd his maiden
 ' knights.
 ' Th' Earl Douglas for this day doth with the
 ' Percies stand,
 ' To whom they Berwick gave, and in Northum-
 ' berland
 ' Some feignories and holds, if they the battle got,
 ' Who brought with him to field full many an an-
 ' gry Scot,
 ' At Holmdon battle ~~he~~ that being overthrown,
 ' Now on the king and prince hop'd to regain
 ' their own;
 ' With almost all the power of Cheshire got to-
 ' gether,
 ' By Venables, (there great) and Vernon mus-
 ' ter'd thither.
 ' The vaward of the king, great Stafford took to
 ' guide.
 ' The vaward of the lords upon the other side,
 ' Consisted most of Scots, which joining, made
 ' such spoil,
 ' As at the first constrain'd the English to recoil,
 ' And almost broke their ranks, which when King
 ' Henry found,
 ' Bringing his battle up, to reinforce the ground,
 ' The Percies bring up theirs, again to make it
 ' good.
 ' Thus whilst the either host in opposition stood,
 ' Brave (b) Douglass with his spurs, his furious
 ' courser strake,
 ' His lance set in his rest, when desperately he
 ' brake
 ' In, where his eye beheld th' imperial ensign fight,
 ' Where soon it was his chance, upon the king to
 ' light,
 ' Which in his full career he from his courser
 ' threw;
 ' The next Sir Walter Blunt, he with three other
 ' slew,
 ' All armed like the king, which he dead sure
 ' accounted;
 ' But after when he saw the king himself re-
 ' mounted:
 ' "This hand of mine (quoth he) four kings this
 " day hath slain,"
 ' And swore out of the earth he thought they
 ' sprang again,
 ' Or fate did him defend, at whom he only aim'd.
 ' When Henry Hotspur, so with his high death
 ' inflam'd,
 ' Doth second him again, and through such dan-
 ' gers press,
 ' That Douglass' valiant deeds he made to fern
 ' the less,
 ' As still the people cried, A Percy Esprance.
 ' The king which saw then time, or never to ad-
 ' vance
 ' His battle in the field, which near from him was
 ' won, [son,
 ' Aided by that brave prince, his most courageous
 ' Who bravely coming on, in hope to give them
 ' chase, [face;
 ' It chanc'd he with a shaft was wounded in the
 ' Whom, when out of the fight, his friends would
 ' bear away,
 ' He strongly it refus'd, and thus was heard to say:
 ' "Time never shall report, prince Henry left the
 " field,
 ' "When Harry Percy staid, his trait'rous sword
 " to wield."
 ' Now rage and equal wounds, alike inflame their
 ' bloods, [bloods
 ' And the main battles join, as do two adver-
 ' Met in some narrow arm, should'ring as they
 ' would shove
 ' Each other from their path, or would their banks
 ' remove.
 ' The king his trait'rous foci, before him down
 ' doth hew,
 ' And with his hands that day, near forty per-
 ' slew:
 (b) The high courage of Douglass won him that addition
 of Doughty Douglass, which after grew to a proverb.

' When conquest wholly turns to his victorious
 ' tide, [tide ;
 ' His power surrounding all, like to a furious
 ' That Henry Hotspur dead upon the cold earth
 ' lies,
 ' Stout Worcester taken was, and Doughty Dou-
 ' glass flies.
 ' Five thousand from both parts left dead upon
 ' the ground,
 ' 'Moongit whom the king's fast friend, great Staf-
 ' ford's corse was found ;
 ' And all the knights there dub'd the morning
 ' but before, [gore.
 ' The evening's sun beheld there swelter'd in their
 ' Here I at Bramham-moor the battle in should
 ' bring,
 ' Of which Earl Piercie had the greatest managing,
 ' With the Lord Bardolf there, against the coun-
 ' ty's power,
 ' Fast cleaving to his friend, even to his utmost
 ' hour :
 ' In Flanders, France, and Wales, who having
 ' been abroad [road
 ' To raise them present powers, intending for a
 ' On England, for the hate he to king Henry bore ;
 ' His son and brother's blood augmenting it the
 ' more,
 ' Which in his mighty spirit still rooted did re-
 ' main,
 ' By his too much default, whom he imputed slain
 ' At Shrewsbury before, to whom if he had brought
 ' Supply, (that bloody field, when they so brave-
 ' ly fought),
 ' They surely it had won ; for which to make
 ' amends,
 ' Being furnished with men, amongst his foreign
 ' friends,
 ' By Scotland enter'd here, and with a violent hand
 ' Upon those castles seiz'd within Northumberland
 ' His earldoms, which the king, (who much his
 ' truth did doubt,
 ' Had taken to himself, and put his people out)
 ' Toward Yorkshire coming on, where (soon re-
 ' paid his own)
 ' At Bramham's fatal moor, was foully over-
 ' thrown :
 ' Which though it were indeed, a long and mor-
 ' tal fight,
 ' Where many men were maim'd, and many slain
 ' outright :
 ' Where that courageous earl, all hopes there see-
 ' ing past,
 ' Amongst his murder'd troops (even) fought it
 ' to the last :
 ' Yet for it was achiev'd by multitudes of men,
 ' Which with Ralph Rokby rose, the sh'rif of
 ' Yorkshire then,
 ' No well proportion'd fight, we of description
 ' quit,
 ' Amongst our famous fields ; nor will we here
 ' admit
 ' That of that rakehell Cade, and his rebellious
 ' crew, [slew
 ' In Kent and Suffex rais'd, at Se'e'neak fight that

' The Staffords with their power, that thither him
 ' pursu'd,
 ' Who twice upon Black-heath, back'd with the
 ' commons rude,
 ' Encamp'd against the king : then goodly Lon-
 ' don took,
 ' There ransoming some rich, and up the prison
 ' broke,
 ' His sensual beastly will, for law that did prefer,
 ' Beheaded the Lord Say then England's treasurer,
 ' And forc'd the king to flight, his person to secure,
 ' The muse admits not here, a rabble so impure.
 ' But brings that battle on of that long dread-
 ' ful war,
 ' Of those two houses nam'd of York and Lan-
 ' caster,
 ' In fair Saint Albans fought, most fatally betwixt
 ' Richard then Duke of York, and Henry call'd
 ' the Sixth,
 ' For that ill gotten crown, which him his
 ' (f) grandfire left,
 ' That likewise with his life, he from King Rich-
 ' ard reft,
 ' When underhand the duke doth but promote
 ' his claim, [came,
 ' Who from the elder son, the Duke of Clarence
 ' For which he rais'd arms yet seem'd but to abet
 ' The people, to pluck down the Earl of Somerset,
 ' By whom (as they gave out) we Normandy had
 ' lost,
 ' And yet he was the man that only rul'd the roaft.
 ' With Richard Duke of York, (into his fac-
 ' tion won)
 ' Salisbury and Warwick came, the father and
 ' the son ;
 ' The Nevils nobler name, that have renown'd so
 ' far.
 ' So likewise with the king in this great action are,
 ' The Dukes of Somerset, and Buckingham, with
 ' these [plices,
 ' Were thrice so many earls, their stout accom-
 ' As Pembroke great in power, and Stafford with
 ' them than I,
 ' With Devonshire, Dorset, Wilt, and fierce Nor-
 ' thumberland,
 ' With Sidley, Burns, and Ross, three barons with
 ' the rest.
 ' When Richard Duke of York, then marching
 ' from the west ;
 ' Towards whom, whilst with his power King
 ' Henry forward set,
 ' Unluckily as't hapt, they at Saint Albans met ;
 ' Where taking up the street, the buildings then
 ' inclose,
 ' Where front doth answer front, and strength
 ' doth strength oppose ;
 ' Whilst like two mighty wals, they each to other
 ' stand,
 ' And as one sinketh down under his enemy's hand,
 ' Another thrusting in, his place doth still supply :
 ' Betwixt them whilst on heaps the mangled bod-
 ' dies lie :

(f) Henry the Fifth.

G g 2

- ' The flails are overthrow'n with the unwieldy
 ' thrust,
 ' The windows with the shot, are shiver'd all to
 ' dust.
 ' The winter's sleet or hail was never seen so thick,
 ' As on the houses sides the bearded arrows stick,
 ' Where Warwick's courage first most comet-like
 ' appear'd,
 ' Who with words full of spirit, his fighting sol-
 ' diers cheer'd;
 ' And ever as he saw the slaughter of his men,
 ' He with fresh forces fill'd the places up again.
 ' The valiant (†) Marchmen thus the battle still
 ' maintain,
 ' That when King Henry found on heaps his sol-
 ' diers slain,
 ' His great commanders calls, who when they
 ' sadly saw,
 ' The honour of the day would to the Yorkists
 ' draw,
 ' Their persons they put in, as for the last to
 ' stand; [land,
 ' The Duke of Somerset, Henry Northumber-
 ' Of those brave warlike earls, the second of that
 ' name, [ham,
 ' The Earl of Stafford, son to th' Duke of Bucking-
 ' And John Lord Clifford then, which shed their
 ' noble gore
 ' Under the castle's sign, († of which not long before,
 ' A prophet bad the Duke of Somerset beware)
 ' With many a valiant knight, in death that had
 ' his share:
 ' So much great English blood, for others lawless
 ' guilt,
 ' Upon so little ground before was never spilt.
 ' Proud York hath got the goal, the king of all
 ' forsaken,
 ' Into a cottage got, a woful prisoner taken.
 ' The battle of Blore-heath, the place doth next
 ' supply, [bury,
 ' Twixt Richard Nevil, that great Earl of Salis-
 ' Who with the Duke of York, had at Saint Al-
 ' bans late,
 ' That glorious battle got with uncontroled fate:
 ' And James Lord Audley stir'd by that revenge-
 ' ful queen,
 ' To stop him on his way, for the inveterate spleen
 ' She bare him, for that still he with the Yorkists
 ' held,
 ' Who coming from the north (by sundry wrongs
 ' compell'd
 ' To parley with the king), the queen that time
 ' who lay
 ' In Staffordshire, and thought to stop him on
 ' his way,
 ' That valiant Tucket stir'd, in Cheshire powerful
 ' then,
 ' T' affront him in the field, where Cheshire gen-
 ' tlemen
 ' Divided were, th' one part made valiant Tucket
 ' strong,
 ' The other with the earl rose as he came along,
 ' Encamping both their powers, divided by a brook,
 ' Whereby the prudent Earl, this strong advan-
 ' tage took:
 ' For putting in the field his army in array,
 ' Then making as (with speed) he meant to march
 ' away,
 ' He caus'd a flight of shafts to be discharged first.
 ' The enemy, who thought that he had done his
 ' worst,
 ' And cowardly had fled in a disorder'd rout,
 ' Attempt to wade the brook, he wheeling (soon)
 ' about,
 ' Set fiercely on that part, which then were pass'd
 ' over;
 ' Their friends then in the rear, not able to recover
 ' The other rising bank, to lend the vaward aid.
 ' The earl who found the plot take right that he
 ' had laid,
 ' On those that forward press'd, as those that did
 ' recoil,
 ' As hungry in revenge, there made a ravenous
 ' spoil:
 ' There Dutton Dutton kills; a Done doth kill a
 ' Done;
 ' A Booth, a Booth; and Leigh by Leigh is over-
 ' thrown;
 ' A Venables, against a Venables doth stand;
 ' A Troutbeck fighteth with a Troutbeck hand;
 ' There Molineux doth make a Molineux to die,
 ' And Egerton, the strength of Egerton doth try.
 ' O! Cheshire wert thou mad, of thine own native
 ' gore
 ' So much until this day thou never shed'st before:
 ' Above two thousand men upon the earth were
 ' thrown, [own,
 ' Of which the greatest part were naturally thine
 ' The stout Lord Audley slain, with many a cap-
 ' tain there;
 ' To Salisbury it torts the palm away to bear.
 ' Then fair Northampton next, thy battle place
 ' shall take,
 ' Which of the imperial war, the third fought fell
 ' doth make,
 ' Twixt Henry call'd our Sixth, upon whose par-
 ' ty came [ham,
 ' His near and dear allies, the Dukes of Bucking-
 ' And Somerset, the Earl of Shrewsbury of so-
 ' count,
 ' Stout Viscount Beaumont, and the young Lord
 ' Egremount,
 ' Gainst Edward Earl of March, son to the Duk-
 ' of York,
 ' With Warwick, in that war, who set them all at
 ' work,
 ' And Falconbridge with him, not much unlike
 ' the other;
 ' A Nevil nobly born, his puissant father's brother.
 ' Who to the Yorkists claim, had evermore be-
 ' true,
 ' And valiant Bourcher, Earl of Essex, and of Essex.
 ' The king from out the town, who drew his
 ' foot and horse,
 ' As willingly to give full field-room to his foes.

(† Men! brought out of the marches of Wales.

- ' Doth pass the river Nen, near where it down
 'doth run
 ' From his first fountain's head, is near to Harling-
 ton,
 ' Advis'd of a place, by nature strongly wrought,
 ' Doth there encamp his power : the Earl of March
 ' who fought
 ' To prove by dint of sword, who should obtain
 ' the day,
 ' From Towcester train'd on his powers in good
 ' array.
 ' The vaward Warwick led, (whom no attempt
 ' could fear;)
 ' The middle March himself, and Falconbridge
 ' the rear.
 ' Now July enter'd was, and e'er the restless sun
 ' Three hours ascent had got, the dreadful fight
 ' begun
 ' By Warwick, who a straight from Viscount
 ' Beaumont took,
 ' Defeating him at first, by which he quickly broke
 ' In, on th' imperial host, which with a furious
 ' charge,
 ' He forc'd upon the field, it self more to enlarge.
 ' Now English bows, and bills, and battle-axes
 ' walk,
 ' Dash up and down the field in ghastly sort
 ' doth stalk.
 ' March in the flower of youth, like Mars him-
 ' self doth bear;
 ' But Warwick as the man, whom fortune seem'd
 ' to fear,
 ' Did for him what he would, that wherefoe'er he
 ' goes,
 ' Down like a furious storm, before him all he
 ' throws :
 ' So Shrewsbury again of Talbot's valiant strain,
 ' (That fatal scourge of France) as stoutly doth
 ' maintain
 ' The party of the king, so princely Somerset,
 ' Whom th' other's knightly deeds, more eagerly
 ' doth whet,
 ' Bears up with them again : by Somerset oppos'd
 ' At last King Henry's host being on three parts
 ' enclos'd,
 ' And aids still coming in upon the Yorkists side,
 ' The summer being then at height of all her pride,
 ' The husbandman, then hard upon his harvest was :
 ' But yet the cocks of hay, nor swaths of new-
 ' shorn grass,
 ' Strew'd not the meads so thick, as mangled bo-
 ' dies there,
 ' When nothing could be seen, but horror every
 ' where :
 ' So that upon the banks, and in the stream of
 ' (J) Nen,
 ' Ten thousand well resolv'd, stout native English-
 ' men
 ' Left breathless, with the rest great Buckingham
 ' is slain,
 ' And Shrewsbury, whose loss those times did
 ' much complain,
 ' Egremont, and Beaumont, both found dead up-
 ' on the field,
 ' The miserable king, enforc'd again to yield.
 ' Then Wakefield battle next, we in our bed-
 ' roul bring,
 ' Fought by Prince Edward, son to that oft-con-
 ' quer'd king,
 ' And Richard Duke of York, still struggling for
 ' the crown,
 ' Whom Salisbury assists, the man with whose re-
 ' nown
 ' The mouth of fame seem'd fill'd, there having
 ' with them then
 ' Some few selected Welsh, and southern gentle-
 ' men :
 ' A handful to those powers, with which Prince
 ' Edward came;
 ' Of which amongst the rest, the men of noblest
 ' name,
 ' Were those two great-born dukes, which still
 ' his right prefer,
 ' His cousin Somerset, and princely Exeter,
 ' The Earl of Wiltshire still, that on his part stuck
 ' close :
 ' With those two valiant peers, Lord Clifford, and
 ' Lord Rofs,
 ' Who made their march from York to Wakefield,
 ' on their way
 ' To meet the duke, who then at Sandal Castle lay,
 ' Whom at his (very) gate, into the field they
 ' dar'd,
 ' Whose long expected powers not fully then pre-
 ' par'd,
 ' That March his valiant son, should to his suc-
 ' cours bring.
 ' Wherefore that puissant lord, by speedy must-
 ' tering
 ' His tenants and such friends, as he that time
 ' could get,
 ' Five thousand in five days, in his battalion set
 ' Gainst their twice doubled strength; nor could
 ' the duke be stay'd, [aid;
 ' Till he might from the south be seconded with
 ' As in his martial pride, disdain'd his poor foes,
 ' So often us'd to win, he never thought to lose.
 ' The prince, which still provok'd th' incensed
 ' duke to fight,
 ' His main battalion rang'd in Sandal's lofty fight,
 ' In which he, and the duke's, were seen in all
 ' their pride :
 ' And as York's powers should pass, he had on
 ' either side
 ' Two wings in ambush laid, which at the place
 ' assign'd
 ' His rearward should enclose, which as a thing di-
 ' vin'd,
 ' Just caught as he forecast; for scarce his army
 ' comes
 ' From the descending banks, and that his rat-
 ' tling drums
 ' Excites his men to charge; but Wiltshire with
 ' his force,
 ' Which were of light-arm'd foot, and Rofs with
 ' his light-horse,

(J) The river running by Northampton.

- ' Came in upon their backs, as from a mountain
 ' thrown,
 ' In number to the dukes, by being four to one.
 ' Even as a rout of wolves, when they by chance
 ' have caught
 ' A beast out of the herd, which long time they
 ' have fought;
 ' Upon him all at once courageously do set,
 ' Him by the dewlaps some, some by the flank do
 ' get:
 ' Some climbing to his ears, do never leave their
 ' hold, [would,
 ' Till falling on the ground, they have him as they
 ' With many of his kind, which, when he us'd to
 ' wend,
 ' What with their horns and hoofs, could then
 ' themselves defend.
 ' Thus on their foes they fell, and down the York-
 ' ists fall;
 ' Red slaughter in her arms encompasseth them all.
 ' The first of all the fights in this unnatural war,
 ' In which blind fortune smil'd on woful Lancaster.
 ' Here Richard Duke of York, down beaten,
 ' breath'd his last,
 ' And Salisbury so long with conquest still that past,
 ' Enforced was to yield; Rutland a younger son
 ' To the deceased duke, as he away would run,
 ' (A child scarce twelve years old) by Clifford
 ' there surpris'd,
 ' Who whilst he thought with tears his rage to
 ' have suffic'd,
 ' By him was answer'd thus, thy father hath slain
 ' mine,
 ' And for his blood (young boy) I'll have this
 ' blood of thine,
 ' And stabb'd him to the heart: thus the Lan-
 ' castrians reign,
 ' The Yorkists in the field on heaps together slain.
 ' The battle at that cross, which to this day doth
 ' bear
 ' The great and ancient name of th' English Mor-
 ' timer,
 ' The next shall here have place, betwixt that
 ' Edward fought,
 ' Entitled Earl of March, (revengefully that fought
 ' To wreak his father's blood, at Wakefield lately
 ' shed,
 ' But then he Duke of York, his father being dead)
 ' And Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, in this war,
 ' That stood to underprop the house of Lancaster,
 ' Half brother to the king, that strove to hold his
 ' crown,
 ' With Wiltshire, whose high prowess had bravely
 ' beaten down
 ' The Yorkists' swelling pride in that successful
 ' war
 ' At Wakefield, whose great st power of Welsh and
 ' Irish are.
 ' The dukes were Marchers most, which still
 ' stuck to him close,
 ' And meeting on the plain, by that forenamed
 ' cross;
 ' As either general there for his advantage found,
 ' For wisely they survey'd the fashion of the ground)
- ' They into one main fight their either forces make,
 ' When to the Duke of York (his spirits asto awake)
 ' Three suns at once appear'd, all severally that
 ' shone,
 ' Which in a little space were joined all in one,
 ' Auspicious to the duke, as after it fell out,
 ' Who with the weaker power, (of which he
 ' seem'd to doubt)
 ' The proud Lancastrian part had quickly put to
 ' chase, [place,
 ' Where plainly it should seem, the genius of the
 ' The very name of March should greatly favour
 ' there,
 ' A title to this prince deriv'd from Mortimer:
 ' To whom this trophy rear'd much honour'd had
 ' the soil. [spoil,
 ' The Yorkists here enrich'd with the Lancastrian
 ' Are masters of the day; four thousand being slain,
 ' The most of which were those, there standing to
 ' maintain
 ' The title of the king. Where Owen Tudor's lot
 ' Was to be taken then; who this young earl begot
 ' On Katherine the bright queen, the fifth King
 ' Henry's bride,
 ' Who too untimely dead, this Owen had affy'd.
 ' But he a prisoner then, his son and Ormond fled,
 ' At Hereford was made the shorter by the head;
 ' When this most warlike duke, in honour of that
 ' sign,
 ' Which of his good success so rightly did divine,
 ' And thankful to high Heaven, which of his cause
 ' had care,
 ' Three suns for his devise still in his ensign bare.
 ' Thy second battle now, St. Albans, I record,
 ' Struck 'twixt Queen Marg'ret's power, to ran-
 ' som back her lord,
 ' Ta'en prisoner at that town, when there those
 ' factions fought,
 ' Whom now the part of York had thither with
 ' them brought,
 ' Whose force consisted most of southern men, be-
 ' ing led [head
 ' By Thomas Howard Duke of Norfolk, and the
 ' Of that proud faction then, stout Warwick still
 ' that sway'd,
 ' In every bloody field (the Yorkists only aid)
 ' When either's power approach'd, and they them-
 ' selves had fix'd,
 ' Upon the south and north, the town them both
 ' betwixt,
 ' Which first of all to take, the Yorkists had fore-
 ' cast, [plac'd
 ' Putting their vaward on, and their best archers
 ' The market-sted about, and them so sily laid,
 ' That when the foe came up, they with such ter-
 ' ror play'd
 ' Upon them in the front, as forc'd them to retreat.
 ' The northern mad with rage upon the first defeat,
 ' Yet put for it again, to enter from the north,
 ' Which when Great Warwick heard, he sent his
 ' vaward forth,
 ' To oppose them in what place foe'er they made
 ' their stand, [hand,
 ' Where in too fit a ground, a heath too near a:

- ' Adjoining to the town, unluckily they light,
 ' Where presently began a fierce and deadly fight.
 ' But those of Warwick's part, which scarce four
 ' thousand were,
 ' To th' vaward of the queen's, that stood so stout-
 ' ly there,
 ' Though still with fresh supplies from her main
 ' battle fed; [stead,
 ' When they their courage saw so little them to
 ' Deluded by the long expectance of their aid,
 ' By passages too straight, and close ambushments
 ' staid:
 ' Their succours that forslow'd, to flight them-
 ' selves betake,
 ' When after them again, such speed the northern
 ' make,
 ' Being follow'd with the force of their main battle
 ' strong, [among,
 ' That this disorder'd route, these breathless men
 ' They enter'd Warwick's host, which with such
 ' horror struck
 ' The southern, that each man began about to look
 ' A way how to escape, that when Great Norfolk
 ' cry'd,
 ' Now as you favour York, and his just cause, abide.
 ' And Warwick in the front even offer'd to have
 ' stood
 ' Yet neither of them both, should they have spent
 ' their blood,
 ' Could make a man to stay, or look upon a foe:
 ' Where fortune, it should seem, to Warwick
 ' meant to shew,
 ' That she this tide of his could turn when e'er
 ' she would. [fold;
 ' Thus when they saw the day was for so little
 ' The king, which (for their ends) they to the
 ' field had brought,
 ' Behind them there they leave, but as a thing of
 ' nought,
 ' Which serv'd them to no use: who when his queen
 ' and son
 ' There found in Norfolk's tent, the battle being
 ' done,
 ' With many a joyful tear, each other they em-
 ' brace;
 ' And whilst blind fortune look'd with so well
 ' pleas'd a face:
 ' Their swords with the warm blood of Yorkists
 ' so imbru'd
 ' Their foes but lately fled, courageously pursu'd.
 ' Now followeth that black scene, born up so
 ' wond'rous high
 ' That but a poor dumb shew before a tragedy,
 ' The former battles fought have seem'd to this to
 ' be; [thee,
 ' O Towton, let the blood Palm-Sunday spent on
 ' Affright the future times, when they the muse
 ' shall hear,
 ' Deliver it so to them; and let the ashes there
 ' Of forty thousand men, in that long quarrel slain,
 ' Arise out of the earth, as they would live again,
 ' To tell the manlike deeds, that bloody day were
 ' wrought [fought)
 ' In that most fatal field, (with various fortunes
- ' Twixt Edward Duke of York, then late pro-
 ' claimed king, [panying,
 ' Fourth of that royal name, and him accom-
 ' The Nevils, (of that war maintaining still the
 ' stream)
 ' Great Warwick, and with him his most coura-
 ' geous Eame,
 ' Stout Falconbridge; the third a firebrand like
 ' the other,
 ' Of Salisbury furnam'd, that Warwick's bastard
 ' brother.
 ' Lord Fitzwalter, who still the Yorkists power
 ' assists, [martialists,
 ' Blount, Wenlock, Dinham, knights approved
 ' And Henry the late king, to whom they still
 ' durst stand,
 ' His true as powerful friend, the Great Northum-
 ' berland, [prefer
 ' With Westmoreland, his claim who ever did
 ' His kinsman Somerset, his chosen Exeter,
 ' Dukes of the royal line, his faithful friends that
 ' were,
 ' And little less than those, the Earl of Devonshire,
 ' Th' Lord Dacres, and Lord Wells, both wife
 ' and warlike wights,
 ' With him of great command, Nevil, and Tro-
 ' lop, knights.
 ' Both armies then on foot, and on their way
 ' set forth,
 ' King Edward from the south, King Henry from
 ' the north.
 ' The latter crowned king doth preparation make,
 ' From Pomfret (where he lay) the passage first to
 ' take
 ' O'er Aier at Ferrybridge, and for that service
 ' sends
 ' A most selected troop of his well-chosen friends,
 ' To make that passage good, when instantly began
 ' The dire and om'nous signs, the slaughter that
 ' foreran.
 ' For valiant Clifford there, himself so bravely quit,
 ' That coming to the bridge (e'er they could
 ' strengthen it)
 ' From the Lancastrian power, with his light troop
 ' of horse,
 ' And early in the morn defeating of their force;
 ' The Lord Fitzwalter slew, and that brave bastard
 ' son
 ' Of Salisbury, themselves who into danger run:
 ' For being in their beds, suspecting nought at all;
 ' But hearing sudden noise, suppos'd some broil to
 ' fall
 ' Mongst their misgovern'd troops, unarmed rush-
 ' ing out
 ' By Clifford's soldiers soon encompassed about,
 ' Were miserably slain: which when Great War-
 ' wick hears, [care,
 ' As he had felt his heart transpierced through his
 ' To Edward, mad with rage, immediately he goes,
 ' And with distracted eyes, in most stern manner
 ' shews
 ' The slaughter of those lords. This day alone,
 ' quoth he,
 ' Our utter ruin shall, or our sure rising be.

- ' When soon before the host, his glittering sword
 ' he drew, [flew.
 ' And with relentless hands his sprightly courser
 ' Then stand to me (quoth he) who meaneth not
 ' to fly;
 ' This day shall Edward win, or here shall War-
 ' wick die.
 ' Which words by Warwick spoke, so deeply
 ' seem'd to sting [king,
 ' The much distemper'd breast of that courageous
 ' That straight he made proclaim'd, that every
 ' fainting heart
 ' From his resolved host had licence to depart :
 ' And those that would abide the hazard of the
 ' fight,
 ' Rewards and titles due to their deserved right :
 ' And that no man, that day, a prisoner there
 ' should take;
 ' For this the upshot was, that all must mar or
 ' make.
 ' A hundred thousand men in both the armies
 ' stood, [blood,
 ' That native English were : O, worthy of your
 ' What conquest had there been? but ensigns fly
 ' at large, [charge.
 ' And trumpets every way sound to the dreadful
 ' Upon the Yorkists part, there flew the ireful
 ' bear : [there.
 ' On the Lancastrian side, the crescent waving
 ' The southern on this side, for York a Warwick
 ' cry,
 ' A Percy for the right, the northern men reply.
 ' The two main battles join, the four large wings
 ' do meet;
 ' What with the shouts of men, and noise of
 ' horses feet,
 ' Hell through the troubled earth, her horror
 ' seem'd to breath; [neath:
 ' A thunder heard above, an earthquake felt be-
 ' As when the evening is with darkness over-
 ' spread,
 ' Her star-befreckled face with clouds enveloped,
 ' You oftentimes behold the trembling lightning
 ' fly,
 ' Which suddenly again, but turning of your eye,
 ' Is vanished away, or doth so swiftly glide,
 ' That with a trice it touch th' horizon's either
 ' side.
 ' So through the smoke of dust, from ways, and
 ' fallows rain'd,
 ' And breath of horse and men, that both together
 ' ceas'd
 ' The air on every part, sent by the glimmering
 ' sun, [run:
 ' The splendour of their arms doth by reflection
 ' Till heaps of dying men and those already dead,
 ' Much hinder'd them would charge, and letted
 ' them that fled. [tends,
 ' Beyond all wonted bounds, their rage so far ex-
 ' That sullen night begins, before their fury ends.
 ' Ten hours the fight endur'd, whilst still with
 ' murdering hands,
 ' Expecting the next morn, the weak'st uncon-
 ' quer'd stands;
 ' Which was no sooner come, but both begin again
 ' To wreck their friends dear blood the former
 ' evening slain.
 ' New battles are begun, new fights that newly
 ' wound,
 ' Till the Lancastrian part, by their much let's-
 ' ing found
 ' Their long-expected hopes were utterly forlorn,
 ' When lastly to their foe their recreant backs they
 ' turn.
 ' Thy channel then, O (I) Cock, was fill'd up
 ' with the dead
 ' Of the Lancastrian side, that from the Yorkists
 ' fled,
 ' That those of Edward's part, that had the rear
 ' in chase, [pale.
 ' As though upon a bridge, did on their bodies
 ' That Wharfe to whose large banks thou contri-
 ' but'st thy store,
 ' Had her more crystal face discolour'd with the
 ' gore
 ' Of forty thousand men, that up the number made,
 ' Northumberland the Great, and Westmorland
 ' there laid
 ' Their bodies : valiant Wells, and Dacres there
 ' do leave [deceive.)
 ' Their carcasses, (whose hope too long did them
 ' Trolop and Nevil found massacred in the field,
 ' The Earl of Wiltshire forc'd to the stern loc to
 ' yield.
 ' King Henry from fair York, upon this sad mis-
 ' chance [France,
 ' To Scotland fled, the queen sail'd over into
 ' The Duke of Somerset, and Exeter do fly,
 ' The rest upon the earth together breathless lie.
 ' Muse turn thee now to tell the field at Hexam
 ' struck, [luck
 ' Upon the Yorkists' part, with the most prosperous
 ' Of any yet before, where to themselves they
 ' gain'd [sustain'd,
 ' Most safely, yet their powers least damage there
 ' 'Twixt John Lord Mowbray, that Nevil, who
 ' to stand [land
 ' For Edward, gather'd had out of Northumber-
 ' A sort of valiant men, consisting most of horse,
 ' Which were again supply'd with a most puissant
 ' force,
 ' Sent thither from the south, and by King Ed-
 ' ward brought
 ' In person down to York, to aid if that in ought
 ' His general should have need, for that he durst
 ' not trust
 ' The northern, which so oft to him had been
 ' unjust :
 ' Whilst he himself at York, a second power doth
 ' hold, [would.
 ' To hear in this rough war, what the Lancastrian
 ' And Henry with his queen, who to their pow-
 ' ers had got, [boot,
 ' The lively daring French, and the light hardy
 ' To enter with them here, and to their part do
 ' get,
 ' Their faithful lov'd ally, the Duke of Somerset,
 (I) A little rivulet near to Towton, running into Wharfe

d Sir Ralph Percie, then most powerful in
 those parts, [hearts
 he had been reconcil'd to Edward, but their
 with King Henry said, to him and ever
 true, [drew :
 whom by this revolt, they many northern
 William Taylboys, (call'd of most) the Earl
 of Kime,
 ish Hungerford, and Rosse, and Mullins, of
 that time
 rons of high account, with Nevil, Tunstall,
 Gray, [sway.
 asy, and Findern, knights, bearing mighty
 As forward with his force, brave Montacute
 was set,
 hap'd upon his way at Hegly-moor he met
 ish Hungerford, and Rosse, and Sir Ralph
 Percie, where
 sign of good success (as certainly it were)
 around their utmost force were quickly put to
 fight;
 As he was a most courageous knight,
 er badg'd till his last breath, but in the field
 was slain. [again,
 and of this first defeat, then marching forth
 Livells, a large waste, which other
 of plains outbraves,
 /hose verge fresh (m) Dowell still is wat'ring
 with her waves,
 'ereas his posting scouts, King Henry's power
 descri'd,
 or'ds whom with speedy march, this valiant
 general hy'd,
 hose haste there likewise had such prosperous
 event,
 hat luckless Henry yet, had scarcely clear'd his
 tent,
 is captains hardly set his battles, nor enlarg'd
 his squadrons on the field, but this Great Ne-
 vil charg'd :
 ong was this doubtful fight on either side
 maintain'd,
 hat rising whilst this falls, this losing whilst
 that gain'd :
 he ground which this part got, and there as
 conquerors stood,
 he other quickly gain, and firmly make it good,
 either as blind chance her favours will dispose :
 to this part it ebb'd, and to that side it flows.
 at last, till whether 'twere that sad and horrid
 fight,
 a Saxton that yet did their fainting spirits af-
 fright,
 ish doubt of second loss, and slaughter, or the
 aid
 hat Montacute receiv'd ; King Henry's power
 dismay'd
 ad giving up the day, dishonourably fled,
 /hom with so violent speed the Yorkists fol-
 lowed, [swift,
 hat had not Henry spur'd, and had a courser
 sides a skilful guide, through woods and hills
 to shift,

(m) A little river near Hexam.

' He sure had been surpris'd, as they his hench-
 men took,
 ' With whom they found his helm ; with most
 disast'rous luck,
 ' To save themselves by flight, ne'er more did any
 strive,
 ' And yet so many men ne'er taken were alive,
 Now Banbury we come thy battle to report,
 ' And shew th' efficient cause, as in what wond'-
 rous sort
 ' Great Warwick was wrought in to the Lancas-
 trian part,
 ' When as that wanton king so vex'd his mighty
 heart :
 ' Whilst in the court of France, that warrior he
 bestow'd,
 ' (As potent here at home, as powerful else abroad)
 ' A marriage to entreat with Bonabright and sheen,
 ' Of the Savoyan blood, and sister to the queen,
 ' Which whilst this noble earl negotiated there,
 ' The widow Lady Gray, the king espoused here.
 ' By which the noble earl in France who was dis-
 grac'd, [haste
 ' (In England his revenge doth but too quickly
 ' T' excite the northern men doth secretly begin,
 ' (With whom he powerful was) to rise, that co-
 ming in,
 ' He might put in his hand, (which only he desir'd)
 ' Which rising before York, were likely to have
 fir'd
 ' The city, but repuls'd, and Holdorn them that
 led [head.
 ' Being taken, for the cause made shorter by the
 ' Yet would not they desist, but to their captains
 drew
 ' Henry the valiant son of John the Lord Fitz-
 Hugh,
 ' With Coniers that brave knight, whose valour
 they prefer,
 ' With Henry Nevil, son to the Lord Latimer,
 ' By whose allies and friends, they every day grew
 strong, [along.
 ' And so in proud array tow'rs London march
 ' Which when King Edward saw the world began
 to side
 ' With Warwick, till himself he might of power
 provide, [stand.
 ' To noble Pembroke sends, those rebels to with-
 ' Six thousand valiant Welsh, who must'ring out
 of hand,
 ' By Richard Herbert's aid, his brother doth them
 bring, [king)
 ' And for their greater strength (appointed by the
 ' Th' Lord Stafford (of his house) of Powick
 named then, [men
 ' Eight hundred archers brought, the most select'd
 ' The Marchers could make out : these having
 Severn cross'd,
 ' And up to Cotswold come, they heard the nor-
 thern host,
 ' Being at Northampton then, itself tow'rs War-
 wick wayd,
 ' When with a speedy march, the Herberts that
 forlay'd

- ' Their passage, charg'd their rear with near two
 ' thousand horie,
 ' That the Lancastrian part suspecting all their force,
 ' Had followed them again, their army bring about,
 ' Both with such speed and skill, that e'er the
 ' Welsh got out,
 ' By having charg'd too far, some of their vaward
 ' loft,
 ' Beat to their army back; thus as these legions
 ' coast,
 ' On Danemore they are met, indifferent for this
 ' war,
 ' Whereas three easy hills that stand triangular,
 ' Small Edgcoat overlook; on that upon the west
 ' The Welsh encamp themselves; the northern
 ' them posselt
 ' Of that upon the south, whilst (by war's strange
 ' event)
 ' Young Nevil, who would brave the Herberts in
 ' their tent,
 ' Leading a troop of youth, (upon that fatal plain)
 ' Was taken by the Welsh, and miserably slain,
 ' Of whose untimely death, his friends the next
 ' day took
 ' A terrible revenge, when Stafford there forsook
 ' The army of the Welsh, and with his archers had
 ' Them fight that would for him; for that proud
 ' Pembroke had
 ' Displac'd him of his inn, in Banbury, where he
 ' His paramour had lodg'd; where since he might
 ' not be,
 ' He backward shapes his course, and leaves the
 ' Herberts there,
 ' T' abide the brunt of all: with outcries every
 ' where
 ' The clamorous drums and fises to the rough
 ' charge do found,
 ' Together horse and man come tumbling to the
 ' ground:
 ' Then limbs like boughs were lopp'd, from shoul-
 ' ders arms do fly;
 ' They fight as none could 'scape, yet 'scape as
 ' none could die.
 ' The ruffling northern lads, and the stout Welsh-
 ' man try'd it;
 ' Then head-pieces hold out, or brains must fore
 ' abide it.
 ' The northern men St. George for Lancaster do
 ' cry:
 ' A Pembroke for the king, the lusty Welsh reply;
 ' When many a gallant youth doth desperately
 ' assay,
 ' To do something that might be worthy of the
 ' day:
 ' Where Richard Herbert bears into the northern
 ' press,
 ' And with his pole-ax makes his way with such
 ' success,
 ' That breaking through the ranks, he their main
 ' battle pass,
 ' And quit it so again, that many stood aghast,
 ' That from the higher ground beheld him wade
 ' the crowd,
 ' As often ye behold in tempests rough and proud,
 ' Overtaken with a storm, some shell or lit
 ' Hard labouring for the land, on the hig
 ' ing sea,
 ' Seems now as swallow'd up, then floati
 ' and free
 ' O' th' top of some high wave; then th
 ' you it see
 ' Quite sunk beneath that waste of wa
 ' doth clear
 ' The main, and safely gets some creek or
 ' So Herbert clear'd their host; but see t
 ' of war,
 ' Some spials on the hill discerned had fr
 ' Another army come to aid the northern
 ' When they which Clapham's craft, so qui
 ' espy'd,
 ' Who with five hundred men about Nort
 ' rais'd
 ' All discontented spirits, with Edward's
 ' Displaying in the field Great Warwick's
 ' bear:
 ' The Welsh who thought the earl in pe
 ' been there,
 ' Leading a greater power (dishearten'd)
 ' back
 ' Before the northern host, that quickl
 ' Five thousand valiant Welsh are in t
 ' o'erthrown,
 ' Which but an hour before had thought
 ' their own.
 ' Their leaders (in the flight) the high-be
 ' berts ta'en,
 ' At Banbury must pay for Henry Nevil
 ' Now Stamford in due course, the m
 ' come to tell,
 ' Of thine own named field, what in the fig
 ' Betwixt brave youthful Wells, from Linc
 ' that led
 ' Near twenty thousand men, tow'rd Lon
 ' king head,
 ' Against the Yorkists' power, great War
 ' Who with a puissant force prepared fort
 ' To join with him in arms, and jointly ta
 ' chance.
 ' And Edward with his friends, who like
 ' advance
 ' His forces, to refel that desp'rate daring
 ' Who for he durst himself in open arms t
 ' Nor at his dread command them dow
 ' would lay.
 ' His father the Lord Wells, who he suppos'
 ' His so outrageous son, with his lov'd la
 ' brother,
 ' Sir Thomas Dymock, thought too much
 ' the other,
 ' He strangely did to die, which so ince
 ' the spleen
 ' Of this courageous youth, that he to w
 ' Upon the cruel king, doth every way ex
 ' Him to an equal field, that come wh
 ' might smite
 ' The battle: on this plain it chanc'd thei
 ' They rang'd their several fights, which
 ' order set,

loudly-brawling drums, which seemed to
 have fear'd [heard,
 the trembling air at first, soon after were not
 r outcries, shrieks, and shouts, whilst noise doth
 ' noise confound.

accents touch the ear, but such as death do
 ' sound [guide :

thinking for revenge, whilst fury them doth
 slaughter seems by turns to seize on either side.
 southern expert were, in all to war belong,
 and exercise their skill, the Marchmen stout and
 ' strong, [retreat,

rich to the battle stick, and if they make
 it coming on again, the foe they back do get,
 and Wells-for Warwick cry, and for the rightful
 ' crown;

is other call a York to beat the rebels down :
 ' work that war could do, on either side she
 ' shows, [bows;

by the force of bills, or by the strength of
 a skill by fresh supplies, the Yorkists' power
 ' increase : [press,

and Wells, who sees his troops so overborn with
 ' guarding too far into the boist'rous throng,
 counselling his men the adverse troops among,
 ' the many a mortal wound, his wearied breath
 ' expir'd :

rich sooner known to his, than his first hopes
 ' desir'd,

a thousand on the earth before them lying slain,
 ' hope left to repair their ruin'd state again,
 ' off their country's coats, to haste their speed
 ' away,

if them) which Loose-coat field is call'd (even)
 ' to this day.

since need'ly I must stick upon my former
 ' text, [next,

the bloody battle fought at Barnet followeth
 wixt Edward, who before he settled was to
 ' reign, [again,

' Warwick hence expuls'd; but here arriv'd
 ' own Burgundy brought in munition, men and
 ' pay,

and all things fit for war, expecting yet a day.
 ' hose brother (f) George came in, with War-
 ' wick that had stood,

' hom nature wrought at length t' adhere to his
 ' own blood : [friend

' is brother Richard Duke of Glo'ster, and his
 ' and Hastings, who to him their utmost powers
 ' extend;

' And Warwick, whose great heart so mortal
 ' hatred bore

' Edward, that by all the sacraments he swore
 ' ot to lay down his arms, until his sword had
 ' raz'd [disgrac'd;

' but proud king from his seat, that so had him
 ' and Marquis Mountacute, his brother, that
 ' brave stem

' I's noble stock, who joined had to them
 ' —ukes of Somerset, and Exeter, and take
 ' be Earl of Oxford in; the armies forward
 ' make,

(f) George Duke of Clarence.

' And meeting on the plain, to Barnet very near,
 ' That to this very day, is called Gladmore there.

' Duke Richard to the field, doth Edward's va-
 ' ward bring; [king,

' And in the middle came that most courageous
 ' With Clarence his reclaim'd, and brother then
 ' most dear;

' His friend Lord Hastings had the guiding of
 ' the rear, [pute.)

' A man of whom the king most highly did re-
 ' On puissant Warwick's part, the Marquis
 ' Mountacute

' His brother and his friend the Earl of Oxford led
 ' The right wing; and the left which most that
 ' day might sted,

' The Duke of Exeter; and he himself do guide
 ' The middle fight (which was the army's only
 ' pride)

' Of archers most approv'd, the best that he could
 ' get,

' Directed by his friend the Duke of Somerset.
 ' O Sabbath ill-bestow'd, O dreary Easter-day,

' In which (as some suppose) the sun doth use to
 ' play,

' In honour of that God for sinful man that dy'd,
 ' And rose on that third day, that sun which now
 ' doth hide

' His face in foggy mists; nor was that morning
 ' seen,

' So that the space of ground those angry hosts
 ' between,

' Was overshadow'd quite with darkness, which
 ' so cast [past,

' The armies on both sides, that they each other
 ' Before they could perceive advantage where to
 ' fight; [fight,

' Besides the envious mist so much deceiv'd their
 ' That where eight hundred men, which valiant
 ' Oxford brought,

' Wore comets on their coats: Great Warrick's
 ' force which thought

' They had King Edward's been, which so with
 ' suns were drest,

' First made their shot at them, who by their
 ' friends distress,

' Constrained were to fly, being scatter'd here and
 ' there.

' But when this direful day at last began to clear,
 ' King Edward then beholds that height of his
 ' first hopes,

' Whose presence gave fresh life to his oft-fainting
 ' troops,

' Prepar'd to scourge his pride, there daring to
 ' defy

' His merey, to the host proclaiming publicly
 ' His hateful breach of faith, his perjury, and shame,

' And what might make him vile; so Warwick
 ' heard that name

' Of York, which in the field he had so oft advanc'd.
 ' And to that glorious height, and greatness had
 ' inhanc'd,

' Then cry'd against his power, by those which
 ' oft had fled,

' Their swift pursuing foe, by him not bravely led,

- ' Upon the enemy's back, their swords bath'd in
 'the gore
 ' Of those from whom they ran, like heartless
 'men before,
 ' Which Warwick's nobler name injuriously defy'd,
 ' Even as the ireful host then joined side to side.
 ' Where cruel Richard charg'd the earl's main
 ' battle, when
 ' Proud Somerset therein, with his approved men
 ' Stood stoutly to the shock, and flang out such a
 ' flight
 ' Of shafts, as well-near seem'd t' eclipse the
 ' welcom'd light,
 ' Which forc'd them to fall off, on whose retreat
 ' again,
 ' That great battalion next approacheth the fair
 ' plain,
 ' Wherein the king himself in person was to try,
 ' Proud Warwick's utmost strength : when War-
 ' wick by and by
 ' With his left wing came up, and charg'd so
 ' home and round,
 ' That had not his light horse by disadvantageous
 ' ground
 ' Been hinder'd, he had struck the heart of Ed-
 ' ward's host :
 ' But finding his defeat, his enterprise so lost,
 ' He his swift couriers sends, to will his valiant
 ' brother, [other,
 ' And Oxford, in command being equal to the
 ' To charge with the right wing, who bravely up
 ' do bear;
 ' But Hastings that before raught thither with
 ' his rear,
 ' And with king Edward join'd, the host too
 ' strongly arm'd.
 ' When every part with spoil, with rape, with
 ' fury charm'd, [swill
 ' Are prodigal of blood, that slaughter seems to
 ' Itself in human gore, and every one cries kill.
 ' So doubtful and so long the battle doth abide,
 ' That those, which to and fro, 'twixt that and
 ' London ride,
 ' That Warwick wins the day for certain news
 ' do bring, [king,
 ' Those following them again, said certainly the
 ' Until great Warwick found his army had the
 ' worse, [horse,
 ' And sore began to faint, alighting from his
 ' In with the foremost puts, and wades into the
 ' throng;
 ' And where he saw death stern'st, the murder'd
 ' troops among,
 ' He ventures; as the sun in a tempestuous day,
 ' With darkness threaten'd long, yet sometimes
 ' doth display
 ' His cheerful beams, which scarce appear to the
 ' clear eye, [do fly,
 ' But suddenly the clouds, which on the winds
 ' Do muffle him again within them, till at length
 ' The storm (prevailing still with an unusual
 ' strength)
 ' His clearness quite doth close, and shut him up
 ' in night :
 ' So mighty Warwick fares in this outrageous fight.
- ' The cruel lions thus enclose the dre-
 ' Whilst Mountacute, who strives (if
 ' there were)
 ' To rescue his belov'd and valiant brot-
 ' The loss of two such spirits at once,
 ' not tell;
 ' The Duke of Somerset, and th' earl
 ' And Exeter being left for one amongst
 ' At length recovering life, by night esca-
 ' York never safely sat, 'till this victorie
 ' Thus fortune to his end this mighty
 ' brings,
 ' This puissant setter-up, and plucker
 ' kings.
 ' He who those battles won, which
 ' blood had cost,
 ' At Barnet's fatal fight, both life and
 ' Now Tewkesbury it rests, thy story
 ' Thy sad and dreadful sight, and that
 ' ful fate
 ' Of the Lancastrian line, which happen-
 ' Fourth of that fatal month, that shi-
 ' ber'd May :
 ' 'Twixt Edmund that brave Duke of
 ' who fled
 ' From Barnes's bloody field, (again the
 ' ing head)
 ' And Marquis Dorset bound in blood t
 ' there,
 ' With Thomas Courtney Earl of pow
 ' vonshire :
 ' With whom king Henry's son, young
 ' there was seen,
 ' To claim his doubtless right, with that
 ' ed queen
 ' His mother, who from France with
 ' came on land
 ' That day when Warwick fell at Barne
 ' now stand,
 ' Their fortune yet to try upon a second
 ' And Edward who employ'd the utmost
 ' might,
 ' The poor Lancastrian part (which he do
 ' By Warwick's mighty fall, already faint
 ' By battle to subvert, and to extirp the li-
 ' And for the present act, his army doth a
 ' To those at Barnet field so luckily that
 ' As Richard late did there, he here the
 ' led,
 ' The main the king himself, and Clare
 ' to guide;
 ' The rearward as before by Hastings
 ' The army of the queen, into three bat-
 ' The first of which the Duke of Som-
 ' (fast
 ' To him) his brother John do happily dis-
 ' The second, which the prince for his ow
 ' chose
 ' The barons of St. John, and Wenlock;
 ' To Courtney that brave Earl of Devon
 ' fer'd.
 ' Where in a spacious field they set thei
 ' down;
 ' Behind, hard at their back, the abbey
 ' town,

whom their foe must come, by often banks
 and steep,
 rough quickset narrow lanes, cut out with
 ditches deep,
 pulsing Edward's power, constraining him
 to prove
 thund'ring cannon-shot, and culverin, to re-
 sem from that chosen ground, so tedious to as-
 fail;
 and with the shot came shafts, like stormy
 showers of hail: [fore,
 e like they sent again, which beat the other
 ho with the ordnance strove the Yorkists to
 out-roar,
 and still make good their ground, that whilst
 the pieces play, [say
 e Yorkists hasting still to hand-blows, do as-
 strong and boist'rous crowds to scale the
 cumb'rous dikes; pikes,
 beaten down with bills, with pole-axes, and
 e forced to fall off; when Richard there that
 led [fled,
 e vaward, saw their strength so little them to
 his captain was, both politic and good,
 in stratagems of war that rightly understood,
 with them as from the field his forces to with-
 draw. [saw,
 e sudden, strange retire, proud Somerset that
 man of haughty spirit, in honour most pre-
 cise;
 edious yet far more adventurous than wife)
 posing from the field for safety he had fled,
 aight giving him the chase; when Richard
 turning head,
 his encounter let the desperate duke to know,
 was done to train him out, when soon began
 the show
 slaughter every where; for scarce their equal
 forces
 gan the doubtful fight, but that three hun-
 dred horses,
 at out of fight this while on Edward's part
 had staid,
 see that near at hand no ambushes were laid,
 on charg'd them on the side, disord'ring quite
 their ranks,
 whilst this most warlike king had won the clim-
 bing banks,
 on the equal earth, and coming bravely in
 on the adverse power, there likewise doth be-
 gin [side,
 fierce and deadly fight, that the Lancastrian
 e first and furious flock not able to abide
 e utmost of their strength, were forced to be-
 flow, [low,
 hold what they had got; that Somerset be-
 lie from the second force had still expected
 aid,
 e frustrated thereof, even as a man dismay'd,
 ace shifts to save himself, his battle over-
 shrown; [grown
 e faring as a man that frantic had been
 ish Wenlock hap'd to meet (preparing for his
 flight) [spight)
 braiding him with terms of baseness and de-

That cow'rdly he had fail'd to succour him with
 men: [again,
 Whilst Wenlock with like words requiteth him
 The duke (to his stern rage, as yielding up the
 reins)
 With his too pond'rous axe dash'd out the ba-
 ron's brains.
 The party of the queen in every place are
 kill'd,
 The ditches with the dead, confusedly are fill'd,
 And many in the flight, i'th' neighbouring rivers
 drown'd,
 Which with victorious wreaths, the conquering
 Yorkists crown'd.
 Three thousand of those men, on Henry's part
 that stood, [blood,
 For their presumption paid the forfeit of their
 John Marquis Dorset dead, and Devonshire
 that day [fray,
 Drew his last vital breath, as in that bloody
 Delves, Hamden, Whittingham, and Leuknor,
 who had there,
 Their several brave commands, all valiant men
 that were,
 Found dead upon the earth. Now all is Ed-
 ward's own,
 And through his enemies tents he march'd into
 the town,
 Where quickly he proclaims, to him that forth
 could bring
 Young Edward, a large fee, and as he was a king,
 His person to be safe. Sir Richard Crofts who
 thought
 His prisoner to disclose, before the king then
 brought
 That fair and goodly youth; whom when proud
 York demands,
 Why thus he had presum'd by help of trai-
 t'rous hands
 His kingdom to disturb, and impiously display'd,
 His ensigns: the stout prince as not a jot dis-
 may'd [right,
 With confidence replies, To claim his ancient
 Him from his grandfathers left; by tyranny and
 might, [reply,
 By him his foe usurp'd: with whose so bold
 Whilst Edward thoroughly vex'd, doth seem to
 thrust him by;
 His second brother George, and Richard near
 that stood,
 With many a cruel stab let out his princely
 blood;
 In whom the line direct of Lancaster doth cease,
 And Somerset himself surpris'd in the press;
 With many a worthy man, to Glo'ster prisoners
 led,
 There forfeited their lives: Queen Margaret
 being fled
 To a religious cell, (to Tewksbury too near)
 Discover'd to the king, with sad and heavy
 cheer,
 A prisoner was convey'd to London, woeful
 queen,
 The last of all her hopes, that buried now had
 seen.

- ' But of that outrage here, by that bold baf-
 ' tard fon
 ' Of Thomas Nevil, nam'd Lord Falconbridge,
 ' which won
 ' A rude rebellious rout in Kent and Effex rais'd,
 ' Who London here befieg'd, and Southwark
 ' having feiz'd,
 ' Set fire upon the bridge; but when he not
 ' prevail'd,
 ' The suburb's on the east he furiously affayl'd;
 ' But by the city's power was lastly put to flight:
 ' Which being no set field, nor yet well order'd
 ' fight, [be.
 ' Amongst our battles here, may no way reckon'd
 ' Then, Bosworth, here the muse now lastly
 ' bids for thee,
 ' Thy battle to describe, the last of that long war,
 ' Entitled by the name of York and Lancaster;
 ' 'Twixt Hedry Tudor Earl of Richmond only left
 ' Of the Lancastrian line, who by the Yorkists
 ' rest
 ' Of liberty at home, a banish'd man abroad,
 ' In Britany had liv'd; but late at Milford road,
 ' Being prosperously arriv'd, though scarce two
 ' thousand strong,
 ' Made out his way through Wales, where as he
 ' came along,
 ' First Griffith great in blood, then Morgan next
 ' doth meet
 ' Him, with their several powers, as offering at
 ' his feet
 ' To lay their lands, and lives; Sir Rice ap Tho-
 ' mas then,
 ' With his brave band of Welsh, most choice and
 ' expert men,
 ' Comes lastly to his aid; at Shrewsbury arriv'd,
 ' (His hopes so faint before, so happily reviv'd)
 ' He on for England makes, and near to Newport
 ' town,
 ' The next ensuing night setting his army down,
 ' Sir Gilbert Talbot still for Lancaster that stood,
 ' (To Henry near ally'd in friendship as in blood)
 ' From th' Earl of Shrewsbury his nephew (under
 ' age) [page,
 ' Came with two thousand men, in warlike equi-
 ' Which much his power increas'd; when easily
 ' setting on,
 ' From Litchfield, as the way leads forth to A-
 ' therston,
 ' Brave Boucher and his friend stout Hunger-
 ' ford, whose hopes
 ' On Henry long had lain, stealing from Richard's
 ' troops, [appear,
 ' (Wherewith they had been mix'd) to Henry do
 ' Which with a high resolve, most strangely
 ' seem'd to cheer [most
 ' His oft-appall'd heart, but yet the man which
 ' Gave sail to Henry's self, and fresh life to his
 ' host, [fy'd
 ' The stout lord Stanley was, who for he had af-
 ' The mother of the earl, to him so near ally'd:
 ' The king who fear'd his truth, (which he to
 ' have compell'd)
 ' The young lord Strange his son, in hostage
 ' strongly held,
 ' Which forc'd him to fall off, till he f
 ' could find,
 ' His son-in-law to meet; yet he with his
 ' Sir William Stanley, know to be a valiant
 ' T' assure him of his aid. 'Thus growing
 ' his height,
 ' A most selected band of Cheshire bow-me
 ' By Sir John Savage led, besides two
 ' name:
 ' Sir Brian Sanford, and Sir Simon Digby
 ' Leaving the tyrant king, themselves c
 ' show
 ' Fast friends to Henry's part, which
 ' power increas'd:
 ' Both armies well prepar'd, towards B
 ' strongly prest,
 ' And on a spacious moor, lying Southwa
 ' the town,
 ' Indifferent to them both, they set their
 ' down
 ' Their soldiers to refresh, preparing for th
 ' Where to the guilty king, that black fo
 ' ning night,
 ' Appear the dreadful ghosts of Henry and
 ' Of his own brother George, and his t
 ' phews done
 ' Most cruelly to death; and of his w
 ' Lord Hastings, with pale hands prepar'd
 ' would rend
 ' Him piece-meal; at which oft he rovet
 ' sleep.
 ' No sooner 'gan the dawn out of the
 ' But drums and trumpets chide the fold
 ' their arms,
 ' And all the neighbouring fields are cover
 ' the swarms
 ' Of those that came to fight, as those tha
 ' to see,
 ' (Contending for a crown) whose that gr
 ' should be.
 ' First, Richmond rang'd his fights, on
 ' and bestows
 ' The leading, with a band of strong and
 ' Out of the army pick'd; the front of
 ' field,
 ' Sir Gilbert Talbot next, he wisely took to
 ' The right wing, with his strengths, ma
 ' thern men that were;
 ' And Sir John Savage, with the power of
 ' shire,
 ' And Cheshire (chief of men) was for t
 ' wing plac'd:
 ' The middle battle he in his fair person g
 ' With him the noble Earl of Pembroke
 ' commands
 ' Their countrymen the Welsh, (of whom it
 ' ly stands,
 ' For their great numbers found to be of g
 ' Which but his guard of gleaves, consist
 ' horse.
 ' Into two several fights the king contri
 ' strength,
 ' And his first battle cast into a wondrous
 ' In fashion of a wedge, in point of which
 ' His archery, thereof and to the guidance

John the noble Duke of Norfolk, and his son
 ve Surrey; he himself the second bringing on,
 ich was a perfect square; and on the other
 ' side,
 ' horsemen had for wings, which by extend-
 ' ing wide,
 ' adverse seem'd to threat, with an unequal
 ' power.
 ' utmost point arriv'd of this expected hour,
 ' to lord Stanley sends, to bring away his aid;
 ' d threats him by an oath, if longer he de-
 ' lay'd [die,
 ' eldest son young Strange immediately should
 ' whom stout Stanley thus doth carelessly re-
 ' ply:
 ' I thou the king I'll come, when I fit time
 ' ' shall see,
 ' ve the boy, but yet I have more sons than he.
 ' The 'angry armies meet, when the thin air
 ' was rent, [sent,
 ' th such re-echoing shouts, from either soldiers
 ' at flying o'er the field the birds down tremb-
 ' ling dropt. [propt,
 ' some old building long that hath been under-
 ' hen as the timber fails, by the unweildy fall,
 ' into powder beats, the roof, and rotten
 ' wall,
 ' and with confused clouds of smouldring dust
 ' doth choak
 ' the streets and places near; so through the mis-
 ' ty smoke,
 ' shot and ordnance made, a thundring noise
 ' was heard.
 ' hen Stanly that this while his succours had
 ' defer'd,
 ' th to the cruel king, and to the earl his son,
 ' hen once he doth perceive the battle was be-
 ' gun,
 ' ings on his valiant troops, three thousand ful-
 ' ly strong,
 ' hich like a cloud far off, that tempest threat-
 ' en'd long,
 ' dle on the tyrant's host, which him with ter-
 ' ror struck,
 ' s also when he sees, he doth but vainly look
 ' x succours from the great Northumberland,
 ' this while, [mile,
 ' hat from the battle scarce three quarters of a
 ' ood with his power of horse, nor once was
 ' seen to stir:
 ' hen Richard (that th' event no longer would
 ' defer)
 ' he two main battles mix'd, and that with
 ' weary'd breath,
 ' me labour'd to their life, some labour'd to
 ' their death,
 ' here for the better fought) even with a spirit
 ' clate, [fate
 ' s one that inly scorn'd the very worst that
 ' ould possibly impose, his lance set in his rest,
 ' so the thick't of death, through threat'ning
 ' peril prest, [drew,
 ' o where he had perceiv'd the earl in person
 ' hofe standard-bearer he, Sir William Bran-
 ' don flew,

' The pile of his strong staff into his arm-pit sent;
 ' When at a second shock, down Sir John Cheney
 ' went,
 ' Which scarce a lance's length before the earl
 ' was plac'd,
 ' Until by Richmond's guard environed at last,
 ' With many a cruel wound, was through the bo-
 ' dy gride. [dy'd;
 ' Upon this fatal field, John duke of Norfolk
 ' The stout lord Ferrers fell, and Ratcliff, that
 ' had long [among
 ' Of Richard's counsels been, found in the field
 ' A thousand soldiers that on both sides here were
 ' slain,
 ' O Red-more, it then seem'd, thy name was not
 ' in vain,
 ' When with a thousand's blood the earth was co-
 ' lour'd red.
 ' Whereas th' imperial crown was set on Henry's
 ' head,
 ' Being found in Richard's tent, as he it there
 ' did win;
 ' The cruel tyrant strip'd to the bare naked skin,
 ' Behind a herald truss'd, was back to Leicester sent,
 ' From whence the day before he to the battle
 ' went.
 ' The battle then at Stoke, so fortunately struck,
 ' (Upon king Henry's part, with so successful
 ' luck,
 ' As never till that day he felt his crown to cleave
 ' Unto his temples close, when Mars began to
 ' leave
 ' His fury, and at last to sit him down was brought)
 ' I come at last to sing, 'twixt that seventh Henry
 ' fought;
 ' With whom, to this brave field the Duke of
 ' Bedford came,
 ' With Oxford his great friend, whose praise did
 ' him inflame
 ' To all achievements great, that fortunate had
 ' been [in,
 ' In every doubtful fight, since Henry's coming
 ' With th' earl of Shrewsbury, a man of great com-
 ' mand,
 ' And his brave son lord George, for him that
 ' firmly stand. [son,
 ' And on the other side, John Duke of Suffolk's
 ' (John Earl of Lincoln call'd) who this stern war
 ' begun,
 ' Suborning a lewd boy, a false impostor, who
 ' By Simonds a worse priest instructed what to do,
 ' Upon him took the name of th' Earl of War-
 ' wick, heir
 ' To George the murther'd Duke of Clarence,
 ' who (for fear
 ' Left some that favour'd York, might under-
 ' hand maintain)
 ' King Henry in the Tower, did a time detain.
 ' (g) Which practise set on foot, this Earl of
 ' Lincoln fail'd
 ' To Burgundy, where he with Margaret prevail'd,

(g) The Duchess of Burgundy was sister to Edward IV,
 and so was this Earl's mother.

here her battles ends; and as she did before,
ravelling along upon her silent shore.
ybridge a neighbouring nymph, the only rem-
nant left
all that forest kind, by time's injurious theft
all that tract destroy'd, with wood which did
abound.
I former times had seen the goodliest forest
ground;
island ever had; but she so left alone,
ruin of her kind, and no man to bemoan.
deep intranced flood, as thinking to awake,
from her shady bower she silently bespake:
O flood in happy plight, which to this time
remain'st,
still along in state to Neptune's court thou
strain'st;
vive thee with the thought of those forepas-
sed hours,
hence the rough wood-gods kept, in their de-
lightful bowers
thy embroider'd banks, when now this
country fill'd
ish villages, and by the labouring ploughman
gill'd,
as forest, where the fir and spreading poplar
grow.
let me yet the thought of those past times re-
hence as that woody kind, in our umbrageous
wild,
hence every living thing save only they exil'd,
Vol. VI.

In this their world of waste, the sovereign em-
pire sway'd.
O who would e'er have thought, that time could
have decay'd
Those trees whose bodies seem'd by their so mas-
sy weight,
To press the solid earth, and with their wondrous
height
To climb into the clouds, their arms so far to
shoot,
As they in measuring were of acres, and their
root,
With long and mighty spurs to grapple with
the land,
As nature would have said, that they shall ever
stand:
So that this place where now this Huntingdon
is set,
Being an easy hill where dirthful hunters met,
From that first took the name.' By this the
muse arrives
At Ely's isled marge, by having past St. Ives,
Unto the German sea she hasteeth her along,
And here she shutteth up her two and twentieth
song,
In which she quite hath spent her vigor, and must
As workmen often use, a while sit down and
blow;
And after this short pause, though less'ning of her
height,
Come in another key, yet not without delight.
H h

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTY-THIRD SONG.

The Argument.

From furious fights invention comes,
Deaf'ned with noise of rattling drums,
And in the Northamptonian bounds,
Shews Whittlewood's, and Sacy's grounds,
Then to Mount Helidon doth go,
(Whence Charwell, Leame, and Nen do flow)
The surface which of England sings,
And Nen down to the Washes brings;
Then whereas Welland makes her way,
Shews Rockingham her rich array :
A course at Kelmarsh then she takes,
Where she Northamptonshire forsakes.

On tow'rs the mid-lands now, th' industrious
 muse doth make, [take
The Northamptonian earth, and in her way doth
As fruitful every way, as those by nature, which
The husbandman by art, with compost doth enrich,
This boasting of herself, that walk her verge
 about,
And view her well within, her breadth and length
 throughout :
The worst foot of her earth is equal with their best,
With most abundant store, that highliest think
 them blest.
When Whittlewood betime th' unwearied muse
 doth win
To talk with her a while; at her first coming in,
The forest thus that greets : ' With more success-
 ful fate,
' Thrive then thy fellow nymphs, whose sad and
 ruinous state

' We every day behold, if any thing there be.
' That from this general fall, thee happily ~~may~~
 free,
' 'Tis only for that thou dost naturally produce
' More under-wood and brake, than oak for great-
 ter use : [rest,
' But when this ravenous age, of those hath us be-
' Time wanting this our store, shall seize what ~~thee~~
 is left.
' For what base avarice now enticeth men to do,
' Necessity in time shall strongly urge them to;
' Which each divining spirit most clearly doth
 foresee.
Whilst at this speech perplexed, the forest
seem'd to be,
A water-nymph, near to this goodly wood-
nymph's side,
(As tow'rs her sovereign Onse, she softly down
doth slide)

lightsome stream by Towcester doth
 ;
 g her sweet self in many a dainty mead,
 e fallied far, but Sacy soon again
 ; one much grac'd among the sylvan
 1:
 the queen of shades, the bright Diana

[soft,
 ed for her looks, with kisses smooth and
 bosom lean'd, and tenderly embrac'd,
 her, her dear heart, most lov'd, and
 chaste:
 er Tea, her amorous eyes doth throw,
 anks of Ouse the brook herself bestow.
 those fertile fields, the muse doth hap
 meet [street,
 side which sits the wæst of Watling-
 elidon a hill, which though it be but
 l,

with their proud kind, which we our
 ntains call;
 three famous floods, that out of him do
 ,
 e several seas, by their assistants go;
 he noblest, Nen, to fair Northampton

allying on, then Peterborough plies
 dhamited: where her the sea-enide
 rtain, [main,
 r through the fen into the German
 nd, Charwell is, at Oxford meeting
 mes,
 ig convey'd into the (e) Celtic streams.
 e as least, the last, to mid-land Avon
 s:
 l again itself, into proud Severn casts:
 th' Iberian sea, herself great Severn
 ds;
 he dower she hath, to that wide ocean

s.
 lon waxed proud, the happy sire to be
 ned floods, as these fore-named three,
 hill of note, near England's midst that
 is, [hands,
 m his face, his back, or on his either
 ends in breadth, or lays itself in length.
 this hill to shew his state and natural
 gth,
 of this part determineth to show,
 now England name, and through her
 s to go.

plain and poor, professeth not that
 he,
 ke to soar, till less'ning to the sight:
 ndry soils, his style so alt'ring oft,
 effions sit, or verses smooth and soft;
 several scites, as naturally to strain,
 h that these floods, his tunes to enter-

th Halcion calms, may wholly have
 :st,
 he rough winds tir'd, were eas'ly laid
 st.

t far from Daventry.
 ient name of Peterborough.
 ash sea. (A) The Spanish sea.

Then on the worth'est tract up tow'rd's the mid-
 day's sun,

His undertaken task, thus Helidon begun:

' From where the kingly Thames his stomach
 doth discharge,

To Devonshire, where the land her bosom doth
 enlarge;

And with the inland air her beauties doth relieve,
 Along the Celtic sea, call'd oftentimes the Sleeve:
 Although upon the coast the Downs appear but
 bare,

Yet naturally within the countries woody are.

Then Cornwall creepeth out into the western
 main,

As (lying in her eye) she pointed still at Spain:

Or as the wanton soil, dispos'd to lustful rest,

Had laid herself along on Neptune's amorous
 breast.

With De'nshire, from the firm, that beak of
 land that fills,

What landkip lies in vales, and often rising hills,
 So plac'd betwixt the French, and the Sabrianian
 seas, [bays;

As on both sides adorn'd with many harb'rous
 Who for their trade to sea, and wealthy mines of
 tin,

From any other tract the praise doth clearly win.

From De'nshire by those shores, which Severn
 oft furrounds,

The soil far lower sits, and mightily abounds

With sundry sort of fruits; as well-grown grass
 and corn, [icorn;

That Somerset may say, her batning ridges do
 Our England's richest earth, for burden shoul
 them stain; [again;

And on the self-same tract, up Severn's stream
 The vale of Eulham lays her length so largely
 forth; [north;

As though she meant to stretch herself into the
 Where still the fertile earth depressed lies and
 low,

Till her rich soil itself to Warwickshire do show.

Hence somewhat south by east, let us our course
 incline,

And from these setting shores so metely maritime,
 The isle's rich inland parts, let's take with us
 along,

To set him rightly out, in our well-order'd song;
 Whose prospects to the muse their sundry scites
 shall show; [flow;

Where she from place to place, as free as air shall
 Their superficies so exactly to descry,

Through Wiltshire, pointing how the plain of Sa-
 lisbury

Shoots forth herself in length, and lays abroad d
 train. [tain

So large, as though the land serv'd scarcely to con-
 Her vastness, north from her, himself proud Cot-
 (would vaunts,

And casts so stern a look about him, that he daunts
 The lowly vales, remote that sit with humbler
 eyes.

In Berkshire, and from thence into the Orient
 lies

H b ij

That most renowned Vale of White-horse, and
by her,
So Buckingham again doth Ailesbury prefer,
With any English earth, along upon whose pale,
That mounting country then, which maketh her
a vale, [about,
The chalky Chilterne, runs with beaches crown'd
Through Bedfordshire that bears, till his bald front
he shoot,
Into that foggy earth towards Ely, that doth grow
Much fenny, and surrounds with very little flow.
So on into the east, upon the inland ground,
From where that crystal Colne most properly doth
bound,
Rough Chilterne, from the soil, where in rich
London sits,
As being fair and flat it naturally besets
Her greatness every way, which holdeth on along
To the Essexian earth, which likewise in our song,
Since in one tract they lie, we here together take,
Although the several shires, by sundry soils do
make
It different in degrees; for Middlesex of sands
Her soil compos'd hath; so are th' Essexian
lands,
Adjoining to the same, that sit by Isis' side,
Which London over-looks: but as she waxeth
wide,
So Essex in her tides, her deep-grown marshes
drowns,
And to inclosures cuts her drier upland grounds,
Which lately woody were, whilst men those woods
did prize; [rise,
Whence those fair countries lie, upon the pleasant
(Betwixt the mouth of Thames, and where Ouse
roughly dashes
Her rude unwieldy waves, against the queachy
washes)
Suffolk and Norfolk near, so named of their scites,
Adorn'd every way with wonderful delights,
To the beholding eye, that every where are seen,
Abounding with rich fields, and pastures fresh and
green,
Fair havens to their shores, large heaths within
them lie,
As nature in them strove to shew variety.
From Ely all along upon that eastern sea,
Then Lincolnshire herself, in state at length do
lay,
Which for her fat'ning fens, her fish, and fowl
may have
Pre-eminence, as she that seemeth to outbrave
All other southern shires, whose head the washes
feels, [heels.
Till wantonly she kick proud Humber with her
Up tow'rd the navel then, of England from
her flank,
Which Lincolnshire we call so levelled and lank.
Northampton, Rutland then, and Huntingdon,
which three
Do shew by their full soils, all of one piece to be,
Of Nottingham a part, as Le'ter them is lent,
From Bever's bat'uing vale, along the banks of
Trent.

So on the other side into the sea again,
Where Severn tow'rd the sea from Shrewsbury
doth strain,
'Twixt which and Avon's banks (where (c) Ar-
den when of old
Her bushy curled front, she bravely did uphold,
In state and glory stood) now of three several
shires, [pear
The greatest portions lie, upon whose earth ap-
That mighty forest's foot, of Wor'tershire a part,
Of Warwickshire the like, which sometime was
the heart
Of Arden that brave nymph, yet woody here and
there, [bear
Oft intermix'd with heaths, whose sand and gravel
A turf more harsh and hard, where Stafford doth
partake
In quality with those, as nature strove to make
Them of one self-same stuff, and mixture, as they
lie,
Which likewise in this tract, we here together tie.
From these recited parts to th' north, more
high and bleak,
Extended ye behold, the Moorland and the Peak,
From either's several scite, in either's mighty
waste,
A sterner louting eye, that every way do cast
On their beholding hills, and countries round
about;
Whose soils as of one shape, appearing den
throughout.
For Moreland which with heath most naturally
doth bear,
Her winter livery still, in summer seems to wear;
As likewise doth the Peak, whose dreadful caverns
found,
And lead-mines, that in her, do naturally abound,
Her superficies makes more terrible to show:
So from her natural fount, as Severn down doth
flow,
The high Salopian hills lift up their rising fairs:
Which country as it is the near't ally'd to Wales
in mountains, so it most is to the same alike.
Now tow'rd the Irish seas a little let us sink,
Where Cheshire, (as her choice) with Lancashire
doth lie
Along th' unlevel'd shores; this former to the eye,
In her complexion shows black earth with gravel
mix'd,
A wood-land and a plain indifferently betwixt,
A good fast-feeding grafs, most strongly that
doth breed:
As Lancashire no less excelling for her feed,
Although with heath, and fin, her upper parts
abound;
As likewise to the sea, upon the lower ground,
With mosses, flets, and fells, she shows most wild
and rough,
Whose turf, and square cut peat, is fuel good
enough.
So, on the north of Trent, from Nottingham above,
Where Sherwood her curl'd front, into the cold
doth shove,

(c) See song 13th.

Light forest land is found, to where the floating
 Don, ^{[won,}
 In making tow'rds the maip, her Doncaster hath
 Where Yorkshire's laid abroad, so many a mile
 extent,
 To whom preceding times, the greatest circuit lent,
 A province, then a shire, which rather seemeth :
 so
 It incidently most variety doth show.
 Here stony steril grounds, there wond'rous fruit-
 ful fields,
 Here champain, and there wood, it in abundance
 yields :
 Th' West-riding, and the North, be mountainous
 and high,
 But tow'rds the German sea the East more low
 doth lie.
 This isle hath not that earth, of any kind else-
 where,
 But on this part or that, epitomized here.
 Tow'rds those Scotch-Irish isles, upon that sea,
 again, ^{[contain}
 The rough Virgivan call'd, that tract which doth
 Cold Cumberland, which yet wild Westmoreland
 excels, ^{[fills,}
 For roughness, at whose point lies rugged Fournes
 Is fill'd with mighty moors, and mountains, which
 do make
 Her wild superfluous waste, as nature sport did take
 In heaths, and high-cleev'd hills, whose threatening
 fronts do dare
 Each other with their looks, as though they
 would out-stare
 The starry eyes of heaven, which to out-face they
 stand.
 From these into the east, upon the other hand,
 The Bishopric, and fair Northumberland do bear
 To Scotland's bordering Tweed, which as the
 north elsewhere,
 Not very fertile are, yet with a lovely face
 Upon the ocean look ; which kindly doth embrace
 Those countries all along, upon the rising side,
 Which for the batful glebe, by nature them deny'd,
 With mighty mines of coal, abundantly are blest,
 By which this tract remains renown'd above the
 rest :
 For what from her rich womb, each harb'rous
 road receives, ^{[leaves,}
 Yet Helidon not here, his lov'd description
 Though now his darling springs desir'd him to
 desist ; ^{[list.}
 But say all what they can, he'll do but what he
 As be the surface thus, so likewise will he show,
 The clownish blazons, to each country long ago,
 Which those unletter'd times, with blind devo-
 tion lent, ^{[quent,}
 Before the learned maids our fountains did fre-
 To shew the muse can shift her habit, and she
 now
 Of Palatins that sung, can whistle to the plow ;
 And let the curious tax his clownry, with their
 skill
 He reckns not, but goes on, and say they what
 they will.

' (f) Kent first in our account, doth to itself
 apply, ^{[ty-}
 (Quoth he) this blazon first, Long tails and liber-
 Suffix with Surrey say, Then let us lead home
 logs.
 As Hampshire long for her, hath had the term
 of Hogs.
 So Dorsetshire of long, they Dorseters us'd to call.
 Cornwall and Devonshire cry, We'll wrestle for a
 fall.
 Then Somerset says, Set the bandog on the bull.
 And Gloucestershire again is blazon'd, Weigh thy
 wool.
 As Berkshire hath for hers, Let's to't and to'se
 the ball. ^{all.}
 And Wiltshire will for her, Get home and pay for
 Rich Buckingham doth bear the term of Bread
 and Beef, ^{[thief.}
 Where if you beat a bush, 'tis odds you start a
 So Hertford blazon'd is, The club, and clouted
 shoon,
 Thereto, I'll rise betime, and sleep again at noon.
 When Middlesex bids, Up to London let us go,
 And when our market's done, we'll have a pot or
 two.
 As Essex hath of old been named, Calves and Stiles,
 Fair Suffolk, Maids and Milk, and Norfolk, Ma-
 ny Wiles.
 So Cambridge hath been call'd, Hold Nets, and
 Let us Win ;
 And Huntingdon, With Stilts we'll Stalk through
 Thick and Thin.
 Northamptonshire of long hath had this blazon,
 Love,
 Below the girdle all, but little else above.
 An outcry Oxford makes, The scholars have been
 here, ^{[cheer,}
 And little though they paid, yet have they had good
 Quoth Warlike Warwickshire, I'll bind the stur-
 dy bear.
 Quoth Worcestershire again, And I will squirt
 the pear.
 Then Staffordshire bids Stay, and I will beet the
 fire,
 And nothing will I ask, but good will for my hire.
 Bean belly Le'estershire, her attribute doth bear.
 And Bells and bagpipes next, belong to Lincoln-
 shire.
 Of Malt-horse, Bedfordshire long since that bla-
 zon wan.
 And little Rutlandshire is termed Raddleman.
 To Derby is assign'd the name of Wool and lead.
 As Nottingham's, of old (is common) Ale and
 bread.
 So Hereford for her says, Give me woof and warp.
 And Shropshire faith in her, That skins be ever
 sharp,
 Lay wood upon the fire, reach hither me my
 harp,
 And whilst the black bowl walks, we merrily
 will carp.

Old Cheshire is well known to be the Chief of men.

Fair women doth belong to Lancashire again.

The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,

I have for their blazon had the Snaffle, spur, and spear.^a

Now Nen extremely griev'd those barbarous things to hear,

By Helidon her fire, that thus deliver'd were :

For as his old'st, she was to pass'd ages known,

Whom by Aufona's name the Romans did renown.

A word by them deriv'd of Avon, which of long The Britains call'd her by, expressing in their tongue

The full and general name of waters; wherefore she

Stood much upon her worth, and jealous grew to be,

Left things so low and poor, and now quite out of date,

Should happily impair her dignity and state.

Wherefore from him her fire immediately she hastes;

And as she forth her course to Peterborough casts, She falleth in her way with Weedon, where 'tis said,

Saint Werburg princely born, a most religious maid,

From those peculiar fields, by prayer the wild-geese drove,

Thence through the champain she lasciviously doth rove

Tow'rd's fair Northampton, which, whilst Nen was Avon call'd,

Resum'd that happy name, as happily install'd

Upon her (e) northern side, where taking in a rill, Her long impoverish'd banks more plenteously to fill,

She flourishes in state, along the fruitful fields;

Where whilst her waters she with wondrous pleasure yields,

To (b) Wellingborough comes, whose fountains in the takes,

Which quickening her again, immediately she makes

To Oundle, which receives contractedly the sound From Avondale, t' express that river's lowly ground:

To Peterborough thence she maketh forth her way,

Where Welland hand in hand, goes on with her to sea;

When Rockingham, the muse to her fair forest brings,

Thence lying to the north, whose sundry gifts she sings.

' O dear and dainty nymph, most gorgeously array'd,

Of all the Brades known, the most delicious maid,

^a Northampton, for Northavotton, the town upon the north of Avon.

^b Wellingborough, which is made well of 6. fountains.

With all delights adorn'd, that any way beset A sylvan, by whose state we verily may deem

A deity in thee, in whose delightful bowers

The fawns and fairies make the longest days but hours,

And joying in the soil, where thou assum'st thy seat,

Thou to thy handmaid haste, (thy pleasures to await)

Fair Benefield, whose care to thee doth surely cleave,

Which bears a graze as soft, as is the dainty leave, And thrum'd so thick and deep, that the proud

palmed deer,

Forfake the closer woods, and make their quiet leir

In beds of platted fog, so eas'ly there they sit.

A forest and a chase in every thing so fit

This island hardly hath, so near ally'd that be,

Brave nymph, such praise belongs to Benefield and thee.^c

Whilst Rockingham was heard with these reports to ring,

The muse by making on tow'rd's Welland's ominous spring,

With (i) Kelmarsh there is caught, for courting of the hare,

Which scorns that any place should with her plains compare :

Which in the proper terms the muse doth thus report;

The man whose vacant mind prepares him to the sport,

The (k) finder sendeth out, to seek out nimble Wat,

Which crosseth in the field, each furlong, every star,

Till he this pretty beast upon the sform hath found,

Then viewing for the course, which is the fairest ground,

The greyhounds forth are brought, for courting then in case,

And choicely in the slip, one leading forth a brace;

The finder puts her up, and gives her couriers law.

And whilst the eager dogs upon the start do draw, She riseth from her seat, as though on earth she flew,

For'd by some yelping (l) cute to give the greyhounds view,

Which are at length let slip, when gunning out they go,

As in respect of them the swiftest wind were flow,

When each man runs his horse, with fixed eyes and notes

Which dog first turns the hare, which first the other (m) coats,

⁽ⁱ⁾ A place in the north part of Northamptonshire, excellent for courting with greyhounds.

^(k) The hare-finder.

^(l) A cur.

^(m) When one greyhound outstrips the other in the course.

They wrench her once or twice, e'er she a turn
 will take,
 What's offer'd by the first, the other good doth
 make;
 And turn for turn again with equal speed they
 ply,
 Bestirring their swift feet with strange agility:
 A harden'd ridge or way, when if the hare do
 win, [spin,
 Then as shot from a bow, she from the dogs doth
 That strive to put her off, but when he cannot
 reach her, [her
 This giving him a coat, about again doth fetch

To him that comes behind, which seems the hare
 to bear;
 But with a nimble turn she casts them both
 arrear:
 Till oft for want-of breath, to fall to ground they
 make her,
 The greyhounds both so spent, that they want
 breath to take her.
 Here leave I whilst the muse more serious things
 attends,
 And with my course at hare, my canto likewise
 ends.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTY-FOURTH SONG.

The Argument.

The fatal Welland from her Springs,
This song to th' Isle of Ely brings :
Our ancient English Saints revives,
Then in an oblique course contrives,
The rareties that Rutland shews,
Which with this Canto she doth close.

THIS way, to that fair fount of Welland hath us
led
At (a) Nasby to the north, where from a second
Runs Avon, which along to Severn shapes her
course,
But pliant muse proceed, with our new-handled
Of whom from ages past, a prophecy there ran,
(Which to this ominous flood much fear and re-
verence wan)
That she alone should drown all Holland, and
should see;
Her Stamford, which so much forgotten seems to
Renown'd for liberal arts, as highly honour'd
there,
As they in Cambridge are, or Oxford ever were ;
Whereby she in herself a holiness suppos'd,
That in her scantled banks, though wand'ring long
inclos'd,
Yet in her secret breast a catalogue had kept
Of our religious saints, which though they long
had slept,
Yet through the christen'd world, for they had
won such fame
Both to the British first, then to the English name,
For their abundant faith, and sanctimony known,
Such as were hither sent, or naturally our own,

(a) The fountain of Welland,

It much her genius griev'd, to have them now
neglected,
Whose piety so much those zealous times respect-
[ed
Wherefore she with herself resolv'd, when that she
To Peterborough came, where much she long'd
to be,
That in the wish'd view of Medhamsted, that
town,
Which he the great'st of Saints doth by his name
renown,
She to his glorious phane an off'ring as to bring,
Of her dear country's saints, the martyrolog-
e
would sing :
And therefore all in haste to Harborough she hy'd,
Whence Le'stershire she leaves upon the north-
ward-side :
At Rutland then arriv'd, where Stamford her
sustains,
By Deeping drawing out, to Lincolnshire she leans,
Upon her bank by north, against this greater
throng,
Northamptonshire to south still lies with her along,
And now approaching near to this appointed place,
Where she and Nen make shew as though they
would embrace ;
But only they salute, and each holds on her way.
When holy Welland thus was wisely heard to say :

' I sing of saints, and yet my song shall not be
' fraught
With miracles by them, but feigned to be
' wrought,
[That they which did their lives so palpably bely,
So times have much impeach'd their holiness
' thereby :
Though fools (I say) on them such poor impos-
tures lay, [they,
Have scandal'd them to ours, far foolisher than
Which think they have by this so great advan-
' tage got
[Their venerable names from memory to blot,
Which truth can ne'er permit; and thou that art
' so pure,
The name of such a saint that no way can endure;
Now in respect of them to recompence that hate,
The wretched'st thing, and thou have both one
' death and date :
From all vain worship too; and yet I am as free
As is the most precise, I pass not who he be.
Antiquity I love, nor by the world's despight,
Cannot be remov'd from that my dear delight.
' his spoke, to her fair aid her sister Nen she wins,
When she of all her saints, now with that man
begins.
' The first that ever told Christ crucify'd to us,
(By Paul and Peter sent) just Aristobulus,
Renown'd in holy writ, a labourer in the word,
For that most certain truth, opposing fire and
' sword,
By th' Britons murdered here, so unbelieving
' then.
Next holy Joseph came, the merciful'st of men,
The Saviour of mankind, in sepulchre that laid,
That to th' Britons was th' apostle; in his aid
St. Davian, and with him St. Fagan, both which
' were
His scholars, likewise left their sacred relics here :
All denizens of ours, t' advance the Christian
' state,
At Glaffenbury long that were commemorate.
When Amphibal again our martyrdom began
In that most bloody reign of Dioclesian :
This man into the truth, that blessed Alban led
(Our Proto-martyr call'd) who strongly discipled
In Christian patience, learnt his tortures to ap-
' prease :
His fellow martyrs then, Stephen, and Socrates,
At holy Alban's town, their festival should hold;
One of that martyr nam'd, (which Ver'lam was of
' old.
A thousand other saints, whom Amphibal had
' taught,
Flying the Pagan foe, their lives that strictly
' sought,
Were slain where Lichfield is, whose name doth
' rightly sound,
(There of those Christians slain (Dead field, or
' burying ground.
' Then for the Christian faith, two other here
' that stood,
And teaching, bravely seal'd their doctrine with
' their blood :

' St. Julius, and with him St. Aron, have their
' room,
' At Carleon suff'ring death by Dioclesian's doom;
' Whose persecuting reign tempestuously that rag'd,
' Gainst those here for the faith, their utmost that
' engag'd,
' St. Angule put to death, one of our holiest men,
' At London, of that see, the godly bishop then
' In that our infant church, so resolute was he.
' A second martyr too grace London's ancient see,
' Though it were after long, good Voadine who
' reprov'd
' Proud Vortiger his king unlawfully that lov'd
' Another's wanton wife, and wrong'd his nuptial
' bed ;
' For which by that stern prince unjustly murdered,
' As he a martyr dy'd, is faint'd with the rest.
' The third saint of that see (though only he con-
' fess'd)
' Was Guithelme, unto whom those times that re-
' verence gave
' As he a place with them eternally shall have.
' So Melior may they bring, the Duke of Corn-
' wal's son, [done
' By his false brother's hands, to death who being
' In hate of Christian faith, whose zeal lest time
' should taint,
' As he a martyr was, they justly made a saint.
' Those godly Romans then (who as mine au-
' thor faith) [Christian faith,
' Wan good King Lucius first t' embrace the
' Paganus, and his friend St. Damian, as they were
' Made denizens of ours, have their remembrance
' here : [confess'd
' As two more (near that time Christ Jesus that
' And that most lively faith by their good works
' express'd)
' St. Eluan with his pheere St. Midwin, who to win
' The Britons, (come from Rome, where christen'd
' they had been)
' Converted to the faith their thousands, whose
' dear grave, [have.
' That Glaffenbury grac'd, there their memorial
' As they their sacred bones in Britain have
' bestow'd [broad :
' So Britain likewise sent her saints to them a-
' Mariellus that just man, who having gathered in
' The scatter'd Christian flock, instructed that had
' been
' By holy Joseph here; to congregate he wan
' This justly named saint, this never-wearied man,
' Next to the Germans preach'd, till (void of
' earthly fear [Trev're.
' By his courageous death, he much renown'd
' Then of our native saints, the first that dy'd
' abroad ;
' Beatus next to him shall fitly be bestow'd,
' In Switzerland who preach'd, whom there those
' paynims slew, [ensue
' When greater in their place, though not in faith,
' St. Lucius (call'd of us) the primer christen'd
' king,
' Of th' ancient Britons then, who led the glo-
' rious ring

' To all the Saxon race, that here did him succeed,
 ' Changing his regal robe to a religious weed,
 ' His rule in Britain left, and to Helvetia hy'd,
 ' Where he a bishop liv'd, a martyr lastly dy'd.
 ' As Constantine the Great, that godly emperor,
 ' Here first the Christian church that did to peace
 ' restore,
 ' Whose ever-blessed birth, as by the power di-
 ' vine) [line,
 ' The Roman empire brought into the British
 ' Constantinople's crown, and th' ancient Britons
 ' glory.
 ' So other here we have to furnish up our story,
 ' St. Melon well-near when the British church
 ' began,
 ' (Even in the early time of Rome's Valerian)
 ' Here leaving us for Rome, from thence to Roan
 ' was call'd, [install'd
 ' To preach unto the French, where soon he was
 ' Her bishop: Britain so may of her Gudwall vaunt,
 ' Who first the Flemings taught, whose feast is
 ' held at Gaunt.
 ' So others forth she brought to little Britain vow'd,
 ' St. Wenlock, and with him St. Sampson, both
 ' allow'd
 ' Apostles of that place, the first the abbot sole
 ' Of Tawrac, and the last fate on the see of Dole:
 ' Where dying, Maglor then thereof was bishop
 ' made,
 ' Sent purposely from hence that people to persuade
 ' To keep the Christian faith: so Goluin gave we
 ' thither, [gether.
 ' Who sainted being there, we set them here to-
 ' As of the weaker sex, that ages have enshrin'd
 ' Amongst the British dames, and worthily divin'd:
 ' The finder of the cross Queen Helena doth lead,
 ' Who though Rome set a crown on her imperial
 ' head, [here.
 ' Yet in our Britain born, and bred up choicely
 ' Emerita the next, King Lucius' sister dear,
 ' Who in Helvetia with her martyr brother dy'd;
 ' Bright Ursula the third, who undertook to guide
 ' Th' eleven thousand maids to Little Britain sent,
 ' By seas and bloody men devoured as they went:
 ' Of which we find these four have been for saints
 ' prefer'd,
 ' (And with their leader still do live encalender'd)
 ' St. Agnes, Cordula, Qdillia, Florence, which
 ' With wond'rous sumptuous shrines those ages
 ' did enrich
 ' At Cullen, where their lives most clearly are
 ' express'd, [rest.
 ' And yearly feasts observ'd to them and all the
 ' But when it came to pass the Saxon powers
 ' had put
 ' The Britons from these parts, and them o'er Se-
 ' vern shut,
 ' The Christian faith with her, then Cambria had
 ' alone,
 ' With those that it receiv'd (from this now Eng-
 ' land gone,
 ' Whose Cambro-Britons so their saints as duly
 ' brought, [wrought,
 ' T' advance the Christian faith, effectually that

' Their David, (one deriv'd of th' roya
 ' blood)
 ' Who 'gainst Pelagius' false and damn'd
 ' And turn'd Menenia's name to David
 ' see,
 ' The patron of the Welsh deserving well
 ' With Cadock, next to whom comes Can-
 ' which were
 ' Prince Brechan's sons, who gave the
 ' Brecknockshire;
 ' The first a martyr made, a confessor the
 ' So Clintack, Brecknock's prince, as f
 ' self-same mother,
 ' A faint upon that feat, the other doth e
 ' Whom for the Christian faith a Pagan fol
 ' So bishops can the bring, of which l
 ' shall be,
 ' As Afaph, who first gave that name
 ' Of Bangor, and may boast St. David w
 ' wan
 ' Much reverence, and with these Ow
 ' Both bishops of Llandaff, and saints in
 ' cession; [p
 ' Two other following these, both in
 ' St. Dubric whose report old Carleon
 ' carry,
 ' And Elery in Northwales, who built a m
 ' In which himself became the abbot, to l
 ' And spent in alms and prayer the res
 ' his days.
 ' But leaving these divin'd, to Dece
 ' In Northwales who was crown'd with
 ' martyrdom.
 ' Justinian, as that man a sainted place d
 ' Who still to feed his soul, his sinful body
 ' And for that height in zeal, whereto he d
 ' There by his fellow monks, most cruelly
 ' So Cambria, Edeo bare; and Gildas, wh
 ' grace
 ' Old Bangor, and by whose learn'd wri
 ' The knowledge of those times; the
 ' whose just pen,
 ' Shall live for ever fresh, with all true
 ' men.
 ' Then other, which for her's old Cam
 ' St. Senan, and with him we set St. Deil
 ' Then Tather will we take, and Cheyne
 ' rest,
 ' With Baruk, who so much the Isle of
 ' By his most powerful prayer, to solitude d
 ' And of all worldly care his zealous soul de
 ' Of these, some liv'd not long, some w
 ' aged were,
 ' But in the mountains liv'd, all hermits l
 ' O more than mortal men, whose faith an
 ' prayers,
 ' Not only bare ye hence, but were those
 ' By which you went to Heaven, and
 ' clearly saw,
 ' As this vain earthly pomp had not th
 ' to draw
 ' Your elevated souls, but once to look so
 ' As those depressed paths, wherein baic
 ' ling's go.

hat mind doth not admire the knowledge of
‘ these men ?

t zealous muse return unto thy task again.

These holy men at home, as here they were
‘ bestow’d,

Cambria had such too, as famous were abroad.

thy, King Gulick’s son of Northwales, who
‘ had seen

a sepulchre three times, and more, seven times
‘ had been

pilgrimage at Rome, of Beneventum there
ie painful bishop made; by him so plac’d we
‘ here, [sent,

Macklove, from Northwales to Little Britain

at people to convert, who resolutely bent,

Athelney in time the bishop there became
ich her first title chang’d, and took his proper

‘ name. ‘ best :
she her virgins had, and vow’d as were the

Keyne, Prince Brechan’s child, a man so
‘ highly blest, [were.]

at thirty born to him all saints accounted

Intwar so apart shall with these other bear,
ho out of false suspect was by her brother slain

men Winifrid, whose name yet famous doth re-
‘ main, [name

hese fountain in Northwales entitled by her
r moss, and for the stones that he about the

‘ same, [age,
sounded through the isle, and to this latter

of our Romists held the latest pilgrimage.

But when the Saxons here so strongly did reside,
id surely seated once, as owners to abide;

hen nothing in the world to their desire was
‘ wanting, [planting,

cept the Christian faith, for whose substantial
Augustine from Rome was to this island sent;

id coming through large France, arriving first
‘ in Kent,

verted to the faith King Ethelbert, till then
christen’d that had liv’d, with all his Kentish

‘ men,
nd of their chiefest town, now Canterbury

‘ call’d, [install’d.
he bishop first was made, and on that see

ur other, and with him for knowledge great
‘ in name,

hat in his mighty work of our conversion came,
awrence, Melitus then, with Justus, and Ho-

‘ norius, [laborious,
this great Christian work, all which had been

‘ venerable age each coming in degree,
succeeded him again in Canterbury see,

s Peter born in France, with these and made
‘ our own, [ing shewn,

nd Pauline whose great zeal was by his preach-
he first to abbot’s state, wife Austen did prefer,

nd to the latter gave the see of Rochester;

ll canoniz’d for saints, as worthy sure they
‘ were, [here,

* ‘stablishing the faith, which was received
re countries where our Christ had e’er been

‘ preached then
at sent into this isle some of their godly men.

‘ From Persia led by zeal, so I’ve this isle fought,
‘ And near our eastern fens a fit place finding,

‘ taught

‘ The faith : which place from him alone the name
‘ derives,

‘ And of that fainted man since call’d is St. Ives ;

‘ Such reverence to herself that time devotion wan.
‘ So sun-burnt Afric sent us holy Adrian,

‘ Who preach’d the Christian faith here nine-and-
‘ thirty year,

‘ An abbot in this isle, and to this nation dear,

‘ That in our country two provincial synods call’d,

‘ T’ reform the church that time with heresies
‘ enthrall’d.

‘ So Denmark Henry sent t’ increase our holy store,

‘ Who falling in from thence upon our northern
‘ shore

‘ In th’ isle of (b) Cochet liv’d, near to the mouth
‘ of Tyne,

‘ In fasting as in prayer, a man so much divine,

‘ That only thrice a week on homely cates he fed,

‘ And three times in the week himself he silenced,

‘ That in remembrance of this most abstemious man,

‘ Upon his blessed death the Englishmen began,
‘ By him to name their babes, which it so fre-

‘ quent brings,

‘ Which name hath honour’d been by many Eng-
‘ lish kings.

‘ So Burgundy to us three men most reverend
‘ bare, [share,

‘ Amongst our other saints, that claim to have their
‘ Of which was Felix first, who in th’ East-Saxon

‘ reign,

‘ Converted to the faith King Sigbert : him again

‘ Ensueth Anselm, whom Augusta sent us in,

‘ And Hugh, whose holy life to Christ did many
‘ win,

‘ By (c) Henry th’ empress’ son help hither, and
‘ to have

‘ Him wholly to be ours, the see of Lincoln gave.
‘ So Lombardy to us, our reverend Langfrank

‘ lent, [sent,

‘ For whom into this land King William Conqueror
‘ And Canterbury’s see to his wife charge assign’d.

‘ Nor France to these for her’s was any whit
‘ behind,

‘ For Grimbald she us gave, (as Peter long before,
‘ Who with St. Austen came to preach upon this

‘ shore)

‘ By Alfred hither call’d, who him an abbot made,
‘ Who by his godly life, and preaching did persuade

‘ The Saxons to believe the true and quick’ning
‘ word :

‘ So after long again she likewise did afford,

‘ St. Osmond, whom the see of Salisbury doth own,
‘ A bishop once of hers, and in our conquest known,

‘ When hither to that end their Norman William
‘ came, [same,

‘ Regimus then, whose mind, that work of ours of
‘ Rich Lincoln minister shews, where he a bishop

‘ sat, [der at.
‘ Which (it should seem) he built for men to won-

(b) An isle; upon the coast of Scotland, in the German sea.

(c) Henry II.

'So potent were the powers of churchmen in those
 ' days.
 ' Then Henry nam'd of Blois, from France who
 ' cross'd the seas,
 ' With Stephen Earl of Blois his brother, after king,
 ' In Winchester's rich see, who him establishing,
 ' He in those troublous times in preaching took
 ' such pain,
 ' As he by them was not canonized in vain.
 ' As other countries here their holy men be-
 ' stow'd; [abroad,
 ' So Britain likewise sent her saints to them
 ' And into neighbouring France our most reli-
 ' gious went,
 ' St. Clare that native was of Rochester in Kent,
 ' At Volcafyne came vow'd the French instructing
 ' there,
 ' So early e'er the truth amongst them did appear,
 ' That more than half a God they thought that
 ' reverend man.
 ' Our Judock, so in France such fame our nation
 ' wan,
 ' For holiness, where long an abbot's life he led
 ' At Pontoise, and so much was honour'd, that
 ' Being dead, [dated
 ' And after threescore years (their latest period
 ' His body taken up, was solemnly translated.
 ' As Ceofrid, that sometime of Waremouth abbot
 ' was,
 ' In his return from Rome, as he through France
 ' did pass
 ' At Langres left his life, whose holiness even yet,
 ' Upon his reverend grave, in memory doth sit.
 ' St. Alkwin so for ours, we English boast again,
 ' The tutor that became to mighty Charlemagne,
 ' That holy man, whose heart was so with good-
 ' ness fill'd,
 ' As out of zeal he wan that mighty king to build
 ' That academy now at Paris, whose foundation
 ' Through all the Christian world hath so re-
 ' nown'd that nation,
 ' As well declares his wealth, that had the power
 ' to do it,
 ' As his most lively zeal, persuading him into it.
 ' As Simon call'd the faint of Bourdeaux, which
 ' so wrought, [brought
 ' By preaching there the truth, that happily he
 ' The people of those parts from paganism, wherein
 ' Their unbelieving souls so long had nuzled been.
 ' So in the Norman rule, two most religious were,
 ' Amongst ours that in France disperfed here and
 ' there,
 ' Preach'd to that nation long, St. Hugh, who
 ' born our own,
 ' In our first Henry's rule sat on the see of Rohan,
 ' Where reverenc'd he was so long. St. Edmund
 ' so again, [reign
 ' Who banished from hence in our third Henry's
 ' There led an hermit's life near Pontoise, (where
 ' before
 ' St. Judock did the like) whose honour to restore,
 ' Religious Lewis there interr'd with wond'rous
 ' cost, [boast
 ' Of whose rich funeral France deservedly may

' Then Main we add to these, an abbot here of
 ' ours,
 ' To Little Britain sent, employing all the power
 ' To bring them to the faith, which he so well ac-
 ' quired,
 ' That since he as a saint hath ever been respected.
 ' As these of ours in France, so had we those
 ' did shew
 ' In Germany, as well the Higher, as the Low,
 ' Their faith: in Friesland first St. Boniface our
 ' best, [possed,
 ' Who of the see of Mentz, while there he sat
 ' At Dockum had his death, by faithless Frisians
 ' slain,
 ' Whose anniversaries there did after long remain.
 ' So Wigbert full of faith, and heavenly wisdom
 ' went [went;
 ' Unto the self same place, as with the same in-
 ' With Eglemond, a man as great with God as he;
 ' As they agreed in life, so did their ends agree,
 ' Both by Radbobius slain, who rul'd in Frisia
 ' then:
 ' So in the sacred roll of our religious men,
 ' In Frise that preach'd the faith we of St. Lallan
 ' read,
 ' Who in the see of Mentz did Boniface succeed;
 ' And Willihad that of Bren, that sacred seat sup-
 ' ply'd,
 ' So holy that him there, they halfly deify'd;
 ' With Marcheline, and with him our Flecheine,
 ' holy men,
 ' That to the Frises now, and to the Saxons then,
 ' In Germany abroad the glorious gospel spread,
 ' Who at their lives depart, their bodies gathered,
 ' Were at old Seell enshrind, their orbits yearly
 ' kept: [heap'd,
 ' Such as on them have had as many praises
 ' That in their lives the truth as constantly could,
 ' As th' other that their faith by martyrdom co-
 ' press.
 ' In Frise, as these of ours, their names did fa-
 ' mous leave, [Clee;
 ' Again so had we those as much renown'd in
 ' St. Swibert, and with him St. Willick, which
 ' from hence, [defence
 ' To Cleveland held their way, and in the truth's
 ' Pawn'd their religious lives, and as they went
 ' together,
 ' So one and self same place allotted was to either:
 ' For both of them at Wert in Cleveland scald
 ' were,
 ' St. Swibert bishop was, St. Willick abbot there.
 ' So Guilderland again shall our most holy bring,
 ' As Edilbert the son of Edilbald the king
 ' Of our South-Saxon rule, incessantly that taught
 ' The Guelders, whose blest days unto their period
 ' brought, [gave;
 ' Unto his reverend corpse, old Harlem harbour
 ' So Werenfrid again, and Otger both we have,
 ' Who to those people preach'd, whose praise that
 ' country tells.
 ' What nation names a saint for virtue that exeth
 ' St. German who for Christ his bishopric forsook,
 ' And in the Netherlands most humbly him betook,

om place to place to pass, the secrets to reveal,
 f our dear Saviour's death, and last of all to seal
 is doctrine with his blood: In Belgia so abroad,
 Wynock in like sort, his blessed time bestow'd,
 'hose relics Wormhault (yet) in Flanders hath
 ' reserv'd.

Of these, th' rebellious flesh (to win them
 ' heaven) that starv'd.

. Menigold, a man, who in his youth had been
 soldier, and the French and German wars had
 ' seen,

hermit last became, his sinful soul to save,
 o whom good Arnulph, that most Godly em-
 ' peror gave

me ground not far from Liege, his hermitage
 ' to set,

hose floor when with his tears he many a day
 ' had wet, [slain :

: for the Christian faith upon the same was
 did th' Erwaldi there most worthily attain
 'seir martyrs glorious types, to Ireland first ap-
 ' prov'd, [mov'd,

it after (in their zeal) as need requir'd re-
 turn to Westphalia went, and as they brothers
 ' were, [there,

they, the Christian faith together preaching
 h' old Pagan Saxons slew, out of their hatred
 ' deep

the true faith, whose shrines brave Cullen
 ' still doth keep.

So Adler one of ours, by England set apart
 r Germany, and sent that people to convert,
 Erford bishop made, there also had his end.

Liphard likewise to our martyrologe shall
 ' lend,

ho having been at Rome on pilgrimage, to see
 ie relics of the saints, supposed there to be,
 turning by the way of Germany, at last,
 reaching the Christian faith, as he through
 ' Cambray past,

ie Pagan people slew, whose relics Huncourt
 ' bath : [path

ese others so we had, which trod the self same
 Germany, which she most reverently embrac'd.

. John a man of ours, on Saltzburg's see was
 ' plac'd;

. Willibald of Eist the bishop so became,
 id Burchard English born, the man most great
 ' of name, [rear'd

. Wirtzburg bishop was, at Hohemburg that
 ie monastery, wherein he richly was interr'd.

So Macfricht unto her St. Willibord did call,
 id seated him upon her see episcopal,

. two St. Lebwins there amongst the rest are
 ' brought;

' one o'er Isell's banks the ancient Saxons
 ' taught :

Over-Isell rests, the other did apply,
 ie Guelders, and by them interr'd at Daventry.
 e Guelbald again, at Hildemayne enjoy'd
 e abbacy, in which his godly time employ'd
 their conversion there, which long time him
 ' withstood.

Gregory then, with us sprung of the royal
 ' blood,

' And son to him whom we the elder Edward
 ' stile, [vile,

' Both court and country left, which he esteem'd

' Which Germany receiv'd, where he at Mayn-
 ' iard led

' A strict monastic life, a saint alive and dead.

' So had we some of ours for Italy were prest,

' As well as these before, sent out into the east.

' King Inas having done so great and wondrous
 ' things, [kings,

' As well might be suppos'd the works of sundry

' Erecting beauteous phanes, and monuments so
 ' fair,

' As monarchs have not since been able to repair,

' Of many that he built, the least, in time when
 ' they

' Have (by weak mens neglect) been fall'n into
 ' decay :

' This realm by him enrich'd, he poverty pro-
 ' fess'd,

' In pilgrimage to Rome, where meekly he de-
 ' ceas'd.

' As Richard the dear son to Lothar king of Kent,

' When he his happy days religiously had spent,

' And feeling the approach of his declining age,

' Desirous to see Rome in holy pilgrimage,

' Into thy country come at Lucca, left his life,

' Whose miracles there done, yet to this day are
 ' rise,

' The patron of that place, so Tuscany in thee,

' At fair Mount-falcon still the memory shall be

' Of holy Thomas there most reverently interr'd,

' Who sometime to the see of Hereford prefer'd :

' Thence travelling to Rome, in his return be-
 ' rest

' His life by sickness, there to thee his body left.

' Yet Italy gave not these honours all to them

' That visited her Rome, but from Jerusalem,

' Some coming back through thee, and yielding
 ' up their spirits,

' On thy rich earth receiv'd their most deserved
 ' merits.

' O Naples, as thine own, in thy large territory,

' Though to our country's praise, yet to thy great-
 ' er glory,

' Even to this day the shrines religiously do
 ' keep [sleep :

' Of many a blessed saint which in thy lap doth

' As Eleutherius, come from visiting the tomb,

' Thou gav'st to him at Arke in thy Apulia room

' To set his holy cell, where he an hermit dy'd,

' Canonized her saint ; so hast thou glorify'd

' St. Gerrard, one of ours, (above the former
 ' grac'd)

' In such a sumptuous shrine at Galinaro plac'd;

' At Sancto Padre so, St Fulke hath ever same,

' Which from that reverend man 't should seem
 ' deriv'd the name,

' His relics there reserv'd; so holy Ardwin's
 ' shrine

' Is at Ceprano kept, and honour'd as divine,

' For miracles, that thereby his strong faith were
 ' wrought.

' Mongst these selected men, the sepulchre that
 ' fought,

- ' And in thy realm arriv'd, their blessed souls re-
 sign'd :
 ' Our Bernard's body yet at Arpine we may find,
 ' Until this present time, her patronising saint.
 ' So countries more remote, with ours we did
 ' acquaint,
 ' As Richard for the fame his holiness had won,
 ' And for the wondrous things that through his
 ' prayers were done,
 ' From this his native home into Calabria call'd,
 ' And of St. Andrew's there the bishop was in-
 ' stall'd,
 ' For whom she hath profess'd much reverence to
 ' this land :
 ' St. William with this man, a parallel may stand,
 ' Through all the Christian world accounted so
 ' divine,
 ' That travelling from hence to holy Palestine,
 ' Desirous that most blest Jerusalem to see,
 ' (In which the Saviour's self so oft vouchsaf'd to
 ' be)
 ' Prior of that holy house by suffrages related,
 ' To th' sepulchre of Christ, which there was de-
 ' dicated ;
 ' To Tyre in Syria thence remov'd in little space,
 ' And in less time ordain'd archbishop of that
 ' place ; [fill'd,
 ' That God-inspired man, with heavenly goodness
 ' A saint amongst the rest deservedly is held.
 ' Yet Italy, nor France, nor Germany, those
 ' times
 ' Employ'd not all our men, but into colder climes,
 ' They wander'd through the world, their coun-
 ' tries that forsook.
 ' So Sigfrid sent from hence devoutly undertook
 ' Those pagans, wild and rude, of Gothia to con-
 ' vert, [girt,
 ' Who having labour'd long, with danger oft in-
 ' Was in his reverend age for his deserved fee,
 ' By Olaus king of Goths, set on Vexovia's see.
 ' To Norway, and to those great north-east coun-
 ' tries far ; [war
 ' So Gotebald gave himself holding a Christian
 ' With paynims, nothing else but heathenish rites
 ' that knew. [drew,
 ' As Suethia to herself these men most reverend
 ' St. Ulfrid of our saints as famous there as any,
 ' Nor scarcely find we one converting there so
 ' many.
 ' And Henry in those days of Oxfo bishop made,
 ' The first that Swethen king, which ever did
 ' persuade,
 ' On Finland to make war, to force them by the
 ' sword,
 ' When nothing else could serve to hear the
 ' powerful word ;
 ' With Eskill thither sent, to teach that barba-
 ' rous nation,
 ' Who on the passion day, there preaching on
 ' the passion, [pain,
 ' T' express the Saviour's love to mankind, taking
 ' By cruel paynims hands was in the pulpit slain,
 ' Upon that blessed day Christ died for sinful man,
 ' Upon that day for Christ his martyr's crown he
 ' wan.
- ' So David drawn from hence into those farther
 ' parts,
 ' By preaching, who to pierce those paynims
 ' harden'd hearts,
 ' Incessantly proclaim'd Christ Jesu, with a cry
 ' Against their heathen gods, and blind idolatry.
 ' Into those colder climes to people beastly rack,
 ' So others that were ours courageously pursu'd
 ' The planting of the truth, in zeal three most
 ' profound,
 ' The relish of whose names by likeness of sound,
 ' Both in their lives and deaths, a likeness might
 ' show,
 ' As Unaman we name, and Shunaman that go,
 ' With Wynaman their friend, which martyr'd
 ' gladly were
 ' In Gothland, whilst they taught with Christian
 ' patience there.
 ' Nor those from us that went, nor those that
 ' hither came
 ' From the remotest parts, were greater yet in
 ' name,
 ' Than those residing here on many a goodly see,
 ' (Great bishops in account, now greater saints
 ' that be)
 ' Some such selected ones for piety and zeal,
 ' As to the wretched world, more clearly could
 ' reveal,
 ' How much there might of God in mortal men
 ' be found
 ' In charitable works, or such as did abound,
 ' Which by their good success in after times wert
 ' blest, [rest.
 ' Were then related saints, as worthier than the
 ' Of Canterbury here with those I will begin,
 ' That first archbishop's see, on which there long
 ' had been [high,
 ' So many men devout, as rais'd that church so
 ' Much reverence, and have won their holy hi-
 ' rarchy : [flame
 ' Of which he first that did with goodness be in-
 ' The hearts of the devout (that from his proper
 ' name)
 ' As one (even) sent from God, the souls of men
 ' to save
 ' The title unto him, of Deodat they gave.
 ' The bishops Brightwald next, and Tatwin in we
 ' take, [make
 ' Whom time may say, that saints it worthily did
 ' Succeeding in that see directly even as they,
 ' Here by the muse are plac'd, who spent both
 ' night and day [good,
 ' By doctrine, or by deeds, instructing, doing
 ' In raising them were fall'n, or strengthening
 ' them that stood.
 ' Then Odo the severe, who highly did adorn
 ' That see, (yet being of unchristen'd parent
 ' born,
 ' Whose country Denmark was, but in East Eng-
 ' land dwelt)
 ' He being but a child, in his clear bosom felt
 ' The most undoubted truth, and yet unbaptis'd
 ' long ;
 ' But as he grew in years, in spirit so growing
 ' strong,

And as the Christian faith this holy man had
 taught,
 He likewise for that faith in sundry battles fought.
 So Dunstan as the rest arose through many sees,
 To this arch-type at last ascending by degrees,
 There by his power confirm'd, and strongly cre-
 dit won,
 To many wond'rous things which he before had
 To whom when (as they say) the devil once ap-
 pear'd,
 This man so full of faith, not once at all afraid,
 Strong conflicts with him had, in miracles most
 great.
 As Egheboth again much grac'd that sacred seat,
 Who for his godly deeds surnamed was the
 Good, [blood:
 Not boasting of his birth, though come of royal
 For that, nor at the first, a monk's mean cowl
 despis'd, [sic'd.
 With winning men to God, who never was suf-
 fered before express'd; so Eadwine next en-
 fers,
 To propagate the truth, no toil that did refuse;
 In Harold's time who liv'd, when William Con-
 queror came,
 For benefits of life, attain'd unto that fame,
 That soldiers fierce and rude, that pity never
 knew, [view.
 Were suddenly made mild, as changed in his
 This man with those before, most worthily re-
 lated [crated.
 Arch-saints, as in their sees arch-bishops conse-
 crated.
 St. Thomas Becket then, which Rome did so
 much hery, [ry;
 As to his christen'd name they added Canterbu-
 ry.
 There to whose sumptuous shrine the near suc-
 ceeding ages, [ages,
 So mighty offerings sent, and made such pilgrim-
 age.
 Concerning whom, the world since then hath
 spent much breath,
 And many questions made both of his life and
 death:
 If he were truly just, he hath his right; if no,
 These times were much to blame, that have him
 reckon'd so.
 Then these from York ensue, whose lives
 have as much grac'd
 That see, as these before in Canterbury plac'd:
 St. Wilfrid of her saints, we then the first will
 bring, [brian king,
 Who twice by Egfrid's ire, the stern Northum-
 ber, expuls'd his sacred seat, most patiently it bare,
 The man for sacred gifts almost beyond compare.
 Then Bosa next to him as meek and humble
 hearted,
 As th' other full of grace, to whom great God
 imparted
 His mercies sundry ways, as age upon him came.
 And next him followeth John, who likewise bare
 the name
 Of Beverley, where he most happily was born,
 Whose holiness did much his native place adorn,
 Whose vigils had by those devouter times be-
 quests
 The ceremonies due to great and solemn feasts.

So Oswald of that seat, and Cedwall sainted
 were,
 Both reverenc'd and renown'd archbishops, liv-
 ing there:
 The former to that see, from Worcester trans-
 fer'd,
 Deceased, was again at Worcester interr'd:
 The other in that see a sepulchre they chose,
 And did for his great zeal amongst the saints dis-
 pose, [strain.
 As William by descent come of the conqueror's
 Whom Stephen ruling here did in his time or-
 dain [fall.
 Archbishop of that see, among our saints doth.
 Deriv'd from those two seats, styl'd archiepif-
 copal.
 Next these arch-sees of ours, now London
 place doth take,
 Which had those, of whom time saints worthily
 did make.
 As Ceda, (brother to that reverend bishop Chad,
 At Litchfield in those times, his famous seat that
 had)
 Is sainted for that see amongst our reverend men,
 From London though at length remov'd to Les-
 tingen,
 A monastery, which then he richly had begun.
 Him Erkenwald ensues th' East-English Offa's
 son,
 His father's kingly court, who for a crosser fled,
 Whose works such fame him won for holiness,
 that dead,
 Time him enshrin'd in Paul's, (the mother of
 that see)
 Which with revenues large, and privileges he
 Had wondrously endow'd; to goodness so af-
 fected,
 That he those abbies great, from his own power
 erected
 At Chertsey near to Thames, and Barking fa-
 mous long. [throng,
 So Roger hath a room in these our sainted
 Who by his words and works so taught the way
 to heaven, [given.
 As that great name to him sure was not vainly
 With Winchester again proceed we, which
 shall store
 Us with as many saints, as any see (or more)
 Of whom we yet have sung, (as Heads there
 we have)
 Who by his godly life, so good instructions gave,
 As teaching that the way to make men to live
 well,
 Example us affur'd, did preaching far excel.
 Our Swithun then ensues, of him why ours I
 say,
 Is that upon his feast, his dedicated day,
 As it in harvest haps, so ploughmen note thereby,
 Th' ensuing forty days be either wet or dry,
 As that day falleth out, whose miracles may we
 Believe those former times, he well might saint-
 ed be.
 So Frithstan for a saint in calendar'd we find,
 With Brithstan not a whit the holiest man be-
 hind,

- ' Canoniz'd, of which two, the former for respect
 ' Of virtues in him found, the latter did elect
 ' To sit upon his see; who likewise dying there,
 ' To Ethelwald again succeeding did appear,
 ' The honour to a saint, as challenging his due.
 ' These formerly express'd, then Elpheg doth en-
 ' sue;
 ' Then Ethelwald, of whom this alma-deed hath
 ' been told, [fold,
 ' That in a time of dearth his church's plate he
 ' 'T relieve the needy poor; the church's wealth
 ' (quoth he)
 ' May be again repair'd, but so these cannot be.
 ' With these before express'd, so Britwald forth
 ' she brought, [wrought,
 ' By faith and earnest prayer his miracles that
 ' That such against the faith, that were most stony-
 ' hearted,
 ' By his religious life have lastly been converted.
 ' This man, when as our kings so much decayed
 ' were,
 ' As 'twas suppos'd their line would be extin-
 ' guish'd here,
 ' Had in his dream reveal'd, to whom all-doing
 ' heaven, [en;
 ' The sceptre of this land in after-times had giv-
 ' Which in prophetic sort by him deliver'd was,
 ' And as he stoutly spake, it truly came to pass.
 ' So other southern sees, here either less or
 ' more;
 ' Have likewise had their saints, though not alike
 ' in store.
 ' Of Rochester we have St. Rhamar, being then
 ' In those first times first of our native English-
 ' men
 ' Residing on that seat; so as an aid to her,
 ' But singly fainted thus, we have of Chichester,
 ' St. Richard, and with him St. Gilbert, which do
 ' stand
 ' Inroll'd among the rest of this our mitred band,
 ' Of whom such wondrous things, for truths de-
 ' livered are
 ' As now may seem to stretch our strait belief too
 ' far, [right,
 ' And Cimbert, of a saint had the deserved
 ' His yearly obits long, done in the Isle of Wight,
 ' A bishop, as some say, but certain of what see
 ' It scarcely can be prov'd, nor is it known to me.
 ' Whilst Sherburne was a see, and in her glory
 ' shone,
 ' And Bodmin likewise had a bishop of her own,
 ' Whose diocese that time contained Cornwall;
 ' these [sees;
 ' Had as the rest their saints, derived from their
 ' The first, her Adelme had, and Hamond, and
 ' the last [past;
 ' Had Patrock, for a saint that with the other
 ' That were it fit for us but to examine now
 ' Those former times, these men for saints that
 ' did allow, [as well
 ' And from our reading urge, that others might
 ' Related be for saints, as worthy every deal.
 ' This scrutiny of ours, would clear that world
 ' thereby,
 ' And shew it to be void of partiality,
- ' That each man holy call'd, was not canoniz'd
 ' here, [year.
 ' But such whose lives by death had trial many
 ' That see at Norwich now establish'd (long
 ' not stir'd)
 ' At Eltham planted first, to Norwich then trans-
 ' fer'd [bring,
 ' Into our beddow here, her Humbert in doth
 ' (A counsellor that was to that most martyr'd
 ' king [sain,
 ' St. Edmund) who in their rude massacre then
 ' The title of a saint his martyrdom doth gain.
 ' So Hereford hath had on her cathedral seat,
 ' Saint Leofgar, a man by martyrdom made great;
 ' Whom Griffith prince of Wales, that town
 ' which did subdue,
 ' (O most unhallow'd deed) unmercifully slew.
 ' So Worcester, (as those sees here sung by us
 ' before)
 ' Hath likewise with her saints renown'd our na-
 ' tive shore: [other;
 ' Saint Egwin as her eld'st, with Woolstan as the
 ' Of whom she may be proud to say she was the
 ' mother,
 ' The church's champions both, for her that flow-
 ' ly flood.
 ' Litchfield hath these no whit less famous, nor
 ' less good. [Chad,
 ' The first of whom is that most reverend bishop
 ' In those religious times for holiness that had
 ' The name above the best that lived in those days,
 ' That stories have been stuff with his abundant
 ' praise;
 ' Who on the see of York being formerly install'd
 ' Yet when back to that place St. Wilfrid was re-
 ' call'd,
 ' The seat to that good man he willingly resign'd,
 ' And to the quiet clove of Lichfield hum confin'd.
 ' So Sexulfe after him, then Owen did supply,
 ' Her trine of reverend men, renown'd for sanctity.
 ' As Lincoln to the saints, our Robert Great
 ' lent,
 ' A perfect godly man, most learn'd and eloquent,
 ' Than whom no bishop yet walk'd in more ap-
 ' right ways
 ' Who durst reprove proud Rome in her most
 ' prosperous days,
 ' Whose life, of that next age the justice well did
 ' shew, [know;
 ' Which we may boldly say, for this we clearly
 ' Had Innocent the fourth the church's suffrage
 ' led, [niz'd;
 ' This man could not at Rome have been cano-
 ' Her faintest bishop John, so Ely adds to these,
 ' Yet never any one of all our several sees
 ' Northumberland, like thine, have to these times
 ' been blest,
 ' Which sent into this isle so many men profess,
 ' Whilst Hagustald had then a mother-church's
 ' style,
 ' And Lindisferne of us now call'd the Holy Isle,
 ' Was then a see before that Durham was so great,
 ' And long e'er Carlisle came to be a bishop's seat.
 ' Aidan, and Finan both, most happily were found
 ' Northumberland in thee, even whilst thou didst
 ' abound

ith Paganism, which them thy Ofwin that
 good king, [bring :
 a people to convert, did in from Scotland
 Etta likewise her's, from Malrorse that arose,
 ing abbot of that place, whom the Northum-
 bers chose
 se bishopric of Ferns, and Hagustald to hold.
 nd Cuthbert of whose life such miracles are told,
 story scarcely can the truth thereof maintain,
 th' old Scotch-Irish kings descended from the
 strain,
 whom since they belong. I from them here
 must swerve,
 nd till I thither come, their holiness reserve,
 exceeding with the rest that on those fees have
 shewn,
 Edbert after these born naturally our own.
 e next which in that see St. Cuthbert did suc-
 ceed,
 church then built of wood, and thatch'd
 with homely reed, [lead,
 buikled up of stone, and cover'd fair with
 he in St. Cuthbert's grave they buried being
 dead,
 his sad people he at his departing will'd.
 Highald after him a saint is likewise held,
 he when his proper see, as all the northern
 shore,
 ere by the Danes destroy'd, he not dismay'd
 the more,
 making shift to get out of the cruel flame,
 clergy carrying forth, preach'd wherefoe'er
 he came.
 And Alwyn who the church at Durham now,
 begun, [run
 hich place before that time was strangely over-
 ish shrubs, and men for corn that plot had
 lately car'd,
 here he that goodly phane to after ages rear'd,
 nd thither his late seat from (d) Lindisferne
 translated, [separated.
 tich his cathedral church by him was con-
 So Acca we account amongst those which
 have been call'd [staid,
 he saints of this our see, which sat at Hagen-
 f which he bishop was, in that good age re-
 pecked,
 calendars preserv'd, in th' catalogues neglected,
 hich since would seem to shew the bishops as
 they came :
 hen Edilwald, which some (since) Ethelwoold
 do name,
 t Durham by some men supposed to reside
 lore rightly, but by some at Carlisle justify'd,
 he first which rul'd that see, which (e) Beau-
 clerk did prefer,
 such gracing him, who was his only confessor.
 or were they bishops thus related saints alone ;
 orthumberland, but thou (besides) hast many
 a one,
 eligious abbots, priests, and holy hermits then,
 anonis'd as well as thy great mitred men :

) An Isle near to Scotland, lying into the German O-
 cean, thence that called Holy Island.

(e) Henry I.

VOL. III.

' Two famous abbots first are in the rank of these
 ' Whose abbeyes touch'd the walls of thy two an-
 ' cient seas.
 ' Thy Royfil (in his time the tutelage that had
 ' Of Cuthbert that great saint, whose hopes then
 ' but a lad,
 ' Express'd in riper years how greatly he might
 ' merit [spirit,
 ' The man who had from God a prophesying
 ' Foretelling many things; and growing to be old,
 ' His very hour of death, was by an angel told.
 ' At Malroys this good man his fainting well did
 ' earn,
 ' St. Oswald his again at Holy Lindisferne,
 ' With Ive a godly priest, suppos'd to have his lere
 ' Of Cuthbert, and with him was Herbert like-
 ' wise there
 ' His fellow-pupil long, who (as mine author saith)
 ' So great opinion had, of Cuthbert and his faith,
 ' That at one time and place, he with that holy
 ' man, [wan.
 ' Desir'd of God to die, which by his prayer he
 ' Our venerable Bede so forth that country
 ' brought, [sought
 ' And worthily so nam'd, who of those ages
 ' The truth to understand, impartially which he
 ' Deliver'd hath to time, in his records that we
 ' Things left so far behind before us still may read,
 ' 'Mongst our canoniz'd sort, who called is St.
 ' Bede. [brought,
 ' A fort of hermits then, by thee to light are
 ' Who liv'd by alms, and prayer, the world re-
 ' specking nought.
 ' Our Edilwald the priest, in Fern (now holy Isle)
 ' Which standeth from the firm to sea nine English
 ' mile,
 ' Sate in his reverent cell, as Godrick thou canst
 ' shew, [snow;
 ' His head and beard as white as swan or driven
 ' At Finchall threecore years, a hermits life to
 ' lead;
 ' Their solitary way in thee did Alric tread,
 ' Who in a forest near to Carlisle, in his age,
 ' Bequeath'd himself to his more quiet hermitage.
 ' Of Wylgusfe, so in thee Northumberland we tell,
 ' Whose most religious life hath merited so well,
 ' (Whose blood thou boasts to be of thy most royal
 ' strain)
 ' That Alkwin, master to that mighty Charlemain,
 ' In verse his legend writ, who of our holy men,
 ' He him the subject chose for his most learned
 ' pen.
 ' So Ofwyn, one of thy dear country thou canst
 ' shew, [owe
 ' To whom as for the rest for him we likewise
 ' Much honour to thy earth, this godly man that
 ' gave, [did save,
 ' Whose relics that great house of Lesting long
 ' To cinders till it sunk : so Benedic't by thee,
 ' We have amongst the rest, for saints that reck-
 ' on'd be,
 ' Of Wyremouth worshipp'd long, her patron bu-
 ' ried there,
 ' In that most goodly church, which he himself
 ' did rear.

I j

- ' St. Thomas so to us Northumberland thou lent'st,
 ' Whom up into the south, thou from his country
 'sent'st;
 ' For sanctity of life, a man exceeding rare,
 ' Who since that of his name so many saints there
 'are,
 ' This man from others more, that times might
 'understand, [berland.
 ' They to his christen'd name added Northum-
 'Nor in one country thus our saints confined
 'were, [there:
 ' But through this famous life dispersed here and
 ' As Yorkshire sent us in St. Robert to our store,
 ' At Knaresborough most known, whereas he long
 'before [he,
 ' His blessed time bestow'd; then one as just as
 '(If credit to those times attributed may be)
 ' St. Richard with the rest deserving well a room,
 ' Which in that country once, at Hampool had a
 'tomb.
 ' Religious Alred so, from Rydal we receive,
 ' The abbot, who to all posterity did leave
 ' The fruits of his staid faith, delivered by his pen.
 ' Not of the least desert amongst our holiest men,
 ' One Eufac then we had, but where his life he led,
 ' That doubt I, but am sure he was canonized,
 ' And was an abbot too, for sanctity much fam'd.
 'Then Woolsey will we bring, of Westminster
 'fo nam'd,
 ' And by that title known, in power and goodness
 'great;
 ' And meriting as well his fainting, as his feat.
 ' So have we found three Johns, of sundry places
 'here,
 ' Of which (three reverend men) two famous ab-
 'bots were, [had
 ' The first St. Albans shew'd, the second Lewes
 ' Another godly John we to these former add,
 ' To make them up a trine, (the name of saints
 'that won [lington.
 ' Who was a Yorkshire man, and prior of Bur-
 'bus were, [had
 ' With the title of a saint, whose after long did rest
 ' At Dorchester, where he was honour'd many a
 'day;
 ' But of the place he held, books diversly dare
 ' As they of Gilbert do, who founded those dis-
 'vines, [berlines:
 ' Monasties all that were, of him nam'd Gil-
 ' To which his order here, he thirteen houses
 'built,
 ' When that most thankful time, to shew he had
 'not silt
 ' His wealth on it in vain, a saint hath made him
 'here, [here:
 ' At Beningham on embold, a town of Lincoln-
 'Of Bainton hermit then, a company we have,
 ' To whom severer times this veneration gave,
 ' As Gwir in Cotes walke kept his solitary cage,
 ' And Nevel by Hambleth there, his holy hermi-
 'tage,
 ' As Gurlah, from his youth, who liv'd a full her-
 'ring, [throng,
 ' Dressing the rude fields, done by the armed
 ' The mad tumultuous world contemptibly far-
 'look,
 ' And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook,
 ' Free from all public crowds, in that low easy
 'ground.
 ' As Bertiline again, was near to Stafford found:
 ' Then in a forest there, for solitude most fit,
 ' Blest in a hermit's life, by there enjoying it.
 ' An hermit Arnulph so in Bedfordshire became,
 ' A man austere of life, in honour of whose name,
 ' Time after built a town, where this good man
 'did live,
 ' And did to it the name of Arnulphsbury give.
 ' These men, this wicked world respected not a hair,
 ' But true possessors were of poverty and prayer.
 'Amongst these men which times hath honour'd
 'with the stile
 ' Of confessors, (made saints) so every little while,
 ' Our martyrs have come in, who sealed with their
 'blood,
 ' That faith which th' other preach'd, 'gainst them
 'that it withstood;
 ' As Alnoth, who had liv'd a herdsmen, left his
 'feat, [flee,
 ' Though in the quiet fields, whereas he kept his
 ' And leaving that his charge, he left the world
 'withal, [wail,
 ' An anchorite and became, within a clow'd
 ' Enclosing up himself, in prayer to spend his
 'breath,
 ' But was too soon (alas) by Pagans put to death.
 ' Then Woolstan, one of these, by his own kinsman
 'slain
 ' At Eufam, for that he did zealously maintain
 ' The verity of Christ. As Thomas, whom we call
 ' Of Dover, adding monk, and martyr therewithal;
 ' For that the barbarous Danes he bravely did
 'withstand,
 ' From ransacking the church, when here they put
 'on land,
 ' By them was done to death, which rather he did
 'chuse, [chuse,
 ' Than see their heathen hands these holy things
 'Two boys of tender age, their elder son
 'chuse,
 ' Of Norwich William was, of Lincoln little Hugh,
 ' Whom th' unbelieving Jews (rebellious too
 'abide)
 ' In mockery of our Christ at Easter crucify'd,
 ' Those times would every one should their due
 'honour have,
 ' His freedom or his life, for Jesus Christ that gave
 'So Wiltshire with the rest her saint Ulfred
 'hath
 ' Related for a saint, so famous in the faith,
 ' That sundry ages since, his cell have lighted
 'and,
 ' At Hasselburg, who had his of life him offer'd
 'So had we many kings most holy here, as now
 ' As men of meane rank, which have nam'd
 'that room:
 ' Northumberland, thy seat with saints did
 'fully
 ' Of thy religious kings; of which high history

is Edwin, for the faith by heathenish hands
 ' inthrall'd, [call'd,
 ' hom Penda which to him the Welsh Cadwallyn
 ' thout all mercy flew: but he alone not dy'd
 ' that proud Mercian king, but Penda yet
 ' beside, [gave
 ' t Oswalk likewise flew, at Oswaldstree, who
 ' at name unto that place, as though time meant
 ' to save
 ' a memory thereby, there suff'ring for the faith,
 ' one whose life deserv'd that memory in death.
 ' likewise in the roll of these Northumbrian
 ' kinglys,
 ' ith those that martyrs were, so forth that
 ' country brings
 ' anointed Oswin next, in Deira to ensue,
 ' hom Osway that brute king of wild Pernitia
 ' flew:
 ' ro kingdoms, which whilst then Northum-
 ' berland remain'd
 ' greatness, were within her larger bounds con-
 ' tain'd;
 ' is kingly martyr so, a saint was rightly crown'd.
 ' Alkmund one of hers for sanctity renown'd,
 ' ng Alred's christen'd son, a most religious
 ' prince,
 ' hom when the heathenish here by no means
 ' could convince,
 ' their Paganism apace declining to the wane)
 ' Derby put to death, whom in a goodly phane,
 ' ll'd by his glorious name, his corpse the Chris-
 ' tians laid.
 ' hat fame deserv'd your faith, (were it but
 ' rightly weigh'd)
 ' u pious princes then, in godliness so great,
 ' hy should not full-mouth'd fame your praises
 ' oft repeat?
 ' Ethelwold her king, Northumbria notes again,
 ' martyrdom the next, though not the next in
 ' reign, [deface
 ' hom his false subjects flew, for that he did
 ' se heathenish Saxon gods, and bound them to
 ' embrace
 ' he lively quick'ning faith, which then began to
 ' spread.
 ' for our Saviour Christ, as these were martyred:
 ' here other holy kings were likewise, who con-
 ' fess'd,
 ' hich those most zealous times have faint'd
 ' with the rest, [hold,
 ' ing Alfred that his Christ he might more surely
 ' est his Northumbrian crown, and soon became
 ' encour'd
 ' t Malroyse, in the land, whereof he had been
 ' king.
 ' o Egbert to that prince, a parallel we bring,
 ' o Oswoolph his next heir, his kingdom that
 ' resign'd,
 ' nd presently himself at Lindisferne confin'd,
 ' antemning courtly state, which earthly fools
 ' adore:
 ' o Ceonulph again as this had done before,
 ' that religious house, a cloister'd man became,
 ' hich many a blessed saint hath honour'd with
 ' the name,

' Nor those Northumbrian kings the only mar-
 ' tyrs were, [bear,
 ' That in this seven-fold rule the sceptres once did
 ' But that the Mercian reign, which Pagan princes
 ' long,
 ' Did terribly infest, had some her lords among,
 ' To the true Christian faith much reverence which
 ' did add
 ' Our martyrologe to help: so happily she had
 ' Rufin, and Ulfad, sons to Wulphere, for desire
 ' They had t' embrace the faith, by their most
 ' cruel fire [grown,
 ' Were without pity slain, long e'er to manhood
 ' Whose tender bodies had their burying rites
 ' at (e) Stone.
 ' So Kenelme, that the King of Mercia should
 ' have been,
 ' Before his first seven years he fully out had seen,
 ' Was slain by his own guard, for fear lest waxing
 ' old, [hold.
 ' That he the Christian faith undoubtedly would
 ' So long it was e'er truth could Paganism expel.
 ' Then Fremund, Offa's son, of whom times
 ' long did tell,
 ' Such wonders of his life and sanctity, who fled
 ' His father's kingly court, and after meekly led
 ' An hermits life in Wales, where long he did re-
 ' main
 ' In penitence and prayer, till after he was slain
 ' By cruel Osway's hands, the most inveterate foe
 ' The Christian faith here found: so Etheldred
 ' shall go
 ' With these our martyr'd saints, though only he
 ' confess,
 ' Since he of Mercia was, a king who highly blest,
 ' Fair Bardney, where his life religiously he spent,
 ' And meditating Christ, thence to his Saviour
 ' went. [hind
 ' Nor our West-Saxon reign was any whit be-
 ' Those of the other rules (their best) whose zeal
 ' we find
 ' Amongst those faintest kings, whose fames are
 ' safest kept;
 ' As Cedwal, on whose head such praise all times
 ' have heap'd, [turn'd,
 ' That from a heathen prince, a holy pilgrim
 ' Repenting in his heart against the truth t' have
 ' spurn'd,
 ' To Rome on his bare feet his patience exercis'd,
 ' And in the Christian faith there humbly was
 ' baptiz'd. [feat,
 ' So Ethelwold, who sat on Cedwal's ancient
 ' For charitable deeds, who almost was as great
 ' As any English king, at Winchester enshrin'd,
 ' A man amongst our saints, most worthily divin'd.
 ' Two other kings as much our martyrologe may
 ' sted,
 ' St. Edward, and with him comes in St. Ethelred,
 ' By Alfreda the first, his stepmother was slain,
 ' That her most loved son young Ethelbert might
 ' reign:
 ' The other in a storm, and deluge of the Dane,
 ' For that he christen'd was, receiv'd his deadly
 ' bane;

(e) A town in Staffordshire.

' Both which with wond'rous cost, the English did
 inter,
 ' At Wymburn this first saint, the last at Winchester
 ' Where that West-Saxon prince, good Alfred bu-
 ried was [pass
 ' Among our sainted kings, that well deserves to
 Nor were these western kings of the old Saxon
 strain,
 ' More studious in those times or stoutlier did
 maintain
 ' The truth, than these of ours, the Angles of the
 east, [invest
 ' Their near'st and dear'st allies, which strongly did
 ' The (f) island with their name, of whose most
 holy kings,
 ' Which justly have deserv'd their high canonisings,
 ' Are Sigfrid, whose dear death him worthily had
 crown'd, [rown'd,
 ' And Edmund in his end, so wond'rously re-
 For Christ's sake suffering death, by that blood-
 drowning Dane,
 ' To whom those times first built that (g) city and
 that phane,
 ' Whose ruins Suffolk yet can to her glory shew,
 ' When she will have the world of her past great-
 ness know.
 ' As Ethelbert again allur'd with the report
 ' Of more than earthly pomp, then in the Mercian
 court, [reign'd;
 ' From the East-Angles went, whilst mighty Offa
 ' Wherefore he christen'd was, and Christian-like
 abstain'd
 ' To idolatrise with them, fierce Quehred, Offa's
 queen
 ' Most treacherously him slew, out of th' inveterate
 spleen
 ' She bare unto the faith, whom we a saint adore.
 ' So Edward brother to St. Edmund, sung before,
 ' A confessor we call, whom past times did inter-
 At Dorchester by Tame, (now in our calendar.)
 Amongst those kingdoms here, & Kent account
 shall yield [field
 ' Of three of her best blood, who in this Christian
 Were mighty, of the which, King Ethelbert
 shall stand
 ' The first; who having brought St. Augustine
 to land,
 ' Himself first christen'd was, by whose example
 then, [men.
 ' The faith grew after strong amongst his Kentish
 ' As Ethelbert again, and Ethelred his phere,
 ' To Edwald King of Kent, who natural nephews
 were,
 ' For Christ there suff'ring death, assume them
 places high,
 ' Amongst our martyr'd saints, commemorate at
 Wye.
 ' To these two brothers, so two others come again,
 ' And as of great descent in the Southsean strain:
 ' Arwald of one name, whom e'er King Cudwal
 knew
 ' The true and lively faith, he tyrannously slew:

(f) A people of the Saxons, who gave the name to
 England, or Angles-land.
 (g) St. Edmundsbury.

' Who still amongst the saints have their deserved
 right, [Wight
 ' Whose vigils were observ'd (long) in the life of
 ' Remember'd too the more, for being of one name,
 ' As of th' East Saxon line, King Sebba so became
 ' As most religious monk, at London, where he
 led
 ' A strict retired life, a saint alive and dead.
 ' Related for the like, so Edgar we admit,
 ' That king, who over eight did solely monarch sit,
 ' And with our holiest saints for his endowments
 great, [ice
 ' Bestow'd upon the church. With him we likewise
 ' That sumptuous shined king, good Edward,
 from the rest
 ' Of that renowned name, by confessor express'd.
 ' To these our sainted kings, remember'd is
 our song,
 ' Those maids and widow'd queens, do worthily
 belong,
 ' Encloister'd that became, and had the self-same
 style, [ide,
 ' For fasting, alms, and prayer, renowned in our
 ' As those that forth to France, and Germany we
 gave,
 ' For holy charges there; but here first let us have
 ' Our maid-made-saints at home, as Hildesie,
 with her
 ' We Theorid think most fit, for whom these
 times aver,
 ' A virgin strictlier vow'd hath hardly lived here.
 ' St. Wulfshild then we bring, all which of Bar-
 ing were,
 ' And reckon'd for the best, which most this
 house did grace, [place
 ' The last of which was long the abbess of that
 ' So Werburg, Wulphere's child, (of Mercia that
 had been
 ' A persecuting king) by Ermineld his queen,
 ' At Ely honour'd is, where her dear mother lay,
 ' A recluse had remain'd, in her sole widow'd state:
 ' Of which good Audry was King Ina's daughter
 bright,
 ' Reflecting on those times so clear a vestal light.
 ' As many a virgin-breast she fired with her zeal,
 ' The fruits of whose strong faith, to ages still
 reveal
 ' The glory of those times, by liberties she gave,
 ' By which those eastern shires their (b) privileges
 have.
 ' Of holy Audry's, too, a sister here we have,
 ' St. Withburg, who herself to contemplation gave.
 ' At Deerham in her cell, where her due hours
 kept, [bequest
 ' Whose death with many a tear in Norfolk was
 And in that isle again, which beareth Ely's
 name,
 ' At Ramsay, Merwin so a veiled maid became
 ' Amongst our virgin-saints, where Elfred is
 roll'd,
 ' The daughter that is nam'd of noble Ethelwold
 ' A great East-Englian earl, of Ramsay abbot
 long,
 ' So of our maiden-saints, the female sex among

(b) St. Audrie's liberties.

With Milburg, Milred comes, and Milwid,
 ' daughters dear [bear,
 To Mervald, who did then the Mercian sceptre
 At Wenlock, Milburg dy'd, (a most religious
 ' maid) [laid :
 Of which great abbey she the first foundation
 And Thanet as her saint (even to this age) doth
 ' hery
 Her Mildred, Milwid was the like at Canterbury.
 ' Nor in this utmost isle of Thanet may we pass
 St. Eadburg abbess there, who the dear daughter
 ' was
 To Ethelbert her lord, and Kent's first christen'd
 ' king,
 Who in this place most fit't we with the former
 ' bring,
 Translated (as some say) to Flanders: but that I,
 As doubtful of the truth, here dare not justify.
 ' King Edgar's sister so, St. Edith, place may
 ' have
 With these our maiden-saints, who to her Polt-
 ' worth gave
 Immunities most large, and goodly living laid.
 Which Modwen, long before, an holy Irish maid,
 Had founded in that place, with most devout in-
 ' tent.
 As Eadwine, Eadwald's child, one of the kings
 ' of Kent,
 At Folkestone found a place (given by her father
 ' there)
 In which she gave herself to abstinence and
 ' prayer.
 ' Of the West-Saxon rule, born to three several
 ' kings,
 Four holy virgins more the muse in order brings:
 St. Ethelgive the child to Alfred, which we find
 Those more devouter times at Shaftsbury en-
 ' shrin'd.
 ' Then Tetra in we take, at Winburne on our way,
 ' Which Cuthred's sister was, who in those times
 ' did sway
 ' On the West-Saxon seat, two other sacred maids,
 ' As from their cradles vow'd to bidding of their
 ' beads.
 ' St. Cuthbert, and with her St. Quinburg, which
 ' we here
 ' Succeedingly do set, both as they sisters were,
 ' And abbesses again of Wilton, which we gather
 Our virgin-band to grace, both having to their
 ' father
 Religious Ina, red with those that rul'd the west,
 Whose mother's sacred womb with other saints
 ' was blest,
 As after shall be shew'd: another virgin vow'd,
 And likewise for a saint amongst the rest allow'd;
 To th' elder Edward born, bright Eadburgh,
 ' who for she
 As five related saints of that blest name that be)
 Of Wilton abbess was, they her of Wilton stil'd :
 Was ever any maid more merciful, more mild,
 Or sanctimonious known? But muse, on in our
 ' song,
 With other princely maids, but first with those
 ' that sprung

' From Penda, that great king of Mercia; holy
 ' Tweed,
 ' And Kinisfred, with these their sisters, Kinisweed,
 ' And Eadburg, last not least, at Godmanchester all
 ' Encloister'd; and to these St. Tibba let us call,
 ' In solitude to Christ, that set her whole delight,
 ' In Godmanchester made a constant anchorite.
 ' Amongst which of that house, for saints that
 ' reckon'd be, [she.
 ' Yet never any one more grac'd the same than
 ' Deriv'd of royal blood, as th' other Elfred then
 ' Neice to that mighty king, our English Athel-
 ' stan,
 ' At Glaisterbury shrin'd; and one as great as she,
 ' Being Edward Out-law's child, a maid that liv'd
 ' to see [known)
 ' The Conqueror enter here, saint Christian (to us
 ' Whose life by her clear name divinely was fore-
 ' shown.
 ' For holiness of life, that as renowned were,
 ' And not less nobly born, nor bred, produce we
 ' here;
 ' St. Hilda, and St. Hien, the first of noble name,
 ' At Strenshalt, took her vow, the other sister
 ' came [shore :
 ' To Colchester, and grac'd the rich Essexian
 ' Whose relicts many a day the world did there
 ' adore.
 ' And of our sainted maids, the number to supply,
 ' Of Eadburg we allow, sometime at Ailebury,
 ' To Redwald then a king of the East-Angles
 ' born,
 ' A votress as sincere as she thereto was sworn.
 ' Then Pandwine we produce, whom this our na-
 ' tive isle,
 ' As foreign parts much priz'd, and higher did
 ' instyle
 ' The holiest English maid, whose vigils long
 ' were held
 ' In Lincolnshire; yet not saint Frideswid excell'd,
 ' The abbess of an house in Oxford, of her kind
 ' The wonder; nor that place could hope the
 ' like to find,
 ' Two sisters so we have, both to devotion 'pleat,
 ' And worthily made saints; the elder Marga-
 ' rite,
 ' Of Katesby abbess was, and Alice, as we read,
 ' Her sister on that seat, did happily succeed
 ' At Abington, which first receiv'd their living
 ' breath.
 ' Then those Northumbrian nymphs, all veil'd, as
 ' full of faith, [band,
 ' That country sent us in, 't increase our virgin-
 ' Fair Elfred, Oswald's child, king of Northum-
 ' berland,
 ' At Strenshalt that was veil'd. As 'monst those
 ' many there, [wear,
 ' O Ebba, whose clear fame, time never shall out-
 ' At Coldingham, far hence within that country
 ' plac'd;
 ' The abbess, who to keep the veiled virgins chaste,
 ' Which else thou fear'dst the Danes would ravish,
 ' which possess'd
 ' This isle; first of thyself and then of all the rest,

- ' The nose and upper lip from your fair faces
 ' cas'd,
 ' And from pollution so your hallowed house
 ' preserv'd.
 ' Which when the Danes perceived, their hopes so
 ' far deluded, [cluded.
 ' Setting the house on fire, their martyrdom con-
 ' As Leoffron, whose faith with others rightly
 ' weigh'd, [maid:
 ' Shall shew her not out-match'd by any English
 ' Who likewise when the Dane with persecution
 ' storm'd, [form'd:
 ' She here a martyr's part most gloriously per-
 ' Two holy maids again at Whitby were re-
 ' nown'd,
 ' Both abbesses thereof, and confessors are crown'd;
 ' St. Ethelfrid, with her saint Congill, as a pair
 ' Of abbesses therein, the one of which by prayer
 ' The wild-geese thence expell'd, that island which
 ' annoy'd,
 ' By which their grafs and grain was many times
 ' destroy'd,
 ' Which fall from off their wings, nor to the air
 ' can get
 ' From the forbidden place, till they be fully fet.
 ' As these within this isle in cloisters were en-
 ' clos'd:
 ' So we our virgins had to foreign parts expos'd;
 ' As Eadburg, Ana's child, and Sethred born our
 ' own,
 ' Were abbesses of Bridge, whose zeal to France
 ' was known:
 ' And Ercongate again we likewise thither sent,
 ' (Which Erconbert Legot, some time a king of
 ' Kent)
 ' A prioress of that place; Burgundofora bare,
 ' At Euxet the chaste rule, all which renowned
 ' are [boast,
 ' In France, which as this isle of them may freely
 ' So Germany some grac'd, from this their na-
 ' tive coast.
 ' St. Walburg here extract from th' royal En-
 ' glish line, [tine.
 ' Was in that country made abbess of Heyden:
 ' St. Tecla to that place at Ochenford they chose:
 ' From Wynburne with the rest (in Dorsetshire)
 ' arose
 ' Chaste Agatha, with her went Lioba along.
 ' From thence, two not the least these sacred
 ' maids among,
 ' At Biscopfen, by time enclioister'd and became.
 ' St. Lewen so attain'd an everliving name
 ' For martyrdom, which she at Wynokebergin
 ' wan, [man.
 ' Mids seeming in their sex t' exceed the holiest
 ' Nor had our virgin here for sanctity the prize,
 ' But widow'd queens as well, that being godly
 ' wife,
 ' Forsaking second beds, the world with them for-
 ' sook,
 ' To strict retired lives, and gladly them betock
 ' To abstinence and prayer, and as sincerely liv'd.
 ' As when the fate of life king Ethelwold de-
 'priv'd,
 ' That o'er th' East-Angles reign'd, bright Heri-
 ' wid his wife,
 ' Betaking her to lead a strict monastic life,
 ' Departing hence to France, receiv'd the holy
 ' veil,
 ' And lived many a day enclioister'd there at Cale.
 ' Then Keneburg in this our sainted front shall
 ' stand, [land,
 ' To Alfred the lov'd wife, king of Northumber-
 ' Daughter to Penda king of Mercia, who though
 ' he
 ' Himself most heathenish were, yet liv'd that age
 ' to see [crated
 ' Four virgins, and this queen, his children, conf-
 ' Of Godmanchester all, and after saints related.
 ' As likewise of this sex, with saints that doth
 ' us store, [more;
 ' Of the Northumbrian line so have we many
 ' Saint Eanfled widowed left, by Olway reigning
 ' there, [pleere
 ' At Streusalt took her veil, as Ethelburg the
 ' To Edwin, (rightly nam'd) the holy, which
 ' possess'd
 ' Northumber's sacred seat, herself that did inve-
 ' At Lynning far in Kent, which country gave
 ' her breath.
 ' So Edeth as the rest after king Sethrick's death,
 ' Which had the self same rule of Wilton abbess
 ' was,
 ' Where two West-Saxon queens for saints shall
 ' likewise pass, [succeed,
 ' Which in the self same house, saint Edeth did
 ' St. Ethelwid, which here put on her hallow'd
 ' weed, [again
 ' King Alfred's worthy wife, of Westsex; so
 ' Did Wilfrid, Edgar's queen, (so famous in his
 ' reign)
 ' Then Eadburg, Ana's wife, received as the other,
 ' Who as a saint herself, so likewise was the mo-
 ' ther [show'd
 ' To two most holy maids, as we before have
 ' At Wilton (which we say) their happy time be-
 ' flow'd, [told,
 ' Though she of Barking was, a holy nun pro-
 ' Who in her husband's time had reign'd in the
 ' west:
 ' Th' East-Saxon line again, so others to us lent,
 ' As Sexburg sometime queen to Erconbert of
 ' Kent,
 ' Though Ina's loved child, and Audrey's sister
 ' known,
 ' Which Ely in those days did for her abbess-
 ' Nor to saint Outh we less honour ought to give,
 ' King Sethred's widowed queen, who (which
 ' death did deprive
 ' The Essexian king of life) became enclioister'd
 ' Chich,
 ' Whose shrine to her there built, the world did
 ' long enrich. [became,
 ' Two holy Mercian queens so widowed, saints
 ' For sanctity much like, not much unlike in name.
 ' King Wulphere's widowed pensive, queen Ermi-
 ' neld, whose life
 ' At Ely is renown'd, and Ermenburg, the wife

' To Merauld reigning there, a saint may safely
 ' pass, [was,
 ' Who to three virgin saints, the virtuous mother
 ' The remnant of her days, religiously that bare
 ' Immonaster'd in Kent, where first she breath'd
 ' the air.
 ' King Edgar's mother so, is for a saint prefer'd,
 ' Queen Algyve, who (they say) at Shipston was
 ' interr'd.
 ' So Edward Outlaw's wife, saint Agatha, we
 ' bring,
 ' By Salomon begot, that great Hungarian king;
 ' Who when she saw the wrong to Edgar her dear
 ' son, [done,
 ' By cruel Harold first, then by the Conqueror
 ' Depriv'd his rightful crown, no hope it to reco-
 ' ver, [over.
 ' A vestal habit took, and gave the false world
 ' St. Maud here not the least, though she be set the
 ' last,
 ' And scarcely over-match'd by any that is past,
 ' Our Beauclerk's queen, and born to Malcolm
 ' king of Scots,
 ' Whose sanctity was seen to wipe out all the spots
 ' Were laid upon her life, when she her cloyster
 ' fled, [bed,
 ' And chasteely gave herself to her lov'd husband's
 ' Whom likewise for a saint those reverend ages
 ' chose, [close,
 ' With whom we at this time our catalogue will
 Now Rutland all this time, who held her high-
 ly wrong'd, [prolong'd,
 That she should for the saints thus strangely be
 As that the muse such time upon their praise
 should spend, [tend
 Sent in her ambling Wash, fair Welland to at-
 At Stamford, which her stream doth eas'ly over-
 take,
 Of whom her mistress flood seems wondrous much
 to make;
 For that she was alone the darling and delight
 Of Rutland, ravish'd so with her beloved sight,

As in her only child's, a mother's heart may be:
 Wherefore that she the least, yet fruitful'st shire
 should see,
 The honourable rank she had amongst the rest,
 The ever-labouring muse her beauties thus ex-
 press'd.
 ' Love not thyself the less, although the least
 ' thou art,
 ' What thou in greatness want'st, wife nature doth
 ' impart
 ' In goodness of thy soil; and more delicious
 ' mould,
 ' Surveying all this isle, the sun did ne'er behold.
 ' Bring forth that British vale, and be it ne'er so
 ' rare,
 ' But Catmus with that vale, for richness shall
 ' compare:
 ' What forest nymph is found, how brave soe'er
 ' she be, [she?
 ' But Lyfield shews herself as brave a nymph as
 ' What river ever rose from bank, or swelling hill,
 ' Than Rutland's wand'ring Wash, a delicater rill?
 ' Small shire that can produce to thy proportion
 ' good,
 ' One vale of special name, one forest, and one
 ' flood.
 ' O Catmus, thou fair vale, come on in grass and
 ' corn, [scorn,
 ' That Bever ne'er be said thy sister-hood to
 ' And let thy Ocham boast, to have no little
 ' grace, [place,
 ' That her the pleas'd fates, did in thy bosom
 ' And Lyfield, as thou art a forest, live so free,
 ' That every forest nymph may praise the sports
 ' in thee.
 ' And down to Welland's course, O wash, run
 ' ever clear,
 ' To honour, and to be much honoured by this
 ' shire.
 And here my canto ends, which kept the muse
 so long,
 That it may rather seem a volume than a song.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH SONG.

Tow'rs Lincolnshire our progress laid,
We through deep Holland's ditches wade,
Fowling, and fishing in the fen ;
Then come we next to Kestiven,
And bringing Wytham to her fall,
On Lindsey light we last of all,
Her scite and pleasures to attend,
And with the isle of Axholme end:

The vast and queachy soil, with hosts of wallowing waves,
From whose impetuous force, that who himself not saves,
By swift and sudden flight is swallowed by the deep,
When from the wrathful tides the foaming surges sweep,
The sands which lay all naked, to the wide heaven before,
And turneth all to sea, which was but lately shore,
From this our southern part of Holland, call'd the Low,
Where Crowland's ruins yet, (though almost buried) show
Her mighty founder's power, yet his more Christian zeal
She by the muse's aid, shall happily reveal
Her sundry sorts of fowl, from whose abundance she
Above all other traits, may boast herself to be

The mistress, (and indeed) to sit without compare,
And for no worthless soil should in her glory share,
From her moist seat of flags, of bulrushes and reed,
With her just proper praise, thus Holland doth proceed :

' Ye Acherusian fens, to mine resign your glory,
Both that which lies within the goodly territory
Of Naples, as that fen Thespisia's earth upon,
Whence that infernal flood, the smutted Ache-
ron [fen,
Shows forth her fullen head, as thou most fatal
Of which Hetruria tells, the wat'ry Thrasimen,
In history although thou highly seem'st to boast,
That Hannibal by thee o'erthrew the Roman
host. [shows,

I scorn th' Egyptian fen, which Alexandria
Proud Mareotis, should my mightiness oppose,
Or Scythia, on whose face the sun doth hardly
shine, [mine,
Should her Meotis think to match with this of
That cover'd all with snow continually doth
stand.

I sinking Lerna hate, and the poor Libyan sand.
' Mexica (a) that wise nymph, to whom great
Neptune gave

' The charge of all his shores, from drowning
them to save,

' Abideth with me still upon my service prest'd,
' And leaves the looser nymphs to wait upon the
rest;

' In summer giving earth from which I square
my (b) peat, [neat.

' And faster feedings by, for deer, for horse, and
' My various flocks for fowl, O who is he can tell,
' The species that in me for multitudes excel !

' The duck and mallard first, the falconer's only
sport,

' (Of river-flights the chief, so that all other sort,
' They only green-fowl term) in every mere
abound,

' That you would think they fate upon the very
ground,

' Their numbers being so great, the waters cover-
ing quite,

' That rais'd, the spacious air is darken'd with
their flight;

' Yet kill the dangerous dykes, from shot do them
secure,

' Where they from flash to flash, like the full epi-
cure [meal;

' Wait, as they lov'd to change their diet every
' And near to them you see the lesser dabbler
teale

' In (c) bunches, with the first that fly from mere
to mere,

' As they above the rest were lords of earth and air.
' The gossander with them, my goodly fens do
show

' His head as ebony black, the rest as white as
snow,

(a) A nymph supposed to have the charge of the shore.

(b) Fuel cut of the marsh.

(c) The word in falconry for a company of teale.

' With whom the widgeon goes, the golden-eye
' the smeath,

' And in odd scatter'd pits, the flags and reeds
' beneath;

' The coot, bald, else clean black, that whiteness
' it doth bear [wear

' Upon the forehead star'd, the water-hen doth
' Upon her little tail, in one small feather set.

' The water-woodcock neat, all over black as jet,
' With various colours, black, green, blue, red,
' ruffet, white,

' Do yield the gazing eye as variable delight,
' As do those sundry fowls, whose several plumes
' they be. [see,

' The diving dob-chick, here amongst the rest you
' Now up, now down again, that hard it is to
prove,

' Whether under water most it liveth, or above :

' With which last little fowl, (that water may not
lack;

' More than the dob-chick doth, and more doth
love the (d) brack [dish.

' The puffin we compare, which coming to the
' Nice palates hardly judge, if it be flesh or fish.

' But wherefore should I stand upon such toys
as these, [please.

' That have so goodly fowls, the wandring eye to
' Here in my vaster pools, as white as snow or
milk,

' (In water black as Styx) swims the wild swan,
the like, [breath,

' Of Hollanders so term'd, no niggard of his
' (As poets say of swans, who only sing in death)

' But oft as other birds, is heard his tunes to roat,
' Which like a trumpet comes, from his long arch-
ed throat, [brim,

' And tow'rs this wat'ry kind, about the fashes
' Some cloven-footed are, by nature not to swim.

' There stalks the stately crane, as though he
march'd in war, [car

' By him that hath the herne, which (by the fishy
' Can fetch with their long necks, out of the rush
and reed, [feed:

' Snigs, fry, and yellow frogs, whereon they often
' And under them again, (that water never take,
But by some ditches side, or little shallow lake

' Lie dabbler night and day) the pallat-pleasing
snite,

' The bidcock, and like them the redshank, that
delight

' Together still to be, in some small reedy bed,
' In which these little fowls in summer's time were
bred.

' The buzzing bitter fits, which through his hol-
low bill,

' A sudden bellowing sends, which many times
doth fill

' The neighbouring marsh with noise, as though a
bull did roar;

' But scarcely have I yet recited half my store :

' And with my wondrous flocks of wild-geese
come I then, [fen,

' Which look as though alone they peopled all the

(d) Salt water.

- ' Which here in winter time, when all is over-
 ' flow'd,
 ' And want of solid sword enforceth them abroad,
 ' T' abundance then is seen, that my full fens do
 ' yield, [field.
 ' That almost through the isle, do pester every
 ' The barnacles with them, which wheredoe'er
 ' they breed,
 ' On trees, or rotten ships, yet to my fens for feed
 ' Continually they come, and chief abode do make,
 ' And very hardly forc'd my plenty to forsake :
 ' Who almost all this kind do challenge as mine
 ' own, [known.
 ' Whose like I dare aver, is elsewhere hardly
 ' For sure unless in me, no one yet ever saw
 ' The multitudes of fowl, in mooting time they
 ' draw : [accrue.
 ' From which to many a one, much profit doth
 ' New such as flying feed, next these I must
 ' pursue ;
 ' The sea-meaw, sea-pye, gull, and curlew here
 ' do keep, [deep,
 ' As searching every shoal, and watching every
 ' To find their floating fry, with their sharp-
 ' piercing sight,
 ' Which suddenly they take, by stooping from
 ' their height. [kind
 ' The cormorant then comes, (by his devouring
 ' Which flying o'er the fen, immediately doth
 ' find
 ' The Fleet best stor'd of fish, when from his
 ' wings at full, [skull,
 ' As though he shot himself into the thicken'd
 ' He under water goes, and so the shoal pursues,
 ' Which into creeks do fly, when quickly he doth
 ' choose [feeds.
 ' The fin that likes him best, and rising, flying
 ' The ospray oft here seen, though seldom here it
 ' breeds,
 ' Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,
 ' But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy).
 ' Turning their bellies up, as though their death
 ' they saw [maw.
 ' They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous
 ' The toiling fisher here is tewing of his net :
 ' The fowler is employ'd his limed twigs to set.
 ' One underneath his horse, to get a shoot doth
 ' stalk ;
 ' Another over dykes upon his stilts doth walk :
 ' There other with their spades, the peats are
 ' squaring out,
 ' And others from their cars, are busily about,
 ' To draw out sedge and reed, for thatch and sto-
 ' ver fit,
 ' That whosoever would a landskip rightly hit,
 ' Beholding but my fens, shall with more shapes
 ' be stor'd,
 ' Than Germany, or France, or Tuscan can afford :
 ' And for that part of me, which men high Hol-
 ' land call, [fall,
 ' Where Boston seated is, by plenteous Wytham's
 ' I peremptory am, large Neptune's liquid field
 ' Doth to no other tract the like abundance yield.
 ' For that of all the seas environing this isle,
 ' Our Irish, Spanish, French, howe'er we them enfile,
 ' The German is the great'st, and it is only I,
 ' That upon the same with most advantage lie.
 ' What fish can any shore, or British sea-town
 ' show,
 ' That's eatable to us, that it doth not bestow
 ' Abundantly thereon? the herring king of sea,
 ' The faster seeding cod, the mackerel brought by
 ' May,
 ' The dainty sole, and plaice, the dab, as of their
 ' blood ; [food:
 ' The conger finely sous'd, hot summer's coolest
 ' The whiting known to all, a general wholesome
 ' dish ; [fish:
 ' The gurnet, rochet, mayd, and mullet, dainty
 ' The haddock, turbot, bert, fish nourishing and
 ' strong ; [among:
 ' The thornback, and the skate, provocative
 ' The weaver, which although his prickles w-
 ' nom be,
 ' By fishers cut away, which buyers seldom see :
 ' Yet for the fish he bears, 'tis not accounted bad ;
 ' The sea-flounder is here as common as the sand ;
 ' The sturgeon cutt to kegs, (too big to handle
 ' whole)
 ' Gives many a dainty bit out of his lusty joke.
 ' Yet of rich Neptune's store, whilst thus I idly
 ' chat,
 ' Think not that all betwixt the whirlpool, and the
 ' sprat,
 ' I go about the name, that were to take in hand,
 ' The atomy to tell, or to cast up the sand ;
 ' But on the English coast, those most that usual
 ' are,
 ' Wherewith the stall, from thence do furnish us
 ' for fare ; [is,
 ' Amongst whose sundry sorts, since thus far I am
 ' I'll of our shell-fish speak, with these of scale
 ' and fin :
 ' The sperm-increasing crab, much cooking this
 ' doth ask, [talk,
 ' The big-legg'd lobster, fit for wanton Vests
 ' Voluptuaries oft take rather than for food,
 ' And that the same effect which worketh in the
 ' blood
 ' The rough long oyster is, much like the lobster
 ' limb'd :
 ' The oyster hot as they, the mussel often trim'd
 ' With orient pearl within, as thereby nature
 ' show'd,
 ' That she some secret good had on that shell be-
 ' flow'd : [lamp,
 ' The scallop cordial judg'd, the dainty wilk and
 ' The periwinkle, prawn, the cockle, and the
 ' shrimp,
 ' For wanton women's tastes or for weak sto-
 ' machs bought.
 When Kestiven this while that certainly had
 thought,
 Her tongue would ne'er have slept, quoth she,
 ' O how I hate, [hate,
 ' Thus of her foggy fens, to hear rude H. and
 ' That with her fish and fowl, here keepeth such a
 ' coil,
 ' As her unwholesome air, and more unwelcome
 ' soil,

these of which she boasts, the more might
 suffer'd be;
 seen those her feather'd flocks she sends not out
 to me,
 wherein clear Witham they, and many a little
 brook,
 which the sun itself may well be proud to look).
 we made their flesh more sweet by my refined
 food,
 on that so rammish taste of her most fulsome
 hen the toil'd cater home them to the kitchen
 brings,
 we cook doth cast them out, as most unfavoury
 things.
 sides, what is she else, but a foul woofy marsh,
 id that she calls her grafs, so blady is, and harsh,
 cuts the catel's mouths, constrain'd thereon
 to feed,
 that my poorest trash, which mine call rush
 and reed,
 r litter scarcely sit, that to the dung I throw,
 ch like the penny grafs, or the pure clover
 shew,
 compared with her best: and for her sundry fish,
 which she freely boasts, to furnish every dish.
 id not full Neptune's fields so furnish her with
 store,
 hose in the ditches bred, within her muddy
 moor,
 e of so earthy taste, as that the ravenous crow
 ill rather starve, thereon her stomach than
 bestow.
 From Stamford as along my tract toward
 Lincoln strains,
 hat shire is there can shew more valuable veins
 soil than is in me? or where can there be
 found,
 fair and fertile fields, or sheep-walks near
 so found?
 There doth the pleasant air resent a sweeter
 breath?
 hat country can produce a delicater heath,
 han that which her fair name from (e) Ancas-
 ter doth hold?
 through all the neighbouring shires, whose
 praise shall still be told,
 Which Flora in the spring doth with such wealth
 adorn,
 hat Bever needs not much her company to scorn,
 though she a vale lie low, and this a heath sit
 high,
 set doth she not alone, allure the wondring eye
 With prospect from each part, but that her plea-
 sant ground
 gives all that may content, the well-breath'd
 horse and hound:
 had from the Britains yet, to show what then I
 was,
 he of the Roman ways near through my midst
 did pass:
 sides to my much praise, there hath been in
 my mould
 heir painted pavements found, and arms of
 perfect gold.

(e) Ancaster Heath.

They near the Saxons reign, that in this tract
 did dwell,
 All other of this isle, for that they would excel
 For churches every where, so rich and goodly
 rear'd
 In every little dorp, that after-times have fear'd
 T' attempt so mighty works; yet one above the
 rest,
 In which it may be thought, they strove to do
 their best,
 Of pleasant Grantham is, that pyramis so high,
 Rear'd (as it might be thought) to over-top
 the sky,
 The traveller that strikes into a wondrous maze,
 As on his horse he sits, on that proud height to
 gaze.
 When Wytham that this while a list'ning ear
 had laid,
 To hearken (for herself) what Kestiven had said,
 Much pleas'd with this report, for that she was
 the earth
 From whom she only had her sweet and season'd
 birth,
 From (f) Wytham which that name derived from
 her springs,
 Thus as she trips along, this dainty riv'let sings.
 Ye easy ambling streames, which way soe'er
 you run,
 Or tow'rds the pleasant rise, or tow'rds the mid-
 day sun:
 By which (as some suppose by use that have
 them try'd)
 Your waters in their course are neatly purify'd.
 Be what you are, or can, I not your beauties fear,
 When Neptune shall command the Naiades t'
 appear.
 In river what is found, in me that is not rare:
 Yet for my well-fed pikes, I am without com-
 pare.
 From Wytham mine own town, first water'd
 with my source,
 As to the eastern sea, I hasten on my course,
 Who sees so pleasant plains, or is of fairer seen,
 Whose swains in shepherds gray, and girls in
 Lincoln (g) green?
 Whilst some the rings of bells, and some the
 bag-pipes ply,
 Dance many a merry round, and many a hydeggy.
 I envy, any brook should in my pleasure share,
 Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare.
 No land-floods can me force to over-proud a
 height;
 Nor am I in my course, too crooked, or too
 streight:
 My depths fall by descents, too long, nor yet
 too broad,
 My fords with pebbles, clear as orient pearls, are
 strow'd;
 My gentle winding banks, with sundry flowers
 are dress'd,
 The higher rising heaths, hold distance with my
 breast.

(f) A town so called.

(g) Lincoln anciently dyed the best green of England.

' Thus to her proper song, the burthen still she
' bare;

' Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without com-
' pare.'

By this to Lincoln come, upon whose lofty scite,
Whilst wistly Wytham looks with wonderful de-
light,

Enamour'd of the state, and beauty of the place,
That her of all the rest especially doth grace,
Leaving her former course, in which she first set
forth,

Which seemed to have been directly to the north:
She runs her silver front into the muddy Fen,
Which lies into the east, in her deep journey,
when

Clear Ban a pretty brook, from Lindsey com-
ing down,

Delicious Wytham leads to holy (b) Botulph's
town,

Where proudly she puts in amongst the great re-
sort,

That their appearance make in Neptune's wa-
try court.

Now Lindsey all this while, that duly did attend,
Till both her rivals thus had fully made an end
Of their so tedious talk, when lastly she replies;

' Lo, bravely here she sits, that both your states
' defies.

' Fair Lincoln is mine own, which lies upon my
' south,

' As likewise to the north, great Humber's swel-
' ling mouth [lie:

' Encircles me, 'twixt which in length I bravely
O! who can me the best, before them both deny?

' Nor Britain in her bounds, scarce such a tract
' can show, [bow,

' Whose shore like to the back of a well bended
' The ocean beareth out, and every where so
' thick,

' The villages and dorps upon my bosom stick,
' That it is very hard for any to define,

' Whether up-land most I be, or most am mari-
' time.

' What is there that complete can any country
' make,

' That in large measure I, (fair Lindsey) not par-
' take,

' As healthy heaths, and woods, fair dales, and
' pleasant hills,

' All water'd here and there, with pretty creep-
' ing rills,

' Fat pasture, mellow glebe, and of that kind
' what can

' Give nourishment to beast, or benefit to man,
' As Kelliven doth boast, her Wytham so have I,

' My Ancum (only mine) whose fame as far doth
' fly,

' For fat and dainty eels, as hers doth for her
' (i) pike,

' Which makes the proverb up, the world hath
' not the like.

' From Razin her clear springs, where first she
' doth arrive,

' As in an even course, to Humber forth doth
' drive,

' Fair Barton she salutes, which from her scite
' outbraves

' Rough Humber, when he strives to shew his
' sternest waves.

' Now for my (d) bounds to speak, few trade
' (I think) there be,

' (And search through all this isle) to parallel
' with me:

' Great Humber holds me north, (as I have said
' before)

' To whom (even) all along, upon the eastern
shore,

' The German ocean lies; and on my southern
' side,

' Clear Wytham in her course, me fairly doth
' divide

' From Holland; and from thence the Foldsye is
' my bound,

' Which our first Henry cut from Lincoln, where
' he found,

' Commodities by Trent, from Humber to com-
' vey:

' So nature the clear Trent doth fortunately lay,
' Toward me on the west, though farther I ex-
' tend,

' And in my larger bounds do largely compre-
' hend

' Full Axholme, (which those near, the fertile do
' infill)

' Which Idle, Don, and Trent, embracing make
' an isle.

' But wherefore of my bounds, thus only do I
' boast,

' When that which Holland seems to vaunt her
' on the most,

' By me is overmatch'd; the fowl which she doth
' breed:

' She in her foggy fens, so moorishly doth feed,
' That physic oft forbids the patient them for
' food,

' But mine more airy are, and make fine spirits
' and blood:

' For near this bathing isle in me is to be seen,
' More than on any earth, the plover gray, and
' green,

' The corn-lad loving quail, the daintiest of our
' bits,

' The rail, which seldom comes, but upon rich
' mens spits:

' The puet, godwit, stint, the palate that allure,
' The miser, and do make a wasteful epicure:

' The knot, that called was Canutus' bird of old,
' Of that great king of Danes, his name that still
' doth hold,

' His appetite to please, that far and near was
' sought,

' For him (as some have said) from Denmark his
' ther brought

(b) Botulph's town contractedly Boston.

(i) Wytham eel, and Ancum pike,
in all the world there is none fyke.

(d) The bounds of Kesteven.

The dotterel, which we think a very dainty dish,
Whose taking makes such sport, as man no more
can wish ;

For as you creep, or cower, or lie, or stoop, or go,
So marking you (with care) the apish bird doth
do,

And acting every thing, doth never mark the net,
Till he be in the snare, which men for him have
set.

The big-bon'd buffard then, whose body bears
that size,

That he against the wind must run, e'er he can

The shouler, which so shakes the air with fairly
wings

That ever as he flies, you still would think he

These fowls, with other foils, although they fre-
quent be,

Yet are they found most sweet and delicate in me.

Thus whilst she seems t' extol in her peculiar
praise,

The muse which seem'd too slack, in these too
low-pitcht lays,

For nobler height prepares, her oblique course,
A new book to begin, and end of this she haltes.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTY-SIXTH SONG.

The Argument.

Three shires at once this song assays,
By various and unusual ways.
At Nottingham first coming in,
The vale of Bever doth begin ;
Tow'rds Le'fter then her course she holds,
And sailing o'er the pleasant Oulds,
She fetcheth Soare down from her springs,
By Charnwood, which to Trent she brings,
Then shows the braverics of that flood,
Makes Sherwood sing her Robin Hood ;
Then rouzes up the aged Peak,
And of her wonders makes her speak :
Thence Darwin down by Derby tends,
And at her fall, to Trent, it ends.

Now scarcely on this tract the muse had entrance
made,
Inclining to the south, but Bever's batning flade
Receiveth her to guest, whose coming had too
long
Put off her rightful praise, when thus herself she
sung.
' Three (a) shires there are (quoth she) in me
their parts that claim,
Large Lincoln, Rutland rich, and th' north's eye
Nottingham.
But in the last of these since most of me doth lie,
To that my most-lov'd shire myself I must apply.
Not Eufham that proud nymph, although she
still pretend [send
Herself the first of vales, and though abroad she

(a) The vale of Bever bordereth upon three shires;

Her awful dread command, that all should tribute
pay
To her as our great queen; nor White-bark
though her clay
Of silver seem to be, new melted, nor the vale
Of Albury, whose grafs seems given out by the
For it so filken is, nor any of our kind,
Or what, or where they be, or howsoever incline'd.
Me (b) Bever shall outbrave, that in my state do
scorn,
Be any of them all (once) to be overborn,
With theirs, do but compare the country where
I lie,
My Hill, and Oulds will say, they are the
land's eye.

(b) Not a more pleasant vale in all Great Britain, than
Bever.

next my scite, and say it doth excel;
me unto my soil, and you shall see it swell
very grafs and grain, that Britain forth
can bring:

ge any vale, to shew me but that thing
shew to her, (that truly is mine own)
I dare thus boast, that I as far am known,
of them all, the south their names doth
ound,
cious north doth me, that there is scarcely
ound,

th for any else, it is so fill'd with mine,
but a little wants of making me divine:
ren am of brooks, for that I still retain
at and dainty rills, the little Snyte, and
Deane,
m the lovely Oulds, their beauteous pa-
ent sprung [along,
e Leicestrian fields, come on with me
h within one bank, they on my north are
neint, [Trent.]
acre I end, they fall, at Newark, into
: wandering as the muse delightfully be-
olds [Oulds,

uty of the large, and goodly full-flock'd
he left hand leaves old Leicester, and flies,
e fertile earth glut her insatiate eyes,
ch to richer still, that riseth her before,
e come to cease upon the head of Soare,
(c) Posse, and (c) Watling cut each other
n their course

harnford, where at first her soft and gen-
le source,
but shallow banks, begineth to repair,
is beauteous isle, the delicatest air;
softly sallying out, as loth the place to
cave,

ce a pretty rill doth courteously receive:
ift, a little brook, which certainly she
hought [brought,
o the banks of Trent would safely her have
their native springs so nearly were ally'd,
er Soare forsook, and wholly her apply'd
n, as with her continually to keep,
it on her along to the Sabrinian deep.
with her handmaid Sence, the Soare doth
as'ly slide

ester, where yet her ruins show her pride,
h'd many years, that of the great founda-
tion [tion;

ong buried walls, men hardly see the sta-
ome pieces found, so sure the cement locks
ies, that they remain like perdurable rocks:
whilst the lovely Soare, with many a dear
mbrace,
ng herself with this delightful place,
forest, which the name of that brave
own doth bear,
any a goodly wreath, crowns her dishe-
vel'd hair,

two famous ways of England. See the 13th song.
the village at the rising of Soare.
her forth.

And in her gallant green, her lusty livery shows
Herself to this fair flood, which mildly as she flows,
Reciprocally likes her length and breadth to see,
As also how she keeps her fertile purlues free:
The herds of fallow deer she on the lawns doth
feed,

As having in herself to furnish every need.
But now since gentle Soare, such leisure seems to
take, [make,
The muse in her behalf this strong defence doth
Against the neighbour floods, for that which tax
her so,

And her a channel call, because she is so flow.
The cause is that she lies upon so low a flat,
Where nature most of all befriended her in that,
The longer to enjoy the good she doth possess:
For had those (with such speed that forward seem
to press)

So many dainty meads, and pastures theirs to be,
They then would wish themselves to be as slow
as she,

Who well may be compar'd to some young ten-
der maid,
Entring some prince's court, which is for pomp
array'd,

Who led from room to room amazed is to see
The furnitures and states, which all embroideries be,
The rich and sumptuous beds, with tetter cover-
ing plumes,

And various as the futes, so various the perfumes,
Large galleries, where piece with piece doth seem
to strive,

Of pictures done to life, landskip, and perspective,
Thence goodly gardens fees, where antique stat-
ues stand

In stone and copper, cut by many a skilful hand,
Where every thing to gaze, her more and more
entices,

Thinking at once she sees a thousand paradises,
Goes softly on, as though before she saw the last,
She long'd again to see, what she had slightly past.
So the enticing soil the Soare along doth lead,
As wondring in herself, at many a spacious mead;
When Charnwood from the rocks salutes her wish-
ed sight, [light,

(Of many a wood-god woo'd) her darling and de-
Whose beauty whilst that Soare is pausing to be-
hold

Clear Wreakin coming in, from Waltham on
the Ould,

Brings Eye, a pretty brook, to bear her silver train,
Which on by Melton make, and tripping o'er the
plain,

Here finding her surpriz'd with proud Mount-
sorrel's sight, [invite

By quickening of her course, more eas'ly doth
Her to the goodly Trent, whereas she goes along
By Loughborough, she thus of that fair forest sung.

O Charnwood, be thou call'd the choicest of
thy kind, [find?

The like in any place, what flood hath hapt to
No tract in all this isle, the proudest let her be,
Can shew a sylvan nymph, for beauty like to
thee:

The satyrs, and the fawns, by Dian set to keep,
Rough Hills, and forest holts, were sadly seen to weep,

When thy high-palmed harts the sport of bows
And hounds, ^[grounds]

By gripple borderers hands, were banished thy
The Driades that were wont about thy lawns to rove,

To trip from wood to wood, and scud from grove
to grove,

On (f) Sharpley that were seen, and (f) Cad-
man's aged rocks,

Against the rising sun, to braid their silver locks;
And with the harmless Elves, on heathy (g) Bar-
don's height,

By Cynthia's colder beams to play them night
by night,

Exil'd their sweet abode, to poor bare commons
fled.

They with the oaks that liv'd, now with the oaks
are dead.

Who will describe to life, a forest, let him take
Thy surface to himself, nor shall he need to make
Another form at all, where oft in thee is found
Fine sharp but easy hills, which reverently are
crown'd

With aged antique rocks, to which the goats and
sheep,

(To him that stands remote) do softly seem to creep,
To gnaw the little shrubs, on their steep sides that
grow;

Upon whose other part, on some descending brow,
Huge stones are hanging out, as though they down
would drop,

Where under-growing oaks, on their old shoulders
prop

'The others hoary heads, which still seem to decline,
And in a dimble near, (even as a place divine,
For contemplation fit) an ivy-ceiled bower,
As nature had therein ordain'd some sylvan power;
As men may very oft at great assemblies see,
Where many of most choice, and wond'ring beau-
ties be :

For stature one doth seem the best away to bear;
Another for her shape, to stand beyond compare;
Another for the fine compoſure of a face:
Another short of these, yet for a modest grace
Before them all prefer'd; amongst the rest yet one,
Adjudg'd by all to be, so perfect paragon,
'That all those parts in her together simply dwell,
For which the other do so severally excel.
My Charnwood like the last, hush in herself alone,
What excellent can be in any forest shewn.'

On whom when thus the Soare had these high
praises spent,

She easily slid away into her sovereign Trent,
Who having wander'd long, at length began to leave

Her native country's bounds, and kindly doth
receive

The lesser Tame, and Mefs, the Mefs a dainty rill,
Near Charnwood rising first, where she begins to fill

(f) Two mighty rocks in the forest.

(g) A hill in the forest.

Her banks, which all her course on both sides do
abound

With heath and finny olds, and often gleably
ground,

Till Croxall's fertile earth doth comfort her at last
When she is ent'ring Trent; but I was like t'
have past

The other Sence, whose source doth rise not far
from here,

By Ancor, that herself to famous Trent prefers,
The second of that name, allotted to this (b) shire
A name but hardly found in any place but here;
Nor is to many known, this country that frequent.

But muse return at last, attend the princely Trent,
Who straining on in state, the north's imperious
flood,

The third of England call'd, with many a dainty
Being crown'd to Burton comes, to Needwood
where she flows

Herself in all her pomp; and as from thence she
flows,

She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin
clear,

Darwin, whose font and fall are both in Derby;
And of those thirty floods, that wait the Trent
upon,

Doth stand without compare, the very paragon.

Thus wand'ring at her will, as uncontrol'd she
ranges,

Her often varying form, as variously and changes.
First Erwas, and then Lync, sweet Sherwood
sends her in;

Then looking wide, as one that newly wak'd had
been,

Saluted from the north, with Nottingham's proud
So strongly is surpris'd, and taken with the sight,
That she from running wild, but hardly can re-
frain,

To view in how great state, as she along doth
That brave exalted seat, beholdeth her in pride,
As how the large-spread meads upon the other side,
All flourishing in flowers, and rich embroideries
dress'd.

In which she sees herself above her neighbours
As wrap'd with the delights, that her this prospect
brings,

In her peculiar praise, lo thus the river sings:

'What should I care at all, from what my name:

I take,

That thirty doth import, that thirty rivers make;

My greatness what it is, or thirty abbeyes great;

That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did feast:

Or thirty kinds of fish that in my streams do live,

To me this name of Trent did from that number
give.

What reck I? let great Thames, since by his fu-
ly sovereign of us all that here in Britain be;

From Isis, and old Tame, his pedigree derive:

And for the second place, proud Severn that doth
strive,

Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud
mountain sprung,

Plinillimon, whose praise is frequent them among,

(b) Two rivers of one name in one shire.

of that princely maid, whose name she boasts
 to bear, [heir,
 the Sabrin, whom she holds as her undoubted
 these imperious floods draw down their long
 descent
 in these so famous stocks, and only say of Trent,
 the Mooreland's barren earth me first to light
 did bring,
 which though she be but brown, my clear com-
 plexion'd spring
 and with the nymphs such grace, that when I
 first did rise,
 the Naiades on my brim, danc'd wanton hydgies,
 I on her spacious breast, (with heaths that
 doth abound)
 tickled my fair fount with many a lusty round:
 of the British floods, though but the third I
 be, [me
 Thames and Severn both in this come short of
 that I am the mere of England, that divides
 north part from the south, on my so either
 sides, [extent,
 reckoning how these tracts in compass be
 bound them on the north, or on the south
 of Trent;
 its banks are barren sands, if but compar'd
 with mine,
 enough my perspicuous breast, the pearly peb-
 bles shine:
 now my crystal arms along the flow'ry vallies,
 which lying sleek and smooth as any garden-alleys,
 give me leave to play, whilst they do court
 my stream,
 I crown my winding banks with many an
 anadon:
 silver-scaled skulls about my streams do sweep,
 in the shallow fords, now in the falling deep:
 that of every kind, the new spawn'd numerous
 fry
 in me as the sands that on my shore do lie.
 the barbell, than which fish a braver doth not
 swim,
 the greater for the ford within my spacious brim,
 the (newly taken) more the curious taste doth
 please; [pease;
 the greling, whose great spawn is big as any
 perch with pricking fins, against the pike
 prepar'd,
 nature had thereon bestow'd this stronger
 guard, [proof)
 the daintiness to keep, (each curious palate's
 in his vile ravenous foe: next him I name the
 ruffe,
 the very near ally, and both for scale and fin,
 taste, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin,
 the pretty slender dace, of many call'd the dace,
 thin my liquid glass, when Phœbus looks his
 face,
 as swiftly as he swims, his silver belly shows,
 with such nimble flight, that e'er ye can dis-
 close
 the shape, out of your sight like lightning he is
 shot. [spot,
 the trout by nature mark'd with many a crimson
 spot,

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As though the curious were in him above the rest
 And of fresh-water fish, did note him for the best:
 The roche, whose common kind to every flood
 doth fall;
 The chub, (whose neater name) which some a
 chevin call,
 Food to the tyrant pike, (most being in his power)
 Who for their numerous store he most doth them
 devour;
 The lusty salmon then, from Neptune's wat'ry
 realm,
 When as his season serves, stemming my tideful
 stream,
 Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes,
 (For whom the fisher then all other game for-
 sakes)
 Which bending of himself to th' fashion of a ring,
 Above the forced wears, himself doth nimbly
 sling,
 And often when the net hath drag'd him safe to
 land, [hand;
 Is seen by natural force to 'scape his murderer's
 Whose grain doth rise in flakes, with fatness in-
 terlard'd,
 Of many a liquorish lip, that highly is regarded.
 And Humber, to whose waste I pay my wat'ry
 store,
 Me of her sturgeons sends, that I thereby the more
 Should have my beauties grac'd with something
 from him sent:
 Not Ancum's silver'd eel excelleth that of Trent;
 Though the sweet smelling smelt be more in
 Thames than me,
 The lamprey, and his (i) lesse, in Severn gene-
 ral be;
 The flounder smooth and flat, in other rivers
 caught,
 Perhaps in greater store, yet better are not thought:
 The dainty gudgeon, loche, the minnow, and the
 bleake,
 Since they but little are, I little need to speak
 Of them, nor doth it fit me much of those to reck,
 Which every where are found in every little beck;
 Nor of the crayfish here, which creeps amongst
 my stones,
 From all the rest alone, whose shell is all his bones:
 For carp, the tench, and bream, my other store
 among,
 To lakes and standing pools, that chiefly do belong,
 Here scouring in my fords, feed in my waters
 clear, [here.
 Are muddy fish in ponds to that which they are
 From Nottingham, near which this river first
 begun, [run,
 This song, she the meanwhile, by Newark having
 Receiving little Synte, from Bever's batning
 grounds,
 At Gainborough goes out, where the Lincoln-
 an bounds.
 Yet Sherwood all this while, not satisfied to show
 Her love to princely Trent, as downward she
 doth flow,

(i) The lamparne.
 K k

Her Meden and her Man, she down from Mans-
field sends

To Iddle for her aid, by whom she recommends
Her love to that brave queen of waters, her to
meet,

When she tow'rsd Humber comes, do humbly kiss
her feet,

And clip her till the grace great Humber with
her fall.

When Sherwood somewhat back the forward
muse doth call;

For she was let to know, that Soare had in her long
So chanted Charnwood's worth, the rivers that
along,

Amongst the neighbouring nymphs, there was no
other lays,

But those which seem'd to sound of Charnwood,
and her praise:

Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much
disdain'd, [tain'd

(As one that had both long, and worthily main-
The title of the great'st, and bravest of her kind)

To fall so far below one wretchedly confin'd
Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts com-
par'd:

Wherefore she as a nymph that neither fear'd nor
For ought to her might chance, by others love or
hate,

With resolution arm'd against the power of fate,
All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing

That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a
king

Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range
For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court,
Whose praise the forest thus doth pleasantly re-
port:

'The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an
age to tell,

And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befel,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath
been laid,

How he hath cousten'd them, that him would have
betray'd;

How often he hath come to Nottingham disguis'd,
And cunningly escap'd, being set to be surpriz'd.

In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and little John;
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be
done,

Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the mil-
ler's son,

Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon
made [trade.

In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin
Hood, [good,

Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and
blue, [knew,

His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but
When setting to their lips their little beugles shrill,
The warbling echoes wak'd from every dale and
hill:

Their bauldricks set with studs, athwart their
shoulder's cast,

To which under their arms their shafts were
buckled fast,

A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a
span, [man:

Who struck below the knee, nor counted then a
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were won-
drous strong; [long.

They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth yard
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,

With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving
shaft,

At marks full forty score, they us'd to prick,
and rove,

Yet higher than the breast, for compass never
strove;

Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-buts, short, and hoylea, each one could
cleave the pin:

Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for
feather,

With birch and brazil piec'd, to fly in anyweather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or
forked pile,

The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard
a mile.

And of these archers brave, there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon.

Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty
wood, [food.

Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kindly
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he

Slept many a summer's night under the green-
wood tree.

From wealthy abbots chests, and churls abundant
store, [poor:

What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,

To him before he went, but for his pass must pay:
The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,

And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin
griev'd:

He from the husband's bed no married woman was,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Mariana,

Was ever constant known, which wherefore'er she
came,

Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the
game:

Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braid-
ed hair,

With bow and quiver arm'd, she wander'd here
and there

Amongst the forests wild; Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana drew.

Of merry Robin Hood, and of his merrier men,
The song had scarcely ceas'd, when as the muse

again

Wades (4) Erwasht, (that at hand) on Sherwood's
setting side

The Nottinghamian field, and Derbian doth de-
vide,

(4) A river parting the two Shires.

And northward from her springs, haps Scardale
 forth to find,
 Which like her mistress Peake, is naturally in-
 clin'd
 To thrust forth ragged cleeves, with which she
 scattered lies
 As busy nature here could not herself suffice,
 Of this oft-ak'ring earth the sundry shapes to
 show,
 That from my entrance here doth rough and
 rougher grow,
 Which of a lowly dale, although the name it
 bears, [were
 You by the rocks might think, that it a mountain
 From which it takes the name of Scardale, which
 express'd,
 Is the hard vale of rocks, of Chesterfield possess'd,
 By her which is infill'd : where Rother from her
 rift,
 Ibbor, and Crawley hath, and Gunno, that assist
 Her weaker wand'ring stream tow'nds Yorkshire
 as she wends, [sends,
 So Scardale tow'nds the same, that lovely Iddle
 That helps the fertile feat of Axholme to infill :
 But to th' unwearied muse the Peake appears the
 while, [eyes,
 A withered heldam long, with bleared wat'rish
 With many a bleak storm dim'd, which often to
 the skies
 She cast, and oft to th' earth bow'd down her
 aged head,
 Her meagre wrinkled face, being sullied still
 with lead, [mines,
 Which sitting in the works, and poring o'er the
 Which she out of the ore continually refines :
 For she a chemist was, and nature's secrets knew,
 And from amongst the lead, she antimony drew,
 And crystal there congeal'd, (by her infused flow-
 ers) [powers.
 And in all medicines knew their most effectual
 The spirits that haunt the mines, she could com-
 mand and tame,
 And bind them as she list in Saturn's dreadful
 name :
 The mill-stones from the quarrs, with sharpen'd
 picks could get,
 And dainty whet-stones make, the dull-edg'd
 tools to whet.
 Wherefore the Peake as proud of her laborious toil,
 As others of their corn, or goodness of their soil,
 Thinking the time was long, till she her tale had
 told,
 Her wonders one by one, thus plainly doth unfold :
 ' My dreadful daughters born, your mother's
 dear delight,
 Great nature's chiefest work, wherein she shew'd
 her might ;
 Ye dark and hollow caves, the portraitures of hell,
 Where fogs and misty damps continually do dwell ;
 O ye my lovely joys, my darlings, in whose eyes,
 Horror assumes her seat, from whose abiding flies
 Thick vapours, that like rugs still hang the trou-
 bled air,
 Ye of your mother Peake the hope and only care :

O thou my first and best, of thy black entrance
 nam'd
 The Devil's-Arse, in me, O be thou not asham'd,
 Nor think thyself disgrac'd or hurt thereby at
 all,
 Since from thy horror first men us'd thee so to
 call :
 For as amongst the Moors, the jettiest black are
 deem'd
 The beautiful'st of them ; so are your kind ef-
 teem'd
 The more ye gloomy are, more fearful and ob-
 scure,
 (That hardly any eye your sternness may endure)
 The more ye famous are, and what name men
 can hit,
 That best may ye express, that best doth ye besit :
 For he that will attempt thy black and darksome
 jaws, [flaws,
 In midst of summer meets with winter's stormy
 Cold dews, that over head from thy foul roof
 distil,
 And meeteth under foot with a dead fullen rill,
 That Acheron itself a man would think he were
 immediately to pass, and staid for Charon there ;
 Thy floor, dread cave, yet flat, though very rough
 it be
 With often winding turns : then come thou next
 to me,
 My pretty daughter Poole, my second loved child,
 Which by that noble name was happily infill'd,
 Of that more generous stock, long honour'd in
 this shire, [here,
 Of which amongst the rest, one being outlaw'd
 For his strong refuge took this dark and uncouth
 place,
 An heir-loom ever since, to that succeeding race :
 Whose entrance though depre's'd below a moun-
 tain steep, [creep
 Besides so very strait, that who will see't must
 Into the mouth thereof, yet being once got in,
 A rude and ample roof doth instantly begin
 To raise itself aloft, and who so doth intend
 The length thereof to see, still going must ascend
 On mighty slippery stones, as by a winding stair,
 Which of a kind of base dark alabaster are,
 Of strange and sundry forms, both in the roof and
 floor, [before.
 As nature shew'd in thee, what ne'er was seen
 For Elden thou my third, a wonder I prefer
 Before the other two, which perpendicular
 Dive'st down into the ground, as if an entrance
 were
 Through earth to lead to hell, ye well might judge
 it here,
 Whose depth is so immense, and wondrously pro-
 found, [found,
 As that long line which serves the deepest sea to
 Her bottom never wrought, as though the vast
 descent, [went
 Through this terrestrial globe directly pointing
 Our Antipodes to see, and with her gloomy
 eyes,
 To glote upon those stars, to us that never rise ;

That down into this hole if that a stone ye
throw,
An acre's length from thence, (some say that) ye
may go,
And coming back thereto, with a still list'ning
ear,
May hear a sound as though that stone then falling
Yet for her caves, and holes, Peake only not
excels,
But that I can again produce those wondrous wells
Of Buckston, as I have, that most delicious
fount,
Which men the second Bath of England do ac-
count,
Which in the primer reigns, when first this
well began
To have her virtues known unto the blest Saint
(*l*) Anne,
Was consecrated then, which the same temper
hath,
As that most dainty spring, which at the famous
Is by the cross infill'd, whose fame I much prefer,
In that I do compare my daintiest spring to her,
Nice sicknesses to cure, as also to prevent,
And supple their clear skins, which ladies oft
frequent;
Most full, most fair, most sweet, and most deli-
cious source.
To this a second (*m*) fount, that in her natural
course,
As mighty Neptune doth, so doth she ebb and
If some Welsh shires report, that they the like
can flow.
I answer those, that her shall so no wonder call,
So far from any sea, not any of them all.
My caves and fountains thus deliver'd you, for
change.
A (*n*) little hill I have, a wonder yet more strange,
Which though it be of light, and almost dusty
sand,
Unalter'd with the wind, yet doth it firmly stand;
And running from the top, although it never
cease,
Yet doth the foot thereof, no whit at all increase.
Nor is it at the top, the lower or the less,
As nature had ordain'd, that so its own excess,
Should by some secret way within itself ascend,
To feed the falling back; with this yet doth not
end
The wonders of the Peake, for nothing that I
But it a wonder's name doth very justly crave:
A forest such have I, (of which when any speak
Of me they it insile, The forest of the Peake)
Whose hills do serve for brakes, the rocks for
shrubs and trees,
To which the stag pursu'd, as to the thicket flees;
Like it in all this ile, for sternness there is none,
Where nature may be said to show you groves
of stone,
As she in little there, had curiously compil'd
The model of the vast Arabian stony wild.

(*l*) St. Anne of Buckston.(*m*) Tideswell.(*n*) Sandy-hill.

Then as it is suppos'd, in England that there be
Seven wonders: to myself so have I here in me,
My seven before rehears'd, allotted me by fate,
Her greatness, as therein ordain'd to imitate.
No sooner had the Peake her seven proud
wonders sung,
But Darwin from her fount, her mother's hills
among,
Through many a crooked way, oppos'd with en-
vious rocks,
Comes tripping down tow'rds Trent, and sees
the goodly flocks
Fed by her mother Peake; and herds, (for horn
and hair,
That hardly are put down by those of Lanca-
shire,)
Which on her mountains side, and in her bot-
toms graze,
On whose delightful course, whilst Unknidge
stands to gaze,
And look on her his fill, doth on his tiptoes get,
He Nowstoll plainly sees, which likewise from
the fet,
Salutes her, and like friends, to Heaven-hill far
away,
Thus from their lofty tops, were plainly heard to
' Fair hill be not so proud of thy so pleasant
scite,
Who for thou giv'st the eye such wonderful de-
From any mountain near, that glorious name of
Heaven,
Thy bravery to express, was to thy greatness
Nor cast mine eye so much on things that be
above:
For sawest thou as we do, our Darwin, thou
would'st love
Her more than any thing, that so doth thee al-
lure;
When Darwin that by this her travel could en-
Takes Now into her train, (from Nowstoll her
great Sire,
Which shews to take her name) with many a
winding gyre.
Then wandring through the wilds, at length the
pretty Wye,
From her black mother Poole, her nimbler course
doth ply
Tow'rds Darwin, and along from Bakewell with
her brings
Lathkell a little brook, and Headford, whole
poor springs
But hardly them the name of riverets can afford;
When Burbrook with the strength, that nature
her hath stor'd,
Although but very small, yet much doth Dar-
win tread.
At Worksworth on her way, when from the
mines of lead,
Brown Ecclestone comes in, then Amber from
the east,
Of all the Derbin nymphs of Darwin leav'd the
(A delicater flood from fountain never flow'd)
Then coming to the town, on which the first be-
flow'd

<p>Her natural (s) British name, her Derby, so again, Her, to that ancient seat doth kindly enter- tain, Where Marten-Brook, although an easy shallow rill, There offereth all the bath, her mistress' banks to fill,</p>	<p>And all too little thinks that was on Darwin spent; From hence as she departs, in travelling to Trent Back goes the active muse, tow'rds Lancashire again, Where matter rests enough her vigour to main- tain, And to the northern hills shall lead her on along, Which now must wholly be the subject of my song.</p>
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(s) Darwin, of the British *Dove's Guin*, which is white
water.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH SONG.

The Argument.

The circuit of this shire express'd;
Erwell, and Ribble then contest;
The muse next to the mosses flies,
And to fair Wyre herself applies;
The fifty Lan then doth she bring,
The praise of Lancashire to sing,
The life of Man maintains her plea;
Then falling eastward from that sea,
On rugged Furness, and his fells,
Of which this Canto lastly tells.

Scarcely could the labouring muse salute this
lively shire, [shire,
But straight such shouts arose from every moss and
And rivers rushing down with such unusual noise,
Upon their pebbly shoals, seem'd to express their
joys,
That Mersey in her course which happily confines
Brave Cheshire from this tract, two county pala-
tines) [ran,
As ravish'd with the news, along to Le'rpoole
That all the shores which lie to the (a) Vervigian,
Resounded with the shouts, so that from creek to
creek, [shriek
So loud the echoes cry'd, that they were heard to
To Furness ridged front, whereas the rocky pile
Of Foudra is at hand, to guard the outlaid isle
Of Walney, and those gross and foggy fells awoke;
Thence flying to the east, with their reverberance
shook
The clouds from Pendle's head, (which as the
people say,
Significates to them a happy Halcyon day)

(a) The Irish sea.

Rebounds on Blackstonedge, and thereby falling the
Fair Mersey, making in from the Derbeian hills.
But whilst the active muse thus nimbly goes
about,
Of this large tract to lay the true dimensions out,
The neat Lancastrian nymphs, for beauty that
excel,
That for the hornpipe round do bear away the
bell; [look,
Some that about the banks of Erwell make a
With some that have their seat by Ribble's silver
road, [grew
In great contention fell, (that mighty difference
Which of those floods deserv'd to have the lov-
' reign due;
So that all future spleen, and quarrels to prevent,
That likely was to rise about their long descent,
Before the neighbouring nymphs their right they
mean to plead,
And first thus for herself the lovely Erwell said:
' Ye ladies, quoth this flood, have long and
blindly err'd,
' That Ribble before me, so falsely have prefer'd,

That am a native born, and my descent do bring
 From ancient gentry here, when Ribble from her
 spring, [rude
 An alien known to be, and from the mountains
 Of Yorkshire getting strength, here boldly dares
 intrude [fall,
 Upon my proper earth, and through her mighty
 Is not ashamed herself of Lancashire to call:
 Whereas of all the nymphs that carefully attend
 My mistress Mersey's state, there's none that
 doth transcend
 My greatness with her grace, which doth me
 so prefer,
 That all is due to me, which doth belong to her.
 For though from Blackstonedge the Taume come
 tripping down,
 And from that long-ridg'd rock, her father's
 high senowu,
 Of Mersey thinks from me, the place alone to win,
 With my attending brooks, yet when I once come
 in,
 I out of count'nance quite do put the nymph, for
 note, [float,
 As from my fountain I tow'rs mightier Mersey
 First Roch a dainty rill, from Rochdale her dear
 dame, [name,
 Who honour'd with the half of her stern mother's
 Grows proud: yet glad herself into my banks to
 get,
 Which Spodden from her spring, a pretty rivulet,
 As her attendant brings, when Irck adds to my
 store,
 And Medlock to their much, by lending some-
 what more,
 At Manchester do meet, all kneeling to my state,
 Where brave I shew myself; then with a prouder
 gait,
 Tow'rs Mersey making on, Great Chatmoss at
 my fall,
 Lies fall of turf, and marle, her unctuous mineral,
 And blocks as black as pitch, (with boring-au-
 gars found)
 Thereat the general flood supposed to be drown'd.
 Thus chief of Mersey's train, away with her I
 run,
 When in her prosperous course she watterh
 Warrington,
 And her fair silver load in Le'rpooke down doth
 lay;
 A road now more renown'd in the Vergivian sea.
 Ye lusty lasses then, in Lancashire that dwell,
 For beauty that are said to bear away the bell,
 Your country's hornpipe, ye so mincingly that
 tread,
 As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry red;
 In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings
 tell,
 That Erwell every way doth Ribble far excel.
 Her well-disposed speech had Erwell scarcely
 done,
 But swift report therewith immediately doth run
 To the Vergivian shores, among the mosses deep,
 Where Alt a neighbouring nymph for very joy
 doth weep,

That Symond's-wood, from whence the flood as-
 sumes her spring,
 Excited with the same, was loudly heard to ring;
 And over all the moors with thrill re-echoing
 sounds,
 The drooping fogs to drive from those gross
 wat'ry grounds,
 Where those that toil for turf, with peating spades
 do find
 Fish living in the earth (contrary to their kind)
 Which but that Pontus, and Heraclia likewise
 shews, [flows,
 The like in their like earth, that with like moisture
 And that such fish as these, had not been likewise
 found,
 Within far firmer earth, the Paphlagonian ground,
 A wonder of this isle, this well might have been
 thought, [wrought,
 But Ribble that this while for her advantage
 Of what she had to say, doth well herself advise;
 And to brave Erwell's speech, she boldly thus
 replies:
 With that, whereby the most thou think'st me to
 disgrace,
 That I an alien am, (not rightly of this place)
 My greatest glory is, and Lancashire therefore,
 To nature for my birth, beholding is the more;
 That Yorkshire, which all shires for largeness
 doth exceed, [(indeed)
 A kingdom to be call'd, that well deserves
 And not a fountain hath, that from her womb
 doth flow
 Within her spacious self, but that she can bestow;
 To Lancaster yet lends, me Ribble, from her store,
 Which adds to my renown, and makes her bounty
 more.
 From Penigent's proud foot, as from my source
 I slide,
 That mountain my proud sire, in height of all
 his pride, [flood:
 Takes pleasure in my course, as in his first-born
 And Ingleborough hill of that Olympian brood,
 With Pendle, of the north the highest hills that be,
 Do wistly me behold, and are beheld of me,
 These mountains make me proud, to gaze on me
 that stand: [land,
 So Longridge, once arriv'd on the Lancastrian
 Salutes me, and with smiles, me to his soil invites,
 So have I many a flood, that forward me excites,
 As Hodder, that from home attends me from
 my spring;
 Then Calder coming down from Blackstonedge
 doth bring
 Me cas'ly on my way, to Preston the great'st town,
 Wherewith my banks are blest; where at my
 going down,
 Clear Darwen on along me to the sea doth drive,
 And in my spacious fall no sooner I arrive,
 But Savock to the north, from Longedge making
 way, [bay,
 To this my greatness adds, when in my ample
 Swart Dulas coming in, from Wiggan with her
 aids, [maids;
 Short Taud, and Dartow small, two little country
 K k iii]

' (In those low wat'ry lands, and moory mosses bred
 ' Do see me safely laid in mighty Neptune's bed;
 ' And cutting in my course, even through the very
 heart
 ' Of this renowned shire, so equally it part,
 ' As nature should have said, Lo, thus I meant to
 do;
 ' This flood divides this shire thus equally in two.
 ' Ye maids, the hornpipe then, so mincingly that
 tread,
 ' As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry red;
 ' In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings
 tell,
 ' That Ribble every way, your Erwell doth excel.
 Here ended she again, when Merton's mofs
 and mere,
 With Ribble's sole reply so much revived were,
 ' That all the shores resound the river's good suc-
 cess, [ness,
 And wond'rous joy there was all over (b) Ander-
 Which straight convey'd the news into the Upper
 Land,
 Where (c) Pendle, (c) Penigent, and (c) Inglebo-
 row stand
 Like giants, and the rest do proudly overlook;
 Or Atlas-like as though they only undertook
 ' To underprop high heaven, or the wide Welkin
 dar'd, [spar'd;
 Who in their Ribble's praise (be sure) no speeches
 ' That the loud sounds from them down to the fo-
 rests fell,
 To Bowland brave in state, and Wyersdale, which
 as well
 As any sylvan nymphs their beautous scites may
 boast, [coast,
 Whose echo's sent the same all round about the
 ' That there was not a nymph to jollity inclin'd,
 Or of the woody brood, or of the wat'ry kind,
 But at their fingers ends, they Ribble's song could
 say,
 And perfectly the note upon the bagpipe play.
 That Wyre, when once she knew how well
 these floods had sped,
 (When their reports abroad in every place was
 spread)
 It vex'd her very heart their eminence to see,
 ' Their equal (at the least) who thought herself to
 be,
 Determines at the last to Neptune's court to go,
 Before his ample state, with humbleness to shew
 ' The wrongs she had sustain'd by her proud sisters'
 spight, [right;
 And off'ring them no wrong, to do her greatness
 Arising but a rill at first from Wyersdales lap,
 Yet still receiving strength from her full mother's
 pap, [ply,
 As down to Seaward she, her curious course doth
 Takes Caldor coming in to bear her company.
 From Woolfcrag's cliffy foot, a hill to her at
 hand, [stand,
 By that fair forest known, within her verge to

(b) A part of Lancashire.

(c) The hills between Trent and Berwick. See the 28th song.

So Bowland from her breast sends Brock her to
 attend,
 As she a forest is, so likewise doth she send
 Her child, on Wyersdales flood, the dainty Wyre
 to wait,
 With her assisting rills, when Wyre is once replete:
 She in her crooked course to Seaward softly slides,
 Where Pellin's mighty mofs, and Merton's, on
 her sides
 Their boggy breasts outlay, and Skipton down
 doth crawl
 To entertain this Wyre, attained to her fall:
 When whilst each wand'ring flood seem'd settled
 to admire,
 First Erwell, Ribble then, and last of all this
 Wyre, [laid.
 That mighty wagers would have willingly been
 (But that these matters were with much discre-
 tion stay'd)
 Some broils about these brooks had surely been
 begun [thus
 When Coker a coy nymph, that clearly seems to
 All popular applause, who from her crystal head,
 In Wyersdale, near where Wyre is by her fountain
 fed, [twice,
 That by their natural birth they seem (indeed) to
 Yet for her sister's pride she careth not a pin,
 Of none, and being help'd, she likewise helpeth
 none,
 But to the Irish sea goes gently down alone
 Of any undisturb'd, till coming to her fount,
 Endanger'd by the sands, with many a lofty bound,
 She leaps against the tides, and cries to crystal Loo,
 The flood that names the town, from whence the
 shire begun,
 Her title first to take, and loudly tells the flood,
 ' That if a little while she thus but trifling flood,
 ' These petty brooks would be before her still
 prefer'd.
 Which the long wand'ring Lon, with good ad-
 vise ment heard,
 As she comes ambling on from Westmoreland,
 where first [run'd
 Arising from her head, amongst the mountains
 By many a pretty spring, that hourly getting
 strength,
 Arriving in her course in Lancashire at length,
 To Lonsdale shews herself, and lovingly doth play
 With her dear daughter Dale, with her frim cheek
 doth lay [traces,
 To her clear mother's breast, as mincingly she
 And oft embracing her, she oft again embraces,
 And on her darling smiles, with every little gale.
 When Lac the most lov'd child of this delicious
 Dale, [spring,
 And Wemming on the way, present their either's
 Next them she Henbourne hath, and Robourne
 which do bring
 Their bounties in one bank, their mistress to pre-
 fer, [casser,
 That she with greater state may come to Lac
 Of her which takes the name, which likewise to
 the shire,
 The sovereign title lends, and eminency, where

her town, what rightly doth be-

[song.

mons shire, our Lun thus frames her
most precious thing, and pleasing
man,

(made of earth) immediately began,
man, which the goodliest of this isle
hath brought forth, that much doth
ny file;

hose ancients else, which so much
ig were,

blazons gave to every several shire,
s mine own, have titled due to me?
this isle, there no such cattle be,

horn and hair, as those of Lanca-

very part of England far and near,
r marts for store, as from her race
d,

[exceed,

third, wherein she doth all shires
race of hounds, the deepest mouth'd
this kind, which we our hunters call,
heir bellowing throats upon a scent

[they tore;

ild surely think that the firm earth
de yawning chaps, or rent the clouds
ler,

their loud cry they meant to mock
ander.

atives have been anciently esteem'd,
near our best, and ever have been

the guard of our preceding kings,
most consist; but yet 'mongst all
hings,

ver since the English crown was set
ful head of our Plantagenet,

at the first, our dukedom was allow'd,
with the great'st revenues endow'd:

en it hapt, France conquering Ed-
blood

elf, here for the garland stoed;
ncastrian line, it from York's issue

our brave badge, which in their hel-
rore

ody field, at many a doubtful fight,
oufe of York, which bore for theirs
site.

yself there's not the (d) Tivy, nor
ye,

se nymphs that to the southward lie
e excels; and for this name of (e)

isten'd by, the Britons it begun,
doth import, of waters still increase.
owing low, when crystal Lun doth

oming in, conducts her by the hand,
salute the point of (f) Sunderland,
r dainty Lun to Amphitrite's care.
d bonny now the lads and lasses are,

sixth.

the British, fulness.

if Lancashire jutting out into the Irish sea.

That ever as anon, the bagpipe up doth blow,
Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,
And at each pause they kiss, was never seen such
rule

In any place but here, at bonfire, or at Yule;
And every village smokes at wakes with lusty
cheer,

[shire;

Then hey they cry for Lun, and hey for Lanca-
That one high hill was heard to tell it to his
brother,

That instantly again to tell it to some other:

From hill again to vale, from vale to hill it went,
The high-lands they again, it to the lower sent,
The mud-exhausted meres, and mosses deep among,
With the report thereof each road and harbour
rung;

[do keep,

The sea-nymphs with their song, so great a coyle
They cease not to resound it over all the deep,

And acted it each day before the Isle of Man,

Who like an empress sits in the Virgivan,

By her that hath the (g) Calf, long Walney, and
the Pyle,

As hand-maids to attend on her their sovereign isle,
To whom, so many though the Hebrides do shew,

Acknowledge, that to her they due subjection owe:
With corn and cattle stor'd, and what for her's is

good, [bourhood)

(That we, nor Ireland, need not scorn her neigh-
Her midst with mountains set, of which, from

(b) Scafell's height,

A clear and perfect eye, the weather being bright,

(Be Neptune's visage ne'er so terrible and stern)

The Scotch, the Irish shores, and th' English may
discern;

[brings

And what an empire can, the same this island

Her pedigrees to shew her right successive kings,

Her chronicles and can as easily rehearse,

And with all foreign parts to have had free com-
merce;

Her municipal laws and customs very old,
Belonging to her state, which strongly she doth

hold.

This island, with the song of Lun is taken so,
As she hath special cause before all other, who

For her bituminous turf, squar'd from her mossy
ground,

And trees far under earth, (by daily digging found,)

As for the store of oats, which her black glebe
doth bear,

In every one of these resembling Lancashire,
To her she'll stoutly stick, as to her nearest kin,

And cries the day is ours, brave Lancashire doth
win.

But yet this Isle of Man more seems not to rejoice
For Lancashire's good luck, nor with a louder voice

To sound it to the shores; than Furness whose
stern face,

[grace

With mountains set like warts, which nature as a
Bestow'd upon this tract, whose brows do look
so stern,

That when the nymphs of sea did first her front
discern,

(g) The Calf of a Man, a little island.

(b) A mountain in the Isle of Man.

Amazoddy they fled, to Amphitrite's bower,
Her grim aspect to see, which seem'd to them so
[bare.
As it malign'd the rule which mighty Neptune
Whose Fells to that grim god, most stern and
dreadful are,
With hills whose hanging brows, with rocks about
are bound,
Whose weighty feet stand fix'd in that black
beachy ground, [partake,
Whereas those scatter'd trees, which naturally
The fatness of the soil (in many a slimy lake,
Their roots so deeply seek'd) send from their
flocky bough,
A soft and sappy gum, from which those tree-
geese grow,
Call'd harancies by us, which like a jelly first
To the beholder seem, then by the fluxure nurs'd,
Still great and greater thrive, until you well may
see
Them turn'd to perfect fowls, when dropping
from the tree,
Into the merry pond, which under them doth lie,
Wax ripe, and taking wing, away in flocks do fly;
Which well our ancients did among our wonders
place:
Beside by her strong scite, she doth receive this
grace,
Before her neighbouring tracts, (which Farnesse
well may vaunt)
That when the Saxons here their forces first did
plant,
And from the inner-land the ancient Britons drove,
To their distress'd estate it no less succour gave,
Than the trans-Severn'd hills, which their old
stock yet stores, [shores.
Which now we call the Welsh, or the Cornubian
What country let's ye see those soils within her feat,
But she in little hath, what it can shew in great?
As first without herself at sea to make her strong,
(Yet howsoe'er expos'd, doth still to her belong)
And fence her farthest point, from that rough
Neptune's rage,
The Isle of Walney lies, whose longitude doth
wage,

His fury when his waves on Farnesse's shores
war,
Whose crooked back is arm'd with many a rug-
ged (i) scarr
Against his boist'rous shocks, which this defensive
isle
Of Walney still assail, that she doth fence the whole,
Which to assist her hath the Fyle of Scotland far,
And Fulney at her back, a pretty infanter,
Which all their forces head, their Farnesse-fort
keep:
But to his inner earth, divert we from the deep,
Where those two mighty meres, outspread'd in
length do wander,
The sister Thurstan nam'd, the famous Wyman-
der,
So bounded with her rocks, as nature would defy,
By her how those great seas Mediterranean lie.
To seaward then she hath her fundry sands again,
As that of Dudden first, then Levin, lastly Ken,
Of three bright Nymphs nam'd, as Dudden on the
Well, [invest
That Cumberland cuts off from this shire, doth
These sands with her proud stile, when Levin
from the fells, [swells,
Beside her sister source, with she abundance
Which those two mighty meres, upon her either
side
Contribute by recourse, that out of very pride,
She leaves her ancient name, and Fosse herself
doth call,
Till coming to the sands, even almost at her fall,
On them her ancient stile she liberally bestows.
Upon the east from these, clear Ken her bounty
shews,
From Kendal coming in, which she doth please to
grace,
First with her famous type, then lastly in her race,
Her name upon those sands doth liberally bequeath,
Whereas the muse a while may sit her down to
breath, [way,
And after walk along tow'nds Yorkshire on her
On which she strongly hopes to get a noble day.

(i) A scarr is a rock.

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH SONG.

The Argument.

Invention hence her compass steers,
Towards York the most renown'd of shires,
Makes the three Ridings in their stories,
Each severally to shew their glories.
Ouse for her most lov'd city's sake,
Doth her duke's title undertake ;
His floods then Humber welcomes in,
And shows how first he did begin.

se from Blackstonedge, no whit dismay'd
all,
at of the large shire, on which she was
fall, [arrive
erefts, hills, and floods, then long for her
ncasshire, that look'd her beauties to con-
ive)
herself to sing, of that above the rest
om that doth seem, a province at the
ast, [to be ;
that think themselves no simple shires
wherein the world her greatness most
ay see, [prefer,
t which doth this shire before the rest
any floods, and great, that rise from her,
me silky sew out of her verge that flow,
o other shires, that it is hard to know,
eir springs be hers, or others them divide,
e are only found upon her setting side.
noted well, remarkable to all, [fall.
se from her that flow, in her together

Nor can small praise bescem so beauteous brooks
as these,
For from all other nymphs these be the Naiades,
In Amphitrite's bower, that princely places hold,
To whom the Orkes of sea dare not to be so bold,
As rudely once to touch, and wherefoe'er they
come,
The Tritons with their trumps proclaim them
public room. :
Now whiles the muse prepares these floods a-
long to lead,
The wide West-riding first, desires that she may
plead
The right that her belongs, which of the muse
she wins,
When with the course of Den, thus she her tract
begins.
'Thou first of all my floods, whose banks do
bound my south,
And off'rest up thy stream to mighty Humber's
mouth,

Of (a) yew, and climbing elm, that crown'd with
 many a spray,
 From thy clear fountain first through many a
 mead dost play,
 Till Rother, whence the name of Rotheram first
 begun, [Don,
 At that her christ'n'd town doth lose her in my
 Which proud of her recourst, tow'rs Doncaster
 doth drive,
 Her great'st and chiefest town, the name that
 doth derive
 From Don's near bordering banks, when holding
 on her race,
 She dancing in and out, indenteth Hatfield Chase,
 Whose bravery hourly adds new honours to her
 bank:
 When Sherwood sends her in flow liddle, that
 made rank
 With her profuse excess, she largely it bestows
 On Marshland, whose swollen womb with such
 abundance flows,
 As that her bating breast, her fatings sooner
 feeds, [needs:
 And with more lavish waste, than oft the grassier
 Whose soil, as some report, that be her borderers
 note, [float:
 With th' water under earth undoubtedly doth
 For when the waters rise, it risen doth remain
 High whilst the floods are high, and when they
 fall again,
 It falleth; but at last, when as my lively Don,
 Along by Marshland's side, her lusty course hath
 run, [port
 The little wandering Went, won by the loud re-
 Of the magnific state, and height of Humber's
 court, [Aire:
 Draws on to meet with Don, at her approach to
 Now speak I of a flood, who thinks there's none
 should dare
 (Once) to compare with her, suppos'd by her
 descent,
 The darling daughter born of lofty Penigent,
 Who from her father's foot, by Skipton down
 doth scud,
 And leading thence to Leeds, that delicatest flood,
 Takes Caldor coming in by Wakefield, by whose
 force, [course;
 As from a lusty flood, much strengthen'd in her
 But Caldor as she comes, and greater still doth
 wax,
 And travelling along (b) by heading-Halifax,
 Which Horton once was call'd, but of a virgin's
 hair,
 (A martyr that was made, for chastity, that there
 Was by her lover slain) being fast'ned to a tree:
 The people that would needs it should a relic be,
 It Halifax since nam'd, which in the northern
 tongue,
 Is holy hair: but thence as Caldor comes along,
 It chanc'd she in her course on (c) Kirkbey cast
 her eye, [lie
 Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief doth

Beholding fely too before how Wakefield flood,
 She doth not only think of lusty Robin Hood,
 But of his merry man, the pindar of the town
 Of Wakefield, George a Green, whose fables
 far are blown,
 For their so valiant fight, that every freeman
 song, [long
 Can tell you of the same, quoth she be talk'd
 For ye were merry lads, and those were many
 days;
 When Aire to Caldor calls, and bids her own
 her way, [call:
 Who likewise to her help, brings Hibernia, and
 Thus Aire holds on her course tow'rs Hambley
 till she fill [last
 Her fall with all the wealth that Don can bear:
 Quoth the West-riding thus, with shame on I
 stor'd.

Next guide I on my wharfe, the great'st in her
 degree,
 And that I well may call the worthiest of the time,
 Who her full fountain takes from my waste west-
 tern wild, [the
 (Whence all but mountaineers, by nature are cut
 On Langtrethdale, and lights at th' entrance of
 her race,
 When keeping on her course, along through Rye-
 den Chase,
 She watereth Wharfedale's breast, which proudly
 bears her name; [name
 For by that time she's grown a flood of wandring
 When Washbrook with her wealth her waters
 doth supply;
 Thus (d) Wharfin her brave course embracing
 Wetherby, [then
 Small Cock, a fullen brook comes to her fount:
 Whose banks received the blood of many three
 sand men, [call
 On sad Palm-Sunday slain, that Towton-Field we
 Whose channel quite was chok'd with those that
 there did fall,
 That wharfe discolour'd was with gore, that then
 was shed,
 The bloodiest field betwixt the White Rose, and
 the Red, [last
 Of well near fifteen fought in England first and
 But whilst the goodly Wharfe doth then
 tow'rs Humber haste,
 From Wharfedale hill not far, outflows the river
 Nyde, [the
 Through Nyderdale along, as neatly she doth
 Tow'rs Knaresburgh on her way, a pretty little
 rill,
 Call'd Kebeck, flows her stream, her waters
 banks to fill,
 To entertain the Wharfe where that brave (e) re-
 rest stands,
 Entitled by the town, who with upreared hands
 Makes signs to her of joy, and doth with garish
 crown
 The river passing by; but Wharfe that hasted
 down

(a) Much yew and elm upon the bank of Don.
 (b) Beheading, which we call Halifax law.
 (c) Robin Hood's burying place.

(d) See to the 22 song.
 (e) Knaresborough ford.

her mistress Ouse, her speedy course
 h hie;
 her, Rivel, Gret, so on my set have I,
 in their fountains there all out of me
 flow,
 my bounty I on Lancashire bestow,
 y rising soil doth shut them to the west :
 y mountains I will with the isle con-
 ,
 if the north in largeness shall exceed,
 long before it finally decreed,
 Merow hill, (f) Pendle, and Penigent,
 ned be the high't betwixt our Tweed
 | Trent.
 rave Whelpston then, thou Wharnside,
 | thou Cam,
 :st Riding still your only mother am;
 port can give, and justly is my due,
 atural dam share equally with you;
 e see a Mill that to the north doth stand,
 est of them all, that dare but lift a
 d, [mount,
 gent to peert; not Skiddo that proud
 of him so much, rude Cumberland ac-
 nt,
 ot, of whose height Northumberland
 h boast
 a to survey; nor those from coast to
 ft
 near run in length, that row of moun-
 is tall,
 ie of th' English Alps, that our most
 ned call; [place,
 all those, or these remove out of their
 r lofty look, my Penigent out-face :
 hold my hills, my forests, dals, and
 ses
 spacious breast: not too how nature
 ces [lie,
 o my west, first Langstrethdale doth
 e bank of Wharfe, my pleasant Bardon
 [hand :
 arfdale hard by her, as taking hand in
 r tow'rds the sea brave Knarlsborough
 h stand,
 to my north, my Niddersdale by Nyde,
 ps-dale above upon my setting side,
 , and Hatfield Chase, my eastern part
 bound,
 idale there doth but on Don's well-wa-
 'd ground :
 y great disgrace, if any shall object
 wonder have that's worthy of respect
 spacious tract, let them (so wise) sur-
 /
 e's rising banks, their worst, and let
 m say;
 swick where I a fountain can you show,
 t times in a day is said to ebb and flow,
 time was a nymph, and in the moun-
 is high [sky;
 , whose blue heads for caps put on the

hill is upon the verge of this tract, but
 Lancashire.
 rd.

Amongst (b) th' Orcads there, and sylvans made
 abode, [trod)
 ' (It was ere human foot upon those hills had
 Of all the mountain kind and since she was most
 fair,
 It was a satyr's chance to see her silver hair
 Flow loosely at her back, as up a cliff she clame,
 Her beauties noting well, her features, and her
 frame,
 And after her he goes; which when she did espy,
 Before him like the wind, the nimble nymph doth
 fly,
 They hurry down the rocks, o'er hill and dale
 they drive;
 To take her he doth strain, t' outstrip him she
 doth strive,
 Like one his kind that knew, and greatly fear'd
 his rape,
 And to the (i) topic gods by praying to escape,
 They turn'd her to a spring, which as she then
 did pant,
 When wearied with her course, her breath grew
 wondrous scant :
 Even as the fearful nymph, then thick and short
 did blow,
 Now made by them a spring, so doth the ebb and
 flow.
 And near the stream of Nyde, another spring
 have I, [ply.
 As well as that, which may a wonder's place sup-
 Which of the form it bears, men Dropping-well
 do call,
 Because out of a rock, it still in drops doth fall,
 Near to the foot whereof it makes a little pon,
 Which in as little space converteth wood to stone,
 Chevin, and Kilnfey Crag, were they not here in
 me,
 In any other place, right well might wonders be,
 For their gigantic height, that mountains do
 transcend ?
 But such are frequent here, and thus she makes
 an end.
 When (k) Your thus having heard the genius
 of this tract,
 Her well deserved praise so happily to act,
 This river in herself that was extremely loth,
 The other to defer, since that she was to both
 Indifferent, straitly wills West-riding there to
 cease;
 And having made a sign to all the watry prease
 For silence, which at once, when her command
 had won, [begun.
 The proud North-Riding thus for her great self
 ' My sovereign flood, quoth she, in nature thou
 art bound
 T' acknowledge me of three to be the worthiest
 ground :
 For note of all those floods, the wild West Riding
 sends, [tends,
 There's scarcely any one thy greatness that at-

(b) Nymphs of the mountains.

(i) The supposed genius of the place.

(k) Your, the chiefest river of Yorkshire, who after her
 long course, by the confluence of other floods, gets the
 name of Ouse.

Till thou hast pass'd York, and drawest near thy fall;
 And when thou hast no need of their supplies at
 Then come they flatt'ring in, and will thy follow-
 ers be;
 So as you oftentimes these wretched wordlings
 That whilst a man is poor, although some hopes
 depend
 Upon his future age, yet there's not one will lend
 A farthing to relieve his sad distressed state,
 Not knowing what may yet befall him; but when fate
 Deth pour upon his head his long expected good,
 Then shall you see these slaves, else before that
 flood,
 And would have let him starve, like spaniels to
 him crouch,
 And with their glowering lips, his very feet to
 So do they by the Year; whereas the floods in
 me,
 That spring and have their course, (even) given
 thy life to thee:
 For till that thou and Swale, into one bank do take,
 Meeting at Borough-bridge, thy greatness there
 to make:
 Till then the name of Ouse thou art not known
 to owe,
 A term in former times the ancients did bestow
 On many a full-bank'd flood; but for my greater
 grace,
 These floods of which I speak, I now intend to
 From their first springing founts, beginning with
 the Year
 From Morvil's mighty foot which rising, with
 the power
 That Bant from Sea-mere brings, her somewhat
 more doth fill,
 Near Bishops-dale at hand, when Cover a clear
 Next cometh into Your, whereas that lusty chase
 For her lov'd Cover's sake, doth lovingly em-
 brace
 Your as the yields along, amongst the parks and
 In Middleham's amorous eye, as wandringly she
 roves,
 At Rippon meets with Skell, which makes to her
 Whom when she hath receiv'd into the nymphish
 train,
 (1) Near to the town so fam'd for colts there to
 be bought,
 For goodness far and near, by horsemen that are
 sought)
 Fore-right upon her way she with a merrier gale,
 To Borough-bridge makes on, to meet her sister
 Swale,
 (A wondrous holy flood (which name she ever
 For when the Saxons first receiv'd the Christian
 faith
 Paulinus of old York, the zealous bishop then,
 In Swale's abundant stream Christen'd ten thou-
 sand men,
 With women and their babes, a number more be-
 Upon one happy day, whereof she boasts with
 pride)

(2) Rippon fair,

Which springs not far from whence Your
 her silver head;
 And in her winding banks along my before
 As the goes sweeping by, to Swaledale whence
 springs,
 That lovely name she leaves, which forth a
 The valleys style that bears, a humber stream
 Scarce any shire can show; when as my
 aid,
 Come Barney, Aske, and Marika, their sovereign
 Swale to guide,
 From Applegarth's wide waste, and from the
 Forest side.
 Whose fountains by the fawns, and stags, may
 With youthful groves were crown'd; yet
 not stay them there,
 But they will serve the Swale, which in her
 driving course,
 A nymph nam'd Molgat hath, and which, all
 whole force,
 Small though (God wet) it be, yet from the
 southern shore,
 With that salute the Swale, as others did before;
 At Richmond and grive, which much doth
 the flood;
 For that her precinct long amongst the fountains
 But Yorkshire wills the same her glory to
 When passing thence the Swale, this
 of mine
 Next takes into her train, clear Wilke, a
 As though her watry path were pav'd with
 pearl,
 So wondrous sweet she seems, in many a
 As though the gambolds made, or as she did
 fire,
 Her labyrinth-like turns, and mad
 With marvel should amaze, and coming doth
 brace
 North-Alerton, by whom her honour is secured,
 Whose liberties include a county at the least,
 To grace the wandring Wilke, then well
 her way,
 Which by her count'nance thinks to carry all
 When having her receiv'd, Swale bonny
 brings,
 And Willowbeck with her, two pretty
 And Beddall bids along, then almost at the Ouse,
 Who with these rills enrich'd begins her
 rouse.
 When that great forest-nymph fair Gaster
 her way,
 She sees to stand prepar'd with garlands
 To deck up Ouse, before herself to York
 show,
 So out of my full womb the Fosse doth
 That meeting thee at York, under the city's
 Her glories with thyself doth equally divide,
 The east part watering still, as thou doest
 well,
 By whose embraces York abundantly is
 So many rivers I continually maintain,
 As all those lesser floods that into Darwin
 Their fountains find in me, the Ryedale
 Ryc,
 Fofs, Rycal, Hodbec, Dow, with Semen, and then

or Costwy, which herself from Blackmore in
doth bring, [ing,
playing as she slides through shady Picker-
Darwent homage doth; and Darwent that di-
vides

East-riding and me, upon her either sides,
nought that to us both, she most indifferent be,
seemeth to affect her equally with me,
in my division yet her fountain doth derive,
from my Blackmore here her course doth
first contrive.

my dimensions then be seriously pursu'd.
I let Great Britain see in my brave latitude,
in the high'st degree by nature I am grac'd;
towards the Craven hills, upon my west are
plac'd [all,

forest, Applegarth, and Swaledale, Dryades
lower towards the Ouse, if with my floods
ye fall, [kind,

goodly Gaustres keeps chief of my sylvan
re stony Stanmore view, bleak with the fleet
and wind,

in this eastern side, so Ryedale dark and deep,
nought whose groves of yore, some say that
elves did keep;

in Pickering, whom the fawns beyond them
all adore, [more,

whom not far away lies large-spread Blacki
Cleveland north from these, a state that doth
maintain,

ning her lusty side to the great German main,
ich if she were not here confined thus in me,
were even of herself might well be said to be.
or less hath Pickering Leigh her liberty than
this

the Alerton a shire so likewise reckon'd is;
I Richmond of the rest, the greatest in estate,
sunny justly call'd, that them accommodate;

North Riding am, for spaciousness renown'd,
mother Yorkshire's eld'st, who worthily is
crown'd

queen of all the shires, on this side Trent,
for we

Ridings several parts of her vast greatness be,
as, so we again have several seats, whose bounds
measure from their sides so many miles of
grounds, [king,

as they are called shires; like to some mighty
Yorkshire be compar'd, (the lik'st of any
thing) [tain,

as hath kings that attend, and to his state re-
yet so great, that they have under them
again [we

at princes, that to them be subject, so have
as subject unto us, yet we her subjects be;
nought these be enough sufficiently to show,

as I the other two for bravery quite out-go:
look ye up along into my setting side,
are Teis first from my bounds rich (=) Du-
nelme doth divide,

I you shall see those rills, that with their wat-
ry prease,
is most beloved Teis so plenteously increase,

I The bishoprick of Durham.

The clear yet-lesser Lune, the Bander, and the
Gret,

All out of me do flow; then turn ye from the set,
And look but tow'rds the rise, upon the German
main,

Those rarities, and see, that I in me contain;
My Scarborough, which looks as though in hea-
ven it flood, [Hood,

To those that lie below, from th' Bay of Robin
Even to the fall of Teis; let me but see the man,
That in one tract can show the wonders that I
can, [but I,

Like Whithy's self I think, there's none can shew
O'er whose attractive earth there may no wild
geese fly, [ground:

But presently they fall from off their wings to
If this no wonder be, where's there a wonder
found, [behold,

And stones like serpents share, yet may ye more
That in their natural gyres are up together roll'd.
The rocks by Moul-grave too, my glories forth to
set, [jet

Out of their crany'd cleves, can give you perfect
And upon Huntclipsab, you everywhere may find,
(As though nice nature lov'd to vary in this kind)
Stones of a spherick form of sundry mickles
fram'd,

That well they globes of stone, or bullets might
be nam'd [blows,

For any ordnance fit; which broke with hammers
Do headless snakes of stone, within their rounds
enclose.

Mark Gisborough's gay scite, where nature seems
so nice,

As in the same she makes a second paradise,
Whose soil embroider'd is, with so rare sundry
flowers,

Her large oaks so long green, as summer there
her bowers

Had set up all the year, her air for health refin'd,
Her earth with allom veins most richly intermin'd.

In other places these might rarities be thought,
So common but in me, that I esteem as nought

Then could I reckon up my Ricall, making on
By Ryedale, towards her dear-lov'd Darwent,
who's not gone

Far from her pearly springs, but under ground
she goes;

As up towards Craven hills, I many have of those,
Amongst the crany'd cleves, that through the
cavern creep,

And dimples hid from day, into the earth so deep,
That oftentimes their sight the senses doth appal,
Which for their horrid course, the people Helbecks
call,

Which may for ought I see, be with my wonders
set, [debt

And with much marvel seen: that I am not in
To none that neighboureth me; nor ought can
they me lend.

When Darwent bad her stay, and there her
speech to end,

For that East-Riding call'd, her proper cause to
plead: [maid,

For Darwent, a true nymph, a most impartial

And like to both ally'd, doth will the last should
 have [gave,
 That privilege, which time to both the former
 And wills th' East-Riding then, in her own cause
 to speak,
 Who mildly thus begins; 'Although I be but
 weak, [want
 To those two former parts, yet what I seem to
 be largeness, for that I am in my compass scant,
 Yet for my scite I know, that I them both exceed;
 For mark me how I lie, ye note me very well,
 How in the east I reign, (of which my name I
 take, [take,
 And my broad side to bear up to the German
 Which bravely I survey; then turn ye and behold
 Upon my pleasant breast, that large and spacious
 Ould [eyes,
 Of York that takes the name, that with delighted
 When he beholds the sun out of the fens to rise,
 With pleasure feeds his stocks, for which he scarce
 gives place [grace,
 To Cotswold, and for what becomes a pastoral
 Doth go beyond him quite; then note upon my
 south, [mouth,
 How all along the shore, to mighty Humber's
 Rich Holdernesse I have, excelling for her grain,
 By whose much plenty I, not only do maintain
 Myself in good estate, but shires far off that lie,
 Up Humber that to Hull, come every day to buy,
 To me beholden are; besides, the neighbouring
 towns, [Downs,
 Upon the verge whereof, to part her and the
 Hall down to Humber hastes, and takes into her
 bank [rank,
 Some less but lively rills, with waters waxing
 She Beverly salutes, whose beauties so delight
 'The fair-ensamour'd flood, as ravish'd with the sight,
 That she could ever stay, that gorgeous (s) phane
 to view, [pursue,
 But that the brooks and bourns so hotly her
 To Kingston and convey, whom Hull doth newly
 name
 Of Humber-bord'ring Hull, who hath not heard
 the fame: [mine:
 And for great Humber's self, I challenge him for
 For whereas Fowlwy first, and Shelfleet do combine,
 By meeting in their course, so courteously to twin,
 'Gainst whom on th' other side, the goodly Trent
 comes in,
 From that especial place, great Humber hath his
 reign, [maintain,
 Beyond which he's mine own: so I my course
 From Kilnsey's pyle-like point, along the eastern
 shore,
 And lough at Neptune's rage, when loud'est he
 doth roar, [sea,
 Till Flamborough jut forth into the German
 And as th' East-Riding more yet ready was to say,
 Once in her own behalf doth interrupt her speech,
 And of th' imperious land doth liberty beseech,
 Since she had passed York, and in her wand'ring
 race,
 By that fair city's scite, received had such grace,

(s) The church of Beverley.

She might for it declaim, but more to
 York,
 She who suppos'd the same to be her end
 Still to renew those dukes, who first
 pretend
 A title to the crown, as those who did de
 From them that had the right, doth this
 make,
 And to uphold their claim, thus to the f
 'They very idly err, who think that hi
 spilt,
 In that long-lasting war, preceeded f
 Of the proud Yorkists part; for let them
 stand,
 That Richard Duke of York, whose f
 martial hand
 The title undertook, by tyranny and mi
 sought not t' attain the crown, but from
 ful right,
 Which still upheld his claim, by which h
 son,
 Great Edward Earl of March, the gaul
 For Richard Duke of York, at Wakefi
 slain,
 Who first that title broach'd, in the first
 From Edmond a fifth son of Edward did
 That justly he thereby no title could pre
 Before them come from Gaunt, well kno
 to be,
 The fourth to Edward born, and therel
 gree
 Before him to the crown; but that which
 His title, was the match with dame Anne h
 Of Roger Earl of March the daughter,
 claim,
 From Clarence the third son of Great I
 ward came,
 Which Anne deriv'd alone, the right f
 Of the delap'd crown, from Philip her fai
 Daughter and only heir of Clarence, and
 To Edmond Earl of March; this Anne be
 ter ty'd
 In wedlock to the Earl of Cambridge,
 the right
 Of Richard, as I said, which fell at V
 Descended to his son, brave Edward afte
 (Henry the sixth depos'd) thus did the
 bring
 Their title from a strain, before the line
 Whose issue they by arms did worthily f
 By this the Once perceiv'd great H
 look grim;
 (For evermore she hath a special eye to l
 As though he much disdain'd each one sh
 be heard,
 And he their only king until the last defe
 At which he seem'd to frown; where
 Ouse off breaks,
 And to his confluent floods, thus mighty
 speaks:
 'Let Trent her tribute pay, which fr
 several fonts,
 For thirty floods of name, to me her ki
 counts,

much of me belov'd, brave river; and from me,
 receive those glorious rites that fame can give to
 thee.
 and thou marsh-drowning Don, and all those
 that repair
 to thee, that bring'st to me thy easy ambling
 Aire,
 embodying in one bank: and Wharfe, which by
 thy fall [all,
 oft much augment my Ouse, let me embrace you
 ly brave West-Riding brooks, your king you
 need not scorn,
 rood Naiades neither ye; North-Riders that are
 born;
 ly yellow-fanded Your, and thou my sister
 Swale,
 bat dancing come to Ouse, through many a
 dainty dale,
 o greatly me enrich, clear Darwent driving down
 oon Cleveland; and thou Hull, that highly dost
 renown
 b' East-Riding by thy rise, do homage to your
 king, [sing;
 and let the sea-nymphs thus of mighty Humber
 hat full an hundred floods my wat'ry court
 maintain, [train,
 Which either of themselves, or in their greater's
 heir tribute pay to me; and for my princely
 name,
 oon Humber king of Hunns, as anciently it
 came;
 o still I stick to him: for from that eastern king
 ace in me drown'd, as I my pedigree do bring:
 o his great name receives no prejudice thereby;
 or as he was a king, so know ye all that I
 m king of all the floods, that north of Trent do
 flow;
 hen let the idle world no more such cost bestow,
 or of the muddy Nile, so great a wonder take;
 hough with her bellowing fall, she violently make
 he neighbouring people deaf; nor Ganges so
 much praise,
 hat where he narrowest is, eight miles in broad-
 ness lays
 is below; nor so much hereafter shall be spoke
 f that (but lately found) Guianian Oronoque,
 whose cataract a noise so horrible doth keep,
 hat it even Neptune frights; what flood comes
 to the deep,

Vol. III.

Than Humber that is heard more horribly to roar?
 For when my (o) Higre comes, I make my either
 shore
 Even tremble with the sound, that I afar do send.
 No sooner of this speech had Humber made an
 end,
 But the applauding floods sent forth so shrill a
 shout,
 That they were eas'ly heard all Holdernefs about,
 Above the beachy brack, amongst the marshes
 rude,
 When the East-Riding her oration to concludé,
 Goes on: 'My sisters boast that they have little
 shires [theirs;
 Their subjects, I can shew the like of mine for
 My (p) Howdon hath as large a circuit, and as free,
 On Ouse, and Humber's banks, and as much graceth
 me,
 My latitude compar'd with those that me oppugn:
 Not Richmond nor her like, that doth to them
 belong,
 Doth grace them more than this doth me, upon
 my coast;
 And for their wond'rous things whereof so much
 they boast,
 Upon my eastern side, which juts upon the sea,
 Amongst the white-scalp'd cleeves this wonder
 see they may,
 The Mullet, and the Awke, my fowlers there do
 find, [kind,
 Of all Great Britain brood, birds of the strangest
 That building in the rocks, being taken with the
 hand,
 And cast beyond the cliff that pointeth to the land,
 Fall instantly to ground, as though it were a stone,
 But put out to the sea, they instantly are gone,
 And fly a league or two before they do return,
 As only by that air, they on their wings were born.
 Then my prophetic spring at Veipfy, I may shew,
 That some years is dry'd up, some years again
 doth flow;
 But when it breaketh out with an immoderate
 birth
 It tells the following year of a penurious dearth.'
 Here ended she her speech, the Ridings all
 made friends,
 And from my tired hand, my labour'd canto ends.

(o) The roaring of the waters at the coming in of the tides
 (p) A liberty in the East Riding.

L 1

P O L Y - O L B I O N

THE TWENTY-NINTH SONG.

The Argument.

The Muse the Bishopric assays,
And to her fall sings down the Teis,
Then takes she to the dainty Wer,
And with all braveries fitted her.
Tynic tells the victories by us got,
In foughten fields against the Scot.
Then through Northumberland she goes,
The floods and mountains doth dispose;
And with their glories doth proceed,
Not staying still she come to Tweed.

Thus muse this largest shire of England having
sung,
Yet seeing more than this did to her task belong,
Looks still into the north, the (s) bishopric and
views,
Which with an eager eye, whilst wisely she pur-
Teis as a bordering flood, (who thought herself
divine)
Confining in her course that county Palatine,
And York the greatest shire, doth instantly begin
To rouse herself : quoth she, ' Doth every rillet
win
Applause for their small worths, and I that am a
With those poor brooks compar'd ? shall I alone
be seen
Thus silently to pass, and not be heard to sing ?
When as two countries are contending for my
spring :
For Cumberland, to which the Cumri gave the
Accounts it to be hers, Northumberland the same,
Mopric of Dur^{ham}.

Will need'ly here should be, for that
doth rise
So equally 'twixt both, that he were very
Could tell which of these two, me
may claim.
But as in all these tracts, there's scarce a
same.
But she some valley hath, which her
doth bear :
My Teisdale nam'd of me, so likewise
At my first setting forth, through which
slide ;
Then Yorkshire which doth lie upon
Mc Lune and Bauder lends, as in the
Th' industrious muse hath shew'd ; my
nian shore,
Sends Huyd to help my course, with
other becks,
Which time (as it should seem) so utterly
That they are nameless yet ; then do I
To Bernard's battled towers, and series

course to Neptune's court, but as forthright I
run,
e Skern, a dainty nymph, saluting Darlington,
me in to give me aid, and being proud and
rank,
chanc'd to look aside, and spieth near her
ree black and horrid pits, which for their
boiling heat,
bat from their lothsome brims do breath a
sulphurous sweat)
Il-battles rightly call'd, that with the very sight,
is water-nymph, my Skern, is put in such a
fright,
it with unusual speed, she on her course doth
I rashly runs herself into my widen'd waist.
ump I thus approach great Amphitrite's state.
but whilst Teis undertook her story to relate,
r waxeth almost wood, that she so long should
stand,
on those lofty terms, as though both sea and land
re ty'd to hear her talk: quoth Wer, 'What
wouldst thou say,
a-glorious bragging brook, hadst thou so clear
a way
advance thee as I have, hadst thou such means
and might,
w wouldst thou then exult! O then to what
a height
adst thou put up thy price? hadst thou but
such a trine
rills as I have, which naturally combine,
sir springs thee to beget, as those of mine do me,
their consenting sounds that do so well agree?
Kellop coming in from Kellop-Law her fire,
mountain much in fame, small Wellop doth
require
h her to walk along, which Bardop with her
brings.
is from the full conflux of these three several
greatness is begot, as nature meant to shew
future strength and state; then forward do I
flow
ough my delicious dale, with every pleasure
rife,
l Wyre-dale still may stand with Teis-dale for her
sparing of their scite, then casting on my course,
ciate with th' excess of my first natural source,
xetty bourns and becks, I scorn but once to call,
crop a wearish girl, of name the first of all,
t I vouchsafe for mine, until that I arrive
Auckland, where with force me forward still
to drive,
r Gauntlets gives herself, when I begin to
whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,
nge my posture oft, to many a snaky gyre,
my first fountain now, as seeming to retire:
n suddenly again I turn my wat'ry trail,
r I indent the earth, and then I it engraile
h many a turn and trace, thus wand'ring up
and down,
e Durham I behold, that stately seated town,
t Dunholme hight of yore (even) from a de-
sert won,
de first foundation zeal and piety begun,

By them who thither first St. Cuthbert's body
brought,
To save it from the Danes, by fire and sword
that fought
Subversion of those things that good and holy
With which beloved place, I seem so pleas'd here,
As that I clip it close, and sweetly hug it in
My clear and amorous arms, as jealous time
should win
Me farther off from it, as our divorce to be.
Hence like a lusty flood most absolutely free,
None mixing them with me, as I do mix with
none,
But scorning a colleague, nor near me any one,
To Neptune's court I come; for note along the
strand,
From Hartlepoble (even) to the point of Sunder-
As far as (b) Wardenlaws can possibly survey;
There's not a flood of note hath entrance to the sea.
Here ended she her speech, when as the goodly
Tyne,
(Northumberland that parts from this shire Pala-
Which patiently had heard, look as before the Wer
Had taken up the Teis, so Tyne now takes up her,
For her so tedious talk, 'Good Lord, (quoth she)
had I
No other thing wherein my labour to employ,
But to set out myself, how much (well) could I
say,
In mine own proper praise, in this kind every
As skilful as the best; I could if I did please,
Of my two fountains tell, which of their sundry
ways,
The South and North are nam'd, entitled both
of Tyne,
As how the prosperous springs of these two floods
of mine
Are distant thirty miles, how that the South-
Tyne nam'd
From Stanmore takes her spring, for mines of
brass that's fam'd,
How that nam'd of the North, is out of Wheel-
sell sprung,
Amongst these English Alps, which as they run
England and Scotland here impartially divide.
How South-Tyne setting out from Cumberland is
ply'd
With Hartley which her hastes, and Tippall that
doth strive,
By her more sturdy stream, the Tyne along to
How th' Allans, th' East, and West, their boun-
ties to her bring,
Two fair and full-brim'd floods, how also from
her spring,
My other North-nam'd Tyne, through Tyndale
maketh in,
Which Shele her handmaid hath, and as she hastes
to twin
With th' other from the south, her sister, how
clear Rhead,
With Perop comes prepar'd, and Cherlop, me
to lead,

(b) A mountain on that part of the shire.

Through Riddale on my way, as far as Exham,
 then [men
 Dowell me homage doth, with blood of English-
 Whose stream was deeply dy'd in that most cruel
 war
 Of Lancaster and York. Now having gone so far,
 Their strengths me their dear Tyne, do wond'-
 rously enrich, [which
 As how clear Darwent draws down to Newcastle,
 The honour hath alone to entertain me there,
 As of those mighty ships, that in my mouth I bear
 Fraught with my country coal, of this Newcastle
 nam'd, [fam'd
 For which both far and near, that place no less is
 Than India for her mines; should I at large de-
 clare [spare,
 My glories, in which time commands me to be
 And I but slightly touch, which flood I to report,
 As freely as I might, ye both would fall too short
 Of me; but know, that Tyne hath greater things
 in hand:
 For, to trick up ourselves, whilst trifling thus we
 stand, [note,
 Bewitch'd with our own praise, at all we never
 How the Albanian floods now lately set afloat,
 With th' honour to them done, take heart, and
 loudly cry
 Defiance to us all, on this side Tweed that lie;
 And hark the high-brow'd hills aloud begin to
 ring, [sing:
 With sound of things that forth prepared is to
 When once the muse arrives on the Albanian
 shore,
 And therefore to make up our forces here before
 The on-set they begin, the battles we have got,
 Both on our earth and theirs, against the valiant Scot,
 I undertake to tell; then, muses, I entreat
 Your aid, whilst I these fights in order shall repeat.
 'When mighty Malcolm here had with a vio-
 lent hand,
 (As he had oft before) destroy'd Northumberland,
 In Rufus' troubled reign, the warlike Mowbray
 then, [men,
 This earldom that possess'd, with half the power of
 For conquest which that king from Scotland hi-
 ther drew,
 At Alnwick in the field their armies overthrew;
 Where Malcolm and his son, brave Edward both
 were found:
 Slain on that bloody field: so on the English
 ground, [son,
 When David king of Scots, and Henry his stern
 Entitled by those times, the Earl of Huntingdon,
 Had forag'd all the north, beyond the river Teis,
 In Stephen's troubled reign, in as tumultuous days
 As England ever knew, the archbishop of York,
 Scout Thurstan, and with him join'd in that war-
 like work,
 Ralph, both for wit and arms) of Durham bishop
 then
 Renown'd, that called were the valiant clergymen,
 With th' Earl of Aubemerle, Especk, and Peve-
 rell, knights,
 And of the Ladies two, oft try'd in bloody fights,

'Twixt Allerton and York, the doubtful battle
 got,
 On David and his son, whilst of th' invading Scot
 Ten thousand strew'd the earth, and whilst they
 lay to bleed, [Tweed
 Ours followed them that fled, beyond our sister
 And when (c) Fitz-empres next in Normandy,
 and here,
 And his rebellious sons in high combustions were,
 William the Scottish king, taking advantage then,
 And entering with an host of eighty thousand men,
 As far as Kendal came, where captains then of ours,
 Which aid in Yorkshire rais'd, with the Northum-
 brian powers,
 His forces overthrew, and him a prisoner led.
 So Longshank's, Scotland's scourge, him to that
 country sped,
 Provoked by the Scots, that England did invade,
 And on the borders here such spoil and havoc
 made,
 That all the land lay waste betwixt the Tweed
 and me.
 This most courageous king, from them his own
 to free,
 Before proud Berwick set his puissant army down,
 And took it by strong siege, since when that warlike
 town
 As Cautionary long the English after held.
 But tell me all you floods, when was there such a
 field
 By any nation yet, as by the English won,
 Upon the Scottish power, as that of Halidon,
 Seven earls, nine hundred horse, and of foot sol-
 diers more,
 Near twenty thousand slain, so that the Scottish
 gore [fight.
 Ran down the hill in streams (even) in Albania's
 By our third Edward's prowess, that most re-
 nowned knight,
 As famous was that fight of his against the Scot,
 As that against the French, which he at Cressy got.
 And when that conquering king did afterward
 advance [France,
 His title, and had past his warlike powers to
 And David king of Scots here entered to invade,
 To which the king of France did that false lord
 persuade,
 Against his given faith, from France to draw his
 bands, [haze
 To keep his own at home, or to fill both his
 With war in both the realms: was ever such a loss,
 To Scotland yet befall, as that at Nevil's-cross,
 Where fifteen thousand Scots their souls at once
 forsook,
 Where stout John Copland then king David pri-
 soner took
 I th' head of all his troops, that bravely there was
 seen. [quick
 When English Philip, that Brave Armagonian
 Encouraging her men from troop to troop did
 ride, [try'd
 And where our clergy had their ancient

Thus often coming in, they have gone out too short.

And next to this the fight of Nesbit I report,
When Hebborn that stout Scot, and his had all
their hire, [fire,

Which int' our marches came, and with invasive
Our villages laid waste, for which defeat of ours,
When doughty Douglass came with the Albanian
powers.

At Holmdon do but see, the blow our Hotspur
gave [dave

To that bold daring Scot, before him how he
His army, and with shot our brave English bows
Did wound them on the backs, whose breasts
were hurt with blows,

Ten thousand put to sword, with many a lord and
knight, [outright,

Some prisoners, wounded some, some others slain
And cut'ring Scotland then, all Tivdale o'er-ran.

Or who a braver field than th' Earl of Surrey
was,

Where there King James the fourth himself so
bravely bore [before,

That since that age wherein he liv'd, nor those
Yet never such a king in such a battle saw,
Amongst his fighting friends, where whilst he
breath could draw,

He bravely fought on foot, where Flodden hill
was strew'd [hew'd,

With bodies of his men, well-near to mammoths
That on the mountain's side they covered near a
mile, [gyle,

Where those two valiant earls of Lennox and Ar-
were with their sovereign slain, abbots, and
bishops there,

Which had put armour on in hope away to bear
The victory with them, before the English fell.

But now of other fields, it fits the muse to tell,
As when the noble Duke of Norfolk made a road
To Scotland, and therein his hostile fire bestow'd
On well-near thirty towns, and staying there so
long,

Till vidual waxed weak, the winter waxing strong,
Returning over Tweed, his booties home to bring,

Which to the very heart did vex the Scottish king,
The fortune of the duke extremely that did grudge,

Remaining there so long, and doing there so much,
Thinking to spoil and waste in England, as before

The Englishmen had done on the Albanian shore,
And gathering up his force, before the English fled
To Scotland's utmost bounds, thence into England
sped, [friend

When that brave halsard son of Dacres, and his
John Musgrave, which had charge the marches to
attend,

With Wharton, a proud knight, with scarce four
hundred horse, [force,

Encountering on the plain with all the Scottish
Thence from the field with them, so many pri-
soners brought, [caught,

Which in that furious fight were by the English
That there was scarce a page or lackey but had
slew.

Earls, barons, knights, esquires, two hundred there
and more,

Of ordinary men seven hundred made to yield,
There scarcely hath been heard, of such a foughten
field,

That James the fifth to think, that but so very few,
His universal power so strangely should subdue,
So took the same to heart, that it abridg'd his life,
Such foils by th' English given, amongst the Scots
were rife.

These on the English earth, the Englishmen
did gain [constrain

But when their breach of faith did many times
Our nation to invade, and carry conquests in
To Scotland; then behold, what our success hath
been,

Even in the latter end of our eighth Henry's days,
Who Seymour sent by land, and Dudley sent by
seas, [bear

With his full forces then, O Forth, then didst thou
That navy on thy stream, whose bulk was fraught
with fear,

When Edinburgh and Leith into the air were blown
With powder's sulphurous smoke, and twenty
towns were thrown

Upon the trampled earth, and into ashes trod;
As int' Albania when we made a second road,

In our sixth Edward's days, when those two mar-
tial men, [again :

Which conquered there before, were thither sent
But for their high deserts, with greater titles grac'd,
The first created Duke of Somerset, the last

The Earl of Warwick made, at Muffelborough
field, [yield,

Where many a doughty Scot that did disdain to
Was on the earth laid dead, where as for five
miles space

In length, and four in breadth, the English in the
chase, [ground,

With carcases of Scots, strew'd all their natural
The number of the slain were fourteen thousand
found, [men,

And fifteen hundred more ta'en prisoners by our
So th' Earl of Suffex next to Scotland sent
again,

To punish them by war, which on the borders
here, [were

Not only robb'd and spoil'd, but that assistants
To those two puissant earls, Northumberland,
who rose

With Westmoreland his peer, suggested by the foes
To great Eliza's reign, and peaceful government;

Wherefore that puissant queen him to Albania sent,
Who fifty rock-rear'd piles and castles having cast

Far lower than their scites, and with strong fires
defac'd

Three hundred towns, their wealth, with him
worth carryin' brought

To England over Tweed.' When now the floods
besought

The Tyne to hold her tongue, when presently
began [ran,

A rumour which each where through all the country
Of this proud river's speech, the hills and floods
among,

And Lowes, a forest-nymph, the same so loudly
sung,

That it through Tyndale straight, and quite
through Ridsdale ran,
And founded shriller there, than when it first began,
That those high Alpine hills, as in a row they stand,
Receiv'd the sounds, which thus went on from
hand to hand.

The high rear'd Red-squire first, to Aumond
hill it told,

When Aumond great therewith, nor for his life
could hold,

To Kembelspeith again, the business but relate,
To Black-Brea he again, a mountain holding state
With any of them all, to Cocklaw he it gave;
And Cocklaw it again, to Cheviot, who did rave
With the report thereof, he from his mighty stand,
Refounded it again through all Northumberland,
That White-Squire lastly caught, and it to Ber-
wick sent,

That brave and warlike town, from thence incom-
The sound from out the South, into Albania came,
And many a lusty flood, did with her praise inflame,
Affrighting much the Forth, who from her trance
awoke,

And to her native strength her presently betook,
Against the muse should come to the Albanian
coast.

But Pietswall all this while, as though he had
been lost,

Not mention'd by the muse, began to fret and
fume,

That every petty brook thus proudly should pre-
To talk; and he whom first the Romans did in-
vent,

And of their greatness yet the long'st-liv'd mon-
Should thus be overtrod; wherefore his wrong to
wreak,

In their proud presence thus, doth aged Pietswall
'Methinks that Offa's ditch in Cambria should
not dare

To think himself my match, who with such cost
and care

The Romans did erect, and for my safeguard set
Their legions, from my spoil the proling Pict to let,
That often inroads made, our earth from them to
win,

By Adrian beaten back, so he to keep them in,
To sea from east to west, begun me first a wall
Of eighty miles in length, 'twixt Tyne and Eden's
fall:

Long making me they were, and long did me
maintain.

Nor yet that trench which traicts the western
Wiltshire plain,

Of Woden, Wansdyke call'd, should parallel with
Comparing our descents, which shall appear to be
Mere upstarts, basely born; for when I was in
hand,

The Saxon had not then set foot upon this land,
Till my declining age, and after many a year,
Of whose poor petty kings, those the small la-
bours were.

That on Newmarket-heath (d) made up as though
but now,

Who for the Devil's work the vulgar dare avow,

(d) See Song 21.

Tradition telling none, who truly it began,
Where many a reverend book can tell you of my
man,

And when I first decay'd, Severus going on,
What Adrian built of turf, he builded new of
stone;

And after many a time, the Britains me repair'd,
To keep me still in plight, nor cost they ever spar'd.
Towns flood upon my length, where garrisons
were laid,

Their limits to defend; and for my greater aid,
With turrets I was built where centinels were
plac'd,

To watch upon the Pict; so me my makers
With hollow pipes of brass, along me still that
went,

By which they in one sort still to another sent
By speaking in the flame, to tell them what to do,
And so from sea to sea could I be whisper'd
through:

Upon my thickness three march'd easily break to
breast,

Twelve foot was I in height, such glory I possess'd.
Old Pietswall with much pride thus finishing
his plea,

Had in his utmost course attain'd the eastern sea,
Yet there was hill nor flood once heard to clap a
hand;

For the Northumbrian nymphs had come to see
That Tyne exulting late o'er Scotland in her song,
(Which over all that realm report had loudly rung)

The Caledonian (e) Forth so highly had displeas'd,
And many another flood, which could not be ap-
peas'd,

That they had vow'd revenge, and proclamation
That in a learned war, the foe they would invade,
And like stout floods stand free from this supposed
shame,

Or conquered give themselves up to the English
Which these Northumbrian nymphs, with doubt
and terror struck,

Which knew they from the foe, for nothing were
to look,

But what by skill they got, and with much care
should keep,

And therefore they consult by meeting in the deep,
To be delivered from the ancient enemies rage,
That they would all upon a solemn pilgrimage
Unto the Holy Isle, the virtue of which place,

They knew could very much avail them in this
case:

For many a blessed saint in former ages there,
Secluded from the world, to abstinence and prayer,
Had given up themselves, which in the German
main,

And from the shore not far, did in itself contain
Sufficient things for food, which from those holy
men,

That to devotion liv'd, and sanctimony then,
It Holy Isle was call'd, for which they all prepare.
As I shall tell you how, and what their number was.
With those the farthest off, the first I will begin.
As Pont a peerless brook, brings Blyth which
putteth in,

(e) The great river on which Edinburgh standeth.

ith her, then Wanbeck next in wading to the
main,
ear Morpeth meets with Font, which followeth
in her train;
ext them the little Lyne alone doth go along,
hen Cocket cometh down, and with her such a
throng,
that they seem to threat the ocean; for with
her [prefer
mes Ridley, Ridland next, with Ufway, which
seir fountains to her flood, who for her greater
fame,
ath at her fall an isle, call'd Cocket of her name,
that great Neptune should take notice of her
state; [a gait,
ben Alne by Alnwick comes, and with as proud
Cocket came before, for whom at her fair fall,
bravery as to shew, that she surpass'd them all)
e famous isle of Ferne, and Staples aptly stand,
d at her coming forth, do kiss her crystal hand.

Whilst these resolv'd upon their pilgrimage pro-
ceed,
Till for the love she bears to her dear mistress
Tweed,
Of Bramish leaves the name, by which she hath
her birth;
And though she keep her course upon the Eng-
lish earth,
Yet Bowbent, a bright nymph, from Scotland
coming in, [win
To go with her to Tweed, the wanton flood doth
Though at this headstrong stream, proud Flodden
from his height
Doth daily seem to fret, yet takes he much delight
Her loveliness to view, as on to Tweed she strains,
Where whilst this mountain much for her sweet
lake sustains,
This canto we conclude, and fresh about must cast,
Of all the English tracts, to consummate the
last.

L i iij,

P O L Y - O L B I O N :

THE THIRTIETH SONG.

The Argument.

Of Westmoreland the muse now sings,
And fetching Eden from her springs,
Sets her along, and Kendal then
Surveying, beareth back again;
And climbing Skidow's lofty hill,
By many a river, many a rill,
To Cumberland, where in her way,
She Copland calls, and doth display
Her beauties, back to Eden goes,
Whose floods and fall she aptly shows.

YET cheerly on my Muse, no whit at all dif-
may'd,
But look aloft tow'rds heaven, to him whose pow-
erful aid
Hath led thee on thus long, and through so sun-
dry soils,
Steep mountains, forests rough, deep rivers, that
thy toils [sent,
Most sweet refreshings seem, and still the comfort
Against the bestial rout, and boorish rabblement
Of those rude vulgar fots, whose brains are only
flime,
Born to the doting world, in this last iron time,
So stony, and so dull, that Orpheus which (men
say)
By the enticing strains of his melodious lay,
Drew rocks and aged trees, to whither he would
please; [these;
He might as well have mov'd the universe as
But leave this fry of hell in their own filth defil'd,
And seriously pursue the stern Westmerian wild,

First ceasing in our song, the fourth part of the
shire,
Where Westmoreland to (a) West, by wide Wyn-
ander mere,
The Eboracean fields her to the rising bound,
Where Can first creeping forth, her feet hath
scarcely found,
But gives that dale her name, where Kendal towns
doth stand, [land.
For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the
Then keeping on her course, though having is
her train,
But Sput, a little brook, then Winster doth retain,
Tow'rds the Vergivian sea, by her two mighty
falls, [calls)
(Which the brave Roman tongue, her Catadupa
This eager river seems outrageously to roar,
And counterfeiting Nile, to deaf the neighbour-
shore,

(a) See song 27th.

which she by the sound apparently doth show,
season foul or fair, as then the wind doth
blow :

when they to the north the noise do eas'liest
constantly aver the weather will be clear ;
when they to the south, again they boldly say,
ill be clouds or rain the next approaching day.
the Hibernic gulf, when soon the river hastes,
to these queachy sands, from whence herself
she casts,

likewise leaves her name as every place
where she
her clear course doth come, by her should ho-
noured be.

back into the north from hence our course
doth lie,
from this fall of Can, still keeping in our eye,
source of long-liv'd (b) Lun, I long-liv'd do
her call ;

of the British floods, scarce one amongst
them all,

h state as to herself, the Destinies assign,
christ'ning in her course a county Palatine ;
Lancaster, so nam'd, the fort upon the Lun,
d Lancashire the name from Lancaster begun :
though she be a flood, such glory that doth
gain,

that the British crown doth to her state pertain,
Westmoreland alone, not only boasts her birth,
for her greater good the kind Westmerian earth,
as Burbeck her bequeaths, and Barrow to at-
tend

r grace, till she her name to Lancaster do lend.
th all the speed we can, to Cumberland we hie,
ill longing to salute the utmost Albany)
Eden, issuing out of Hufseat-Moruill hill,
pointing to the north, as then a little rill,
re simply takes her leave of her sweet sister
Swale,

n to the self-same fire, but with a stronger gale,
v'rds Humber hies her course, but Eden mak-
ing on,
ough Malerfrang hard by, a forest woe begone
love with Eden's eyes, of the clear Naiades
kind,

om thus the wood-nymph greets : ' What
passage shalt thou find,
most beloved brook, in making to thy bay,
a wand'ring art to wend through many a
crooked way,
under hanging hills, through many a crag-
ged strait,

I few the wat'ry kind, upon thee to await,
osed in thy course with many a rugged cliff,
des the northern winds against thy stream so
stiff,

by main strength they meant to stop thee in
thy course,

I send thee eas'ly back to Moruill to thy
ry bright lovely brook, whose name doth bear
the sound

God's first garden-plot, th' imparadised ground,

Wherein he placed man, from whence by sin he
fell.

O little blessed brook, how doth my bosom swell
With love I bear to thee, the day cannot suffice
For Malerfrang to gaze upon thy beauteous
eyes.'

This said, the forest rub'd her rugged front the
while,

Clear Eden looking back, regrets her with a smile,
And simply takes her leave, to get into the main ;
When Below a bright nymph, from Stanmore
down doth strain

To Eden, as along to Appleby she makes,
Which passing, to her train, next Troutbeck in
she takes,

And Levenant than these a somewhat lesser rill,
When Glenkwin greets her well, and happily to fill,
Her more abundant banks, from Ulla, a mighty
mere

On Cumberland's confines, comes Eymot neat
and clear,

And Loder doth allure, with whom she haps to
meet,

Which at her coming in, doth thus her mistress
' Quoth she, thus for myself I say, that where
I swell

Up from my fountain first, there is a tiding-well,
That daily ebbs and flows, (as writers do report)
The old Euripius doth, or in the self-same fort,
The (c) Venedocian fount, or the (c) Demetian
spring,

Or that which the cold Peake doth with her won-
ders bring,

Why should not Loder then, her mistress Eden
please,

With this, as other floods delighted are with
When Eden, though she seem'd to make unusual
haste,

About clear Loder's neck, yet lovingly doth cast
Her oft enfolding arms, as Westmoreland she
leaves,

Where Cumberland again as kindly her receives.
Yet up her watry hands, to Winfield forest holds
In her rough woody arms, which amorously enfolds
Clear Eden coming by, with all her watry store,
In her dark shades, and seems her parting to de-
plore.

But southward fallying hence, to those sea-bor-
dering sands,

Where Dudden driving down to the Lancastrian
This Cumberland cuts out, and strongly doth con-
fine,

This meeting there with that, both merely mari-
Where many a dainty rill out of her native dale,
To the Vergivian makes, with many a pleasant
gale ;

As Eske her farth'ft, so first, a coy bred Cumbri-
an lass,

Who cometh to her road, renowned Ravenglas,
By Deveock driven along, (which from a large-
brim'd lake,

To hie her to the sea, with greater haste doth

(b) See song 27th

(c) See song 5th, 10th, and 27th.

Meets Nyte, a nimble brook, their rendezvous that
 keep
 In Ravenglass, when soon into the bluish deep
 Comes Irt, of all the rest, though small, the richest
 girl, [pearl,
 Her costly bosom strew'd with precious orient
 Bred in her shining shells, which to the deaw doth
 yawn,
 Which deaw they sucking in, conceive that lusty
 spawn,
 Of which when they grow great, and to their ful-
 ness swell,
 They cast, which those at hand there gathering,
 dearly sell. [brings,
 This clear pearl-paved Irt, Bleng to the harbour
 From Copland coming down, a forest-nymph,
 which sings
 Her own praise, and those floods, their fountains
 that derive
 From her, which to extol, the forest thus doth strive.
 'Ye northern (d) Dryades all adorn'd with
 mountains steep, [keep,
 Upon whose hoary heads cold winter long doth
 Where often rising hills, deep dales and many
 make,
 Where many a pleasant spring, and many a large-
 spread lake,
 Their clear beginnings keep, and do their names
 bestow [flow;
 Upon those humble vales, through which they eas'ly
 Whereas the mountain nymphs, and those that do
 frequent
 The fountains, fields, and groves, with wondrous
 merriment,
 By moon-shine many a night, do give each other
 chafe, [base,
 At Hood-wink, Barley-break, at Tick, or Prison-
 With tricks, and antick toys, that one another
 mock,
 That skip from crag to crag, and leap from rock
 to rock.
 Then Copland, of this tract a corner, I would know,
 What place can there be found in Britain, that
 doth show
 A surface more austere, more stern from every way,
 That who doth it behold, he cannot chuse but say,
 Th' aspect of these grim hills, these dark and misty
 dales,
 From clouds scarce ever clear'd, with the strong'st
 northern gales,
 Tell in their mighty roots, some mineral there
 doth lie,
 The island's general want, whose plenty might
 supply:
 Wherefore as some suppose of copper mines in me,
 I Copper-land was call'd, but some will have't to be
 From the old Britains brought, for Cop they use
 to call
 The tops of many hills, which I am stor'd withal.
 Then Eskdale mine ally, and Niterdale so nam'd,
 Of floods from you that flow, as Borowdale most
 fam'd,

(d) Nymphs of the forest.

With Walsdale walled in, with hills on every side,
 Hows'er ye extend within your wastes so wide,
 For th' surface of a soil, a Copland, Copland cry,
 Till to your shouts the hills with echoes all reply.
 Which Copland scarce had spoke, but quickly
 every hill,
 Upon her verge that stands, the neighbouring val-
 lies fill;
 Helvillon from his height, it through the moun-
 tains threw,
 From whom as soon again, the sound Dunbal-
 rafe drew,
 From whose stone-trophied head, it on the Wen-
 drofs went,
 Which tow'rd the sea again, resounded it to Dent,
 That Brodwater therewith within her banks
 astound,
 In sailing to the sea, told it in Egremound,
 Whose buildings, walks, and streets, with echoes
 loud and long,
 Did mightily commend old Copland for her song.
 Whence soon the muse proceeds, to find out
 fresher springs,
 Where Darwent her clear fount from Borowdale
 that brings,
 Doth quickly cast herself into an ample lake,
 And with Thurl's mighty mere, between them
 two do make
 An (e) island, which the name from Darwent doth
 derive, [trive,
 Within whose secret breast nice nature doth con-
 That mighty copper-mine, which not without in
 veins,
 Of gold and silver found; it happily obtains
 Of royalty the name, the richest of them all
 That Britain bringeth forth, which royal se
 doth call.
 Of Borowdale her dam, of her own named isle,
 As of her royal mines, this river proud the whik,
 Keeps on her course to sea, and in her way doth
 win
 Clear Coker her compeer, which at her coming in,
 Gives Coker-mouth the name, by standing at her
 fall, [withal,
 Into fair Darwent's banks, when Darwent there
 Runs on her watry race, and for her greater fame,
 Of Neptune doth obtain a haven of her name.
 When of the Cambrian hills, proud Skidow the
 doth show [low,
 The high'st, respecting whom, the other be but
 Perceiving with the floods, and forests, how it
 far'd,
 And all their several tales substantially had heard,
 And of the mountain kind, as of all other be
 Most like Parnassus self that is suppos'd to be,
 Having a double head, as hath that sacred
 mount,
 Which those nine sacred nymphs held in so high
 account,
 Bethinketh of himself what he might justly say,
 When to them all he thus his beauties doth dis-
 play.

(e) The isle of Darwent.

' The rough Hibernian sea, I proudly overlook,
 Amongst the scatter'd rocks, and there is not a
 nook,
 But from my glorious height into its depth I pry,
 Great hills far under me, but as my pages lie;
 And when my helm of clouds upon my head I
 take,
 At very sight thereof, immediately I make
 Th' inhabitants about tempestuous storms to fear,
 And for fair weather look, when as my top is
 clear;
 Great Fourness mighty Fells I on my south survey:
 As likewise on the north, Albania makes me way,
 Her countries to behold, when (f) Scurfel from
 the sky, [eye,
 That Anadale doth crown, with a most amorous
 salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,
 Not threatening me with clouds, as I oft threatening
 him:
 As likewise to the east, that row of mountains tall,
 Which we our English Alps may very sptly call,
 That Scotland here with us, and England do di-
 vide, [side,
 As those, whence we them name upon the other
 Do Italy, and France, these mountains here of ours,
 That look far off like clouds, shap'd with embat-
 tel'd towers,
 Much envy my estate, and somewhat higher be,
 By lifting up their heads, to stare and gaze at me.
 Our Darwent dancing on, I look at from above,
 As some enamour'd youth, being deeply struck in
 love,
 His mistress doth behold, and every beauty notes;
 Who as she to her fall, through fells and vallies
 floats,
 Not lifts her limber self above her banks to view,
 Low may brave by-clift top, doth still her course
 pursue.
 All ye topic gods, that do inhabit here, [rear,
 To whom the Romans did those ancient altars
 Not found upon those hills, now sunk into the soils,
 Which they for trophies left of their victorious
 spoils,
 Ye Genii of these floods, these mountains, and
 these dales,
 That with poor shepherds pipes and harmless
 herdsman's tales
 Have often pleas'd been, still guard me day and
 night, [light.
 And hold me Skidow still, the place of your de-
 This speech by Skidow spoke, the muse makes
 forth again,
 Few'rds where the in-born floods, clear Eden
 entertain, [wastes,
 To Cumberland com'n in, from the Westmerian
 Where as the readiest way to Carlisle, as she casts,
 She with two wood nymphs meets, the first is
 great and wild,
 And Westward Forest hight; the other but a
 child,
 Compared with her pheer, and Inglewood is call'd,
 Both in their pleasant scites, most happily install'd.

(f) A hill in Scotland.

What Sylvan is there seen, and be she ne'er so
 coy, [enjoy,
 Whose pleasures to the full, these nymphs do not
 And like Diana's self, so truly living chaste?
 For seldom any tract, doth cross their way less
 waste,
 With many a lusty leap, the shagged satyrs show
 Them pastime every day, both from the meres be-
 low,
 And hills on every side, that neatly hem them in;
 The blushing morn to break, but hardly doth begin,
 But that the ramping goats, swift deer, and harm-
 less sheep,
 Which there their owners know, but no man hath
 to keep,
 The dales do overspread, by them like motley
 made; [flade,
 But Westward of the two, by her more widen'd
 Of more abundance boasts, as of those mighty
 mines,
 Which in her verge she hath: but that whereby
 she shines, [flow,
 Is her two dainty floods, which from two hills do
 Which in herself she hath, whose banks do bound
 her so
 Upon the north and south, as that she seems to be
 Much pleas'd with their course, and takes delight
 to see
 How Elne upon the south, in falling to the sea
 Confines her: on the north how Wampul on her
 way,
 Her purlues wondrous large, yet limiteth again,
 Both falling from her earth into the Irish main.
 No less is Westward proud of Waver, nor doth
 win
 Less praise by her clear spring, which in her course
 doth twin [kind;
 With Wiz, a neater nymph scarce of the watry
 And though she be but small, so pleasing Waver's
 mind,
 That they entirely mix'd, the Irish seas embrace,
 But earnestly proceed in our intended race.
 At Eden now arriv'd, whom we have left too
 long, [among,
 Which being com'n at length, the Cumbrian hills
 As she for Carlisle coasts, the floods from every
 where, [there,
 Prepare each in their course, to entertain her
 From Skidow her tall fire, first Cauda clearly
 brings [springs,
 In Eden all her wealth; so Petterell from her
 (Not far from Skidow's foot, whence dainty Cau-
 da creeps)
 Along to overtake her sovereign Eden sweeps,
 To meet that great concourse, which seriously
 attend
 That dainty Cumbrian queen; when Gillsland
 down doth send
 Her riverets to receive queen Eden in her course,
 As Irish coming in from her most plenteous
 source,
 Through many a cruel crag, though she be forc'd
 to crawl,
 Yet working forth her way to grace herself withal,

First Pultroffe is her page, then Gelt she gets her
 guide, [side,
 Which springeth on her south, on her septentrion
 She crooked Cambeck calls, to wait on her along,
 And Eden overtakes amongst the watry throng.
 To Carlisle being come, clear Bruscath beareth in,
 To greet her with the rest, when Eden as to win
 Her grace in Carlisle's sight, the court of all her
 state, [dilate.
 And Cumberland's chief town, lo! thus she doth
 'What giveth more delight, (brave city) to
 thy feat,
 Than my sweet lovely self? a river so complete,
 With all that nature can a dainty flood endow,
 That all the northern nymphs me worthily allow
 Of all their Naiades kind the neatest, and so far
 Transcending, that oft times they in their amo-
 rous war,
 Have offered by my course, and beauties to decide
 The mastery, with her most vaunting in her pride,
 That mighty Roman (g) fort, which of the Picts
 we call, [wall,
 But by them near those times was styl'd Severus'
 Of that great emperor nam'd, which first that
 work began,
 Betwixt the Irish sea, and German ocean, [end
 Doth cut me in his course near Carlisle, and doth
 At Boulneffe, where myself I on the ocean spend.
 And for my country here, (of which I am the chief
 Of all her watry kind) know that she lent relief
 To those old Britons once, when from the Saxons
 they
 For succour hither fled, as far out of their way,
 Amongst her mighty wilds, and mountains freed
 from fear, [here,
 And from the British race, residing long time
 Which in their genuine tongue, themselves did
 Kimbri name, [came;
 Of Kimbri-land, the name of Cumberland first
 And in her praise be't spoke, this soil whose best
 is mine,
 That fountain bringeth forth, from which the
 southern Tyne,

(g) See to the 29th song.

(So nam'd for that of North, another
 style)
 This to the eastern sea, that makes fort
 Her first beginning takes, and Vent, and
 lend,
 To wait upon her forth; but farther to
 To these great things of note, which ma-
 tries call
 Their wonders, there is not a tract amon
 Can shew the like to mine, at the less
 near
 To Eden's bank, the like is scarcely any
 Stones seventy-seven stand, in manner of
 Each full ten foot in height, but yet the
 thing,
 Their equal distance is, the circle that on
 Within which other stones lie flat, which d
 The bones of men long dead, (as there th
 say;)
 So near to Loder's spring, from thence
 Be others nine foot high, a mile in length:
 The victories for which those trophi
 begun,
 From dark oblivion thou, O Time, shoul
 protected;
 For mighty were their minds, them thus
 erected:
 And near to this again, there is a piece of
 A little rising bank, which of the table re
 Men in remembrance keep, and, Arthu
 name.
 But whilst these more and more, with g
 inflame,
 Supposing of herself in these her wonders
 All her attending floods, fair Eden do em
 To lead them down to sea, when Lever
 along,
 And by her double spring, being might
 There overtaketh Esk, from Scotland that d
 Fair Eden to behold, who meeting by and
 Down from these western sands into the sea
 Where I this Canto end, as also therewith
 My England do conclude, for which I un
 This strange Herculean toil, to this my t
 book.

ELEGIES

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Of his LADY's not coming to London.

years travell'd Greece return'd from
d so much to see his Ithaca
f you, who are alone to me [be.
wide Greece could to that wanderer
r winds still easterly do keep,
keen frosts have chained up the deep ;
to us a niggard of his rays,
sth with our Antipodes ;
n to us when he shews his head,
vapours, he straight hies to bed.
eak mountains can you live, where snow
e vales up to the hills to grow ;
nens breaths do instantly congeal,
'd mists turn instantly to hail.
think, from this more temperate coast,
may have the power to thaw the frost,
om hence should swiftly send you thi-
r,
swift, as you come slowly hither.
a time hath Phœbe from her wane,
bus' fires fill'd up her horns again ?
gh her orb, still on her course doth
ge,
cep your's still, nor for me will change.
at mounted the stern lion's back,
the fishes shortly drive the brack,
u keep your station, which confines
egard him travelling the signs.
e which when you went, put out to sea,
r Greenland, and Virginia,
return'd, and custom'd, have their
ight,
rive not, nor return me ought,

The Thames was not so frozen yet this year,
As is my bosom, with the chilly fear
Of your not coming, which on me doth light,
As on those climes, where half the world is night.
Of every tedious hour you have made two,
All this long winter here, by missing you :
Minutes are months, and when the hour is past,
A year is ended since the clock struck last,
When your remembrance puts me on the rack,
And I should swoon to see an Almanack
To read what silent weeks away are slid,
Since the dire fates you from my sight have hid.
I hate him who the first deviser was
Of this same foolish thing, the hour-glass,
And of the watch, whose dribbling sands and
wheel,
With their slow strokes, make me too much to
feel

Your slackness hither, O how I do ban
Him that these dials against walls began,
Whose snailly motion of the moving hand,
(Although it go) yet seem to me to stand ;
As though at Adam it had first set out,
And had been stealing all this while about,
And when it back to the first point should come,
It shall be then just at the general doom.

The seas into themselves retract their flows,
The changing wind from every quarter blows,
Declining winter in the spring doth call,
The stars rise to us, as from us they fall ;
Those birds we see, that leave us in the prime,
Again in autumn re-salute our clime.
Sure, either nature you from kind hath made,
Or you delight else to be retrogade.

But I perceive by your attractive powers,
Like an enchantress you have charm'd the hours,
Into short minutes, and have drawn them back,
So that of us at London, you do lack
Almost a year, the spring is scarce begun
There where you live, and autumn almost done.
With us more eastward, surely you devise,
By your strong magic, that the sun shall rise
Where now it sets, and that in some few years
You'll alter quite the motion of the spheres.

Yes, and you mean, I shall complain my love
To gravell'd walks, or to a stupid grove,
Now your companions; and that you the while
(As you are cruel) will sit by and smile,
To make me write to these, while passers by
Slightly look in your lovely face, where I
See beauteous heaven, whilst silly blockheads, they
Like laden asses, plod upon their way,
And wonder not, as you should point a clown
Up to the Guards, or Ariadne's crown;
Of constellations, and his dullness tell,
He'd think your words were certainly a spell;
Or him some piece from Crete, or Marcus show,
In all his life which till that time ne'er saw
Painting: except in ale-house or old hall
Done by some druzler, of the prodigal.

Nay do, stay still, whilst time away shall steal
Your youth, and beauty, and yourself conceal
From me, I pray you, you have now inur'd
Me to your absence, and I have endur'd
Your want thus long, whilst I have starved been
For your short letters, as you held it sin
To write to me, that to appease my woe,
I read o'er those, you wrote a year ago.
Which are to me, as though they had been made,
Long time before the first Olympiad.

For thanks and curtsies sell your presence then
To tatling women, and to things like men,
And be more foolish than the Indians are
For bells, for knives, for glasses, and such ware,
That sell their pearl and gold, but here I stay,
So would I not have you but come away.

*To Mr. GEORGE SANDYS, Treasurer for the Eng-
lish Colony in Virginia.*

FRIEND, if you think my papers may supply
You with some strange omitted novelty,
Which others letters yet have left untold,
You take me off, before I can take hold
Of you at all; I put not thus to sea,
For two months voyage to Virginia,
With news which now, a little something here,
But will be nothing ere it can come there.

I fear, as I do stabbing, this word, state,
I dare not speak of the Palatinate,
Although some men make it their hourly theme,
And talk what's done in Austria, and in Beam,
I may not so; what Spinola intends,
Nor with his Dutch which way prince Maurice
bends;

To other men, although these things be free,
Yet (George) they must be mysteries to me.

I scarce dare praise a virtuous friend that's dead
Left for my lines he should be censured;
It was my hap before all other men
To suffer shipwreck by my forward pen:
When King James enter'd; at which joyful
I taught his title to this isle in rhyme:
And to my part did all the muses win,
With high-pitch Paans to applaud him in:
When cowardice had ty'd up every tongue,
And all stood silent, yet for him I sung:
And when before by danger I was dar'd,
I kick'd her from me, nor a jot I spar'd.
Yet had not my clear spirit in fortune's sin,
Me above earth and her afflictions born;
He next my God on whom I built my trust,
Had left me trodden lower than the dust:
But let this pass; in the extremest ill,
Apollo's brood must be courageous still,
Let pyes, and daws sit dumb before their lord,
Only the swan sings at the parting break.

And (worthy George) by industry and wit
Let's see what lines Virginia will produce;
Go on with Ovid, as you have begun,
With the first five books; let your numbers
Olib as the former, so shall it live long,
And do much honour to the English tongue:
Entice the muses thither to repair,
Entreat them gently, train them to their air,
For they from hence may thither hap to fly,
T'wards the sad time which but too fast cut by
For poetry is follow'd with such spight,
By groveling drones that never raught her height
That she must hence, she may no longer stay:
The dreary fates prefixed have the day
Of her departure, which is now come on.
And they command her straightways to be gone
That bestial herd so hotly her pursue,
And to her succour there be very few,
Nay none at all, her wrongs that will redress
But she must wander in the wilderness,
Like to the woman, which that holy John
Beheld in Pathmos in his vision.

As th' English now, so did the stiff-neck'd Jews
Their noble prophets utterly refuse,
And of those men such poor opinions had,
They counted Esay and Ezekiel mad;
When Jeremy his Lamentations writ,
They thought the wizard quite out of his wit.
Such fots they were, as worthily to be
Lock'd in the chains of their captivity;
Knowledge hath still her eddy in her flow,
So it hath been, and it will still be so.

That famous Greece where learning flourish'd
moist,
Hath of her muses long since left to boast,
Th' unletter'd Turk, and rude Barbarian host
Where Homer sang his lofty liads;
And this vast volume of the world hath lost
Much may to pass in little time he brought.

As if to symptoms we may credit give
This very time, wherein we two new lives
Shall in the compass, wound the muses' lives
Than all th' old English ignorance better.
Base baladry is so belov'd and taught,
And those brave numbers are put by for naught.

arely read, were able to awake,
 rom graves, and to the ground to shake
 idring clouds, and to our men at arms,
 pikes and muskets were most powerful
 harms.

it I know, ensuing ages shall
 r again, who now is in her fall;
 of dust reduce our scatter'd rhimes,
 shed jewels of these slothful times,
 th the muses would mispend an hour,
 kind Gothish barbarism devour
 verous dog-days, blest by no record,
 e everlastingly abhor'd.

vouchsafe rescription, stuff your quill
 ural bounties, and impart your skill
 :scription of the place that I
 ome learned in the soil thereby;

Wyat's health, and let me hear,
 érnor; and how our people there
 and labour, what supplies are sent,
 confels shall give me much content;
 may save your labour if you please,
 : to me ought of your savages.
 : slaves be in Great Britain here,
 ne that you can shew me there.
 igh for this I'll say I do not thirst,
 uld like it well to be the first,
 ambers hence into Virginia flew,
 : Sandys) for this time adieu.

*noble friend Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, of
 the evil time.*

riend, be silent and with patience see,
 s mad time's catastrophe will be;
 ld's first wisemen certainly mistook
 res, and spoke things quite beside the book,
 which they have said of God, untrue,
 spect strange judgment to ensue.
 le is a mere Bedlam, and therein,
 : raving, mad in every sin,
 the wisest most men use to call,
 h (alone) the maddest thing of all;
 n the master of all wisdom found,
 rk'd fool, and so did him propound,
 : we live in, to that pass is brought,
 y he a censor now is thought;
 : base villain, (not an age yet gone)
 good man would not have look'd upon,
 : a God with divine worship follow'd,
 is actions are accounted hallow'd.
 orld of ours, thus runneth upon wheels,
 e head, bolt upright with her heels;
 takes me think of what the Ethnics told
 ion, the Pythagorists uphold,
 immortal soul doth transmigrate;
 ppose by the strong power of fate,
 fe which at confus'd Babel were,
 : that time now many a lingering year,
 fools, and beasts, and lunatics have past,
 embodied in this age at last,
 gh so long we from that time be gone,
 we still of that confusion.

For certainly there's scarce one found that now
 Knows what t' approve, or what to disallow,
 All arsey-versey, nothing is it's own,
 But to our proverb, all turn'd upside down;
 To do in time, is to do out of season,
 And that speeds best, that's done the farth'st from
 reason,

He's high'st that's lowest, he's surest in that's out,
 He hits the next way that goes farth'st about,
 He getteth up unlike to rise at all,
 He slips to ground as much unlike to fall;
 Which doth enforce me partly to prefer,
 The opinion of that mad philosopher,
 Who taught, that those all-framing powers above
 (As 'tis suppos'd) made man not out of love
 To him at all, but only as a thing,
 To make them sport with, which they use to
 bring

As men do monkeys, puppets, and such tools
 Of laughter: so men are but the Gods fools.
 Such are by titles lifted to the sky,
 As wherefore no man knows, God scarcely why;
 The virtuous man depresseth like a stone
 For that dull sot to raise himself upon;
 He who ne'er thing yet worthy man durst do,
 Never durst look upon his country's foe,
 Nor durst attempt that action which might get
 Him fame with men: or higher might him set
 Than the base beggar (rightly if compar'd;)
 This drone yet never brave attempt that dar'd,
 Yet dares be knighted, and from thence dars
 grow

To any title empire can bestow;
 For this believe, that impudence is now
 A cardinal virtue, and men it allow
 Reverence, nay more, men study and invent
 New ways, nay glory to be impudent.
 Into the clouds the devil lately got,
 And by the moisture doubting much the rot,
 A medicine took to make him purge and cast;
 Which in short time began to work so fast,
 That he fell to't, and from his backside flew
 A rout of rascal a rude ribald crew
 Of base Plebeians, which no sooner light
 Upon the earth, but with a sudden flight
 They spread this isle; and as Deucalion once
 Over his shoulder back, by throwing stones
 They became men, even so these beasts became
 Owners of titles from an obscure name,

He that by riot, of a mighty rent,
 Hath his late goodly patrimony spent,
 And into base and wilful begg'ry run,
 This man as he some glorious act had done,
 With some great pension, or rich gift reliev'd,
 When he that hath by industry achiev'd
 Some noble thing, contemned and disgrac'd.
 In the forlorn hope of times is plac'd,
 As though that God had carelessly left all
 That being hath on this terrestrial ball,
 To fortune's guiding, nor would have to do
 With man, nor ought that doth belong him to.
 Or at the least God having given more
 Power to the devil, then he did of yore,
 Over this world: the fiend as he doth hate
 The virtuous man; maligning his estate,

All noble things, and would have by his will,
To be damn'd with him, using all his skill,
By his black hellish ministers to vex
All worthy men, and strangely to perplex
Their constancy, there by them so to fright,
That they should yield them wholly to his might.
But of these things I vainly do but tell,
Where hell is heaven, and heav'n is now turn'd
hell;

Where that which lately blasphemy hath been,
Now godliness, much less accounted sin;
And a long while I greatly marvel'd why
Buffoons and bawds should hourly multiply,
Till that of late I constru'd it, that they
To present thrift had got the perfect way,
When I concluded by their odious crimes,
It was for us no thriving in these times.

As men oft laugh at little babes, when they
Hap to behold some strange thing in their play,
To see them on the sudden stricken sad,
As in their fancy some strange forms they had,
Which they by pointing with their fingers show,
Angry at our capacities so slow,
That by their countenance we no sooner learn
To see the wonder which they so discern:
So the celestial powers do fit and smile
At innocent and virtuous men the while,
They stand amazed at the world o'er-gone,
So far beyond imagination,
With slavish baseness, that they silent sit
Pointing like children in describing it.

Then, noble friend, the next way to controul
These worldly crosses, is to arm thy soul
With constant patience; and with thoughts as high
As these below, and poor, winged to fly
To that exalted stand, whither yet they
Are got with pain, that sit out of the way
Of this ignoble age, which raiseth none
But such as think their black damnation
To be a trifle; such, so ill, that when
They are advanc'd those few poor honest men
That yet are living, into search do run
To find what mischief they have lately done,
Which so prefers them; say thou he doth rise,
That maketh virtue his chief exercise.
And in this base world come whatever shall,
He's worth lamenting, that for her doth fall.

*Upon the three sons of the LORD SHEFFIELD, drown-
ed in Humber.*

LIGHT sonnets hence, and to loose lovers fly,
And mournful maidens sing an elegy
On those three Sheffields, overwhelm'd with
waves,
Whose loss the tears of all the muses craves;
A thing so full of pity as this was,
Methinks for nothing should not slightly pass.
Treble this loss was, why should it not borrow,
Through this isle's treble parts, a treble sorrow:
But fare did this, to let the world to know,
That sorrows which from common causes grow,

Are not worth mourning for, the loss to bear,
But of one only son, 's not worth one tear.
Some tender hearted man, as I, may spend
Some drops (perhaps) for a deceased friend.
Some men (perhaps) their wife's late death
rue;

Or wives their husbands, but such be but few
Cares that have us'd the hearts of men to rue
So oft, and deeply, will not now be such;
Who'll care for loss of maintenance, or place,
Fame, liberty, or of the prince's grace;
Or suits in law, by base corruption cross'd,
When he shall find, that this which he hath lost
Alas, is nothing to his, which did lose,
Three sons at once so excellent as those;
Nay, it is fear'd that this in time may breed
Hard hearts in men to their own natural feed;
That in respect of this great loss of theirs,
Men will scarce mourn the death of their
heirs.

Through all this isle their loss so public is,
That every man doth take them to be his.
And as a plague which had beginning there,
So catching is, and reigning every where,
That those the farthest off as much do rue them
As those the most familiarly that knew them;
Children with this disaster are wax'd sage,
And like to men that stricken are in age;
Talk what it is three children at one time
Thus to have drown'd, and in their very prime;
Yea, and do learn to act the same so well,
That than old folk they better can it tell.

Invention, oft that passion us'd to seize,
In sorrows of themselves but slight, and meagre,
To make them seem great, here it shall none
For that this subject doth so far exceed
All forc'd expression, that what poetry shall
Happily think to grace itself withal
Falls so below it, that it rather borrows
Grace from their grief, than addeth to their loss
For sad mischance thus in the loss of these,
To shew itself the utmost it could be:
Exact'g also by the self same law,
The utmost tears that sorrow had to draw,
All future times hath utterly prevented
Of a more loss, or more to be lamented.

Whilst in fair youth they lively flourish'd here,
To their kind parents they were only dear:
But being dead, now every one doth take
Them for their own, and do like sorrow make
As for their own beget, as they pretended
Hope in the issue, which should have descended
From them again; nor here doth end our sorrow
But those of us, that shall be born to morrow
Still shall lament them, and when time shall come
To what vast number passed years shall come,
They from their death shall duly reckon it,
As from the deluge, former us'd to do.

O cruel Humber, guilty of their gore,
I now believe more than I did before
The British story, whence thy name began
Of kingly Humber, an invading Hun,
By thee devalued, for 'tis likely thou
With blood wert christen'd, blood-thirsty Hun!

he Done. And thou far clearer 'Tread
 these Sheffield's as you gave consent
 he time, that e'er you were infus'd
 your waters safely thus abus'd.
 ng boor ye hinder not to go,
 leasure ferry to and fro;
 ft part of whose soul and blood,
 rich theirs; is viler than your mud
 efore paper do I idly spend,
 if waters to so little end?
 arry heaven do I not look,
 in an everlasting book,
 : written? O let times rehearse
 ols in their sad anniverse.

Lady, the Lady I. S. of worldly crosses.
 shew the smoothness of my vein,
 t I would have you entertain
 reading me, which you would spend
 urse with some known honest friend,
 o you. Nay, and which is more,
 il verses strive not to restore,
 and sickness have in you impair'd,
 ds my elegy is squar'd.
 sty, sweetness, and your graceful parts,
 drawn many eyes, won many hearts,
 ttle, I am so much man,
 m do their utmost that they can,
 heir forces; and they be
 at to others, yet not so to me.
 se I beheld you, I then saw
 elf) which had the power to draw
 ffection, and thought to allow
 al of my heart; but you have now
 it, and you have the skill
 I see) to win upon me still.
 o think how bravely you have born
 crosses, as in fortune's scorn,
 glectful you have seem'd to be,
 ch hath seem'd terrible to me;
 n stupid, nor that you had felt
 which (often) I have seen to melt
 man into sighs and tears,
 seldom in your sex and years.
 you I have perceiv'd again,
 ne, more than by other men)
 ; and how sensible you are
 nd's sorrows, and with how much care
 cure them, then myself I blame,
 patience should so much misname,
 y understanding maketh known
 another's grief, can feel their own."
 ht methinks, I hear your patience say,
 man that studied Seneca:
 learned letters; and must I
 lecture in philosophy,
 afflictions that have us'd to reach you;
 ou more, Sir, than your books can
 : you.
 ur sex, yet never did I know,
 t so actually could show
 or patience, such an easy way,
 sees it shall be forc'd to say,
 III;

Lo what before seem'd hard to be discern'd,
 Is of this lady, in an instant learn'd.
 It is heaven's will that you should wronged be
 By the malicious, that the world might see
 Your dove-like meekness; for had the base scum,
 The spawn of fiends, been in your slander dumb,
 Your virtue then had perish'd, never pris'd,
 For that the same you had not exercis'd;
 And you had lost the crown you have, and glory.
 Nor had you been the subject of my story.
 Whilst they feel hell, being damned in their hate,
 Their thoughts, like devils them excrete,
 Which by your noble sufferings do torment
 Them with new pains, and gives you this content
 To see your soul an Innocent, hath suffer'd,
 And up to heaven before your eyes be offer'd:
 Your like we in a burning glass may see,
 When the sun's rays therein contracted be
 Bent on some object, which is purely white,
 We find that colour doth disperse the light,
 And stands untainted; but if it hath got
 Some little sully; or the least small spot,
 Then it soon fires it; so you still remain
 Free, because in you they can find no stain.

God doth not love them least, on whom he lays
 Th' great'st afflictions; but that he will praise
 Himself most in them, and will make them fit
 Near't to himself who is the Lamb to fit:
 For by that touch, like perfect gold he tries them,
 Who are not his, until the world denies them.
 And your example may work such effect,
 That it may be the beginning of a sect
 Of patient women; and that many a day
 All husbands may for you their founder pray.

Nor is to me your innocence the less,
 In that I see you strive not to suppress
 Their barbarous malice; but your noble heart
 Prepar'd to act so difficult a part,
 With unremoved constancy is still
 The same it was, that of your proper ill,
 The effect proceeds from your own self the cause,
 Like some just prince, who to establish laws
 Suffers the breach at his best lov'd to strike,
 To learn the vulgar to endure the like.
 You are a martyr thus, nor can you be
 Less to the world so valued by me:
 If as you have begun, you still persevere,
 Be ever good, that I may love you ever.

*An elegy upon the death of Lady PENELOPE
 CLIFTON.*

MUST I needs write, who's he that can refuse,
 He wants a mind, for her that hath no muse,
 The thought of her doth heav'nly rage inspire,
 Next powerful, to those cloven tongues of fire.

Since I knew ought, time never did allow
 Me stuff fit for an elegy, till now;
 When France and England's Henry's dy'd, my
 quill,

Why, I know not, but it that time lay still.
 'Tis more than greatness that my spirit must raise,
 To observe custom I use not to praise;

M m

Nor the least thought of mine yet e'er depended
On any one from whom she was descended;
That for their favour I this way should woo,
As some poor wretched things (perhaps) may do;
I gain the end, whereto I only aim,
If by my freedom I may give her fame.

Walking then forth being newly up from bed,
O Sir (quoth one) the Lady Clifton's dead.
When, but that reason my stern rage withstood,
My hand had sure been guilty of his blood.
If he be so, must thy rude tongue confess it.

(Quoth I) and com'st so coldly to express it;
Thou should'st have given a shriek, to make me
fear thee,

That might have slain whatever had been near
Thou should'st have come like Time, with thy
scalp bare,

And in thy hands thou should'st have brought thy
Casting upon me such a dreadful look,
As seen a spirit, or th'adst been thunderstruck,
And gazing on me so a little space,
Thou should'st have shot thine eye-balls in my face,
Then falling at my feet, thou should'st have said,
O she is gone, and nature with her dead.

With this ill news amaz'd by chance I pass'd,
By that near grove, whereas both first and last,
I saw her, not three months before she dy'd;
When (though full summer 'gan to veil her pride,
And that I saw men lead home ripen'd corn,
Besides advis'd me well) I durst have sworn
The ling'ring year, the autumn had adjourn'd,
And the fresh spring had been again return'd,
Her delicacy, loveliness, and grace,
With such a summer bravery deck'd the place:
But now, alas! it look'd forlorn and dead;
And where she stood, the fading leaves were shed,
Presenting only sorrow to my sight,

O God! (thought I) this is her emblem right.
And sure I think it cannot but be thought,
That I to her by providence was brought.
For that the fates fore-dooming she should die,
Shewed me this wond'rous matter-piece, that I
should sing her funeral, that the world should
know it,

That heaven did think her worthy of a poet;
My hand is fatal, nor doth fortune doubt,
For what it writes, not fire shall ere raze out.
A thousand sicken puppets should have died,
And in their fulsome coffins putrified,
Ere in my lines you of their names should hear
To tell the world that such there ever were,
Whose memory shall from the earth decay,
Before those rags were worn they gave away,
Had I her god-like features never seen,
Poor slight report had told me she had been
A handsome lady, comely, very well,
And so might I have died an infidel,
As many do which never did her see,
Or cannot credit, what she was, by me.

Nature, herself, that before art prefers
To go beyond all our coinographers,
By charts and maps exactly that have shown
All of this earth that ever can be known,
For that she would beyond them all declare
What art could not by any mortal eye;

A map in heaven by her rare features drew,
And that she did so lively and so true,
That any soul but seeing it, might swear,
That all was perfect heavenly that was there.
If ever any painter were so blest, [prais'd,
To draw that face, which so much heav'n's
If in his best of skill he did her right,
I wish it never may come in my sight,
I greatly doubt my faith (weak man) left I
Should to that face commit idolatry. [one,

Death might have tish'd her sex, but for this
Nay, have ta'en half to have let her alone;
Such as their wrinkled temples to supply,
Cement them up with stuttilish Mercury,
Such as undress'd were able to affright,
A valiant man approaching him by night;
Death might have taken such, her end declar'd,
Until the time she had been climacter'd;
When she would have been at threescore year
and three,

Such as our best at three and twenty be,
With envy then, he might have overthrown her,
When age nor time had power to seize upon her.

But when the unspitting fates her end decreed,
They to the same did instantly proceed,
For well they knew (if she had languish'd so)
As those which hence by natural causes go,
So many prayers, and tears for her had spoken,
As certainly their iron laws had broken,
And had wak'd heav'n, who clearly would have
show'd

That change of kingdoms to her death it ow'd;
And that the world still of her end might think,
It would have let some neighbouring mountain sink;
Or the vast sea it in on us to cast,
As Severn did about some five years past:
Or some stern comet his curl'd top to rear,
Whose length should measure half our hemisphere,
Holding this height, to say some will not stick,
That now I rave, and am grown lunatic;
You of what sex soe'er you be, you lie,
'Tis thou thyself is lunatic, not I.

I charge you in her name that now is gone,
That may conjure you, if you be not stone,
That you no harsh, nor shallow rhimes devise,
Upon that day wherein you shall read mine.
Such as indeed are falsely termed verse,
And will but sit like moths upon her hearth;
Nor that no child, nor chambermaid, nor pig,
Disturb the room, the whilst my sacred rage
In reading is; but whilst you hear it read,
Suppose, before you, that you see her dead,
The walls about you hung with mournful black,
And nothing of her funeral to lack;
And when this period gives you leave to pause,
Cast up your eyes, and sigh for my applause.

Upon the noble Lady ASTON's departure for Spain

I MANY a time have greatly marvel'd why
Men say, their friends depart when as they die;
How well that word, a dying, doth express,
I did not know (I truly must confess.)

erture for whose missed sight,
 I this elegy to write :
 idle fate will have it so,
 hence must to Iberia go,
 ik wishes can her not detain,
 ven in policy complain,
 ng her travel should adjourn,
 by to hasten her return. [cure,
 of (a) Norway for their wage pro-
 k spells, a wind that shall endure
 oard the wished landmen see,
 e harbour, where they long to be,
 charms do this, and cannot I
 priest of Phœbus, and so high
 our, win the poet's god,
 t Hermes with his knaky rod,
 ave, commanding him with care,
 us winds that he for her prepare,
 at hour wherein she takes the seas,
 on the quiet Halcion days,
 hour that bird begin her nest,
 very instant, that long rest
 a Neptune, who may still repose,
 bird ne'er till that hour disclose,
 landeth, and for all that space
 inkle seen on Thetis' face,
 h breath with a gentle gale,
 sly swelling of her sail,
 stian's safely sit her down,
 her goodness she may bless the town,
 in justice would have plagu'd by thee
 and grim Neptune thou should'st be
 ner ; or what is his worse,
 merchant, born to be the curse
 island ; let them for her sake,
 safeguard doth herself betake,
 own'd, unwreck'd ; nay rather let
 ease in some safe harbour set,
 much profit they may vend their
 sh
 ave got by villainy and stealth,
 Neptune, than when thou dost rave,
 hould'st wet her sail but with a wave.
 prouling rover should but dare
 ship wherein she is to fare,
 fishes of the main appear [were
 se sea-thieves, that once such they
 now, till they assay'd to rape
 ed Bacchus in a stripling's shape,
 aboard them, and would fain have
 ad (b) Naxos, but that him they fail'd,
 receiving, them so monstrous made,
 rem how they passengers invade.
 and western winds now cease to blow,
 come, there be no flowers to grow,
 it place respire, to which she goes,
 ails should show yourself but too,
 and ye eastern winds arise,
 soon to Spain, but be precise,
 r aid you seem not still so stern,
 amer should no more discern,

ches of the northerly regions sell winds to
 or the abundance of wine supposed to be
 of Bacchus,

For till that here again I may her see,
 It will be winter all the year with me.
 Ye (c) swan begotten lovely brother stars,
 So oft auspicious to poor mariners,
 Ye twin-bred lights of lovely Leda's brood,
 Jove's egg-born issue, smile upon the flood,
 And in your mild'st aspect do ye appear
 To be her warrant from all future fear. [good,
 And if thou ship, that bear'st her, do prove
 May never time by worms consume thy wood,
 Nor rust thy iron, may thy tacklings last,
 Till they for relics be in temples plac'd ;
 May'st thou be ranged with that mighty ark
 Wherein just Noah did all the world embark,
 With that which after Troy's so famous wreck,
 From ten years travel brought Ulysses back,
 That Argo which to Colchis went from Greece,
 And in her bottom brought the golden fleece
 Under brave Jason : or that same of Drake,
 Wherein he did his famous voyage make
 About the world ; or Ca'ndish's that went
 As far as his, about the continent.
 And ye mild winds that now I do implore,
 Not once to raise the leaß sand on the shore,
 Nor once on forfeit of yourselves respire :
 When once the time is come of her retire,
 If then it please you, but to do your due,
 What for those winds I did, will do for you ;
 I'll woo you then, and if that not suffice,
 My pen shall prove you to have deities,
 I'll sing your loves in verses that shall flow,
 And tell the stories of your weal and woe,
 I'll prove what profit to the earth you bring,
 And how 'tis you that welcome in the spring ;
 I'll raise up altars to you, as to show,
 The time shall be kept holy, when you blow.
 O blessed winds ! your will that it may be,
 To send health to her, and her home to me.

To my dearly loved Friend, HENRY REYNOLDS, Esq.
 of Poets and Poesy.

My dearly loved friend, how oft have we,
 In winter evenings (meaning to be free,)
 To some well chosen place us'd to retire,
 And therewith moderate meat, and wine, and fire,
 Have pass'd the hours contentedly with chat,
 Now talk'd of this, and then discours'd of that,
 Spoke our own verses, 'twixt ourselves, if not
 Other mens lines, which we by chance had got,
 Or some stage pieces famous long before,
 Of which your happy memory had store ;
 And I remember you much pleas'd were,
 Of those who lived long ago to hear,
 As well as of those, of these latter times,
 Who have enrich'd our language with their rhimes,
 And in succession how still up they grew,
 Which is the subject that I now pursue ;
 For from my cradle (you must know that) I
 Was still inclin'd to noble poetry,

(c) Castor and Pollux.

M m ij

And when that once pueriles I had read,
And newly had my Cato construed,
In my small self I greatly marvel'd then,
Amongst all other, what strange kind of men
These poets were, and pleased with the name,
To my mild tutor merrily I came,
(For I was then a proper goodly page,
Much like a pigmy, scarce ten years of age)
Clasping my slender arms about his thigh.
'O my dear master! cannot you (quoth I)
'Make me a poet? Do it, if you can,
'And you shall see, I'll quickly be a man,
Who me thus answer'd, smiling, 'Boy, quoth he,
'If you'll not play the wag, but I may see
'You ply your learning, I will shortly read
'Some poets to you;' Phœbus be my speed,
To't hard went I, when shortly he began,
And first read to me honest Mantuan,
Then Virgil's Eclogues, being enter'd thus,
Methought I straight had mounted Pegasus,
And in his full career could make him stop,
And bound upon Parnassus' by-clift top.
I scorn'd your ballad then though it were done
And had for Finis, William Elderton.
But soft, in sporting with this childish jest,
I from my subject have too long digress'd,
Then to the matter that we took in hand,
Jove and Apollo for the Muses stand.

That noble Chaucer, in those former times,
The first enrich'd our English with his rhimes,
And was the first of ours that ever brake
Into the muses' treasure, and first spake
In weighty numbers, delving in the mine
Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine,
And coin for current, and as much as then
The English language could express to men,
He made it do; and by his wond'rous skill,
Gave us much light from his abundant quill.

And honest Gower, who in respect of him,
Had only sip'd at Aganippa's brim,
And though in years this last was him before,
Yet fell he far short of the other's store.

When after those, four ages very near,
They with the muses which conversed, were
That princely Surrey, early in the time
Of the eighth Henry, who was then the prime
Of England's noble youth; with him there came
Wyat; with reverence whom we still do name
Amongst our poets, Brian had a share
With the two former, which accounted are
That time's best makers, and the authors were
Of those small poems, which the title bear,
Of songs and sonnets, wherein oft they hit
On many dainty passages of wit.

Galcoine and Churchyard after them again
In the beginning of Eliza's reign,
Accounted were great meterers many a day,
But not inspired with brave fire, had they
Liv'd but a little longer, they had seen
Their works before them to have buried been.

Grave moral Spencer after these came on,
Than whom I am persuaded there was none
Since the blind Bard his Iliads up did make,
Fitter a task like that to undertake,

To set down boldly, bravely to invent,
In all high knowledge, surely excellent.

The noble Sidney, with this last arose,
That heroic for numbers, and for prose.
That thoroughly pac'd our language as to show,
The plenteous English hand in hand might go
With Greek and Latin, and did first reduce
Our tongue from Lilly's writing then in use;
Talking of stones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,
Playing with words, and idle similes,
As th' English apes and very zanies be
Of every thing, that they do hear and see,
So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They speak and write, all like mere lunatics.

Then Warner, though his lines were not so trim'd,
Nor yet his poem so exactly limn'd
And neatly jointed, but the critic may
Easily reprove him, yet thus let me say:
For my old friend, some passages there be
In him, which I protest have taken me
With almost wonder, so fine, clear, and new,
As yet they have been equalled by few.

Neat Marlow bathed in the Thespian springs
Had in him those brave transitory things,
That the first poets had, his raptures were,
All air, and fire, which made his verses clear,
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

And surely Nashe, though he a profer were,
A branch of laurel yet deserves to bear,
Sharply satiric was he, and that way
He went, since that his being, to this day
Few have attempted, and I surely think
These words shall hardly be set down with ink,
Shall scorch and blast so as his could, where he
Would inflict vengeance; and he said of thee,
Shakespeare, thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain,
As strong conception, and as clear a rage,
As any one that traffick'd with the stage.

Amongst these Samuel Daniel, whom if I
May speak of, but to censure do deny,
Only have heard some wise men him rehearse,
To be too much historian in verse;
His rhimes were smooth, his meters well did close,
But yet his manner better fitted prose:
Next these, learn'd Johnson, in this list I bring,
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring,
Whose knowledge did him worthily prefer,
And long was lord here of the theatre,
Who in opinion made our learn'd to stick,
Whether in poems rightly dramatic,
Strong Seneca or Plautus, he or they,
Should bear the buskin, or the sock away.
Others again have lived in my days,
That have of us deserved no less praise
For their translations, than the daintiest wit
That on Parnassus thinks, he high'st doth sit,
And for a chair may 'mongst the muses call,
As the most curious maker of them all;
As reverend Chapman, who hath brought to us,
Musæus, Homer, and Hesiodus
Out of the Greek; and by his skill hath rear'd
Them to that height, and to our tongue endear'd.

were those poets at this day alive,
 e their books thus with us to survive,
 would think, having neglected them so long,
 had been written in the English tongue.
 d Silvester who from the French more weak,
 e Bargas of his six days labour speak
 tural English, who, had he there staid,
 ad done well, and never had bewray'd
 wn invention to have been so poor,
 still wrote less, in striving to write more.
 en dainty Sands, that hath to English done
 th sliding Ovid, and hath made him run
 so much sweetness and unusual grace,
 ough the neatness of the English pace,
 ld tell the jetting Latin that it came
 lowly after, as though stiff and lame.
 Scotland sent us hither, for our own
 man whose name I ever would have known
 and by mine, that most ingenious knight,
 Alexander, to whom in his right,
 it extremely, yet in speaking thus
 out shew the love, that was 'twixt us,
 not his numbers, which were brave and high,
 e his mind, was his clear poetry.
 ay dear Drummond to whom much I owe
 is much love, and proud was I to know
 ecy, for which two worthy men,
 asry still shall love; and Hawthornden.

Then the two Beaumonts and my Brown arose,
 My dear companions whom I freely chose
 My bosom friends; and in their several ways,
 Rightly born poets, and in these last days,
 Men of much note, and no less nobler parts,
 Such as have freely told to me their hearts,
 As I have mine to them; but if you shall
 Say in your knowledge, that these be not all
 Have writ in numbers, be inform'd that I
 Only myself, to these few men do tie,
 Whose works oft printed, set on every post,
 To public censure subject have been most;
 For such whose poems, be they ne'er so rare,
 In private chambers that incloster'd are;
 And by transcription daintily must go;
 As though the world unworthy were to know,
 Their rich composures, let those men that keep
 These wond'rous relics in their judgment deep,
 And cry them up so, let such pieces be
 Spoke of by those that shall come after me,
 I pass not for them, nor do mean to run
 In quest of these, that them applause have won,
 Upon our stages in these latter days,
 That are so many, let them have their bays
 That do deserve it; let those wits that haunt
 Those public circuits, let them freely chant
 Their fine composures, and their praise pursue,
 And so, my dear friend, for this time adieu.

M m iij

I D E A S.

I.

I LIKE an advent'rous sea-farer am I,
 Who hath some long and dang'rous voyage been,
 And call'd to tell of his discovery,
 How far he sail'd, what countries he had seen?
 Proceeding from the port whence he put forth,
 Shews by his compass how his course he steer'd;
 When east, when west, when south, and when by
 north,
 As how the pole to ev'ry place was rear'd,
 What capes he doubled, of what continent,
 The gulphs and straits that strangely he had past,
 Where most becalm'd, where with foul weather
 spent,
 And on what rocks in peril to be cast?
 Thus in my love, time calls me to relate
 My tedious travels, and oft-varying fate.

II.

My heart was slain, and none but you and I;
 Who should I think the murder should commit?
 Since but yourself there was no creature by,
 But only I; guiltless of murthering it,
 It slew itself; the verdict on the view
 Do quit the dead, and me not accessory:
 Well, well, I fear it will be prov'd by you,
 The evidence so great a proof doth carry.
 But O, see, see, we need inquire no further,
 Upon your lips the scarlet drops are found,
 And in your eye, the boy that did the murder,
 Your cheeks yet pale, since first he gave the wound.
 By this I see, however things be past,
 Yet heav'n will still have murder out at last.

III.

TAKING my pen, with words to cast my woe,
 Duly to count the sum of all my cares,
 I find, my griefs innumerable grow,
 The reckonings rise to millions of despairs,
 And thus dividing of my fatal hours,
 The payments of my love, I read, and cross,
 Subtracting, set my sweets unto my sorrows,
 My joys and sorrows leads me to my loss;

And thus mine eyes a debtor to thine eye,
 Which by extortion gaineth all their looks,
 My heart hath paid such grievous usury,
 That all their wealth lies in thy beauty's bo-
 And all is thine which hath been due to
 And I a bankrupt, quite undone by thee.

IV.

BRIGHT star of beauty, on whose eye-lids sit
 A thousand nymph-like and enamour'd grace
 The goddesses of memory and wit,
 Which there in order take their several place
 In whose dear bosom sweet delicious Love
 Lays down his quiver which he once did bend
 Since he that blessed paradise did prove,
 And leaves his mother's lap to sport him thence
 Let others strive to entertain with words,
 My soul is of a braver metal made,
 I hold that vile, which vulgar wit affords;
 In me's that faith which time cannot invade.
 Let what I praise be still made good by you
 Be you most worthy, whilst I am most true.

V.

NOTHING but No and I, and I and No:
 How falls it out so strangely you reply?
 I tell you (fair) I'll not be answer'd so,
 With this affirming No, denying I.
 I say, I love, you slightly answer I:
 I say, You love, you scule me out a No:
 I say, I die, you echo me with I:
 Save me, I cry, you sigh me out a No.
 Must Woe and I have nought but No and I?
 No I, am I, if I no more can have;
 Answer no more, with silence make reply,
 And let me take myself what I do crave:
 Let No and I, with I and you be so:
 Then answer No and I, and I and No.

VI.

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,
 That now in coaches trouble every street,

rotten, whom no poets sing,
 well wrap'd in their winding sheet?
 thee eternity shall give,
 sing else remaineth of these days,
 hereafter shall be glad to live
 lms of thy superfluous praise;
 d matrons reading these my rhimes,
 much delighted with thy story,
 shall grieve they liv'd not in these times,
 en thee, their sex's only glory:
 shalt fly above the vulgar throng,
 urvive in my immortal song.

VII.

humour play'd the prodigal,
 y senses to a solemn feast;
 o grace the company withal,
 heart to be the chiefest guest:
 rink would serve this glutton's turn
 us tears distilling from mine eyne,
 h my sighs this epicure doth burn,
 arouses in this costly wine;
 his cups o'ercome with soul excess,
 ys he plays a swaggering ruffin's part,
 banquet in his drunkenness,
 ear friend, my kind and truest heart:
 : warning (friends) thus may you see,
 is to keep a drunkard company.

VIII.

othing grieves me, but that age should
 le,
 y days I may not see thee old,
 re those two clear sparkling eyes are
 c'd,
 loop-holes then I might behold.
 y, arched, ivory, polish'd brow,
 ith wrinkles, that I might but see;
 y hair, so curl'd and crisped now,
 led moss upon some aged tree;
 t, now flush with roses, sunk and lean,
 with age, as any wafer thin,
 y teeth out of thy head so clean,
 n thou feed'st thy nose shall touch thy
 n:
 nes that now thou scorn'st, which should
 ight thee, [thee.
 ould I make thee read, but to despight

IX.

men, so I myself do muse,
 his sort I wrest invention to,
 these giddy metaphors I use,
 he path the greater part do go;
 lve you: I am lunatic,
 this in mad-men you shall find, [sick,
 y last thought of when the brain grew
 istracted they keep that in mind.
 ing idly in this bedlam fit,
 d you (you must conceive) are twain,
 years now since first I lost my wit,
 me then, though troubled be my brain:

With diet and correction men distraught,
 (Not too far past) may to their wits be brought.

X.

To nothing fitter can I thee compare,
 Than to the son of some rich penny-father,
 Who having now brought on his end with care,
 Leaves to his son all he had heap'd together;
 This new rich novice, lavish of his chest,
 To one man gives, doth on another spend,
 Then here he riots, yet amongst the rest,
 Haps to lend some to one true honest friend.
 Thy gifts thou in obscurity dost waste,
 False friends thy kindness, born but to deceive thee;
 Thy love that is on the unworthy plac'd, [thee;
 Time hath thy beauty, which with age will leave
 Only that little which to me was lent,
 I give thee back when all the rest is spent.

XI.

You not alone, when You are still alone,
 O God, from You that I could private be,
 Since You one were, I never since was one,
 Since You in me, myself since out of me,
 Transported from myself into Your being;
 Though either distant, present yet to either;
 Senseless with too much joy, each other seeing,
 And only absent when we are together.
 Give Me myself, and take Yourself again,
 Devise some means but how I may forsake You;
 So much is mine that doth with You remain,
 That taking what is mine, with Me I take You;
 You do bewitch me, O that I could fly,
 From myself You, or from your own self I.

XII. To the Soul.

THAT learned father, which so firmly proves
 The soul of man immortal and divine,
 And doth the several offices define, [moves,
Anima Gives her that name, as she the body
Amor Then is the love, embracing charity,
Animus Moving a will in us, it is the mind,
Mens Retaining knowledge, still the same in
Memoria As intellectual, it is Memory, [kind,
Ratio In judging, Reason only is her name,
Sensus In speedy apprehension it is sense,
Conscientia In right or wrong they call her con-
 science, [inflame:
Spiritus The spirit, when it to Godward doth
 These of the soul the several functions be,
 Which my heart lighten'd by the love doth see.

XIII. To the Shadow.

LETTERS and lines we see are soon defaced,
 Metals do waste, and fret with canker's rust,
 The diamond shall once consume to dust,
 And freshest colours with foul strains disgraced:
 Paper and ink can paint but naked words,
 To write with blood, of force offends the sight;
 And if with tears, I find them all too light,
 And sighs and sighs a silly hope affords.

M m iij

O sweetest shadow, how thou serv'st my turn !
Which still shalt be as long as there is sun ;
Nor whilst the world is, never shall be done,
Whilst moon shall shine, or any fire shall burn :
That ev'ry thing whence Shadow doth proceed,
May in his Shadow my love's story read.

XIV.

Is he, from heav'n that filch'd that living fire,
Condemn'd by Jove to endless torment be,
I greatly marvel how you still go free,
That far beyond Prometheus did aspire :
The fire he stole, although of heavenly kind,
Which from above he craftily did take,
Of lifeless clods, us living men to make,
He did bestow in temper of the mind :
But you brake into heav'n's immortal store,
Where virtue, honour, wit, and beauty lay ;
Which taking thence you have escap'd away,
Yet stand as free as e'er you did before :
Yet old Prometheus punish'd for his rape :
Thus poor thieves suffer, when the greater 'scape.

XV. *His remedy for love.*

SINCE to obtain thee, nothing me will stead,
I have a med'cine that shall cure my love,
The powder of her heart dry'd, when she's dead,
That gold nor honour ne'er had power to move ;
Mix'd with her tears that ne'er her true love cross'd
Nor at fifteen ne'er long'd to be a bride,
Boil'd with her sighs in giving up the ghost,
That for her late deceased husband dy'd ;
Into the flame then let a woman breathe,
That being chid, did never word reply, [queath
With one thrice-marry'd's pray'rs, that did be-
A legacy to stale virginity :
If this receipt have not the pow'r to win me,
Little I'll say, but think the Devil's in me.

XVI. *In allusion to the Phoenix.*

'MONGST all the creatures in this spacious round,
Of the birds kind, the Phoenix is alone,
Which best by you of living things is known ;
None like to that, none like to you is found.
Your beauty is the hot and splend'rous sun,
The precious spices be your chaste desire,
Which being kindled by that heav'nly fire,
Your life so like the Phoenix's begun ;
Yourself thus burned in that sacred flame,
With so rare sweetness all the heav'ns perfuming,
Again increasing, as you are consuming,
Only by dying, born the very fame ;
And wing'd by fame, you to the stars ascend,
So you of time shall live beyond the end.

XVII. *To Time.*

STAY, speedy Time, behold before thou pass,
From age to age what thou hast sought to see,
One, in whom all the excellencies be,
In whom, heav'n look itself as in a glass :
Time, look thou too in this translucent glass,

And thy youth pass in this pure mirror face,
As the world's beauty in his infancy,
What it was then, and thou before it was ;
Pass on, and to posterity tell this,
Yet see thou tell, but truly, what hath been,
Say to our nephews, that thou once hast seen,
In perfect human shape all heav'nly bliss ;
And bid them mourn, nay more, despair with
That she is gone, her like again to see. [thou,

XVIII. *To the celestial numbers.*

To this our world, to learning, and to heaven,
Three Nines there are, to every one a Nine,
One number of the earth, the other both divine,
One woman now makes three odd numbers even.
Nine orders first of angels be in heaven,
Nine muses do with learning still frequent,
These with the gods are ever resident.
Nine worthy women to the world were given :
My worthy one to these nine worthies addeth,
And my fair muse, one muse unto the nine,
And my good angel (in my soul divine)
With one more order these nine orders gladdeth :
My muse, my worthy, and my angel then,
Makes every one of these three nines a ten.

XIX. *To Humour.*

You cannot love, my pretty heart, and why ?
There was a time you told me that you would :
But now again you will the same deny,
If it might please you, would to God you could.
What will you hate ? say that you will not neither :
Nor love, nor hate, how then ! what will you do ?
What will you keep a mean then betwixt either ?
Or will you love me, and yet hate me too ?
Yet serves not this : what next, what other shift ?
You will, and will not, what a coil is here ?
I see your craft, now I perceive your drift,
And all this while, I was mistaken there :
Your love and hate is this, I now do prove you,
You love in hate, by hate to make me love you.

XX.

AN evil spirit your beauty haunts me still,
Wherewith (alas !) I have been long possess'd,
Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill,
Nor gives me once but one poor minute's rest :
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake,
And when by means to drive it out to try,
With greater torments then it me doth take,
And tortures me in most extremity ;
Before my face it lays down my despair,
And hastes me on unto a sudden death ;
Now tempting me to drown myself in tears,
And then in sighing to give up my breath :
Thus am I still provok'd to every evil,
By this good wicked spirit, sweet Angel Devil.

XXI.

A witless gallant, a young wench that woo'd,
(Yet his dull spirit her not one jot could move)

I me, as e'er I wish'd his good,
 : him but one sonnet to his love :
 as fast as e'er I wish'd his good,
 ut what first from quick invention
 unc ;
 r flood one word thereof to blot,
 e his wit that was to use the same :
 my verses he his mistress won,
 ed on the dolt beyond all measure,
 he you to heav'n for phrase I run,
 ack all Apollo's golden treasure ;
 r my froth this fool his love obtains,
 lose you for all my wit and pains.

XXII. *To Folly.*

ols and children good discretion bears ;
 rest people bear with love and me,
 r yet, nor wiser made by years,
 the rest of fools and children be :
 I a Baby, plays with gawdes and toys,
 a wanton sports with every feather ;
 ts still are running after boys,
 ls and children fitt'it to go together :
 is young as when he first was born,
 I, than when as young as he.
 behold us, laugh us not to scorn,
 ure thanks ye are not such as we :
 ols and children sometimes tell in play,
 wife is shew, more fools indeed than
 hey.

XXIII.

nish'd heaven, in earth was held in scorn,
 ng abroad in need and beggary ;
 sting friends, though of a goddess' born,
 'd the alms of such as pass'd by :
 man devout and charitable,
 the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring guest,
 hs and tears still furnishing his table,
 at might make the miserable blest ;
 ungrateful, for my good desert,
 ny thoughts against me to conspire,
 re consent to steal away my heart,
 my breast, his lodging, on a fire.
 well, my friends, when beggars grow thus
 old,
 urvel then though charity grow cold.

XXIV.

ome say, this man is not in love :
 an he love ? a likely thing, they say ;
 t his verse, and it will eas'ly provc.
 not rashly (gentle Sir) I pray,
 I loosely trifle in this sort,
 bat fain his sorrows would beguile :
 r suppose me all this time in sport,
 de yourself with this conceit the while.
 w cens'ers, sometimes see ye not,
 ft perils some men pleasant be,
 me by death is only to be got,
 olute ? so stands the case with me ;

Where other men in depth of passion cry,
 I laugh at fortune, as in jest to die.

XXV.

Oh, why should nature niggardly restrain,
 That foreign nations relish not our tongue !
 Else should my lines glide on the waves of Rhene,
 And crown the Pyren's with my living song :
 But bounded thus, to Scotland get you forth,
 Thence take you wing unto the Orcaades,
 There let my verse get glory in the north,
 Making my sighs to thaw the frozen seas ;
 And let the Bards within that Irish isle,
 To whom my muse with fiery wings shall pass,
 Call back the stiff-neck'd rebels from exile,
 And mollify the slaught'ring Galliglafe ;
 And when my flowing numbers they rehearse,
 Let wolves and bears be charmed with my verse.

XXVI. *To Despair.*

I never love, where never hope appears,
 Yet hope draws on my never-hoping care,
 And my life's hope would die, but for despair.
 My never-certain joy breeds ever-certain fears,
 Uncertain bread gives wings unto my hope ;
 Yet my hope's wings are laden so with fear,
 As they cannot ascend to my hope's sphere ;
 Though fear gives them more than a heav'nly scope,
 Yet this large room is bounded with despair,
 So my love is still fetter'd with vain hope,
 And liberty deprives him of his scope,
 And thus am I imprison'd in the air :
 Then, sweet Despair, a while hold up thy head,
 Or all my hope for sorrow will be dead.

XXVII.

Is not love here, as 'tis in other climes,
 And diff'reth it, as do the several climates ?
 Or hath it lost the virtue with the times,
 Or in this island alt'reth with the fashions ?
 Or have our passions lesser pow'r than theirs,
 Who had less art them lively to express ?
 Is nature grown less powerful in their heirs,
 Or in our fathers did she more transgress ?
 I'm sure my sighs come from a heart as true,
 As any man's that memory can boast,
 And my respects and services to you,
 Equal with his, that loves his mistress most :
 Or nature must be partial in my cause,
 Or only you do violate her laws.

XXVIII.

To such as say thy love I over-prize,
 And do not stick to term my praises folly ;
 Against these folk, that think themselves so wise,
 I thus oppose my reason's forces wholly :
 Though, I give more than well affords my state,
 In which expence the most suppose me vain,
 Which yields them nothing at the easiest rate,
 Yet at this price returns me treble gain,

Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made unhappy by my skill;
Only compell'd on this poor good to boast,
Heav'n's are not kind to them that know them
most.

XLIV.

WHILST thus my pen strives to eternize thee,
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face;
Where, in the map of all my misery
Is model'd out the world of my disgrace;
Whilst in despite of tyrannizing rhimes,
Medea-like, I make thee young again, [rhimes,
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing
And murder'st virtue with thy coy disdain:
And though in youth, my youth untimely perish,
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,
Ensuing ages yet my rhimes shall cherish,
Where I entomb'd my better part shall save;
And though this earthly body fade and die,
My name shall mount upon eternity.

XLV.

MUSES which sadly sit about my chair,
Drown'd in the tears extorted by my lines;
With heavy sighs whilst thus I break the air,
Painting my passions in these sad designs
Since the disdain to bless my happy verse,
The strong-built trophies to her living fame,
Ever henceforth my bosom be your hearer,
Wherein the world shall now intomb her name;
Enclose my music, you poor senseless walls,
Sith she is deaf, and will not hear my moans,
Softening yourselves with every tear that falls,
Whilst I, like Orpheus, sing to trees and stones;
Which with my plaint seem yet with pity mov'd,
Kinder than she whom I so long have lov'd.

XLVI.

PLAIN path'd experience, the unlearned's guide,
Her simple followers evidently shews
Sometimes what schoolmen scarcely can decide,
Nor yet wise reason absolutely knows:
In making trial of a murder wrought,
If the vile actors of the hainous deed
Near the dead body hapely be brought, [bleed.
Oft 't 'ath been prov'd, the breathless corse will
She coming near, that my poor heart hath slain,
Long since departed (to the world no more)
The ancient wounds no longer can contain,
But fall to bleeding, as they did before:
But what of this? Should she to death be led,
It furthers justice, but helps not the dead.

XLVII.

IN pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my lab'ring pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my name,
Won grace and credit in the ears of men;
With those the thronged theatres that press,
I in the circuit for the laurel strove;

Where, the full praise I freely must confess
In heat of blood, a modest mind might me
With shouts and claps at ev'ry little pause
When the proud round on ev'ry side hath.
Sadly I sit unmov'd with the applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No public glory vainly I pursue,
All that I seek, is to eternize you.

XLVIII.

CUPID, I hate thee, which I'd have thee
A naked starveling ever may'st thou be;
Poor rogue, go pawn thy falcia and thy bow
For some few rags, wherewith to cover th
Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,
To some base rustic do thyself prefer,
And when corn's sown, or grown into the
Practice thy quiver, and turn crow-keeper
Or being blind (as fittest for the trade)
Go hire thyself some bungling harper's be
They that are blind, are mistrels often m
So may'st thou live to thy fair mother's jo
That whilst with Mars she holdeth her
Thou, her blind son may'st sit by them a

XLIX.

THOU leaden brain, which censor'st what
And say'st, my lines be dull, and do not m
I marvel not thou feel'st not my delight,
Which never felt'st my fiery touch of low
But thou, whose pen hath like a pack-horse
Whose stomach unto gall hath turn'd my
Whose senses, like poor pris'ners hunger'st
Whose grief hath parch'd thy body, dry'd th
Thou which hath scorn'd life, and hated de
And in a moment mad, sober, glad, and sorry
Thou which hast bann'd thy thoughts, and cu
With thousand plagues more than in purgat
Thou, thus whose spirit love in his fire
Come thou and read, admire, applaud m

L.

As in some countries far remote from hence
The wretched creature, destined to die,
Having the judgment due to his offence,
By surgeons begg'd on him their art to try
Which on the living work without remorse,
First make incision on each mast'ring vein,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transpier
corse,
And with their balm recure the wounds ag
Then poison, and with physic him restore:
Not that they fear the hopeless man to kill,
But their experience to increase the more:
Ev'n so my mistrels works upon my ill;
By curing me, and killing me each hour,
Only to shew her beauty's sov'reign pow

LI.

CALLING to mind since first my love begu
Th' uncertain times oft varying in their co

ge still unexpectedly have run,
 the fates by their resistless force;
 ne eyes amazedly have seen
 at fall, Tyrone his peace to gain,
 end of that long-living queen,
 a fair entrance, and our peace with Spain,
 the Dutch at length ourselves to sever;
 world doth, and evermore shall reel;
 goddess am I constant ever,
 blind fortune turn her giddy wheel:
 heaven and earth prove both to me
 true,
 I still inviolate to you.

LII.

'st thou mean to cheat me of my heart,
 ll mine, and give me none again?
 hine eyes such magic, or that art,
 t they get, they ever do retain?
 he tyrant, but take some remorse,
 s spicen, if but for pity's sake;
 if thou can'st not, let us scorfe,
 ne piece of thine my whole heart take.
 of pity do I speak to thee,
 ast is proof against complaint or prayer?
 ink what my reward shall be
 proud beauty, which was my betrayer?
 ilk I of a heart, when thou hast none?
 ou hast, it is a flinty one.

LIII, *Another to the river Ankor,*

ankor, on whose silver-sanded shore,
 rin'd faint, my fair Idea lies,
 brook, whose milk-white swans adore
 il stream refined by her eyes,
 et myrrh-breathing zephyr in the spring
 tils his nectar-dropping showers,
 htinales in Arden sit and sing,
 he dainty dew-impearled flowers;
 ir brook, when thou shalt see thy queen,
 y shepherd spent his wand'ring years,
 se shades, dear nymph, he oft had been,
 o thee he sacrific'd his tears:
 den, thou my Tempe art alone,
 u, sweet Ankor, art my Helicon.

LIV.

at last the story of my woe,
 r abstracts of my endless cares,
 ife's sorrow interlined so,
 th my sighs, and blotted with my tears,
 emorials of my miseries,
 e grief of mine afflicted ghost,
 complaint in doleful elegies,
 re love, as time could never boast;
 e incense which I offer here,
 ng faith ascending to thy fame:
 y hope, my vows, my praise, my pray'r,
 oblations to thy sacred name;
 ame my muse to highest heav'n's shall
 aise,
 e desire, true love, and virtuous praise.

LV.

My fair, if thou wilt register my love,
 A world of volumes shall thereof arise:
 Preserve my tears, and thou thyself shalt prove
 A second flood, down raining from my eyes:
 Note but my sighs, and thine eyes shall behold
 The sun-beams smother'd with immortal smoke;
 And if by thee my prayers may be enroll'd,
 They heaven and earth to pity shall provoke:
 Look thou into my breast, and thou shalt see
 Chaste holy vows for my soul's sacrifice; [thee,
 That soul (sweet maid) which so hath honour'd
 Erecting trophies to thy sacred eyes,
 Those eyes to my heart shining ever bright,
 When darkness hath obscur'd each other light.

LVI. *An allusion to the Eagles.*

When like an eaglet I first found my love,
 For that the virtue I thereof would know.
 Upon the nest I set it forth to prove,
 If it were of that kingly kind or no:
 But it no sooner saw my sun appear,
 But on her rays with open eyes it stood,
 To shew that I had hatch'd it for the air,
 And rightly came from that brave mounting brood;
 And when the plumes were summ'd with sweet
 desire,
 To prove the pinions, it ascends the skies;
 Do what I could, it need'stly would aspire
 To my soul's sun, those two celestial eyes:
 Thus from my breast, where it was bred alone,
 It after thee is like an eaglet flown.

LVII.

You best discern'd of my mind's inward eyes,
 And yet your graces outwardly divine,
 Whose dear remembrance in my bosom lies,
 Too rich a relic for so poor a shrine:
 You, in whom nature chose herself to view,
 When she her own perfection would admire,
 Bestowing all her excellence on you;
 At whose pure eyes love lights his hallow'd fire,
 Ev'n as a man that in some trance hath seen,
 More than his wond'ring ut't'rance can unfold,
 That wrapp'd in spirit, in better worlds hath been,
 So must your praise distractedly be told;
 Most of all short, when I should shew you most
 In your perfections so much am I lost.

LVIII.

In former times, such as had store of coin,
 In wars at home, or when for conquests bound,
 For fear that some their treasure should purloin,
 Gave it to keep to spirits within the ground;
 And to attend it, them as strongly ty'd,
 Till they return'd; home when they never came,
 Such as by art to get the same have try'd,
 From the strong spirit by no means force the same;
 Nearer men come, that further flies away,
 Striving to hold it strongly in the deep;
 Ev'n as this spirit, so you alone do play
 With these rich beauties heaven gives you to keep:

Pity so left to th' coldness of your blood,
Not to avail you, nor do others good.

LIX. *To Proverbs.*

As love and I late harbour'd in one inn
With proverbs thus each other entertain :
In love there is no lack, thus I begin ;
Fair words make fools, replieth he again ;
Who spares to speak, doth spare to speed, (quoth I) ;
As well (saith he) *too forward, as too slow* :
Fortune assists the boldest, I reply ;
A hasty man (quoth he) *ne'er wanted woe* :
Labour is light, where love (quoth I) *doth pay* ;
(Saith he) *Light burdens beavy, if far borne* :
(Quoth I) *The main lost, cast the by away* :
I have spun a fair thread, he replies in scorn.
And having thus a while each other thwarted,
Fools as we met, so fools again we parted.

LX.

DEFINE my weal, and tell the joys of heaven,
Express my woe, and shew the pains of hell,
Declare what fate unlucky stars have given,
And ask a world upon my life to dwell,
Make known the faith that fortune could not
move,

Compare my worth with others base desert,
Let virtue be the touch-stone of my love ;
So may the heavens read wonders in my heart ;
Behold the clouds which have eclips'd my sun,
And view the crosses which my course do let
Tell me, that ever since the world begun,
So fair a rising had so foul a set :
And see if time (if he would strive to prove)
Can shew a second so pure a love.

LXI.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free ;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain ;
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes, ^{love}
Now if thou would'st, when all have given hi
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover

LXII.

WHEN first I ended, then I first began,
Then more I travell'd further from my rest,
Where most I lost, there most of all I was,
Pined with hunger, rising from a feast.
Methinks I fly, yet want I legs to go,
Wife in conceit, in act a very sot,
Ravish'd with joy amidst a hell of woe,
What most I seem, that surest am I not.
I build my hopes a world above the sky,
Yet with the mole I creep into the earth,
In plenty I am starv'd with penury,
And yet I surfeit in the greatest dearth :
I have, I want, despair, and yet desire,
Burn'd in a sea of ice, drown'd 'midst a fire.

LXIII.

TRUCE, gentle love, a parly now I crave.
Methinks 'tis long since first these wars begun,
Nor thou, nor I, the better yet can have,
Bad is the match, where neither party won.
I offer free conditions of fair peace,
My heart for hostage that it shall remain,
Discharge our forces, here let malice cease,
So for my pledge thou give me pledge again :
Or if nothing but death will serve thy turn,
Still thirsting for subversion of my state ;
Do what thou canst, raze, massacre, and burn,
Let the world see the utmost of thy hate :
I send defiance, since if overthrown,
Thou vanquishing, the conquest is mine own.

THE OWL.

To the Honourable
SIR WALTER ASTON, KNIGHT.

shrill trumpet, and stern tragic sounds,
trageous and so full of fear;
ate sleep'd in English Barons wounds,
ke accents to your tuneful ear.

Muse, to gentler moral dight;
conceits, in humbled tunes doth sing;
the bird regardless of the light,
h move her late high-mounting wing.

The wreath is Ivy that ingirts our brows,
Wherein this night-bird harb'reth all the day;
We dare not look at other crowning boughs,
But leave the Laurel unto them that may.

Low as the earth, though our invention move;
High yet as heaven to you, our spotless love.

M. DRAYTON,

TO THE READER.

to him that may (perhaps) say my
idle and worthless, I might this answer
I see in reading, or read with under-
that the greatest masters in this art
yself, not for any affectation of singu-
e written upon as slight a matter. As
of the Greeks and Latins, the first of
War, the latter of a poor Gnat; and
wittily of the Chess-play and Silk-worm;
ny other that I could recite of the like
how much immaterial, so much the

more difficult, to handle with any encomiastic de-
fence, or passionate comparison, (as their strong
testimony) who can give Virtue her due, and by
the Powerfulness of wit, maintain Vice not vici-
ously. Some other likewise in a paradoxical man-
ner, as Isocrates's Oration in praise of Helen, whom
all the world dispraiseth: Agrippa's declamation
upon the Vanity of the Sciences, which knowledge
all the world admireth. Thus leaving thee fa-
vourably to censure of my poor labours, I end.

M. DRAYTON

IN NOCTUAM DRAYTONI.

a Lemniacas deturbant tela Volucres?
? aligero perstringit corpore Graios,
Proceres? Posita Paantius ira,
lerculeas ad Troica fata Pharetras.
an puro tonuit pater altus Olympo?
it sonitu Phœbæi Cœlifer arcus?
ugurium: tanto Deus ille tumultu
exagitat mortalia Pectora Vatum.
in sylvas Draytonum mittit: oberrat
nullo signatos tramite Musa:

Hinc & in æriam libratur machina gentem:
Quæ ferit immemores (iterato verbere) Reges:
Proterit & Vulgus (audaci more) profanum.
Eia, age: dum crebro fugiat tremebundus ab
idæ
Immitis servus vitii, decedat ab oris
Anglorum longè; lustratis lampade sancta
Cujus conjuncti exultant fulgore Britanni.

A. GRENEWAL.

T H E O W L.

WHAT time the sun by his all-quick'ning power,
Gives life and birth to every plant and flower,
The strength and fervour of whose pregnant ray
Buds every branch, and blossoms every spray;
As the firm sap (the yearly course assign'd)
From the full root, doth swell the plenteous rind:
The vital spirits long nourish'd at the heart,
Fly with fresh fire to each exterior part:
Which stirs desire in hot and youthful bloods;
To breathe their dear thoughts to the list'ning
woods.

With those light flocks, which the fair fields
This frolic season luckily I went,
And as the rest did, did I frankly too,
"Least is he mark'd, that doth as most men do."
But whether by some casual defect,
All flowers alike the time did not respect:
Some whose new roots ne'er saw a former May
Flourish now fair, those wither'd quite away,
Into my thoughts that incidently brings
Th' incessant passage of all worldly things.
The rarest work whereat we wonder long,
Obscur'd by time that envy could not wrong.
And what in life can mortal man desire,
That scarcely com'n, but quickly doth retire!
The monarchies had time to grow to head,
And at the height their conquer'd honours fled:
And by their wane those latter kingdoms rose,
'That had their age to win, their hour to lose,
Which with much sorrow brought into my mind,
Their wretched souls so ignorantly blind,
(When ev'n the great'st things in the world un-
stable)

'That climb to fall, and damn them for a Babel.
Whilst thus my thoughts were strongly enter-
tain'd, [gain'd;
The greatest lamp of heaven his height had
Seeking some shade to lend content to me,
Lo, near at hand, I spy'd a goodly tree;
Under th' extensure of whose lordly arms,
'The small birds warbled their harmonious charms.
Where sitting down to cool the burning heat,
Through the moist pores evap'rating by sweat,
Yielding my pleas'd thought to content (by chance)
I on a sudden dropt into a trance:

Wherein methought some God or Power divine
Did my clear knowledge wond'rously refine.
For that amongst those sundry varying notes,
Which the birds sent from their melodious throats,
Each sylvan sound I truly understood,
Become a perfect linguist of the wood:
Their flight, their song, and every other sign,
By which the world did anciently divine,
As the old Tuscans, in that * skill profound,
Which first great Car, and wise Thersias found,
To me bequeath'd their knowledge to descry,
The depth and secrets of their augury.

One I could hear appointing with his sweeting
A place convenient for their secret meeting:
Others, when winter shortly should decline,
How they would couple at St. (†) Valentine:
Some other birds that of their loves forsaken,
To the close deserts had themselves betaken,
And in the dark groves where they made abode,
Sung many a sad and mournful Palinod.
And every bird shew'd in his proper kind,
What virtue nature had to him assign'd.
The pretty Turtle, and the kissing Dove,
Their faiths in wedlock, and chaste nuptial love:
The Hens (to women) sanctity express,
Hallowing their eggs: the Swallow cleanliness,
Sweetening her nest, and purging it of dung,
And every hour is picking of her young.
The Hern, by soaring shews tempestuous shower,
The princely Cock distinguisheth the hour,
The Kite, his train him guiding in the air,
Prescribes the helm, instructing how to steer.
The Crane to labour, fearing some rough flaw,
With sand and gravel burthening his crew:
Noted by man, which by the same did find
To ballast ships for steadiness in wind.
And by the form and order in his flight,
To march in war, and how to watch by night.
The first of house that e'er did groundsel lay,
Which then was homely, of rude lome and clay,
Learn'd of the Martin: Philomel in spring,
Teaching by art her little one to sing;

(*) Divination by Birds.

(†) The time when birds couple.

ar voice sweet music first was found,
 ion ever knew a sound.
 h mofs the dead's unclosed eye,
 d-breast teacheth charity.
 e in sundry things excel,
 ould serve their properties to tell.
 dge if it the place should be,
 resent this pretty dream to me,
 e eaves and shelter of a slack
 rt it) at a beech's back,
 ree with ivy overgrown,
 e sun had scarcely ever shone,
 l creature, hanging of the wing,
 ep whilst every bird did sing.
 ead still leaning on his breast,
 eet tunes Philomel express :
 y did in his looks appear,
 'd his melancholy cheer.
 (c), that brought into my head,
 nges metamorphosed,
 but him I read aright,
 as as he was slow of sight ;
 me that it was the same ;
 ut him strangely wond'ring came.
 the Linnet, tripping on the spray ;
 hou sluggish bird, this mirthful May,
 me forth, and leave thy luskife nest,
 ese forests bravely as the best.
 ight in yonder goodly tree,
 eet Merle, and warbling Mavis be.
 he Titmouse, which at hand did sit,
 is moody melancholy fit.
 ll brooks as through these groves
 ravel,
 joy upon the silver gravel,
 et notes the neighb'ring Sylvens sing,
 oth cadence of their murmuring.
 h honey on her laden thigh,
 o Palm (as carelessly they fly)
 : wind, and him his course bereaves,
 ally with th' enamoured leaves.
 e Owl, which well himself could bear,
 short speech lent a list'ning ear :
 gth to rouse him in the beech,
 :st thus frames his reverend speech :
 you feather'd Choristers of nature,
 which hath distinguish'd every crea-

uses unto every one,
 ds and things to live upon :
 Lark, that takes delight to build
 ort, amidst the vast field ;
 in deserts far abroad,
 'd issue safely doth unload ;
 and the Robinet agen,
 to the mansion place of men ;
 wifely which hath each thing taught,
 st fitting my content forethought,
 e not of the stately trees,
 eflight less threat'ning danger sees,
 thrilling from the troubled air,
 ie shrub, the place of my repair.

aphus in Buhonem.
 owl's speech to the other birds.

The fowlers snares in ambush are not lay'd
 T' intrap my steps, which oft have you betray'd.
 A silent sleep, my gentle fellow birds,
 By day a calm of sweet content affords ;
 By night I tower the heaven, devoid of fear,
 Nor dread the Gryphon to surprize me there.
 And into many a secret place I peep,
 And see strange things while you securely sleep.
 Wonder not, birds, although my heavy eyes
 By day seem dim to see your vanities.
 " Happy's that sight the secret'd things can spy,
 By seeming purblind to community ;
 And blest are they that to their own content,
 See that by night which some by day repent.
 Did not mine eyes seem dim to others sight,
 Without suspect they could not see so right.
 Oh ! silly creatures, happy is the state,
 That weighs not pity, nor respecteth hate :
 Better's that place, though homely and obscure,
 Where we repose in safety and secure,
 Thence where great birds with lordly tallons seize
 Not what they ought, but what their fancies please :
 And by their power prevailing in this sort,
 To rob the poor, account it but a sport :
 Therefore of two, I chose the lesser evil,
 Better sit still, then rise to meet the devil."

Thus the poor Owl, unhappily could preach;
 Some that came near in compass of his reach,
 Taking this item, with a general ear
 (" A guilty conscience feels continual fear)
 Soon to their sorrow secretly do find,
 " Some that had wink'd, not altogether blind.
 And finding now which they before had heard,
 " Wisdom not all, in every garish bird,
 Shrewdly suspect, that brevitng by night,
 Under pretence that he was ill of sight,
 Silly had seen which secretly not kept,
 Simply they walk'd ; he subtly had slept.
 The envious Crow, that is so full of spite,
 The hateful Buzzard, and the ravenous Kite,
 The greedy raven, that for death (c) doth call,
 Spoiling poor lambs as from their dams they fall,
 That picketh out the dying creature's eye ;
 The thievish Daw, and the dissembling Pye,
 That only live upon the poorer's spoil,
 That feed on Dung-hills of the loathsome soil :
 The Wood-pecker, whose hard'ned beak hath

broke,
 And pierc'd the heart of many a solid oak :
 That where the kingly Eagle went to prey,
 In the calm shade in heat of summer's day :
 Of thousands of fair trees there stands not one
 For him to perch or set his foot upon.
 And now they see they safely had him here,
 T' eschew th' effect of every future fear :
 Upon the sudden all these murd'rous fowl,
 Fasten together on the harmless Owl,
 The cruel Kite, because his claws were keen,
 Upon his broad-face wrecks his angry teen,
 His weasant next, the ravenous Raven plies,
 The Pye and Buzzard tugging at his eyes.
 The Crow is digging at his breast amain ;
 The sharp nebb'd Hecco stabbing at his brain ;

(c) Pilny.

-N n

That had the Falcon not by chance been near,
 That (f) lov'd the Owl, and held him only dear,
 Came to his rescue at the present tide,
 'The honest Owl undoubtedly had dy'd.
 And whilst the gentle fowl do yet pursue
 The riot done by this rebellious crew,
 The lesser birds that keep the lower spring,
 Threath much grieve with woeful murmuring,
 Yet wanting power to remedy his wrongs,
 Who took their lives restrained not their tongues:
 'The Lark, the Linnet, and the gentle sort,
 'Those sweet musicians, with whose shrill report,
 'The senseless woods, and the obdurate rock,
 Have oft been mov'd: the warbling Throats Cock,
 The Ousel and the Nightingale among,
 That charms the night calm with her powerful song,
 In Phoebus' laurel that do take delight, [smite.
 Whom Jove's fierce thunder hath no power to
 'Justice, say they, ah! whether art thou fled?
 Or this vile world hast thou abandoned?
 O, why, fair Virtue, wert thou made in vain?
 Freedom is lost, and liberty is slain:
 Whilst some whose power restrained not their rage,
 Loudly exclaim upon the envious age,
 'That rocks for pity did resume them ears,
 'The earth so wet with plenty of their tears.
 But thus it hapt in heat of all these things,'
 "As king rule realms, God rules the hearts of kings."
 The princely Eagle, leaving his abode,
 Was from his court stolen secretly abroad:
 And from the covert, closely where he stood,
 To find how things were censur'd in the wood;
 Far in the thickets might a chatt'ring hear,
 To which soon lending an officious ear,
 With a still flight his easy course doth make
 Towards where the sound he perfectly doth take.
 At every stroke (with his imperial wings)
 The gentle air unto his feathers clings:
 And through his soft and callow down doth flow,
 As loth so soon his presence to forego,
 And being at last arrived at the place,
 He found the Owl in miserable case,
 (For whom much sorrow every where was heard)
 Sadly bemoan'd of many a helpless bird.
 But when this princely jovial fowl they saw,
 As now deliver'd from their former awe:
 Each little creature lifted up a wing,
 With Ave Cæsar, to their sovereign king.
 Who seeing the Owl, thus miserably forlorn,
 Spoil'd of his feathers, mangled, scratcht and torn,
 Will'd him his name and quality to shew,
 How and wherefore he suffered all this woe:
 Which the Owl hearing, taking heart thereby,
 Though somewhat daunted with his piercing eye,
 (With a deep sigh) (g) 'My sovereign liege,
 quoth he,
 Though now this poor and wretched as you see,
 Athens sometime the Muses nursery,
 The source of science and philosophy,
 Allow'd me freedom in her learned bowers,
 Where I was set in the Cecropian towers.
 Armed Bellona (goddess of the field)
 Honour'd my portrait in the warlike shield.

(f) The natural love of the Falcon to the Owl. *Pliny*.
 (g) The Owl's speech to the Eagle:

And far my study (of all other fowl)
 The wise Minerva challenged the Owl:
 For which, those grave and still-authentic *Loges*,
 Which sought for knowledge in those golden *ages*,
 Of whom we hold the science that we have,
 For wisdom, me their Hieroglyphic gave.
 The fruitful Ceres to great Saturn born,
 'That first with sickle crop'd the rip'n'd corn,
 She bore the swarthy Acheron, whose birth,
 Scarcely then perfect, loathing of the earth,
 And flying all community with men,
 Thrust his black head into the Stygian fen;
 Where the nymph Orphine in th' infernal shade,
 As in his stream the carelessly did wade,
 The flood embracing craftily beguil'd;
 By whom soon after the conceiv'd with child;
 Of her dear son Ascalaphus, (b) whose youth
 So cherish'd justice, and respected truth;
 As to the gods he faithfully did tell,
 The tasted fruit by Proserpine in hell:
 Which an offence imagined so foul,
 Ceres transform'd into the harmless Owl.
 To our disgrace, though it be urg'd by some,
 Our harmless kind to Crete doth never come;
 The Cretians are still hyars, nor come we thither,
 For truth and falsehood cannot live together.
 But those that spurn at our contented state,
 With viperous envy and degenerate hate;
 Strive to produce us from that Lesbian bed,
 Where with blind lust the fleshly lecher led,
 On his own child, unnaturally did pray,
 (For that foul fact) transform'd Nyctimene, (i)
 But seldom seen into the public eye,
 The shrieking Litch-Owl that doth never cry,
 But boding death, and quick herself intends
 In darksome graves and hollow sepulchres.
 Thus much, my Sovereign, whence my father
 came.

Now for the cause of this my present shame,
 "Few words may serve a mischief to unfold.
 For, in short speech long sorrow may be told."
 'But for my freedom that I w'd of late,
 To lance th' infection of a poison'd state,
 Wherein my free and uncorrupted tongue,
 Lightly gave taste of their injurious wrong.
 The Kite, the Crow, and all the birds of prey,
 That they liege people havock night and day;
 Rushing upon me, with most foul despite,
 'Thus have they dress'd me in this piteous plight.'

The Eagle now, a serious ear that lent
 To the religious and devout intent
 Of the good Owl, whom too injurious fate
 Had thus rewarded, doth commiserate
 The poor distressed bird, hoping to hear
 What all the rest through negligence and fear
 Smother'd in silence, and had buried still,
 Covering the sore of many a fester'd ill;
 Not only grants him liberty of speech,
 But further deigning kindly to beseech
 The virtuous bird no longer to refrain:
 Who thus emboldened by his sovereign,
 At length his silence resolutely brake,
 And thus the Eagle's majesty bespake.

(b) Ovid's *Metam.* Lib. 5.
 (i) *Ibid.* Lib. 2.

ghty, said he, though my plain homely
ds
at grace that elegance affords;
elf is of sufficient worth,
t glofs of art to fet it forth.
r plumes like mofs upon that oak,
uch, yet fuffering more I took.
I feen the world's inconstant change,
not me, affliction is not ftrange.
or contempt, I feek not fame,
I love, and glory in the fame.
us judgment-feat I never fought,
is fold for coin, the poor for nought.
lefse bird, a harmlefs wretch,
e power that needful is to teach.
your great good and general weal,
tongue, and with a fervent zeal
ugh my lips, which otherwife were

re grave (i) Samnite's document.
ore my harmlefs tale be told,
: Vulture argues me too bold.
rant (whom fpoil cannot fuffice)
s charge and flander me with lies,
tax me to be vainly proud,
shame, the Owl fhould be allow'd.
his Axiom doth them all confute,
gs did fpeak, what fubje& can be mute?
t winter that forewent our prime,
rince, upon a certain time
y palace on a night,
vive my melancholy fpright,
for darknefs) waiting all alone,
y night) what lords by day look on,
held fo many candles light,
I mock'd the rapers of the night.
it grew upon the time of reft,
great fincerity profefs,
Prayer fhould prefently proceed,
ivenefs for the day's mifdeed,
ft down the liquorous Sparrow fat,
with meats, full fpermatie and fat.
his drinks, and firlups doth apply,
blood and quicken luxury;
his billing female was embrac'd,
r wings about his wanton waift.
ight I, what's here by light within,
e in darknefs fhould have fear'd to fin?
norant fet clofely to devife,
ght compafs ftrange monopolies.
Goldfinch and his courtly mate,
Bunting powerful in the ftate,
eed, and but at little ftick,
thoufand for a bifhopric,
le up fome feathers from the Lark,
gh a paffor and a learned clerk?
reverence, (m) though he wear a cowl,
ntrance he muft pay them toll.
buzzard fcorning of the black,
late did clothe his needy back,
h feathers had tript up his creft,
bred a falcon at the leaft.

owl's complaint to the king.
TOMAS
and. *Bardocucuiatus caput, &c.*

Thus struts he daily in his borrow'd plume,
And but for shame he boldly durst presume
With princely Eaglets to compare his fight:
Not the proud Iris in her colours dight,
Could with this bafe Kite equally compare.
What fowl before him flood not humbly bare?
No lefs than lords attending every beck,
At his command his betters brook his check.
But, O my liege, the birds of noble race
Know whence he is, and who affords him grace,
And inly grieve to fee a fervile mate,
Crept up by favour, to outbrave a ftate.
The poor implumed Birds that by offence,
Or fome difgrace have loft pre-eminence,
Can point and fay, This feather once was mine:
Some wink, fome would, fome grieve, and fome
repine.

Befides all this, I faw a bird did fcour
A ferpent's teeth, that daily did devour
Widows and orphans, yet th' Egyptian faws
Commend this bird for cleaning ferpents jaws.
For the bafe Trochyle (n) thinketh it no pain,
To fcour vile carrion for a favoury gain.
When foon I faw about the ferpent's neft,
Whilst this bafe flave his nafty grinders drest,
A thoufand thoufand filly little birds
Covering the fields, as do the fummer's herds;
A thoufand larger fowls, that ftrangely carp,
Did curfe the beak that made his gums fo fharp.
Yet in this bafe bird I might well defcry
The prosperous fruit of thriving policy.

Cafting mine eye, and looking through a glafs,
I faw a Gps-Hawk (that in ftate did pafs)
That by fair fhews did mens affection feel,
Gold (his attendant) always at his heel.
Whofe mannors did him reverence as he ftaid,
Whofe name (if written) could poffeffion plead
In any lordfhip that adjoined his:
Law was his Vaffal, he and purehafs kifs,
Zeal was his fool, and learning was his jester,
Yet pride his page, and gluttony his taster.
A thoufand fuiters waited at his hand,
Some call'd his honour pa-ron of the land;
The fole commander of the commonweal,
And unto him they humbly all appeal.
When in a clofet ftrangely I beheld,
That was adjoining to a pleafant field,
How every fuitier, when he was retir'd,
Bought out his peace, or his promotion hir'd;
Yet what he won with curfes was rewarded,
When the poor birds, for bribes alone regarded.

To th' fecret of all fecrets when I came,
Having mine eyes glew'd up with grief and fhame:
I tell not how the Vulture fat apart,
Spending the blood and marrow of his heart,
And by all means his faculties t' apply,
To taint the Phoenix by his furdredry,
That of her kind had the been more than one,
(o) Parent and infant to herfelf alone)
This heavenly bird (in touching her defame)
Had had her purpofe foiled with their fhame.
And for the turtle would not be unchaste,
Her did they banifh to the barren wafte.

(n) Trochylus. Avia, Plin.
(o) Claudian. de Phœnice.

N n ij

I dare not say how every sort were search'd,
 Nor dare I tell how Avarice was perch'd
 Under the pillow of the gravest head,
 (That freedom with the golden world is dead)
 How age had cast off a religious life,
 Humour of late became Opinion's wife.
 Counsel secure, nor 'company'd with care,
 The wit that woundeth zeal, accounted rare.
 But whither wand'reth my high-ravish'd Muse?
 O, pardon liege, the fierce exclaims I use;
 And let my bark (by gales of your good grace)
 Through these rough seas bear sail a little space.

Scarce had these words found utterance through
 my lips
 But therewithal a prattling Parrot skips
 About the private lodging of his peers:
 His eyes were watchful, open were his ears:
 He had a tongue for every language fit,
 A cheverel conscience, and a searching wit,
 Coming in haste as he had cross'd the main,
 And brought some strange intelligence from Spain:
 Yet even at midnight (for the rogue was poor)
 I found him knocking at a great man's door;
 And where of course the wife were turn'd away,
 His errand brook'd no dilatory stay,
 But presently (conducted by a light)
 Into a chamber very richly dight,
 Where sat the Vulture with a dreadful frown,
 Proud and ambitious, gaping for renown:
 His talons red with blood of murder'd fowls,
 His full eye quickly every way he rolls.
 Whom when this Parrot stedfastly beheld,
 His feathers bristled and his stomach swell'd;
 And to the Vulture openeth where he fat,
 (Whose ears attentive list'ned still thereat)
 The state and 'haviour of each private man,
 Laid out for searching avarice to scan.
 Where by strict rule and subtilties in art,
 Such traps were set, as net a man could start.
 And where th' offender's maintenance was great,
 Their working heads they busily did beat.
 By some strange quiddit or some wrestled clause,
 To find him guilty of the breach of laws,
 That he this present injury to shift,
 To buy his own, accounts a princely gift:
 And for a cloke to their corrupt decrees,
 The Vulture with this subtle bird agrees,
 That they which thus convicted are apart,
 Shall be surpris'd by policy and art. [light,
 Then pick they forth such thieves as hate the
 The black-ey'd Bat (the watchman of the night)
 That to each private family can pry,
 And the least slip can easily defery;
 And since his conscience is both loose and large,
 Is only fit to undergo this charge;
 Address'd to drink of every private cup,
 And not a word slips but he takes it up,
 To minister occasion of discourse,
 And therewithal, some dangerous theme enforce,
 To urge a doubtful speech up to the worst,
 To breach new treasons, and disclose them first,
 Whereby himself he clears, and unawares
 Intraps the fowl, unskillful of these snares.
 And (against law he beats his lord's protection,
 As a fit mean, and by the states direction.

O worthy bird, prevent this ill in time,
 And suffer not this ravenous Bat to climb,
 That is occasion of the best's offence,
 The brat of riot and of indigence,
 The moth and canker of the commonweal,
 Bred by corruption to disquiet zeal.

Holla! thou wand'ring infant of my brain,
 Whither thus sling'st thou? yet divert thy strain,
 Return we back unto our former gate,
 From which a little we digress'd of late,
 And leave this monster beating of his head,
 The honest Owl hath quickly struck him dead.
 And forth again the Parrot let us find,
 That winning credit to the world doth blind,
 Under protection of so dread a hand,
 Spoils families, and ranfacketh thy land
 The Pelican that by his father's teaching,
 Hath with devout zeal follow'd wholesome
 preaching.

What rent his bosom, and enforce'd his tongue,
 To teach his tender and beloved young:
 When now these fauters of all vile abuse,
 Have found a stand where they may note his use,
 How father-like he gives affliction bread,
 Converting souls, by blindfold error led;
 The naked orphan in his bosom wraps,
 With thee poor widow doth bewail her haps;
 And never reaps his plenteous field so clean,
 But leaves his harvest that the poor may glean;
 Steps in this false spy, this promoting wretch,
 Closely betrays him that he gives to each:
 And for his deeds of charity and grace,
 Roots up his godly hospitable place.
 Most like to that sharp-sighted Alcatraz (p),
 That beats the air above the liquid glass:
 The new-world's bird, that proud imperious
 fowl, [Owl:

Whose dreadful presence frights the harmless
 That on the land not only works his wish,
 But on the ocean kills the flying fish.
 Which, since the Owl has truly done his errand:
 O, princely Eagle, look unto this tyrant.

But if my words thou wilfully impugn,
 Thy peaceful empire that hath flourish'd long,
 Headlong at length shall to confusion run,
 As was this great globe e'er the world begun,
 When in an huge heap and unwieldy mass,
 This all was shut and nature smother'd was;
 And in this lump and chaos out of frame,
 The contraries convers'd and one became,
 Strictly together th' elements were clasp'd,
 And in their rough hands one the other grasp'd;
 That each did other's quality deface,
 Beauty was buried, light could find no place.
 But when th' all-seeing sovereign did dispart,
 Each to his place upon the universe,
 To his own region and his contrary,
 Envy'd his place, impugn'd his quality.
 Fire, air, earth, water in their mansion fate,
 By that Great God to them appropriate.
 All was compos'd within this goodly room,
 A perfect shape this embryo was become;
 Which thus discover'd by their friendly jars,
 Contrive the world's continuance by their wars
 (p. The Alcatraz.

on members are inclos'd,
 late, if orderly dispos'd :
 roud malevolent aspect
 urn that would all direct,
 iled, but imperious Jove,
 s regal sovereignty he strove,
 : state and presence of a king,
 's rage, his fury limiting.
 we those unto their own decay,
 ns hasten us away :
 view what their poor subjects try ;
 at sight, that's with another's eye ;"
 re that we should get us hence,
 fovereign, oceans of offence,
 pposed in my passing by,
 amber near thy majesty,
 r accomplished and brave,
 ould speak, well could himself behave ;
 courtly, his demeanour rare,
 y fashion'd as the clothes he ware ; -
 each man with compliment salute,
 oodcock fram'd a special suit :
 bracing like a brainless fool,
 sit, commanding him a stool.
 r thus graced by a peer,
 s spirits, and with a formal cheer
 withal into most strange reports,
 ews, surprising towns and forts ;
 ais'd in France against the king,
 ado's, and embattling,
 ethod in intelligence,
 g of mighty consequence ;
 is soul, he can devise a way,
 n act, the leaguers lose the day.
 ridge of bow-string o'er the Rhine,
 e Alps, and lay them smooth and
 he great princes of the north
 army royal set him forth,
 ar expir'd that is to come,
 Bourbon new beleaguer Rome.
 knowledge in the cabalist,
 rtaineth to an exorcist :
 ers what their uses be,
 penthe how in each degree ;
 use in practice what it is ;
 he wants that doth these secrets miss ;
 : little pillar in that place,
 e window or some chimney grace,
 rtion presently doth run,
 the Colossus of the sun :
 the diameters doth tell,
 he base, up to the capital.
 roof he something doth allude,
 monstrate of the magnitude.
 all this from his addle pate,
 arling, that is taught to prate ?
 a lipping garb this most rare man
 ch, Dutch, Spanish, and Italian.
 pafs, he doth his compass misf,
 hat lord, or to visit this,
 of his claw, his coxcomb bare,
 e how their good graces fare.
 ly he to their face reports,
 erfektions wonder'd at in courts ;

Scratching the idiot by his itching ears ;
 Heaven spit down vengeance, or dissolve in tears,
 And send the (g) Ibis to repulse our shame,
 To drive these locusts to whence first they came.
 Woe to these slaves whose shape the devil took,
 To tempt the holy Eſay at his Book.

O moral Mantuan, live thy verses long,
 Honour attend thee, and thy reverend song !
 Who seeks for truth (say'st thou) must tread the
 path

Of the sweet private life, which envy's wrath,
 Which poison'd tongues, with vain affected praise,
 Cannot by scorn surpasa, by flattery raise.
 For adulation, but if search be made :
 His daily mansion, his most usual trade,
 Is in the monarch's court, in princes halls,
 Where goodly zeal he by contempt enthralls.
 There calls he evil good, the good terms evil,
 And makes a saint of an incarnate devil.
 These boldly censure, and dare set at nought
 The noblest wit, the most heroic thought.

This carrion Jay, approaching to the spring,
 Where the sweet Mules went to sit and sing,
 With filthy ordure so the same defil'd,
 As they from thence are utterly exil'd.
 Banish'd their issue, from whose sacred rage
 Flows the full glory of each plenteous age,
 Still with the prophets challenging their parts,
 The sweet companions of the lib'ral arts.
 Those rare Promethii, fetching fire from heaven ;
 To whom the functions of the gods are given,
 Raising frail dust with their redoubled flame,
 Mounted with hymns upon the wings of fame ;
 Ordain'd by nature (truch-men for the great)
 To fire their noble hearts with glorious heat.
 You sun-bred ayery, whose immortal birth
 Bears you aloft beyond the sight of earth,
 The heaven-touch'd feathers of whose sprightly
 wings

Strikes (from above) the palaces of kings.
 By how much nearer you ascend the sky,
 Do lessen still to every mortal eye ;
 Who in this time contemptful greatness late
 Scorn'd and disgrac'd, which erst renown'd her
 state.

O bastard minds unto this vilence brought,
 To loath the means which first your honours
 wrought !

But who their great profession can protect,
 That rob themselves of their own due respect ?
 For they whose minds should be exhal'd and high,
 As free and noble as clear poetry,
 In the slight favour of some lord to come,
 Basely do crouch to his attending groom.
 Immortal gift that art not bought with gold,
 That thou to peasants should be basely fold !

Hence as I went, I chanc'd to look aside,
 And near at hand I happily espy'd
 The Hedge-Sparrow, and her compeer the Wren,
 (Which simple people call our Lady's-Hen)
 Out of the way, i' th' bottom of a ditch,
 Which though the place poor, yet the feeding rich,
 For near at hand grew the brown winter-cherry,
 The hip, the haw, the flow, the bramble-berry ;

(g) The bird Ibis, a destroyer of the locusts. *Pliny.*
 N n ij

And as together calmly they were set,
 (Where oft before I might perceive they met)
 Quoth the Wren, "Gossip, be you rul'd by me,
 And though men say, the weaker sex we be,
 Whate'er they think, yet, gossip, they shall know,
 That we were made for something else than show.
 Few things shall pass that now in working are,
 But you and I therein will have a share :
 'They say, the Robin roosteth in my nest;
 Gossip, 'tis true : to you it is confest,
 My cock's a slug, and doth me little ease :
 He must be quick, his female that will please.
 And of all birds although I be the least,
 Yet few with me in number have increas'd,
 I thank my friend ; but let this secret lurk,
 And by my Robin, you and I must work :
 For when the eagle shapes him for above,
 As oft he useth to confer with Jove,
 'To have his pinions, in sound perfect plight,
 When they should fit him for so long a flight,
 He oils his feathers, and with wondrous skill,
 From the short'st flag, even to the longest quill,
 Sees that each one be in due order set :
 When as my fine and nimble Robinet
 (Whilst each one seems as busy as a Bee,
 'T' attire their sovereign, and none more than he,)
 Watcheth his time, and aptly when he finds,
 'That the small birds, according to their kinds,
 Shrink, when the Eagle doubled strength assumes :
 As he stands proudly rousing up his plumage,
 Nor never dreams what treachery intends,
 Up by his train the crafty bird ascends,
 And in the deep down closely doth him hide :
 For the great Eagle, betwixt strength and pride,
 His poor small body not so much as feels ;
 And thus this bird the king himself beguiles,
 And in this sort transported to the spheres,
 His sovereign's counsels, and Jove's secrets hears.
 And when the wearied Eagle can no more,
 Fresh from his back he into heaven doth soar ;
 And coming thence, doth all to me relate,
 And by this means we two will rule the state."
 King, look to these, that they do not o'er-hear
 thee,

This crafty bird I doubt is but too near thee.

And thus even cloy'd with business of the court,
 'To neighbour groves inviting my resort,
 Where I suppos'd the solitary Owl
 Might live secure, unseen of any fowl ;
 I.e., in a valley peopled thick with trees,
 Where the soft day continual evening sees,
 Where, in the moist and melancholy shade,
 The grass grows rank, but yields a bitter blade,
 I found a poor Crane sitting all alone,
 That from his breast sent many a throbbing groan ;
 Grov'ling he lay, that sometime stood upright ;
 Maim'd of his joints in many a doubtful fight :
 His ashy coat that bore a gloss so fair,
 So often kiss'd of the enamour'd air ;
 Worn all to rags, and fretted to with rust,
 That with his feet he trod it in the dust :
 And wanting strength to bear him to the springs,
 The spiders wove their webs even in his wings :
 And in his train their filmy netting cast,
 He eat not worms, worms eat on him so fast.

His wakeful eyes, that in his face despoil'd,
 Had watch'd the walls in many a winter's night,
 And never wink'd, nor from their object fled,
 When heaven's dread thunder rattled o'er his head,
 Now cover'd over with dim cloudy kells,
 And shrunken up into their slimy shells.
 Poor bird that striving to bemoan thy plight,
 I cannot do thy miseries their right ;
 Perceiving well he found me where I stood,
 And he alone thus poorly in the wood :
 To him I slept, desiring him to show
 The cause of his calamity and woe.
 "Night's-bird (quoth he) what mak'st thou in
 this place,

To view my wretched miserable case ?
 Ill orators are aged men at arms,
 That want to wreak, and not bewail their harms :
 And repetition where there wants relief,
 In less'ning sorrow, but redoubleth grief.
 Seven sundry battles serv'd I in the field,
 Against the Pigmies, in whose batter'd shield,
 My prowess stands apparently express'd ;
 Besides the scars upon my manly breast :
 Along the mid-land coasts my troops I led,
 And Afric's pride with fear astonish'd ;
 And main'd I was of this decrepit wing,
 When as the fowl from the Propontic (a) spring,
 Fill'd all th' Egean with their stemming oars,
 And made the isles even tremble from the shores
 I saw when from the Adriatic seas ;
 The cross-adoring fowls to Europe's praise,
 Before Lepanto and Morra fought,
 Where heaven by wind, earth's wonder strangely
 wrought,

Weary at length, and trusting to my worth,
 I took my flight into the happy North :
 Where nobly bred, as I was well ally'd,
 I hop'd to have my fortune there supply'd :
 But there arriv'd, disgrace was all my gain,
 Experience scorn'd of every scurvy swain.
 Other had got, for which I long did serve ;
 Still fed with words, whilst I with wants did starve.
 Having small means, but yet a mighty heart,
 How'er in fame, not honour'd for desert,
 That small I had, I forced was to gage,
 To cure my wounds, and to sustain my age ;
 Whilst those that scarce did e'er behold a foe,
 Exult and triumph in my overthrow.
 And seeing in vain with misery I strove,
 Retir'd me to this solitary grove ;
 Where in despair (even loathing of my breath)
 I long to dwell in the cold arms of death."
 Here sank down in a swoon and could no more,
 And I return from whence I came before.

Where by the way the country Rook depic'd,
 The grip and hunger of his ravenous lord.
 The cruel Castrel, which with devilish claws
 Scratcheth out of the miserable jaws
 Of thee poor tenant, to his ruin bent,
 Raising new fines, redoubling ancient rent :
 And by th' inclosure of old common land,
 Racks the dear fowl from his laborious hand,
 Whilst he that digs for breath out of the floor,
 Cracks his stiff sinew, and consumes his bone :

(a) The sea from Hellespont to Bosporus.

to reap continually with strife,
 ntion feeding on his life.
 Fortune better'd by his heirs,
 ntent to part with what is theirs;
 keep him in his quiet state,
 doth his gath' red manors threat :
 favour'd of some higher peer,
 heir landlord keeps them still in fear,
 eir clownish industry and art,
 court reduce him from the cart,
 provision and defray his charge,
 his grain he ballasts many a barge,
 gripple avarice he serve,
 this tank hind, if his country starve ?
 wealth that's purchased with shame,
 trunk, and in the grave defame :
 as blunt, and when he can no more,
 Rook is turn'd out of the door :
 doth his wretchedness bewail,
 re to the miserable jail.
 aried with the sight of worldly crimes,
 of kingdoms, and the change of times ;
 If, by searching to espy,
 n secret did in cities lie :
 deem'd, where law had chiefest force,
 limit every lewder course,
 id to nature, and disdain'd excess,
 y foe to human happiness.
 ent (with busy search about)
 cunning how to find them out ;
 Pheasant that the Hawk doth fear,
 safety bred his ayery there,
 id through close informing hate,
 ending to offend the state.
 rich, and loving coin and ease,
 h low, for fear he should displease.
 Buzzard being pointed judge,
 z, muddy, miserable drudge :
 ung ones taketh from his nest,
 this fearful recreant the rest,
 him thanks his goodness would so do,
 take th' ayery, and the old one too.
 st, that most liv'd out of sight :
 y the birds were all upright ;
 id golden beaks, but brazen claws,
 he guilds to minister their laws.
 rel for possession of his heir,
 ing-tail offer'd wondrous fare,
 natch betwixt their goodly breed,
 their lands, and raise their happy seed.
 Castrel turns it to a mock,
 to match in his ignoble stock,
 the Ring-tail by a secret plot,
 Starling, which hath closely got
 roker, solely to seduce
 l's heir, by giving thriftless use,
 ng statutes to enthrall him so,
 n sure which way foe'er he go.
 ung fowl (drawn from his fathers eye)
 be fond world swim in vanity.
 Ring-tail never thus doth leave,
 Castrel cunningly deceive,
 is young one in the city's snare,
 manors c'er he be aware.

'Mongst which the Daw (by giving of a bribe)
 Became a clerk amongst the learned tribe ;
 That being a bankrupt, a dishonest debtor,
 Can get his living only by the letter,
 Whilst arts go beg, and in a servile weed,
 Are made the slaves to penury and need.

The Goose exiled, humbly doth appeal
 To all the birds, professing faith and zeal.
 And though he proveth by the Roman (b) book,
 What care to keep the Capitol he took ;
 Yet is not heard : the (c) Dove without a gall,
 Is left forsaken, and condemn'd of all.

There grows such difference and such strange
 confusions

'Twixt old decrees, and later Institutions :
 Yet being inspir'd, desisteth not to speak,
 To edify the conscience that is weak,
 And by approved argument's of's own ;
 By scriptures, fathers, and great writers known,
 Discovereth their abominable trade ;
 So that the Stork their umpire being made,
 Judgeth, the Daw should from the church be driven,
 To prate in corners, and to preach by even.
 And since his art and cunning was so scant,
 To have no patron but the ignorant ;
 And by his doctrine only teaching fools,
 To be exil'd, and his'd out of the schools.

Hence like the seed Thebes-builder Cadmus
 threw,

More armed mischiefs suddenly up-grew :
 The Bittor brings his action 'gainst the Quail,
 And on th' arrest allows him hardly bail ;
 Because he durst presume amongst the reeds,
 To leave his lemmon, where his female breeds.
 And mistress Titmouse, a neat merry dame,
 With her friend Wag-tail, one of special name,
 Who su'd by th' Cuckow, in his proper wrong,
 For him accusing with their stand'rous tongue,
 Who to the bar his advocate doth bring,
 That hath by rote the acts of many a king.
 The laws, the statutes, and decrees assign'd,
 Custom so old, as almost out of mind.
 " A day of hearing, good my lord, cries he,
 For master Cuckow that retaineth me ;
 Whom the lewd Wag-tail basely had abus'd
 In so vile terms, as cannot be excus'd ;
 The parties likewise present here in court,
 And 'tis a case that well deserves report :
 For which a jury's summoned with speed,
 And to the trial presently proceed."
 The brain-bald Coot, a formal witless Ass,
 Must now the fore-man on this matter pass :
 The sottish Dott'ril, ignorant and dull ;
 And next to him the maw-cram'd gluttonous Gull.
 The lecherous Mallard, call'd unto the book,
 The squealing Lapwing, the ridiculous Rook,
 The witless Wood-cock, and his neighbour Snite,
 That will be hir'd to pass on every right,
 With all the rest empannelled to wait :
 Which when the jury lastly was complete,
 Call'd to the bar, admitted and allow'd :
 Upstarts the Peacock, insolent and proud ;

(b) Mutarch.

(c) Columba sine felle.
 N n iiii

Of goodly stature and of gracious port,
In presence of the honourable court:
And for the plaintiff learnedly began;

"My lord (saith he) was never worthy man,
So nobly bred, and of so high descent,
Of so fair lively-hood, and so large a rent,
As is the Cuckow, so abus'd hereby,
Nor yet so slander'd, as my plea shall try:
First, for the worth and honour of his name,
'That you may better censure his defame;
Form mighty birds descending every way,
And by his birth, the messenger to May;
His house still loyal, and his coat as fair,
His father's tunes he never did impair.
His name and nature do so well agree,
As shews his blood re-purify'd to be.
In fruitful Sparta, it is since now long,
'That famous Greece took notice of his wrong,
When for her wanton and unchaste desire,
A thousand ships stult with revengful fire,
To Tenedos the proud Ægean lades,
Whence sprang those high immortal liads.
And since the Romans from the Asian troiks,
Return'd with conquest and victorious spoils,
The Cuci here continually have been,
As by their ancient evidence is seen,
Of consul Cuccus, from whose mighty name,
'These living Cuccos lineally came.

'To him the ancients temples did erect,
Which with great pomp and ornament were deck'd.
'Th' Italians call him Becco (of a nod)
With all the reverence that belongs a god.
What though in love supposed to be us'd,
What is his virtue need not be excus'd:
The wiseman tells (if nature be our guide)
In following her, we seldom slip aside.)
And in this bird who can her power deny,
If nature fram'd him to community?
Then wisely thus considering his profession,
You reverend judges of this lawful session:
As you are patrons of the righteous cause,
Vouchsafe my client judgment." Here doth pause.

Scarcely could the Peacock his conclusion make,
When straight his turn the Turkey-cock doth take,
A learned lawyer (worthy of his gown)
Of reputation both in court and town:
And to the bench for audience having cry'd,
Thus to the Peacock learnedly reply'd:

"Grave reverend fathers of the law (he said)
'The matter that our adversaries plead,
Is vain and idle; we the point enforce
Against the Cuckow and his lawless course.
The Peacock here a cunning speech hath made,
'To help his client and uphold his trade;
But strip this mask that doth conceal the cause,
Examine each particular and clause
'Gainst proof so poor, so indigent to truth,
The baflard Cuckow bringing from his youth:
First laid and hatch'd up in anothers nest,
Such villainess reign'd in his base parents breast,
Who since that time they never sought for shame,
Nor but their vice he dares for's birth-right claim:
The Hedge-sparrow, this wicked bird that bred,
That him so long and diligently fed,

(By her kind tendance) getting strength and pow'r
His careful nurse doth cruelly devour:
Base as his birth, so baser is his trade,
And to the world a by-word now is made:
No nation names the Cuckow but in scorn,
And no man hears him, but he fears the horn:
No month regards him but lascivious May,
Wherein whilst youth is dallying with the day,
His song still tends to vanity and lust,
Amorous deceits, polygamies unjust,

But to cut off these tedious allegations,
The law commands, these public defamations
Be strictly punish'd in the noblest men:
Why should you spare the curs'd Cuckow then;
Who all his life to lewdness being bent,
Rightly deserves the public'st punishment?
Then, gentle jurors, good men, and elect,
As you your fancies carefully respect,
If love's sweet music and his blissful cheer,
E'er touch'd your hearts, or mollify'd your ear;
Tender the case, and evermore the wed
Shall praise your conscience both at board and bed
Thus said, he ceas'd, the jurors slept aside,
Wifely consulting, warily they try'd
The circumstance of every secret sin;
Thus they return'd and brought their verdict in

Cast is the Cuckow, guilty of the deed,
And for a fine, for his deserved meed,
Allows to mistress Timonise for her charge,
That she shall after have her tail at large:
And when she revels, as she did before,
T' exclude the Cuckow freely out of door:
And such offenders as they could present,
Likewise adjudg'd deserved punishment.
The Ring-dove, plagu'd with maggots in the man
The Woodcock gets the swelling of the craw.
The Crow, with drooply (whilft yet living) rots:
The Quail, a leper fill'd with loathsome spots.
The Buzzard, of the lethargy is sick:
The Kite, with fevers felleth lunatic.
The epilepsy grew upon the Jay:
And of a sweat the Bunting drops away.

But how about my fantasy it brought,
Now know not I: but suddenly methought
The princely eagle out of sight was gone,
And left the wife and honest bird alone,
To govern things, both for his proper heal,
And for the great good of the public weal.
When more the Owl that with a vigilant eye,
All these dimensions perfectly could try,
Forelaw the peril threat'ned unto all,
Apt by their loose credulity to fall,
And whose prevention if he did fore-flow,
Their utter spoil immediately should grow.
"My friends" (quoth he) look warily at it,
Many the dangers which you are to doubt;
This gallant oak wherein so oft you play,
Perhaps (at length) your safety may betray.
And though his shade be delicate and sweet,
His trunk bears lime that may intrap your feet.
If, fearing what is requisite and fit,
You like my judgment, and allow my wit;
Yours is the good: but if you fondly deem,
Things be within, as outwardly they seem;

un on, and fall into the snare,
 friend once warn'd you to beware."
 He the Owl, whose talk could not be
 id.
 "Sole good counsel do regard."
 "O, frenzy him his wits beguil'd,
 bird despitely revild."
 "Near end, who set advice at nought,
 too dear have found experience bought;
 "Man surveying of his ground,
 the trees this oak had quickly found:
 "Signs and likelihood of trade,
 wherein their nightly roosting made.
 "Time that issued from the tree,
 angled easily might be.
 "Same, he spreads it on the sprays,
 h the thicket closely creeps his ways.
 "Sad Arndern shutting in the light,
 Cynthia (Lady of the Night)
 ending the æthereal state,
 "Bright Phœbus but dismounted late,
 'd Evening his moist vapours threw,
 "Still earth with sweet showers of dew;
 "Bird replenished with food,
 stretch'd wings lively from the wood,
 h small branch of this large-limb'd oak,
 lodgings carelessly they took,
 Ring, fondly unawares,
 tangled in the fowler's snares:
 "Unful chirping, and their chattering
 Owl before his hour to rise.
 "From his melancholy seat,
 themselves thus wofully to beat,
 discover'd with the morning's light)
 his perch: though grieved at the sight,
 smite, his wisdom that became,
 k'd their folly, though bemoan'd their
 ce,
 "You foolish burghers of the field,
 tempt my counsels lewdly held,
 eat late you did but laugh and jeer,
 or ruin plainly doth appear,
 t thing you lightly are to lose,
 plumes that fortune can dispose.
 comfort in the depth of smart;
 izeth on the outward part.
 peril in a thing of price,
 as action, then doth stay advice.
 o help you, I'll my power assay:"
 his wing doth presently display,
 is claws the birds of every kind
 the lime, which left their plumes be-
 robin featherless and free,
 e Owl with many a cap and knee.
 ng Mevis mirthful Peans sung,
 ngale with her melodious tongue,
 del music (to declare their thanks)
 s and rivers danc'd above their banks:
 the repercussion of the air)
 great Eagle sitting in his chair:
 a the mountain (with a radiant eye)
 right credit of the glorious sky;
 princely majesty to see,
 applause so suddenly should be,

Whose sinew'd wings (in their restless course)
 Beat the thin air, with such a violent force,
 That the light birds dropt headlong from the skies,
 The rocks and forests trembling with the noise,
 Somewhat amaz'd at this unusual sight,
 To see his people in this pitious plight:
 His sovereign's ear doth presently address,
 Willing to hear the cause of their distress:
 To whom the poor Owl (his obedience done)
 Thus to his liege lord, reverently begun:
 "Monarch of all that beat the air with wings,
 Thou bird of Jove, beloved amongst kings;
 Here stands an oak well timber'd, largely spread,
 That many a day hath borne his curled head
 Above his fellows dwelling far and near,
 That in the forest never found his peer;
 Whose root well fasten'd in the fruitful ground,
 His bark so lovely, and his heart so sound,
 (Through his great wealth) grew insolent and proud,
 Because the birds that in his boughs did shroud,
 To his high praise continually did sing,
 And kept their vigils to th' enamour'd spring.
 The virgin-huntress sworn to Dian's bow,
 Here in this shade her quarries did bestow,
 And for their Nymphs, building amorous bowers,
 Oft dress'd this tree with anadems of flowers;
 And Flora chose her nursery here to shield,
 Her tender buds, the infants of the field.
 By which, this tree grew arrogant in time,
 And in his rank sap bred a loathsome slime,
 Whose nature and vile quality is such,
 Strongly to hold whatever it doth touch;
 And not content to minister this mean,
 Which in short time might have undone us clean;
 But even his boughs the birds have honoured so,
 He hath employed unto their general woe,
 That when thy subjects, dreading no deceit,
 Came to this tree, as to their safe retreat,
 They were betray'd, and he that sped the best,
 Hardly escap'd, with feathers at the least.
 Those that I could, as I had power and might,
 Though with much pain, I lastly did acquite.
 The rest, whose freedom doth exceed my reach,
 O king of birds, I humbly thee beseech
 In mercy, let thy mightiness purvey,
 To ransom from this imminent decay."
 When now the Eagle cutting off his tale,
 And even for sorrow waxing wan and pale;
 At which sad sight, this poor implumed crew,
 Stand faintly trembling in their sovereign's view;
 And having stretched his lordly talons forth,
 To shew th' acceptance of this deed of worth;
 "You silly birds, you wretched fowls (quoth he)
 Henceforth let this a friendly warning be.
 Had you (as nature and our laws admit)
 Built where your noble ancestors did sit,
 Wisely providing to maintain their state,
 Whose names and freedoms you participate,
 You had not thus been spoiled of your goods,
 For subtilty now dwelleth in the woods.
 For if too high and haughtily you soar,
 Those see your falls that hover near the shore.
 If in the cedar you your nests dispose,
 The dreadful lightning ever threat'neth those.
 If in the low earth (in the flattering shade)
 The fowler's snare there secretly are laid.

Then, my dear subjects, as you wish my good,
 Or have respect to your succeeding brood,
 Let your wife fathers an example give,
 And by their rules learn thriftily to live. [sighs,
 Let those weak birds, that want wherewith to
 Submit to those that are of grip and might.
 Let those of power the weaker still protect,
 So none shall need his safety to suspect;
 Suppressing those enormities that are,
 Whose cure belongs unto our sovereign care.
 For when wealth grows into a few men's hands,
 And to the great the poor in many bands;
 The pride in court doth make the country lean,
 The abject rich hold ancient honour mean.
 Men's wits employ'd to base and servile shifts,
 And lay-men taught by learn'd men's subtil drifts,
 Ill with the state 't mult incidently fare.
 For even as from th' infection of the air,
 Sundry contagious sicknesses proceed,
 These mischiefs more continually do breed.
 Shun beastly lust (you young well-feather'd fowl)
 That wounds the body and confounds the soul;
 That, as the subtil'st of the Syrens brood,
 Binds all the spirits, and overcomes the blood;
 Dark'ning the pureness of the inward light,
 Weak'neeth the sense and murd'reth reason quite,
 And you that sit as judges of the law,
 Let not vile gain your equal balance draw.
 O! still retain the Ethiopians guise,
 (As just and upright, as select and wise)
 That in their judgments (sacred and profound)
 Dispos'd them ever meekly on the ground;
 To strew the angels (sitting over head)
 Them were to judge, as they had censur'd,

Thus spake the Eagle when with mutt'ring
 noise,

The rest attentive to his powerful voice,
 Giving a signal of their admiration,
 The Owl this while in serious contemplation
 Softly replies, 'O mighty sovereign!
 With all the synod of thy winged train,
 Th' abundant joys that in my heart do throng,
 Require more organs than the only tongue.
 O blessed birds! how sweet is your subjection,
 Under the safe and absolute protection
 Of so exact and excellent a king,
 So sole and perfect in his governing:
 The reason this (my grave selected peers)
 Because 'tis known, that in these latter years,

The peaceful prepost'rously disturb'd
 By such, whose power the great have hardly curb'd
 The jocund Throffle, for his varying note,
 Clad by the Eagle in a speckled coat;
 Because his voice had judgment for the palm,
 Suppos'd himself sole patron of our calm.
 All say, for singing he had never peer:
 But there were some that did his virtue fear.
 Why shouldst thou then ambitiously despise
 The manly Falcon? on whose courage lies
 The kingdom's safety, which abroad doth roam,
 By foreign wars to keep us safe at home.
 I know, the strain of an alluring tongue
 Can tie the full ear, and detain it long,
 But other fortunes, and the altered place,
 Crave new directions, and an active grace.
 The former virtue may consist alone,
 But better two, (if firmly join'd in one)
 Experience once (by service in the wars)
 Did quote his strong authorities in fears;
 But in this latter time it hath been said,
 The tongue doth all, condemning th' other's aid.
 Virtue, whose chief praise in the act doth stand,
 Could wish the tongue still coupled with the hand.
 But in the Cock which death untimely wrack'd,
 In him was both the elegance and act.
 O! when that bird was ravish'd from our sight,
 (Entombing him) the world entomb'd delight.
 Let never mournful accent pass my pen,
 That leaves his fame unregistr'd to men.
 The mules veil'd with sad cypress-tree,
 Upon his grave shall pour their tears with me.
 O! if the world can weep so many tears
 As his loss craves, or if in heaven appears
 More plenteous sorrow; let them both agree,
 T' lament that hour that rest the earth of thee.
 O! thought I not some spirit could give thee more
 Than this small portion of my scantied store:
 I would not leave (I first would leave to live)
 To give thee fame: O who can greater give!
 This said, he sunk, as growing faint with speak-
 ing,
 Sighing with all, as though his heart were break-
 ing.
 The princely Eagle pitying of his plight,
 To cheer the poor Owl doing all he might;
 The birds applauding with a free consent,
 Followed the Eagle (with devout intent)
 To the great mountain, to have all amended.
 Thus I awak'd, and here my dream was ended.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

tales that ever have been told,
 shepherds lately, or of old,
 of Man, although the last in place,
 last; and thus befell the case.
 : time when (for their good estate)
 all shepherds yearly celebrate
 bonfires on the vigils keep,
 Pan, preserver of their sheep :
 it in high solemnity they spend,
 long day grew unto an end :
 night with a devout intent,
 held religiously they went, [fray,
 ring charms the * Warwolf thence to
 and theirs awaited to betray.
 the sun near half his course had run
 arth, when coming every one
 place where usually they met,
 ground together being set :
 it, to pass away the time, [rhyme:
 one shepherd should rehearse some
 ; could their drooping hearts to glad,
 or swains, though only they were sad;
 longest them perfectly there knew,
 times were shortly to ensue,
 if all the sorts of men neglected,
 lds should wander unrespected,
 hepherds that do watch by night,
 ir see many a fearful sight :
 observance they do wisely gather
 of times, as well as of the weather.
 they strove this story who should tell,
 : rest to Rowland's lot it fell,
 oice, in time that then was grown
 that scarce there had been known
 ell'd in piping or in song :
 nan the company among
 silent. Now the goodly Moon
 ull, and at her nighted noon,
 reat glory, shining now so bright,
 and, ' She that gently lends us light
 subject, and her love alone,
 pherd, wife Endymion,
 Latmus (♂) that his flock did keep,
 ran in admiration deep

recry turning themselves into wolves.
 in of Ionia; where Endymion is reigned
 the Moon.

Of her perfections, that he us'd to lie,
 All the long night contemplating the sky,
 At her high beauties; often of his store,
 As to the god he only did adore,
 And sacrific'd : the perfect in his love,
 For the high gods enthroned above :
 From their clear mansions plainly do behold
 All that frail man doth in this grosser mould :
 For whom bright Cynthia gliding from her sphere,
 Used oft-times to recreate her there :
 That oft her want unto the world was strange,
 Fearing that heaven the wonted course would change,
 And Phœbus, her oft missing did inquire,
 If that elsewhere she borrowed other fire :
 But let them do to cross her what they could,
 Down unto Latmus every month she would.
 So that in heaven about it there was odds,
 And as a question troubled all the gods,
 Whether without their general consent,
 She might depart, but nath'less to prevent
 Her lawless course; they labour'd all in vain,
 Nor could their laws her liberty restrain :
 For of the seven, since she the lowest was,
 Unto the earth nought hinder'd her to pass :
 Before the rest of which she had the charge,
 No less her power was in the waters large :
 From her deriving naturally their source :
 Besides she being swiftest in her course,
 Of all the planets, therefore him defies,
 That her, her ancient liberty denies.
 That many a time apparelled in green,
 Arm'd with her dart, she huntress-like was seen :
 Her hair tuck'd up in many a curious plait,
 Sometimes in fields found feeding of her neat ;
 A country maiden, then amongst the swains,
 A shepherdes, she kept upon the plains ;
 Yet no disguise her deity could smother,
 So far in beauty she excelled other :
 Such was the virtue of the world, that then
 The gods did use t' accompany with men
 In human shapes, descending from their powers,
 Often were seen in homely shepherds bowers.
 But he her course that studied still to know,
 Muse not though oft he malcontent did go,
 Seldom in one state that her ever found, [round;
 Horned sometime, now half-fac'd (♂) and then

(♂) Pro vario ad solem aspectu varias induit figuras.

Shining on that part, then another more,
 Then there most darken'd, where most light before;
 Now all night shining, now a piece and then,
 Observes the day, and in her course again;
 Sometime to south, then northward she doth stir,
 Him so amazing, he supposed her
 Vain and inconstant, now herself t' attire,
 And help her beauties with her brother's fire,
 When most of all accomplish'd 's her face,
 A sudden darkness doth her quite disgrace.
 For that the earth, by nature cold and dry,
 By the much grosseness and obscurity,
 Whose globe exceeds her compass being fixt,
 Her (d) surface and her brother's beams betwixt:
 Within whose shadow when she haps to fall,
 Forceth her darkness to be general;
 That he resolv'd she ever would be strange:
 Yet marking well he found upon her change,
 If that her brow with bloody red were stain'd,
 Tempests soon after; and if black, it rain'd:
 By his observance that he well discern'd,
 That from her course things greater might be
 learn'd.

Whilst that his brain he busied yet doth keep,
 Now from the spleen the melancholy deep
 Pierceth the veins, and like a raging flood,
 Rudely itself extending through the blood,
 Appalls the spirits, (e) denying their defence
 Unto the organs, when as every sense
 Ceaseth the office, then the labouring mind,
 Strongest in that which all the powers doth bind,
 Strives to high knowledge, being in this plight,
 Now the sun's sister, mistress of the night,
 His sad desires long languishing to cheer,
 Thus at the last on Letmus doth appear,
 Her brother's beams enforc'd to lay aside.
 Herself for his sake seeming to divide.
 For had she come apparell'd in her light,
 Then should the swain have perish'd in her sight.
 Upon a bull (f) as white as milk she rode,
 Which like a huntress bravely she bestrode,
 Her brow with beauty gloriously replete,
 Her count'nance lovely with a swelling teat;
 Gracing her broad breast curiously enchas'd,
 With branched veins all bared to the waist.
 Over the same she wore a vapour thin,
 Thorough the which her clear and dainty skin
 To the beholder amiably did show,
 Like damask roses lightly clad in snow.
 Her bow and quiver at her back behind,
 That easily moving with the wanton wind,
 Made a soft rattling, such as you do hear
 Amongst the reeds some gliding river near,
 When the fierce Boreas thorough them doth ride,
 Against whose rage the hollow canes do chide;
 Which breath her mantle (g) amorously did swell,
 From her strait shoulders carelessly that fell.
 Now here, now there, now up and down that flew,
 Of sundry colours, wherein you might view

(d) Eclips Lunae.

(e) The depth of contemplation.

(f) The exaltation of the Moon in Taurus, therefore

not improperly called to ride upon a bull.

(g) In this description the mantle is described the surface of a

sea and land in particular.

A sea, that somewhat straitned by the land,
 Two furious tides raise their ambitious hand,
 One 'gainst the other, warring in their pride.
 Like two fond worldlings that themselves divide
 For some slight trifle, opposite in all,
 Till both together ruined, they fall,
 Some coming in, some out again doth go,
 And the same way, and the same wind doth blow,
 Both sails their course each labouring to press,
 By th' hand of either's helpful mariner:
 Outrageous tempest, shipwrecks overspread
 All the rude Neptune, whilst that pale-fac'd dead
 Seizeth the ship-boy, that his strength doth put
 The anchor'd cable presently to cut.
 All above board, the sturdy Eolus casts
 Into the wide seas, whilst on planks and mats
 Some 'fay to swim; and there you might behold,
 Whilst the rude waters enviously did scold,
 Others upon a promontory high,
 Thrusting his blue top through the bluer sky,
 Looking upon those lost upon the seas;
 Like worldly rich men that do sit at ease,
 Whilst in this vain world others live in strife,
 Warring with sorrow every where so rife;
 And oft amongst the monsters of the main,
 Their horrid foreheads through the billows strain,
 Into the vast air driving on their breasts
 The troubled water, that so ill digests
 Their sway, that it them enviously assails,
 Hanging with white jaws on their marble scales;
 And in another inland part again,
 Where springs, lakes, rivers, marshes and sea,
 Wherein all kinds of water-fowl did won,
 Each in their colours excellently done,
 The greedy sea-maw fishing for the fry;
 The hungry shell-fowl, from whose rape doth fly
 Th' unnumber'd sholes; the mallard there did
 feed;

The teal and morecock raking in the weed;
 And in a creek where waters least did stir,
 Set from the rest the nimble divedopper,
 That comes and goes so quickly and so oft,
 As seems at once both under and aloft:
 The jealous swan, there swimming in his pride,
 With his arch'd breast the waters did divide,
 His sailly wings him forward strongly pushing,
 Against the billows with such fury rushing,
 As from the same, a foam so white arose,
 As seem'd to mock the breast that them oppos'd:
 And here and there the wand'ring eye to feed,
 Of scatter'd tufts of bulrushes and reed,
 Saggies, long-leav'd willow, on whose bending
 The py'd king's-fisher, having got his prey,
 Sate with the small breath of the water snake,
 Till he devour'd the fish that he had taken.
 The long-neck'd hern, there watching by the brim,
 And in a gutter near again to him
 The bidding snipe, the plover on the moor,
 The curlew, scratching in the oufe and cre:
 And there a fowler set his lime and gin,
 Watching the birds unto the same to win;
 Sees in a boat a fisher near at hand,
 Tugging his net full laden to the land,
 Keep off the fowl, whereat the other's blood
 Cha'd; from the place where secretly he st-

gns, and closely beck'neth him away,
his hand, as threat'ning if he stay,
me stained with such natural grace,
e was lively pictured in his face :
at the other eagerly that wrought,
is sense still settled on his draught
in before, beats, plunges, hales the cord,
one look, the other can afford.
The wore, which of the sea did bear
: green colour, which like waved were
vast Neptune, of two colours mixt,
: could tell the difference was betwixt,
ks of crystal lively that were set,
; whose feet with many a curious fret,
oves of coral, which not feeling weather,
aber branches were so lap'd together,
namour'd had of other been,
he air t' have intercourse between :
which clear (b) amber jellied seem'd to be,
whose transparency you might easily see
of (i) pearl whereon the gum did sleep,
broad scallops, and their kind that keep
ious seed which of the waters come,
: but thriving, when as other some,
an the rest that strangely seem to swell,
: dear fruit that grew within the shell;
gain wide open there did yawn,
he gravel spew'd their orient spawn :
became amazed at her sight,
a man is troubled at the light
waked, and the white and red,
eyes twinkling, gathered and fled :
a mirror to the sun oppos'd
he margin equally enclos'd,
ig moved, as the hand directs,
instant taketh and reflects :
fection by the violent heat,
it, passion taketh up the seat
ll heart, whereby the joy or fear,
ecceives either by th' eye or ear,
he object altereth the mood,
tract-, or forceth from the blood :
m the chief part violently sent,
kind thereby is vehement.
: the sad shepherd in this woful plight
l ; the goddess with a longing sight
v beheld ; for worshipped by men,
renly powers so likewise love again
themselves, and make their glories known :
day marking when he was alone,
n coming, mildly him bespake'
c, ' Know, shepherd, only for thy sake.
se Latmus, as the only place
ode, and have refus'd to grace
alus, well known in every coast,
e mount that once I loved most :
: alone of wretched mortals, thou
ow'd (k) first my wand'ring course to
now ;
succeeding thou alone shalt be,
a my motion shall be taught, quoth she,

er found in the Ligustic deeps.
bred in shells.
moon first found out the course of the moon.

For those first simple that my face did mark,
In the full brightness suddenly made dark,
Ere knowledge did the cause thereof disclose,
To be enchanted long did me suppose :
With founding brass and all the while did ply,
The incantation thereby to untye,

But to our purpose, when our mother went,
The bright Latona, (l) (and her womb distent)
With the great burden that by Jove (m) she bare,
Me and my brother, the great thunderer's care :
Whom floating Delos wand'ring in the main,
From jealous Juno hardly could contain :
Then much distress'd, and in a hard estate,
Cæus, fair daughter by our stepdame's hate,
Betwixt a laurel and an olive-tree,
Into the world did bring the fun and me.
When I was born (as I have heard her say)
Nature alone did rest her on that day :
In Jove's high house the gods assembled all,
To whom he held a sumptuous festival;
The well wherein my mother bath'd me first,
Hath that high virtue, that he shall not thirst,
Thereof that drinks, and hath the pain appeas'd
Of th' inward griev'd, and outward diseas'd :
And being young, the gods that haunt the deep,
Stealing to kiss me softly laid to sleep ;
And having felt the sweetness of my breath,
Missing me, mourn'd, and languished to death.
I am the redress of this globe below,
And with my course the sea (n) doth ebb and
flow,

When from aloft my beams I oblique cast,
Straitways it ebbs, and floweth then as fast ;
Downward again my motion when I make,
Twice doth it swell, twice every day doth flake ;
Sooner or later shifting of the tide
As far or near my wand'ring course doth guide.

That kindly moisture that doth life maintain,
In every creature proves how I do reign
In fluxive humour, which is ever found,
As I do wane or wax up to my round ;
Those fruitful trees of victory and peace,
The palm and olive, still with my increase.
Shoot forth new branches ; and to tell my power,
As my great brother, so have I a (o) flower
To me peculiar, that doth ope and close,
When as I rise, and when I me repose.
No less than these that green and living be,
The precious gems do sympathize with me :
As most that (p) stone that doth the name derive
From me, with me that lesseneth or doth thrive,
Darkness and shineth, as I do, her queen.
And as in these, in beasts my power is seen
As he whose grim face all the lesser fears,
The cruel panther, on his shoulder bears
A spot that daily changeth as I do.
And as that creature me affecteth too,

(l) Tibul. Elegia 8. Juven. Satyr. 6. Plutar. vi. Aemil.

(m) Apollo and Phœbe, assigned to be the twins of Jupiter and Latona. Vide Ovid. l. 6. Metam. & Plin. l. 27. c. 44.

(n) Secundum motum diurnum singulis diebus fluens, his refluens.

(o) Selenetionum, the flower of the moon.

(p) The Selenite, of *σελήνη*

It whose deep craft scarce any creature can,
 Seeming with reason to divide with man,
 The nimble (g) Babion mourning all the time,
 Nor eats betwixt my waning and my prime.
 The spotted cat, whose sharp and subtil sight
 Pierceth the vapour of the blackest night,
 My want and fulness in her eye doth find,
 So great am I and powerful in that kind.
 As those great burghers of the forest wild,
 The hart, the goat, and (r) he that slew the child
 Of wanton Mirrah, in their strength do know
 The due observance nature doth me owe.
 And if thou think me heavenly not to be,
 That in my face thou often seem'st to see
 A paleness, where those other in the sky
 Appear so purely glorious in thine eye:
 Those (a) freckles thou supposest me disgrace,
 Are those pure parts that in my lovely face,
 By their so much tenuity do slight,
 My brother's beams assisting me with light,
 And keep that clearness as doth me behove,
 Of that pure heaven me set wherein to move.
 My black spot seen unto the earth so near,
 Wherefore that (b) compass that doth oft appear
 About my body, is the dampy mist,
 From earth arising, striving to resist
 'The rays my full orb plentifully projects'
 On the gross cloud, whose thickness it reflects,
 And mine own light about myself doth sling
 In equal parts, in fashion of a ring;
 For near'st to mortals though my state I keep,
 Yet not the colour of the troubled deep,
 Those spots supposed, nor the fogs that rise
 From the dull earth, me any whit agrieve;
 Whose perfect beauty no way can endure,
 But what like me is excellently pure;
 For moist and cold although I do respire,
 Yet in myself had I not (c) genuine fire,
 When the gross earth divided hath the space
 Betwixt the full orb and my brother's face,
 'Though I confess much lessen'd he my light,
 I should be taken utterly from sight:
 And for I so irregularly go,
 'Therein wise nature most of all doth shew
 Her searchless judgment: for did I in all
 Keep on in that way, which star-gazers call
 The (d) line eclipsic, as my glorious brother
 Doth in his course, one opposite to other;
 'Twice every month, th' eclipses of our light
 Poor mortals should prodigiously affright;
 Yet by proportion certainly I move,
 In rule of number, and the most I love
 That which you call full, that most perfect seven
 Of three (e) and four made, which for odd and even
 Are male and female, which by mixture frame,
 It most mysterious, that as mine I claim;
 Quarter'd thereby, first of which seven my prime,
 'The second seven accomplisheth the time

(g) Cynopha! the Babion, or Baboon.

(r) Adonis slain by a boar.

(a) Partes Lunae rariiores & proinde minus lucidae.

(b) 'The name of that circle which the philosophers call Halo, which we often see about the moon.'

(c) Luna lumen habet ex genitum.

(d) 'The line supposed to divide the zodiac.'

(e) Numerus impar mea pars foemina.

Unto my fulness, in the third I range
 Less'ning again, the fourth then to my change:
 To which four sevens the eight and (f) twenty
 make,

Through the bright circle of the zodiac
 In which I pass, whose (g) quarters do appear
 As the four seasons of my brother's year.
 First in my birth am moisten'd as his spring;
 Hot as the summer, he illumining
 My orb, the second; my third quarter dry,
 As is his autumn; when from him I fly,
 Depriv'd his bright beams, and as waxing old,
 Lastly, my wane is as his winter cold.

Whereat she pau'd; who all the while she spake,
 The bustling winds their murmur often brake;
 And being silent seem'd yet to stay,
 To listen if she had ought else to say. [thought,
 When now the while much troubled was his
 And her fair speech so craftily had caught
 Him, that the spirits soon shaking off the load
 Of the gross flesh, and hating her abode;
 Being thoroughly heated in these amorous fires,
 Wholly transported with the dear desires
 Of her embraces: for the living soul,
 Being individual, uniform and whole,
 By her unwearied faculties doth find
 That which the flesh of duller earth by kind
 Not apprehends, and by her function makes
 Good her own state; Endymion now forsakes
 All the delights that shepherds do prefer,
 And sets his mind so generally on her,
 That all neglected to the groves and springs,
 He follows Phoebe, that him safely brings
 (As their great queen) unto the nymphish bowers,
 Wherein clear rivers beautified with flowers,
 The silver (h) Naiades bathe them in the brack.
 Sometime with her the sea-horse he doth back,
 Amongst the blue (i) Nereides; and when
 Weary of waters, goddesses like again,
 She the high mountains actively assays,
 And there amongst the light (k) Oriades,
 That ride the swift roes, Phoebe doth resort;
 Sometime amongst those that with them consort
 The (l) Hamadriades, doth the woods frequent;
 And there she stays not; but incontinent,
 Calls down the Dragons that her chariot draw,
 And with Endymion pleased that she saw,
 Mounteth thereon, in twinkling of an eye,
 Stripping the winds, beholding from the sky
 The earth in roundness of a perfect ball,
 Which as a point but of this mighty all,
 Wife nature fix'd, that permanent doth stay,
 Whereas the spheres by a diurnal sway
 Of the first Mover carried are about.
 And how the several elements throughout,
 Strongly enfolded, and the vast air spread
 In sundry regions, in the which are bred
 Those strange impressions often that appear
 To fearful mortals, and the causes there,

(f) The month of the year, of the moon.

(g) The four quarters of the month into the four seasons of the year. Macro.

(h) 'The nymphs of the waters.'

(i) Nymphs of the sea.

(k) Nymphs of the mountains.

(l) Nymphs of the woods.

by her piercing beams, he sees
Planets, how in their degrees,
asons they do fall and rise :
Signs (♊) in their triplicities
g in their trine contents,
ferior forming elements,
ur bodies the complexions take,
umber : strongly and do make
ns like them, and on earth
e heavens have over mortal birth,
cts which men call fortune, are
l or inauspicious star,
frail nativity doth reign.
ove could Phœbe not contain,
ge him so strongly doth inspire,
plenty, more he doth desire ;
p to those excelling fights,
heaven, where all the fixed lights,
suppos'd to be therein,
stars, whose names did first begin
ancients, not to stellify
d's heroes only, but imply
courses, for distinguished
ms, a delight first bred
n, into the fame to look,
se figures nomination took,
sembled her on earth below,
ut Phœbe subtilly doth know
motions high her orb above,
se that under her do move.
titles do we her invest,
three most powerful of the rest,
Hecate, do tell,
ty in heaven, in earth and hell :
llo, that doth likewise send
beams, with them doth likewise send
knowledge, for that god most bright,
anets, (♋) fountain of the light :
things, will have her to see,
e the sacred angels be.
hies that Jove's great will supply,
formed in triplicity,
places by the treble trine,
holy (♌) theologic nine :
Cherubin, and Seraphin that rise,
ree ; when Principalities,
in their triplicities sympathise with the

ucis.
soft holy number.
rders of the angels.

With Dominations, Potestates are plac'd
The second, and the Ephionian last,
Which Virtues, Angels, and Archangels be.

Thus yonder Man that in the Moon you see,
Rapt up from Latmus, thus she doth prefer,
And goes about continually with her :
Over the world that every month doth look,
And in the same there's scarce that secret nook
That he surveys not, and the places hidden
Whence simple truth and candle-light forbidden
Dare not approach, he peepeth with his light ;
Whereas suspicious policy by night
Consults with Murder, Bafenels at their hand,
Armed to act whatever they command,
With guilty conscience and intent so foul,
That oft they start at whooping of an owl,
And slyly peering at a little pore,
See one sometimes content to keep the door ;
One would not think the Hawd that did not know,
Such a brave body could descend so low.
And the base churl, the sun that dare not trust,
With his old gold, yet smelling it doth rust,
Lays it abroad, but locks himself within
Three doubled locks, or ere he dare begin
To ope his bags, and being sure of all ;
Else, yet therewith dare scarcely trust the wall :
And with a candle in a filthy stick,
The grease not fully covering the wick,
Pores o'er his base god, forth a flame that fries,
Almost as dim as his foul bleared eyes :
Yet like to a great murderer, that gave
Some slight reward unto some bloody knave,
To kill, the second secretly doth slay,
Fearing lest he the former should betray :
He the poor candle ward'reth ere burnt out,
Because that he the secrecy doth doubt ;
And oftentimes the Mooned Man outspies
The eve-dropper, and circumspectly eyes
The thief and lover, 'specially which two
With night and darkness have the most to do.
And not long since, besides this, did behold
Some of you here, when you should 'tend your
fold,
A nights were wenching : thus he me doth tell.
With that, they all in such a laughter fell.
That the field rang : when from a village near
The watchful Cock crew, and with notes full
clear
The early Lark soon summoned the day,
When they departed every one their way.

O D E S:
WITH OTHER
L Y R I C P O E S I E S.

To the Worthy Knight, and my Noble Friend,
S I R H E N R Y G O O D E R E,

A GENTLEMAN of his MAJESTY'S PRIVY CHAMBER.

THESE lyric pieces, short and few,
Most worthy Sir, I send to you,
To read them be not weary:
They may become John Hewes his lyre,
Which oft at Powlsworth by the fire
Hath made us gravely merry.

Believe it, he must have the trick
Of rhyming with invention quick,
That should do lyrics well:
But how I have done in this kind,
Though in myself I cannot find,
Your judgment best can tell.

Th' old British bards, upon their harps,
For falling flats, and rising sharps,
That curiously were strung;

To stir their youth to warlike rage,
Or their wild fury to assuage,
In their loose numbers sung.

No more I for fools censures pass,
Than for the braying of an ass,
Nor once mine ear will lend them:
If you but please to take in gree
These odes, sufficient 'tis to me;
Your liking can commend them.

Yours, &c.

M. DRAYTO

TO THE READER.

As I have called these my few poems; which happy soever they prove, yet criticism itself not say, that the name is wrongfully usurped: (not to begin with definitions against the rule of poetry, nor *ad hoc*, against the prescript rule of poetry in a poetical argument, but somewhat on a season thy palate with a slight description) an ode is known to have been properly a song, delated to the ancient harp, and neither too short breathed, as hastening to the end, nor composed of the longest verses, as unfit for the sudden turns of lofty tricks with which Apollo used to manage

They are (as the learned say) divers: Some ascendently lofty, and far more high than the ode (commonly called the heroic poem) witness the of the inimitable Pindar, consecrated to the glory and renown of such as returned in triumph from Olympus, Elis, Isthmus, or the like: Others among the Greeks are amorous, soft, and made for chambers, as others for theatres; as were Anacreon's, the very delicacies of the Grecian Erato, which muse seemed to have been the minion of that Teian old man, which composed them: Of a third kind were Horace's, and may truly therefore be called his mixed; whatsoever else are mine, are partaking of the high dialect of the first:

Though we be all to seek
Of Pindar that great Greek.

Nor altogether of Anacreon, the arguments being amorous, moral, or what else the muse pleaseth. To write much in this kind, neither know I how it will relish, nor in so doing, can I but injuriously presuppose ignorance or sloth in thee, or draw censure upon myself, for sinning against the decorum of a preface, by reading a lecture, when it is enough to sum the points. New they are, and the work of playing hours; but what other commendation is theirs, and whether inherent in the subject, must be thine to judge. But to act the go-between of my poems and thy applause, is neither my modesty nor confidence, that oftener than once have acknowledged thee kind, and do not doubt hereafter to do somewhat in which I shall not fear thee just: And would at this time also gladly let thee understand what I think above the rest, of the last ode of this number, or if thou wilt, ballad in my book: for both the great master of Italian rhymes Petrarch, and our Chaucer, and other of the upper house of the muses, have thought their canzonas honoured in the title of a ballad; which for that I labour to meet truly therein with the old English garb, I hope as able to justify, as the learned Colin Clout his roundelay. Thus requesting thee in thy better judgment, to correct such faults as have escaped in the printing, I bid thee farewell.

M. DRAYTON.

O D E S.

To Himself and the Harp.

And why not I, as he
That's greatest, if as free,
(In fundry strains that strive,
Since there so many be)
Th' old Lyric kind revive?

I will, yea, and I may;
Who shall oppose my way?
For what is he alone,
That of himself can say,
He's heir of Helicon?

Apollo, and the Nine.
Forbid no man their shrine,
That cometh with hands pure;
Else they be so divine,
They will him not endure.

For they be such coy things,
That they care not for kings,
And dare let them know it;
Nor may he touch their springs,
That is not born a poet.

The Phoecean (a) it did prove,
Whom when foul lust did move,
Those maids unchaste to make,
Fell, as with them he strove,
His neck, and justly, brake.

That instrument ne'er heard,
Struck by the skilful bard,
It strongly to awake;
But it th' infernals fear'd,
And made Olympus quake.

As those prophetic strings (b)
Whose sounds with fiery wings
Drove fiends from their abode,
Touch'd by the best of kings,
That song the holy ode.

So his (c), which women slew,
And it int' Hebrus threw,
Such sounds yet forth it sent,
The banks to weep that drew,
As down the stream it went.

That by the tortoise-shell,
To (d) Maya's son it fell,
The most thereof no doubt,
But sure some power did dwell
In him who found it out.

The wildest of the field,
The air, with rivers t' yield,
Which mov'd; that sturdy glebes,
And massy oaks could wield
To raise the piles of (e) Thebes.

And diversely though strong,
So anciently we sung
To it, that now scarce known,
If first it did belong
To Greece or if pur own.

The (f) Druides imbrud
With gore, on altars rude
With sacrifices crown'd
In hollow woods bedew'd,
Ador'd the trembling sound.

Though we be all to seek
Of (g) Pindar that great Greek,
To finger it aright,
The soul with power to strike,
His hand retain'd such might.

(c) Orpheus the Thracian poet. Caput Hebrælyn
Erip. &c. Ovid. lib. 11. Metam.

(d) Mercury inventor of the harp, as Horace, c
lib. 7. curvaeq. lyrae parentem.

(e) Thebes feigned to have been raised by music.

(f) The ancient British priests, so called from their
in woods.

(g) Pindar prince of the Greek lyric, of whom H
Pindarum quisquis laudet, &c. Od. 2. lib. 4.

(a) Pyreus, king of Phocia attempting to ravish the
Muses.

(b) Sam. lib. 1. cap. 10.

that Rome did grace;
we all embrace,
cely found his peer;
Phœbus place
is divinely clear.

I admire,
ave to that lyre,
usic's mother,
till I expire,
uch another.

that so long
his antique song,
ll our carpers
r fame to wrong,
ght skilful harpers.

I, I long thee spare,
e well to fare,
pleased't greatly,
efore more rare,
thy harp neatly.

t with despoight
ese numbers slight,
their judgment's blind,
from the right,
le kind.

verse doth make,
or doth take,
le to climb,
r to flake,
in (*I*) Skelton's rhyme.

the New Year.

double-fac'd.
temples grac'd,
thy godhead higher,
ere altars shining,
riefts divining,
ous fumes expire.

I thy pleasure,
Thespian treasure,
ully pursue;
I year returning,
ie old adjourning,
ging in the new.

vigils yearly
ed clearly,
As yet smoking be;
store abroad is,
ng to my goddess,
been us'd by thee.

rk of the Romans in that kind.
harp.
an english lyric.
with rhymes.

Give her th' Eoan brightness,
Wing'd with that subtil lightness,
That doth transpierce the air;
The roses of the morning
The rising heav'n adorning,
To mesh with flames of hair.

Those ceaseless sounds, above all,
Made by those orbs that move all,
And every swelling there,
Wrap'd up in numbers flowing,
Them actually bestowing,
For jewels at her ear.

O rapture great and holy,
Do thou transport me wholly,
So well her form to vary,
That I aloft may bear her,
Whereas I will insphere her
In regions high and flarry.

And in my choice composures
The soft and easy closures
So amorously shall meet;
That ev'ry lively ceasure
Shall tread a perfect measure,
Set on so equal feet.

That spray to fame so fertile,
The lover-crowning myrtle,
In wreaths of mixed bows,
Within whose shades are dwelling
Those beauties most excelling,
Enthron'd upon her brows.

Those parallels so even,
Drawn on the face of heaven,
That curious art supposes,
Direct those gems, whose clearness
Far off amaze by nearness,
Each globe such fire encloses.

Her bosom full of blisses,
By nature made for kisses,
So pure and wond'rous clear,
Whereas a thousand graces
Behold their lovely faces,
As they are bathing there.

O, thou self-little blindness,
The kindness of unkindness,
Yet one of those divine;
Thy brands to me were lever,
Thy fascia, and thy quiver,
And thou this quill of mine.

This heart so freshly bleeding,
Upon its own self feeding,
Whose wounds still dropping be;
Of love, thy self confounding,
Her coldness so abounding,
And yet such heat in me.

Yet if I be inspired,
I'll leave thee so admired,
To all that shall succeed,
O o ij

That were they more than many,
 'Mongst all, there is not any.
 That time so oft shall need.

Nor adamant engraved,
 That hath been choicely 'ft saved,
 Idea's name out-wears;
 So large a dower as this is,
 The greatest often misses,
 The diadem that bears.

To his Valentine.

Misc, bid the morn awake,
 Sad winter now declines,
 Each bird doth choose a make,
 This day's Saint Valentine's;
 For that good bishop's sake
 Get up, and let us see,
 What beauty it shall be,
 That fortune us assigns.

But lo, in happy hour,
 The place wherein she lies,
 In yonder climbing tow'r,
 Gilt by the glitt'ring rife;
 O Jove! that in a show'r,
 As once that thund'rer did,
 When he in drops lay hid,
 That I could her surprife.

Her canopy I'll draw,
 With spangled plumes bedight,
 No mortal ever saw
 So ravishing a sight;
 That it the gods might awe,
 And pow'rfully transpierce
 The globy universe,
 Out-shooting ev'ry light.

My lips I'll softly lay
 Upon her heav'nly cheek,
 Dy'd like the dawning day,
 As polish'd ivory sleek:
 And in her ear I'll say;
 O, thou bright morning-star,
 'Tis I that come so far,
 My Valentine to seek.

Each little bird, this tide,
 Doth choose her loved pheer,
 Which constantly abide
 In wedlock all the year,
 As nature is their guide:
 So may we two be true,
 This year, nor change for new,
 As turtles coupled were.

The sparrow, swan, the dove,
 Though Venus' birds they be,
 Yet are they are not for love
 So absolute as we:

For-reason us doth move;
 They but by billing woo:
 Then try what we can do,
 To whom each sense is free.

Which we have more than they,
 By livelier organs sway'd,
 Our appetite each way
 More by our sense obey'd:
 Our passions to display,
 This season us doth fit;
 Then let us follow it,
 As nature us doth lead.

One kifs in two let's break,
 Confounded with the touch,
 But half words let us speak,
 Our lip's employ'd so much;
 Until we both grow weak,
 With sweetness of thy breath;
 O smother me to death:
 Long let our joys be such.

Let's laugh at them that choose
 Their Valentines by lot,
 To wear their names that use,
 Whom idly they have got:
 Such poor choice we refuse,
 Saint Valentine befriend;
 We thus this morn may spend,
 Else, Muse, awake her not.

The Heart.

If thus we needs must go,
 What shall our one heart do.
 This one made of our two?

Madam, two hearts we break,
 And from them both did take
 The best, one heart to make.

Half this is of your heart,
 Mine in the other part,
 Join'd by our equal art.

Were it cemented, or sown,
 By shreds or pieces known,
 We each might find our own.

But 'tis dissolv'd, and fix'd,
 And with such cunning mix'd,
 No diff'rence that betwixt.

But how shall we agree,
 By whom it kept shall be,
 Whether by you, or me?

It cannot two breast- fill,
 One must be heartless still,
 Until the other will.

ie to-day,
'd it to say,
er it would stay ?

n your breast,
ght hope to rest :
e my guest,

r it knew,
d still anew
: to you.

k, had two
o much to do,
voo.

cold and chaste,
with zeal did waste,
h water plac'd.

heart entreat,
ow did it beat,
give yours heat !

emper brought,
perfection wrought,
either's thought.

ght it lies,
re world's dull eyes,
it not envies.

earth can show,
ill not once know,
le and low.

The Sacrifice to Apollo.

Apollo, sacred be the room,
'd meeting : let no barbarous groom,
brave foe'er he be,
npt to enter ;
f the Muses free,
here may venture ;
Delphian prophets is prepar'd :
vulgar are from hence debarr'd.

e feast so happily begins,
fair Nine, with their violins ;
are begot by Jove,
let us place them,
e no clown in may shove,
may disgrace them :
near to young Apollo sit ;
oot-pace overflow with wit.

e Graces, where be those fair three ?
they may not absent be :
to the gods are dear,
hey can humbly
us ourselves to bear,
s comely :

They, and the Muses, rise both from one stem,
They grace the Muses, and the Muses them.

Bring forth your flaggons (fill'd with sparkling
wine)

Whereon swoln Bacchus, crowned with a vine,
Is graven ; and fill out,
It well bestowing,
To ev'ry man about,
In goblets flowing :

Let not a man drink, but in draughts profound ;
To our god Phœbus let the health go round.

Let your jests fly at large ; yet therewithal
See they be salt, but yet not mix'd with gall :

Not tending to disgrace,
But fairly given,
Becoming well the place,
Modest and even ;

That they with tickling pleasure may provoke
Laughter in him, on whom the jest is broke.

Or if the deeds of heroes ye rehearse,
Let them be sung in so well-order'd verse,

That each word have its weight,
Yet run with pleasure ;
Holding one stately height,
In so brave measure,

That they may make the stiffest storm seem weak,
And damp Jove's thunder, when it loud'st doth speak.

And if ye list to exercise your vein,
Or in the sock, or in the buskin'd strain,

Let art and nature go
One with the other ;
Yet so, that art may shew
Nature her mother ;

The thick-brain'd audience lively to awake,
Till with shrill claps the theatre do shake.

Sing hymns to Bacchus then, with hands uprear'd,
Offer to Jove, who most is to be fear'd ;

From him the Muse we have,
From him proceedeth
More than we dare to crave ;
'Tis he that feedeth

Them, whom the world would starve ; then let the
lyre

Sound, whilst his altars endless flame expire.

To Cyrid.

MAIDENS, why spare ye ?
Or wætnet not dare ye
Corre& the blind shooter ?
Because wanton Venus,
So oft that doth pain us,
Is her son's tutor.

Now in the spring
He proveth his wing.

The field is his bower,
O o iij

And as the small bee
About flyeth he,
From flower to flower.

And wantonly roves
Abroad in the groves,
And in the air hovers,
Which when it him deweth,
His feathers he meweth,
In sighs of true lovers.

And since doom'd by fate,
(That well knew his hate)
That he should be blind;
For very despite,
Our eyes be his white,
So wayward his kind.

If his shafts losing,
(Ill his mark choosing)
Or his bow broken;
The moan Venus maketh,
And care that she taketh,
Cannot be spoken.

To Vulcan commending
Her love, and straight sending
Her doves and her sparrows,
With kisses unto him,
And all but to woo him,
To make her son arrows.

Telling what he hath done,
(Saieth she, Right mine own son)
In her arms him she closes,
Sweets on him saps,
Laid in down of her swans,
His sheets leaves of roses.

And feeds him with kisses;
Which oft when he misses,
He ever is froward:
The mother's o'erjoying
Makes by much coying
The child so untoward.

Yet in a fine net,
That a spider set;
The maidens had caught him,
Had she not been near him,
And chanced to hear him,
More good they had taught him.

An Answer Anacreontic.

Most good, most fair,
Or things as rare,
To call you's lost;
For all the cost
Words can bestow,
So poorly show

Upon your praise,
That all the ways
Sense hath, come short:
Whereby report
Falls them under;
That when wonder
More hath seized,
Yet not pleased,
That in kind
Nothing can find,
You to express:
Nevertheless,
As by globes small,
This mighty All
Is shew'd, though far
From life, each star
A world being:
So we seeing
You, like as that,
Only trust what
Art doth us teach;
And when I reach
At moral things,
And that my strings
Gravely should strike,
Straight some mislike
Blotteth mine Ode.
As with the load
The steel we touch,
For'd ne'er so much,
Yet still removes
To that it loves,
Till there it stays;
So to your praise
I turn ever,
And though never
From you moving,
Happy so loving.

Love's Conquest.

WER'E granted me to choose,
How I would end my days,
Since I this life must lose,
It should be in your praise;
For there is no bays
Can be set above you.

S'impoffibly I love you
And for you sit so high,
Whence none may remove you,
In my clear poesy,
That I oft deny
You so ample merit.

The freedom of my spirit
Maintaining still my cause,
Your sex not to inherit,
Urging the Salique laws;
But your virtue draws
From me every due.

you me pursue,
 ere I can dwell,
 made just to you,
 ally rebel,
 excel
 ald I still endite,

you want some rice,
 your high praise
 to and fro,
 ndry ways :
 he right not know
 it of this maze.

To the Virginian Voyage.

heroic minds,
 ir country's name,
 our still pursue,
 ring hinds
 t home, with shame.
 fubdue,

1 stay too long,
 ard bestow you,
 ith a merry gale
 your stretch'd sail,
 as strong,
 is that blow you.

: securely steer,
 y south forth keep,
 , lee-shores, nor shoals,
 Eolus scowls,
 ot fear,
 the deep.

ully at sea,
 still entice,
 t the pearl and gold,
 urs to hold,

y paradise.

re hath in store
 ion, and fish,
 he fruitful't foil,
 out your toil,
 efts more,
 than your wish.

mbitious vine
 th his purple mass,
 edar reaching high
 is the sky,
 s, pine,
 fallafraa.

the golden age
 's laws doth give,
 her cares that tend,
 sem to defend

From winter's age,
 That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
 Of that delicious land,
 Above the seas that flows,
 The clear wind throws,
 Your heart's to swell
 Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore
 (Thanks to God first given)
 O you the happy't men,
 Be frolic then,
 Let cannons roar,
 Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far
 Such heroes bring ye forth,
 As those from whom we came,
 And plant our name
 Under that star
 Not known unto our north.

And as there plenty grows
 Of laurel every where,
 Apollo's sacred tree,
 You it may see,
 A poet's brows
 'To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend,
 Industrious Hackluit,
 Whose reading shall inflame
 Men to seek fame,
 And much commend
 To after-times thy wit.

An Ode written in the Peak.

THIS while we are abroad,
 Shall we not touch our lyre?
 Shall we not sing an Ode?
 Shall that holy fire,
 In us that strongly glow'd,
 In this cold air expire?

Long since the summer laid
 Her lusty brav'ry down,
 The autumn half is way'd,
 And Boreas' gins to frown,
 Since now I did behold
 Great Brute's first builded town.

Though in the utmost Peak
 A while we do remain,
 Amongst the mountains bleak
 Expos'd to sleet and rain,
 No sport our hours shall break
 To exercise our vein.

And as the small bee
About flyeth he,
From flower to flower.

And wantonly roves
Abroad in the groves,
And in the air hovers,
Which when it him deweth,
His feathers he meweth,
In sighs of true lovers.

And since doom'd by fate,
(That well knew his hate)
That he should be blind;
For very despite,
Our eyes be his white,
So wayward his kind.

If his shafts losing,
(Ill his mark choosing)
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And feeds him with kisses;
Which oft when he misses,
He ever is froward:
The mother's o'erjoying
Makes by much coying
The child so untoward.

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That a spider set;
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Had she not been near him,
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Yet not pleased,
That in kind
Nothing can find,
You to express:
Nevertheless,
As by globes small,
This mighty All
Is shew'd, though far
From life, each star
A world being:
So we seeing
You, like as that,
Only trust what
Art doth us teach;
And when I reach
At moral things,
And that my strings
Gravely should strike,
Straight some mislike
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As with the load
The steel we touch,
For'd ne'er so much,
Yet still removes
To that it loves,
Till there it stays;
So to your praise
I turn ever,
And though never
From you moving,
Happy so loving.

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And for you sit so high,
Whence none may remove you,
In my clear poetry,
That I oft deny
You so ample merit.

The freedom of my spirit
Maintaining still my cause,
Your sex not to inherit,
Urging the Salique laws;
But your virtue draws
From me every due.

But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coyle about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

AN HYMN

To his Lady's Birth-place,

COVENTRY, that doſt adorn
The country wherein I was born,
Yet therein lies not thy praiſe,
Why I ſhould crown thy tow'rs with bays:
'Tis not thy (a) wall me to thee weds,
Thy ports, nor thy proud pyramids,
Not thy trophies of the (b) boar,
But that ſhe which I adore,
Which ſcarce goodneſs ſelf can pair,
Fiſt there breathing bleſt thy air.
Idea, in which name I hide
Her, in my heart deify'd,
For what good man's mind can ſee,
Only her Ideas be;
She, in whom the virtues came
In woman's ſhape, and took her name,
She ſo far paſt imitation,
As but nature our creation
Could not alter, ſhe had aimed
More than woman to have fram'd:
She, whoſe truly written ſtory,
To thy poor name ſhall add more glory,
Than if it ſhould have been thy chance
T' have bred our kings that conquer'd France.
Had ſhe been born the former age,
That houſe had been a pilgrimage,
And reputed more divine,
Then (c) Walingham or (c) Becket's ſhrine.
That (d) princeſs, to whom thou doſt owe
Thy freedom, whoſe clear-blushing ſnow
The envious ſun ſaw, when as ſhe
Naked rode to make thee free,
Was but her type, as to foretel,
Thou ſhould'ſt bring forth one, ſhould excel
Her bounty, by whom thou ſhould'ſt have
More honour than ſhe freedom gave;
And that great (e) queen, which but of late
Rul'd this land in peace and ſtate,
Had not been, but heaven had ſworn,
A maid ſhould reign when ſhe was born.
Of thy ſtreets which thou hold'ſt beſt,
And moſt frequent of the reſt,
Happy (f) Mich-Parke of the year,
On the (g) fourth of Auguſt there,
Let thy Maids from Flora's bowers,
With their choice and daintieſt flowers

(a) Coventry finely walled.

(b) The ſhoulder-bone of a boar of mighty bigneſs.

(c) Two famous pilgrimages, the one in Norfolk the other in Kent.

(d) Godiva, duke Leofrick's wife, who obtained the freedom of the city, of her husband, by riding through it naked.

(e) Queen Elizabeth.

(f) A noted ſtreet in Coventry.

(g) His miſtreſs's birth-day.

Deck thee up, and from their ſcore,
With brave garlands crown that door,
The old man paſſing by that way,
To his ſon in time ſhall ſay,
There was that lady born, which long
To after-ages ſhall be ſung;
Who unawares being paſſed by,
Back to that houſe ſhall caſt his eye,
Speaking my verſes as he goes,
And with a ſigh ſhuts ev'ry cloſe.
Dear city, travelling, by thee,
When thy riſing ſpires I ſee,
Deſtined her place of birth;
Yet methinks the very earth
Hallowed is, ſo far as I
Can thee poſſibly deſcry:
Then thou dwelling in this place,
Hearing ſome rude hind diſgrace
Thy city with ſome ſcurvy thing,
Which ſome jeſter forth did bring,
Speak theſe lines where thou do'ſt come,
And ſtrike the ſlave for ever dumb.

To the CAMBRIO-BRITONS, and their HAR!

His Ballad of Agincourt.

FAIR ſtood the wind for France,
When we our ſails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.
And taking many a fort,
Furniſh'd in warlike fort,
Marched towards Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmiſhing day by day
With thoſe that ſtop'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ranſom to provide
To the king ſending.
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile
Yet with an angry ſmile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then,
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed.
Yet, have we well begun
Battles ſo bravely won
Have ever to the ſun
By fame been raiſed.

'self, quoth he,
I rest shall be,
'er mourn for me,
ere esteem me.
I remain,
earth lie slain,
she sustain
> redeem me.

I Cressy tell,
their pride did swell,
swords they fell,
our skill is,
our grandfire great,
re regal feat,
warlike feat,
the French lilies.

of York so dread,
vaward led;
tain Henry sped,
gift his henchmen.
d the rear,
can not there,
w hot they were
: false Frenchmen!

to fight are gone;
armour shone,
to drum did groan,
ar, was wonder;
cries they make,
urth did shake,
> trumpet spake,
ler to thunder.

ne age became,
pingham,
the signal aim
r hid forces;
a meadow by,
m suddenly,
h archery
the French horses.

ish yew so strong,
loth-yard long,
o serpents stung,
ng the weather;

None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbews drew,
And on the French they flew;
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went,
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ester, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
To England to carry;
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

PASTORALS:

CONTAINING

E C L O G U E S.

To the Honour of my Noble Patron

SIR WALTER ASTON:

As other my Poems, so I consecrate these my PASTORAL POESIES.

M. DRAYTON,

TO THE READER OF HIS PASTORALS.

SOMEWHAT is to be said, by way of general pre-
parative, touching the name, and nature of Pastoral
poesy, before I give thee my Pastorals. Pastoral
poesy, as they are a species of poesy, signify feigned
dialogues, or other speeches in verse, fathered
upon herdsmen, whether *opiliones, bululci*, &c. that
is to say, shepherds, neat-herds, &c. who are ordi-
nary persons in this kind of poem, worthily
therefore to be called base, or low. This, as all
other forms of poesy (excepting perhaps the ad-
mirable Latin Piscatories of that noble Neapoli-
tan Sanazara) hath been received from the Greeks,
and as at the second hand, from the Romans.
The subject of Pastorals, as the language of it
ought to be poor, silly, and of the coarsest woof
in appearance; nevertheless, the most high, and
most noble matters of the world may be shadowed
in them, and for certain sometimes are: But
he who hath almost nothing pastoral in his Pasto-
rals, but the name (which is my case) deals more
plainly, because *detrahit volumine*, he speaks of most
weighty things. The Greek Pastorals of Theocritus
have the chief praise. Whether Virgil in
his *Bucolics* hath kept within pastoral humbleness,
let Scaliger, and the nation of learned cen-
sors dispute: the blessing which came in them to
the testimonial majesty of the Christian name, out

of Sibyls monuments, cited before Christ's birth,
must ever make Virgil venerable with me: And
in the angels song to shepherds at our Saviour's
nativity, Pastoral poesy seems consecrated. It is
not of this time and place to shew the original of
this invention; let it here suffice to have pointed
out the best, and them so old, as may serve for
prescription. The chief law of Pastorals is the
same which is of all poesy, and of all wise carriage,
viz. Decorum, and that not to be exceeded without
leave, or without at least fair warning. For so
did Virgil, when he wrote,

————— *Paulo majora canamus.*

Master Edmund Spenser had done enough for
the immortality of his name, had he only given
us his *Shepherd's Kalender*, a master-piece if any.
The *Colin Clout of Skoggon*, under King Henry
the VII. is pretty: But *Barkley's Ship of fools*
hath twenty wittier in it. Spenser is the prince of
Pastorals of England. My Pastorals held upon new
strain, must speak for themselves, and the reader
striking up, if thou hast in thee any cunning
quicksilver, thou hadst rather be at the post than
hear thereof. Farewell.

ECLOGUE I.

PHORUS full out his yearly course had run,
 (The woeful Winter labouring to outwear)
 And though 'twas long first, yet at length begun
 To heave himself up to our hemisphere,
 For which pleas'd heaven to see this happy hour,
 O'ercome with joy wept many a silver shower.

When Philomel, the augur of the Spring,
 Whose tunes express a brother's trait'rous fact,
 Whilst the fresh groves with her complaints doring,
 To Cynthia her sad tragedy doth act.
 The jocund mirth preach'd on the highest spray,
 Sings his love forth, to see the pleasant May.

The crawling snake against the morning sun,
 Like Iris shews his sundry colour'd coat,
 The gloomy shades and enviously doth shun,
 Ravish'd to hear the warbling birds to rot,
 The buck forsakes the lawns where he hath fed,
 Fearing the hunt should view his velvet head.

Through every part dispersed is the blood,
 The lusty Spring in fulness of her pride:
 Man, bird, and beast, each tree and every flood,
 Highly rejoicing in this goodly tide:
 Save Rowland, leaning on a (a) rampike tree,
 Wasted with age, forlorn with woe was he.

Great God, quoth he, (with hands rear'd to the sky)
 Thou wife Creator of the starry light,
 Whose wond'rous works thy essence do imply,
 In the dividing of the day and night:
 The earth relieving with the teeming Spring,
 Which the late winter low before did bring,

O thou strong builder of the firmament,
 Who plac'd Phoebus in his fiery cart,
 And for the planets wisely did invent
 Their sundry mansions, that they should not jar,
 Appointing Phoebus mistress of the night,
 From Titans flames to fetch her forked light.

From that bright place where thou reign'st alone,
 Whose floor with stars is gloriously inchas'd;
 Before the foot-stool of whose glittering throne
 Those thy high orders severally are plac'd,
 Receive my vows, that may thy court ascend;
 Where thy clear presence all the powers attend.

Shepherds great Sovereign, graciously receive,
 Those thoughts to thee continually erected,
 (a) A tree with age beginning to decay at the top,

Nor let the world of comfort me bereave,
 Whilst I before it sadly lie dejected,
 Whose fogs, like fogs that overcloud the air,
 Darken those beams which promis'd me so fair.

My hopes are fruitless, and my faith is vain,
 And but mere shews, disposed me to mock,
 Such are exalted basely that can feign,
 And none regards just *Rowland of the Rock*.
 To those fat pastures, which flocks healthful keep,
 Malice denies me entrance with my sheep.

Yet nill I nature enviously accuse,
 Nor blame the Heavens thus hapless me to make,
 What they impose, but vainly we refuse,
 When not our power their punishment can shake,
 Fortune the world that towzles to and fro,
 Fickle to all, is constant in my woe.

This only rests, time shall devour my sorrow,
 And to affliction minister relief,
 When as there never shall succeed a morrow,
 Whose labouring hours shall lengthen out my
 grief,
 Nor in my breast care sit again so deep,
 Tiring the sad night with disemper'd sleep.

And when that time expired hath the date,
 What wears out all things, lastly perish must,
 And that all-searching and impartial fate
 Shall take account of long-forgotten dust,
 When every being silently shall cease,
 Lock'd in the arms of everlasting peace.

Now in the ocean Titan quench'd his flame,
 That summon'd Cynthia, to set up her light,
 And she the near'st of the celestial frame,
 Sat the most glorious on the brow of night;
 When the poor swain, with heaviness oppress'd,
 To the cold earth sunk sadly down to rest.

ECLOGUE. II.

Motto.

MIGHT my youth's mirth become the aged years,
 My gentle shepherd, father of us all,
 Wherewith I wanted to delight my peers,
 When to their sports they pleas'd me to call.

Now would I tune my (*b*) miskins on this green,
And frame my verse, the virtues to unfold
Of that sole Phoenix bird, my life's sole queen,
Whose locks do stain the three times burnish'd
gold.

But melancholy settled in thy spleen,
My rhymes seem harsh to thy unrelish'd taste,
Thy wits that long replenish'd have not been,
Wanting kind moisture, do unkindly waste.

WINKEN.

Well, wanton, laugh not my old age to scorn
Nor twit me so, my senses to have lost,
The time hath been, when as my hopeful morn
Promis'd as much as now thy youth can boast.

My direful cares been drawn upon my face,
In crooked lines with age's iron pen,
The morpew quite discoloured the place,
Which had the power t' attract the eyes of men.

What mock'd the lily, bears this tawny dye,
And this once crimson, looks thus deadly pale,
Sorrow hath set his foot upon mine eye,
And hath for ever perished my sale.

A cumber-world, yet in the world am left,
A fruitless plot with brambles overgrown:
Of all those joys, that pleas'd my youth, bereft,
And now too late my folly but bemoan.

Those dainty strains of my well-turned reed,
Which many a time have pleas'd the curious ears,
In me no more those pleasing thoughts do breed,
But tell the errors of my wand'ring years.

Those pois'ning pills been biding at my heart,
Those loathsome drugs unseason'd youth did chaw,
Not once so sweet, but now they be as tart;
Not in the mouth, what they are in the maw.

MOTTO.

Even so I ween; for thy old age's fever
Deems sweetest potions bitter as the gall,
And thy cold palate, having lost the favour,
Receives no comfort by a cordial.

WINKEN.

As thou art, once was I a gamesome boy,
Ill winter'd now, and aged as you see,
And well I know, thy swallow-winged joy
Quickly shall vanish as 'tis fled from me.

When on the arch of thy eclipsed eyes,
Time shall have deeply character'd thy death,
And sun-burnt age thy kindly moisture dries,
Thy wasted lungs be niggards of thy breath;

Thy brawn-fall'n arms and thy declining back
To the sad burthen of thy years shall yield,
And that thy legs their wonted force shall lack,
Able no more thy wretched trunk to wield.

Now am I like the knotty aged oak,
Whom wasting time hath made a tomb for dust,

That of his branches left by tempest's stroke,
His bark consumes with canker-worms and ru

And though thou seem'st like to the bragging be
And spread'st thee like the morn-lov'd maryg
Yet shall thy sap be shortly dry and feer,
Thy gaudy blossoms blemished with cold.

Even such a wanton and unruly swain,
Was little Rowland, when as lately he
Upon the verge of yonder neighb'ring plain,
Carved this rhyme upon a beechen tree.

Then this great universe no less
Can serve her praises to express:
Betwixt her eyes, the poles of love,
The host of heavenly beauties move,
Depainted in their proper stories,
As well the fix'd as wandering glories,
Which from their proper orbs not go
Whether they gyre swift or slow:
Where from their lips, when she doth speak,
The music of those spheres do break,
Which their harmonious motion breedeth:
From whose cheerful breath proceedeth
That balmy sweetness that gives birth
To every offspring of the earth:
The structure of whose gen'ral frame,
And state wherein she moves the same,
Is that proportion, heaven's best treasure,
Whereby it doth all poize and measure,
So that alone her happy sight
Contains perfection and delight.

MOTTO.

O divine love, which so aloft can raise,
And lift the mind out of the earthly mire,
And dost inspire us with so glorious praise,
As with the heavens doth equal man's desire:

What doth not help to deck the holy shrine,
With Venus' myrtle and Apollo's tree?
Who will not say that thou art most divine,
At least, confess a deity in thee?

WINKEN.

A foolish boy, full ill is he repay'd:
For now the wanton pines in endless pain,
And sore repents what he before mislaid.
So may they be, which can so lewdly feign.

Now hath this yokker torn his tressed locks,
And broke his pipe which was of sound so sweet
Forfaking his companions and their flocks,
And casts his garland loosely at his feet.

And being throwed in a homely coat,
And full of sorrow (I him sitting by,)
He turn'd his rebeck to a mournful note,
And thereto sung this doleful elegy.

Upon a bank with roses set about,
Where turtles oft sit joining bill to bill,
And gentle springs steal softly murmur
Washing the foot of pleasure's sacred hill:
There little Love sore wounded lies,
His bow and arrows broken,

ew'd with tears from Venus' eyes,
grievous to be spoken!

in my heart, slain with her scornful eye,
sticks the arrow which that heart did kill,
whose sharp pile, request him e'er he die,
the same to write his latest will;
bid him send it back to me,
instant of his dying,
cruel, cruel she, may see,
faith and her denying.

apel be a mournful cypress' shade,
or a chantry Philomel's sweet lay,
prayers shall continually be made
grim lovers passing by that way,
h nymphs and shepherds yearly moan,
timeless death beweeeping,
sling that my heart alone
h his last will in keeping.

MOTTO.

e for him that pineth so in pain,
or Rowland, how for him I grieve!
a bait should breed so foul a bane,
not deign his sorrow to relieve.

WINKEN.

y him, thou foolish wanton swain,
harms thus may'st thou learn to heed:
id wealth been fraught with high disdain,
t draws on: come, homeward let us speed.

ECLOGUE III.

PERKIN.

D, for shame, awake thy drowsy Muse,
ye the Hunt's-up to thy sleepy head;
t thou here, whilst we are ill bestead,
de swain?

r heard thy pipe and pleasing vein,
doth hear this scurvy minstrelsy,
to nought, but beastly ribaldry
loth not Muse?

mber not with dull Endymion,
thy reed to dapper verilayes,
a while of blessed Beta's praise,
e but she.

e rest so happy may'st thou be,
ed Colin lays his pipes to gage,
Fairie gone a pilgrimage,
ore our moan.

ROWLAND.

ta, shepherd? she is Pan's below'd,
's praise beyond our strain doth stretch,
so high for my poor pipe to reach,
en reed.

unfit to speak of worthy's deed,
y song unto a lower key,
a horn-pipe I may safely play,
reprov'd.

With flattery my Muse could never fadge,
Nor could this vain scurrility affect,
From looser youth to win a light respect,
Too base and vile.

Me that doth make, that I care not the while,
Myself above Tom Piper to advance,
Which so bestirs him at the Morrice dance,
For penny wage.

PERKIN.

Rowland, so toys esteemed often are,
And fashions ever vary with the time,
But since the season doth require some rhyme,
With lusty glee,

Let me then hear that roundelay of thee,
Which once thou sang'st to me in Janevier,
When Robin Redbreast sitting on a brier,
The burthen bare.

ROWLAND.

Well, needs I must, yet with a heavy heart,
Yet were not Beta, sure, I would not sing,
Whose praise the echoes cease not yet to ring
Up to the skies.

PERKIN.

Be blithe, good Rowland then, and clear thine eyes,
And since good Robin to his roost is gone,
Supply his want, and put two parts in one,
To shew thy art.

ROWLAND.

Stay, Thames, to hear my song, thou great and
famous flood,
Beta alone the Phoenix is of all thy watry brood,
The queen of virgins only she,
The king of floods allotting thee
Of all the rest, be joyful then to see this happy day,
Thy Beta now alone shall be the subject of my lay,

With dainty and delightful strains of dapper
verilayes:
Come lovely shepherds, sit by me, to tell our Be-
ta's praise;
And let us sing so high a verse,
Her sovereign virtues to rehearse, [sing,
That little birds shall silent sit to hear us shepherds
Whilst rivers backward bend their course, and flow
up to their spring.

Range all thy swans, fair Thames, together on a
rank,
And place them each in their degree upon thy
winding bank,
And let them set together all,
Time keeping with the waters fall:
And crave the tuneful nightingale to help them
with her lay.
The woodcock and the troilick-cock, chief music of
our May.

See what a troop of nymphs, come leading hand
in hand,
In such a number that well-near they take up all
the strand:
And hark how merrily they sing,
That makes the neighbouring meadows ring,

And Beta comes before alone, clad in a purple pall,
And as the queen of all the rest, doth wear a coronal.

Trim up her golden tresses with Apollo's sacred tree, [be,
Whose tutage and especial care I wish her still to
That for his darling hath prepar'd
A glorious crown as her reward,
Not such a golden crown as haughty Cæsar wears,
But such a glittering starry one as Ariadne bears.

Maids, get the choicest flowers, a garland and
entwine, [eglantine,
Nor pinks, nor pansies, let there want, be sure of
See that there be store of lilies,
(Call'd of shepherds daffadillies)
With roses damask, white, and red, the dearest
fleur-de-lis,
The cowslip of Jerusalem, and clove of Paradise.

O thou great eye of heaven, the day's most dearest
light, [night,
With thy bright sister Cynthia, the glory of the
And those that make ye seven,
To us the near'st of heaven,
And thou O gorgeous Iris, with all thy colours dy'd,
When she streams forth her rays, then dash't is all
your pride.

In thee whilst she beholds. (O flood, her heavenly
face,
The sea-gods in their wat'ry arms would gladly
her embrace,
Th' enticing Syrens in their lays,
And Tritons do resound her praise,
Hasting with all the speed they can unto the spa-
cious sea,
And through all Neptune's court proclaim our
Beta's holy day.

O evermore refresh the root of the fat olive tree,
In whose sweet shadow ever may thy banks pre-
served be,
With bays that poets do adorn,
And myrtle of chaste lovers worn,
That fair may be the fruit, the boughs preserved
by peace,
And let the mournful cypress die, and here for ever
cease.

We'll strew the shore with pearl, where Beta
walks alone,
And we will pave her summer bower with the
rich Indian stone.

Perfume the air and make it sweet,
For such a goddess as I meet, [light,
For if her eyes for purity contend with Titan's
No marvel then although their beams do dazzle
human sight.

Sound loud your trumpets then from London's
loftiest towers,
To leat the stormy tempests back, and calm the
raging-showers.

Set the cornet with the flute
The orpharion to the lute,
Tuning the tabor and the pipe to the sweet vi
And mock the thunder in the air with the
clarions.

Beta, long may thine altars smoke with year
crifice
And long thy sacred temples may their high
solemnize,
Thy shepherds watch by day and night,
Thy maids attend thy holy light,
And thy large empire stretch her arms from
into the west,
And Albion on the Appenin's advance her
quering crest.

PERKIN.
Thanks, gentle Rowland, for thy roundelay,
And as for Beta, burden of thy song,
The shepherds gooddecs may she flourish let
And happy be,

And not disdain to be belov'd of thee :
Triumphing Albion, clap thy hands for joy,
That hast so long not tasted of annoy,
Nor that thou may.

ROWLAND.
Shepherd, and when my milk-white ewes
yea'd,
Beta shall have the firstling of the fold,
Yea though the horns were of the purest gold
And the fine fleece, the richest purple grai

PERKIN.
Believe me, as I am true shepherds swain,
Then for thy love all others I forsake,
And unto thee myself I do betake,
With faith unfeign'd.

ECLOGUE IV.

MOTTO.

SHEPHERD, why creep we in this lowly vein,
As though our store no better us affords?
And in this season when the stirring swain
Makes the wide field sound with great thun-
ing words?

Not as 'twas wont, now rural be our rhymes,
Shepherds of late are waxed wond'rous neat.
Though they were richer in the former time:
We be enraged with more kindly heat.

The wither'd laurel freshly grows again,
Which simply shadow'd the Pierian spring,
Which oft invites the solitary swain
Thither, to hear those sacred virgins sing :

Then if thy muse have spent her wonted zeal
With wither'd twigs thy forehead shall be beset
But if with these she dare advance her sail,
Amongst the best then may she be renown'd

GORBO.

These men at mighty things do aim,
 ore press into the learned troop,
 phrase to dignify their name,
 he world shut in this shameful coop.

subject ill becometh me,
 pipe amongst the lowly sort,
 herd-grooms who have laugh'd to see,
 moon-shine made the fairies sport.

toils of Hercules will treat,
 a hand to an eternal pen,
 his labours it behoves he sweat,
 yond the usual pitch of men :

her-tamers who would take in hand,
 'd up the triple-headed hound,
 giants which 'gainst heaven durst stand,
 nigh the gods it troubled to confound :

with so mighty things to mell,
 a task so great to undertake,
 se the black inhabitants of hell,
 tempest on the Stygian lake.

worlds pyramids will build
 great heroes got by heavenly powers,
 se a pen most plentifully fill'd
 streams of learned Maro's showers.

foretold mutations, and of men,
 things and wisely will inquire,
 uld slumber in that shady den,
 did with prophecy inspire.

g Sybils sleeping long ago,
 their reed, but few have con'd their art,
 r) Welsh wizard cleaveth to a stone,
 s more wonders shall impart.

him this round that nearest over-ran,
 ring mother to this light did bring,
 : that then from Orpheus' statue ran,
 he prophets had whereon to sing.

tue had allotted her a prize,
 n garland, and the laurel crown,
 a refus'd her lofty wings to rise,
 ies were honour'd with the purple gown.

l religion with a golden chain
 , fair civility did draw,
 from heaven brought justice forth again,
 the good, the viler sort to awe.

le age as simple sung of love,
 : of empire and of earthly sways,
 good shepherd from his lass's glove,
 f slaughter, and tumultuous frays.

e's love-theft was privily descry'd,
 play'd false play in Amphitritio's bed,

terlin.
 Alexander the Great,

III,

And young Apollo in the mount of Ide,
 Gave Oenon physic for her maidenhead.

The tender grafs was then the softest bed :
 The pleasant'st shades esteem'd the stateliest halls:
 No belly-churl with Bacchus banqueted,
 Nor painted rags then cover'd rotten walls :

Then simple love, by simple virtue sway'd,
 Flowers the favours, which true faith revealed,
 Kindness again with kindness was repay'd,
 And with sweet kisses covenants were sealed.

And beauty's self by herself beautify'd,
 Scorn'd paintings pergit, and the borrow'd hair,
 Nor monstrous forms deformities did hide,
 The foul to varnish with compounded fair.

The purest fleece then cover'd the pure skin :
 For pride as then with Lucifer remain'd ;
 Ill-favour'd fashions then were to begin,
 Nor wholesome clothes with poisoned liquor stain'd.

But when the bowels of the earth were sought,
 Whose golden entrails mortals did espy,
 Into the world all mischief then was brought,
 This fram'd the mint, that coin'd our misery.

The lofty pines were presently hew'd down,
 And men, sea-monsters, swam the braky flood,
 In waincot tubs to seek out worlds unknown,
 For certain ill, to leave assured good.

The steed was tam'd and fitted to the field,
 That serves a subject to the rider's laws,
 He that before ran in the pastures wild,
 Felt the stiff curb controul his angry jaws.

The Cyclops then stood sweating to the fire,
 The use thereof in soft'ning metals found,
 That did straight limbs in stubborn steel attire,
 Forging sharp tools the tender flesh to wound.

The city builder then entrench'd his towers;
 And laid his wealth within the walled town,
 Which afterward in rough and stormy stow'rs
 Kindled the fire that burnt his bulwarks down.

This was the sad beginning of our woe,
 That was from hell on wretched mortals hurl'd,
 And from this font did all those mischiefs flow,
 Whose inundation drowneth all the world.

MOTTO.

Well, shepherd, well, the golden age is gone,
 Wishes no way revoke that which is past :
 Small wit there were to make two griefs of one ;
 And our complaints we vainly should but waste.

Listen to me then, lovely shepherd lad,
 And thou shalt hear, attentive if thou be,
 A pretty tale I of my grandame had,
 One winter's night when there were none but we,

GORBO.

Shepherd, say on, so may we pass the time,
 There is no doubt, it is some worthy rhyme.

P p

MOTTO.

FAR in the country of Arden,
There wou'd a knight, hight Cassamen,
As bold as Isebras :

Fell was he and eager bent,
In battle and in tournament,

As was the good Sir Topas.

He had, as antique stories tell,

A daughter cleaped Dowfabel,

A maiden fair and free.

And for she was her father's heir,

Full well she was ycond the leir

Of mickle courtesy.

The silk well couth she twist and twine,

And make the fine march-pine,

And with the needle-work :

And she couth help the priest to say

His mattins on a holy-day

And sing a psalm in kirk.

She wore a frock of frolic green,

Might well become a maiden queen,

Which seemly was to see;

A hood to that so neat and fine,

In colour like the columbine,

I wrought full featously.

Her features all as fresh above,

As is the grafs that grows by Dove,

And lythe as lafs of Kent.

Her skin as soft as Lunsfer wool.

As white as snow, on Peakish Hull,

Or swan that swims in Trent.

This maiden in a morn betime,

Went forth when May was in the prime,

To get sweet feryvall,

The honey-suckle, the hariock,

The lily, and the lady-smock,

To deck her summer hail.

Thus as she wander'd here and there,

And picked off the bloomy brier,

She chanced to espy

A shepherd sitting on a bank,

Like Chanty-clear he crowned crank,

And pip'd full merrily.

He learn'd his sheep, as he him list,

When he would whistle in his list.

To feed about him round.

Whilst he full many a carrol sang,

Until the fields and meadows rang,

And all the woods did found.

In favour this same shepherd swain

Was like the bedlam Tamerlane,

Which held proud kings in awe :

But meek as any lamb might be;

And innocent of ill as he

Whom his lewd brother slaw.

The shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,

Which was of the finest lock,

That could be cut with sheer.

His mitens were of bazons skin,

His cockers were of corduin,

His hood of miniver.

His aul and lingel in a thong,

His ear-box on his broad belt hung,

His breech of Cointree blue.

Full crisp and curled were his locks,

His brows as white as Albion rocks,

So like a lover true.

And piping still he spent the day,

So merry as the popinjay,

Which liked Dowfabel;

That would she ought, or would she nough

This lad would never from her thought,

She in love-longing fell.

At length she tucked up her frock,

White as a lily was her smock,

She drew the shepherd nigh :

But then the shepherd pip'd a good,

That all his sheep forsook their food,

To hear this melody.

Thy sheep, quoth she, cannot be lean,

That have a jolly shepherd swain,

The which can pipe so well :

Yea but (saith he) their shepherd may,

If piping thus he pine away,

In love of Dowfabel.

Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,

Quoth she, lock well unto thy sheep,

Lest they should hap to stray.

Quoth he, so had I done full well,

Had I not seen fair Dowfabel

Come forth to gather May.

With that she 'gan to vail her head,

Her cheeks were like the roses red,

But not a word she said,

With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,

He threw his pretty pipes adown,

And on the ground him laid.

Saith she, I may not stay till night,

And leave my summer hall undight,

And all for love of thee.

My cote, saith he, nor yet my fold,

Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,

Except thou favour me.

Saith she, yet never I were dead,

Than I should lose my maidenhead,

And all for love of men.

Saith he, yet are you too unkind,

If in your heart you cannot find

To love us now and then.

And I to thee will be as kind,

As Colin was to Rosalind,

Of courtesy the flower.

Then will I be as true, quoth she,

As ever maiden yet might be

Unto her paramour.

With that she bent her snow-white knee,

Down by the shepherd kneeled she,

And him she sweetly kist.

With that the shepherd whoop'd for joy,

Quoth he, there's never shepherd's boy

That ever was so blest.

GORBO.

Now by my sheephock, here's a tale alone,

Learn me the same, and I will give thee five,

This was as good as curds for our Joan,

When at a night we sitten by the fire.

MOTTO.

Why gentle Gorbo, I'll not stick for that,

When we shall meet upon some merry day :

re have set us down to chat,
ne began to steal away.

se to come unto our green,
, when as we have our feast,
xt unto the shepherds queen,
be the only welcome guest.

E C L O G U E V.

olic merrily, my swain,
it spirit there quickens yet in thee,
be left but as a grain
flock of antique poesy,
one slip of Phœbus' sacred tree.

rom time's devouring rage,
ruins scorning once to fall,
left thee as a gage :
nt of simple pastoral,
vive, whom care seems to appal.

phans nature hath bequeath'd
est monarchs seldom have possess'd,
even this influence is breath'd,
ine impression of the breast,
h' one pines, the other oft doth feast

At this fond gentility,
fool world open mouthed gazes,
of great ability.
eat great grandfire's glory blazes,
ut fictions in untimely phrases.

that honour can inflame
g pictures, made but for the street,
) that over-live their name,
olivion is their winding sheet,
trodden under vulgar feet.

ng all her poison'd darts,
mind is temper'd with that fire,
oose that weakly never starts,
ght, doth force her to retire,
is feet and spurns her in the mire.

ROWLAND.

of such as fall or climb,
f arms, and of heroic deeds,
shepherd's rural rhyme,
ing with my oaten reeds :
y song grofs flattery proceeds.

idols I do hate to smile,
ir names e'er in my page appear,
nefs I account it vile,
r looks, nor greatnefs that I fear,
e known by me, that such there

[were

s, nor fruitless vain desires,
d curt'ies to a painted wall,
ten sticks on needless fires,
ays to climb, nor fears to fall,
o base do I affect at all.

MOTTO.

If these, nor these may like thy varying quill,
As of too high, or of too low a strain,
That do not aptly parallel thy skill,
Nor well agreeing with a shepherd's vein,
Subjects (suppos'd) ill to becom a swain.

Then tune thy pipe to thy Idea's praise,
And teach the woods to wonder at her name,
Thy lowly notes so may 'st thou lightly raise,
And thereby others happily inflame :
Yet thou the whilst stand farthest off from blame.

Thy temples then with laurel shall be dight,
When as thy muse got high upon her wing,
With nimble pinions shall direct her dight
To th' place from whence all harmonies do spring,
To rape the fields with touches of her string.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, since thou so strongly dost persuade,
And her just worth so amply us affords,
O sacred fury, all my powers invade,
All fulness flows from thy abundant hoards,
Her praise requires the excellentest words.

Shall I then first sing of her heavenly eye,
To it attracting every other sight ?
May a poor shepherd's praise aspire so high,
Which if the sun should give us up to night,
The stars from it should fetch a purer light.

Or that fair brow, where Beauty keeps her state,
There still residing as her proper sphere,
Which when the world she meaneth to amate,
Wonder invites to stand before her there,
Throughout the world the praise thereof to bear.

Or touch her cheek, dear nature's treasury,
Whereas she stores th' abundance of her bliss,
Where of herself she 'acts such usury,
That she's else needy by inwealthying this,
And like a miser her rich chest doth kiss.

Or those pure hands, in whose delicious palms
Love takes delight the palmeater to play,
Whose crystal fingers dealing heavenly alms,
Give the whole wealth of all the world away.
O, who of these sufficiently can say !

Or th' ivory columns, which this fane upbear,
Where Dian's nuns their goddess to adore,
Before her, ever sacrificing there,
Her hallow'd altars kneeling still before, [more.
Where more they do perform, their zeal the

Unconning shepherd of these praise I none,
Although surpassing, yet let I them pass,
Nor in this kind her excellence is shewn.
To sing of these not my intent it was,
Our muse must undergo a weightier mass,

And be directed by a straighter line,
Which me must unto higher regions guide,
That I her virtues rightly may define,

P p ij

From me myself that's able to divide,
Unless by them my weakness be supply'd.

That be the end whereat I only aim,
Which to perform, I faithfully must strive,
Fair as I can to build this goodly frame,
And every part so aptly to contrive,
That time from this example may derive.

In whom, as on some well prepared stage,
Each moral virtue acts a princely part,
Where every scene pronounced by a sage,
Hath the true fulness both of wit and art,
And wisely stealeth the spectator's heart;

That every censure worthily doth break,
And unto it a great attention draws,
But which when wisdom doth severely look,
Often therewith she forced is to pause,
To yield a free and general applause.

Who unto goodness can she not excite,
And in the same not teacheth to be wise,
And deeply seen in each obsequious rite,
Wherein of that some mystery there lies,
Which her sole study is, and only exercise?

But the great'st volume, nor exactest comment,
Wherein art ever absolute'st shined,
Nor the small'st letter filling up the margin,
Yet every space with matter interlined,
In th' highest knowledge, rightly her defined.

O! if but sense effectually could see,
What is in her 't' be worthily admired,
How infinite her excellencies be,
The date of which can never be expired,
From her high praise the world could not be hired.

But since that heaven must only be the mirror,
Wherein the world can her perfections view,
And Fame is stricken silent with the terror,
Wanting wherewith to pay what is her due,
Colours can give her nothing that is new.

Then since there wants ability in colours,
Nor pencil yet sufficiently can blaze her,
For her I'll make a mirror of my dolours,
And in my tears shee'll look herself and praise her;
Happy were I, if such a glass might please her.

Go, gentle winds, and whisper in her ear,
And tell her, how much I adore her,
And you, my flocks, report ye to my fair,
How far she passeth all that went before her,
And as their goddess all the plains adore her.

And thou, clear brook, by whose pure silver stream
Grow those tall oaks, where I have carv'd her
name,
Convey her praise to Neptune's wat'ry realm,
And bid the Tritons to sound forth her fame,
Until wide Neptune scarce contain the same.

MOTTO.

Stay there, good Rowland, whither art
Beyond the moon that strivest thus:
Into what frenzy lately art thou hapt,
That in this sort intoxicates thy brain
Much disagreeing from a shepherd's

ROWLAND.

Motto, why me so strangely should'st
Above my strength with th' magic o
The scope of which from limits is exc
As be all they that of it do compile
Able to raise the spirit that is most

Didst thou me first unto her praises
And now at last dost thou again ref
What if perhaps with too much love I
And that therein the forward muse
The cause thou gav'st is able to exc

MOTTO.

Rowland then cease, reserve thy plaint
Till future time, thy simple oaten
Shall with a far more glorious rage in
To sing the glory of some worthy
For this I think, but little shall the

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, farewell, the skies begin to
Yon pitchy cloud, that hangeth in
Shews us, ere long, that we shall have
Come, let us home, for I so think it
For to their cotes our flocks are gon

MOTTO.

Content, and if thou'lt come to my place
Although, God knows, my cheer be
For wealth with me was never yet aff
Yet take in gree whatever do befall
We'll fit and turn a crab, and tunc

ECLOGUE VI.

GORBO.

Well met, good Winken, whither
wend?

How hast thou far'd, old shepherd, man
His days in darkness thus can Winken
Who I have known for piping had no

Where be those fair flocks thou w
guide?

What, be they dead, or hapt in some
Or mischief thee their master doth bes
Or lordly love hath cast thee in a tra

What, man, let's still be merry while
And take a truce with sorrow for a tin
The whilst we pass this weary winter's
In reading riddles, or in making rhy

WINKEN.

A woe's me, Gorbo, mirth is far awa
Nor may it sojourn with sad discontent
O! blame me not (to see this dismal
Then, though my poor heart it is pic

turn'd into a swan-like song,
becomes me drawing to my death,
, methinks, that every hour is long,
become a prison to my breath.

more lothsome than the cheerful light,
my night, when once appears the day :
if sun is odious to my sight,
me liketh, but the screech owl's lay.

GORBO.

if thou be that old Winken de Word,
shepherds wert the man alone, [board,
with laughter shook'st the shepherds
own madness lastly overthrown ?

on dost in thy declining age,
loofeness of thy youth art forty,
fore vow'st some solemn pilgrimage,
) Hayle's or (d) Patrick's purgatory.

we down under this hawthorn tree,
w's light shall lend us day enough,
tell of Gawen, or Sir Guy,
Hood, or of old Clem a Clough.

ie romant unto us areed,
shepherds taught thee in thy youth,
ords and ladies gentle deed,
ove, or of thy lass's truth.

WINKEN.

no, no, that world with me is past,
it, when we those toys might tell :
now as when thou saw'st me last,
schance me since that time befell.

ead, and in his grave is laid,
rt it, how my heart it grieveth !
fate, that so the time betray'd,
r joys untimely us depriveth.

GORBO.

n thy tender heart doth bleed ?
nat living was the shepherds pride :
death so merciless a deed,
done, and ill may him betide :

th he got, nor of much more can boast,
aid the utmost of her due,
receiv'd so dearly that him cost :
, his virtues did belong to you !

ou then incessantly complain,
he mean besit the wife in mourning :
all that, labour not in vain,
y fate prohibited returning.

WINKEN.

the best this present world affords,
our sorrows might be eas'ly cast,
is loss requireth more than words,
lightly can be overpast.

fair flocks he fed upon the downs,
if shepherd suffered not annoy :

cent pilgrimage in Gloucestershire, called the
of Hayle.
amous cave of Ireland.

Now are we subject to those beastly clowns,
That all our mirth would utterly destroy.

Long after he was shrowded in the earth,
The birds for sorrow did forbear to sing,
Shepherds forewent their wonted summer's mirth,
Winter therewith outwore a double spring.

That had not nature lastly call'd to mind
The near approaching of her own decay,
Things should have gone contrary unto kind,
And to the *Cbeas* all was like to sway.

The nymphs forbear in silver springs to look,
With sundry flowers to braid their yellow hair,
And to the deserts sadly them betook,
So much oppress'd, and overcome with care.

And for his sake the early wanton lambs,
That 'mongst the hillocks wont to skip and play,
Sadly ran bleating to their careful dams,
Nor would their soft lips to the udders lay,

The groves, the mountains, and the pleasant heath,
That wonted were with roundelay to ring,
Are blasted now with the cold northern breath,
That not a shepherd takes delight to sing.

Who would not die when Elphin now is gone ?
Living, that was the shepherds true delight.
With whose blest spirit (attending him alone)
Virtue to heaven directly took her flight.

Only from fools he from the world did fly, [bring,
Knowing the time strange monsters forth should
That should his lasting poetry deny,
His worth and honour rashly censuring :

Whilst he aloft with glorious wings is borne,
Singing with angels in the gorgeous sky,
Laughing even kings and their delights to scorn,
And all those sots that them do deify.

And, learned shepherd, thou to time shalt live,
When their false names are utterly forgotten,
And fame to thee eternity shall give,
When with their bones their sepulchres are rotten.

Nor mournful cypresses, nor sad widowing yew,
About thy tomb to prosper shall be seen,
But bay and myrtle which be ever new,
In spite of winter flourishing and green.

Summer's long'st day shall shepherds not suffice,
To fit and tell full stories of thy praise,
Nor shall the longest winter's night comprise
Their sighs for him, the subject of their lays.

And, gentle shepherds, (as sure some there be)
That living yet his virtues do inherit,
Men from base envy and detraction free,
Of upright hearts and of as humble spirit :

Thou, that down from the goodly western waste,
To drink at Avon driv'st thy fanned sheep.

P p ij

Good Melibœus, that so wisely hast
Guided the flocks deliver'd thee to keep,

Forget not Elphin; and thou gentle swain,
That dost thy pipe by silver Doven sound,
Alexis, that dost with thy flocks remain,
Far off within thy Caledonian ground,

Be mindful of that shepherd that is dead :
And thou too long that I to pipe have taught,
Unhappy Rowland, that from me art fled,
And fit't old Winken and his words at
nought;

And like a graceless and untutor'd lad,
Art now departed from my aged sight,
And need'st to the southern fields wilt gad,
Where thou dost live in thriftless vain delight;

'Thou wanton boy, as thou can'st pipe as well
As any he, a bagpipe that doth bear,
Still let thy rounds of that good shepherd tell,
'To whom thou hast been evermore so dear.

Many, you seeming, to excel in fame,
And say as they, that none can pipe so high,
Scorning well-near a shepherd's simple name,
So puff'd and blown with worldly vanity :

These, if an aged man may umpire be,
Whose pipes are well near worn out of his
hand,

The highest skill, that in their songs I see,
Scarce reach the base whereto his praises stand.

And all these toys that vainly you allure
Shall in the end no other garden have,
But living shall you mickle woe procure,
And lastly bring you to an unknown grave.

'Then, gentle shepherds, wheresoe'er you rest,
In hill or dale, whoever that you be,
Whether with love or worldly care oppress'd,
Or be you bond, or happy be free :

The closing evening 'ginning to be dark,
When as the small birds sing the sun to sleep,
You fold your lambs; or, with the early lark,
Into the fair fields drive your harmless sheep :

Still let your pipes be busied in his praise,
Until your flocks be learnt his loss to know,
And tattling echo many sundry ways
Be taught by you to warble forth our woe.

GORBO.

Cease, shepherd, cease, from future plaints re-
frain,

See but of one, how many do arise,
That by the tempest of my troubled brain,
The floods already swelling up mine eyes.

And now the sun beginneth to decline :
Whilst we in woes the time away do wear,
See where yon little moping lamb of mine
Itself hath tangled in a crawling brier.

ECLOGUE VII.

BATTE.

BORRIL, why sit'st thou musing in thy cote,
Like dreaming Merlin in his drowzy cell?
With too much learning doth the shepherd dot
Or art enchanted with some magic spell?
A hermit's life or mean'st thou to profess?
Or to thy beads fall like an anchorite's?

See how fair Flora decks our fields with flower
And clothes our groves in gawdy summer's green
And wanton Ver distils herself in showers
To hasten Ceres, harvest's hallowed queen,
Near-hand that in her yellow robe appears,
Crowning full summer with her ripen'd ears.

Now shepherds lay their winter weeds away,
And in neat jackets mimsen on the plains,
And at the rivers fishing day by day,
Now who so frolic as the shepherd swains?
Why lig'st thou here then in thy loathsome cave,
Like as a man put quick into his grave?

BORRIL.

Batte, my cote from tempest standeth free,
When stately towers been often shak'd with wind:
And wilt thou, Batte, come and sit with me,
The happy life here shalt thou only find,
Free from the world's vile and inconstant quakes,
And herry Pan with orizons and alms,

And scorn the crowd of such as cog for pence,
And waste their wealth in sinful bravery,
Whose gain is lost, whose thrift is lewd expense,
Content to live in golden slavery,
Wond'ring at toys, as foolish wordlings do
Like to the dog that barketh at the moon?

Here may'st thou range the goodly pleasant field
And search out simples to procure thy heal,
What sundry virtues, sundry herbs do yield,
'Gainst grief which may thy sheep or thee assail:
Here may'st thou hunt the little harmless hare,
Or laugh t'entrap false Reynard in a snare.

Or if thee please in antique romances read
Of gentle lords and ladies that of yore,
In foreign lands did many a famous deed,
And been renown'd from east to western shore,
Or shepherds kill i'th' course of heaven to know,
When this star falls, when that itself doth shew.

BATTE.

Shepherd, these things been all too coy for me.
Whole youth is spent in jollity and mirth,
Sike hidden arts been better fitting thee,
Whose days are fast declining to the earth :
May'st thou suppose that I shall e'er endure
To follow that no pleasure can procure?

These been for such them votaries do make
And do accept the mantle and the ring,
And the long night continually do wake,
Musing themselves how they to heaven may bring.

That whisper still of sorrow in their bed,
And do despise both love and lustyhead.

Like to the cur with anger well near wood,
Who makes his kennel in the ox's stall,
And snarleth when he seeth him take his food,
And yet his chaps can chew no hay at all :
Borril, even so it with thy state doth fare,
And with all those that such like wizards are.

BORRIL.

Sharp is the thorn soon I perceive by thee,
Bitter the blossom when the fruit is four,
And early crook'd that will a carcock be ;
Loud is the wind before a stormy shower :
Pity thy wit should be so much misled,
And thus ill-guided by a giddy head.

Ah, foolish elf, I at thy madness grieve,
That art abus'd by thy lewd brain-sick will,
'Those hidden baits that canst not yet perceive,
Nor find the cause that breedeth all thy ill,
'Thou think'st all gold, that hath a golden
show,
But art deceiv'd, and that I truly know.

Such one art thou, as is the little fly,
Who is so crowe and game some with the flame,
'Till with her bus'ness and her nicety.
Her nimble wings are scorched with the same :
Then falls she down with piteous buzzing note,
And in the fire doth singe her mourning coat.

BATTLE.

Alas, goodman, thou now begin'st to rave,
Thy wits do err and miss the cushion quite,
Because thy head is gray, and words be grave,
Thou think'st thereby to draw me from delight ;
Tush, I am young, nor sadly can I sit,
But must do all that youth and love besit.

Thy back is crook'd, thy knees do bend for age,
Whilst I am swift and nimble as the roe ;
Thou, like a bird, art shut up in a cage,
And in the fields I wander to and fro ;
Thou must do penance for thy old misdeeds,
On the world's joys the whilst my fancy feeds.

Say what thou canst, yet me it shall not let :
For why, my fancy straineth me so fore,
That day and night my mind is wholly set,
How to enjoy, and please my paramour :
Only on love I set my whole delight,
The summer's day, and all the winter's night.

That pretty Cupid, little god of love,
Whose imp'd wings with speckled plumes are
dight,
Who woundeth men below, and gods above,
Roving at random with his feather'd flight :
Whilst lovely Venus stands to give the aim,
Smiling to see her wanton bantling's game.

Upon my staff his statue will I carve,
His bow and quiver on his winged back ;
His forked heads for such as them deserve,
And not of his one implement shall lack,

And in her coach fair Cypria set above,
Drawn with a swan, a sparrow, and a dove.

And under them Thibbe of Babylon,
With Cleopatra Egypt's chief renown,
Phillis that dy'd for love of Demophon,
And lovely Dido, queen of Carthage town :
Who ever held god Cupid's laws so dear,
'To whom we offer sacrifice each year.

BORRIL.

A wilful boy, thy folly now I find,
And it is hard a fool's talk to endure,
Thou art as deaf, as thy poor god is blind,
Such as the faint, such is the servitor.
Then of this love wilt please thee hear a
song,
That's to the purpose, though it be not long ?

BATTLE.

Borril, sing on, I pray thee, let us hear,
That I may laugh to see thee shake thy beard ;
But take heed, shepherd, that thy voice be clear,
Or (by my hood) thou'lt make us all afraid ;
Or 'tis a doubt that thou wilt fright our
flocks,
When they shall hear thee bark so like a fox.

BORRIL.

Now, lie upon thee, wayward love,
Woe to Venus which did nurse thee,
Heaven and earth thy plagues do prove,
Gods and men have cause to curse thee !
What art thou but th' extremest madness,
Nature's first and only error,
'That consum'st our days in sadness,
By the mind's continual terror :
Walking in Cymmerian blindness,
In thy courses void of reason,
In thy trust the highest treason ?
Sharp reproof thy only kindness,
Both the nymph and ruder swain,
Vexing with continual anguish,
Which dost make the old complain,
And the young to pine and languish :
Who thee keeps his care doth urse,
'That seducest all to folly,
Blessing, bitterly dost curse,
Tending to destruction wholly.
Thus of thee as I began,
So again, I make an end :
Neither god, neither man,
Neither fairy, neither fiend.

BATTLE.

Now surely, shepherd, here's a goodly song,
Upon my word, I never heard a worse ;
Away, old fool, and learn to rule thy tongue,
I would thy clap were shut up in my purse.
It is thy life, if thou may'st foid and brawl,
Though in thy words there be no wit at all.

And for the wrong that thou to love hast done,
I will revenge it, and defer no time,
And in this manner as thou hast begun,
I will recite thee a substantial rhyme ;
That to thy teeth sufficiently shall prove,
There is no power to be compar'd to love.

BORRIL.

Come on, good boy, I pray thee let us hear,
Much will be said, and ne'er a whit the near.

BATTE.

What is love, but the desire
Of that thing the fancy pleaseth?
A holy and resistless fire,
Weak and strong, alike that ceaseth,
Which not heaven hath power to let,
Nor wise nature cannot smother.
Whereby Phœbus doth beget
On the universal mother,
That the everlasting chain,
Which together all things ty'd,
And unmov'd doth them retain,
And by which they shall abide:
That consent we clearly find,
Which doth things together draw,
And so strong in every kind,
Subjecs them to nature's law,
Whose high virtue number teaches,
In which every thing doth move,
From the lowest depth that reaches,
To the height of heaven above:
Harmony that wisely found,
When the cunning hand doth strike,
Whereas every amorous sound
Sweetly marries with the like.
The tender cattle scarcely take
From their dams the fields to prove,
But each seeketh out a mate;
Nothing lives that doth not love:
Not so much as but the plant,
As nature every thing doth pair.
By if it the male do want,
Doth dislike and will not bear.
Nothing then is like to love,
In the which all creatures be,
From it ne'er let me remove,
Nor let it remove from me.

BORRIL.

Remove from thee? Alas, poor silly lad,
Too soon shalt thou be weary of thy guest:
For where he rules, no reason can be had,
That is an open enemy to rest:
I grieve to think, ere many years be spent,
How much thou shalt thy time in love repent.

BATTE.

Gramercy, Borril, for thy company,
For all thy jests, and all thy merry bourds,
Upon thy judgment much I shall rely,
Because I find such wisdom in thy words:
Would I might watch, whenever thou dost
ward,
So much thy love and friendship I regard.

ECLOGUE VIII.

PERKIN.

Envy me, Gorbo, yet we meet at last,
Thirteen months since I the shepherd saw,

Methinks thou look'st as thou wert much aghast,
What is't so much that should thy courage awe?

What, man? have patience, wealth will come
and go,
And to the end the world shall ebb and flow.

The valiant man, whose thoughts be firmly plac'd
And sees sometime how fortune lifts to rage;
That by her frown he would not be disgrac'd,
By wisdom his straight actions so doth gage,
That when she fawns, and turns her squinting eye
He laughs to scorn her loose inconstancy.

When as the cullian, and the viler clown,
That like the swine on draff sets his desire,
Feeling the tempest, sadly lays him down,
Whilst that blind strumpet treads him in the mire:
Yet talking weal, the beast will quickly bray,
But feeling woe, as soon consumes away.

GORBO.

Perkin, I thy philosophy approve,
And know who well hath learn'd her sacred ways,
The storms of fortune not so easily move,
With her high precepts arm'd at all assays,
When other folk her force may not endure,
Because they want that med'cine for their cure.

Yet altogether blam'd let me not pass,
Though often I, and worthily admire,
Wife men disgrac'd, and the barbarous ass
Unto high place and dignity aspire:
What should I say, that fortune is to blame?
Or unto what should I impute the shame?

PERKIN.

Why, she is queen here of this world below,
That at her pleasure all things doth dispose,
And blind, her gifts as blindly doth bestow,
Yet where she raises, still she overthrows:
Therefore her emblem is a turning wheel,
From whose high top the high fool's downward reel.

Gave she her gifts to virtuous men and wife,
She would confirm this worldly state so sure,
That very babes her godhead would despise,
Nor longer here her government endure:
But she may give from whom she ever takes,
Fools she may mar, for fools she ever makes.

For her own sake we wisdom must esteem,
And not how other basely her regard:
For howsoe'er disgrac'd she doth seem,
Yet she her own is able to reward,
And none are so essentially high,
As those that on her bounty do rely.

GORBO.

O but, good shepherd, tell me where been they,
That as a god did virtue so adore?
And for her imps did with such care purvey
Ah, but in vain, their want we do deplore,
Long time since swaddled in their winding sheet:
And she, I think, is buried at their feet.

PERKIN.

Nay, stay, good Gorbo, virtue is not dead,
Nor been her friends gone all that would her feed;

nymph for succour she is fled,
 her doth cherish, and most holdeth dear,
 sweet bosom she hath built her nest,
 from the world, there doth she live at rest

that nymph, on that great western waste
 as far whiter than the driven snow,
 herde's clear (a) Willy's bank that grac'd,
 them both for pureness doth out-go :
 hom all shepherds dedicate their lays,
 in her altars offer up their bays.

metime she to that shepherd was,
 for piping never had his peer,
 that did all other swains surpass,
 in she was of living things most dear,
 in his death-bed by his latest will,
 he bequeath'd the secrets of his skill.

GORBO.

yet hope then in their weaker kind,
 be some, poor shepherds that respect :
 'ld else universally inclin'd
 an inconsiderate neglect,
 he rude times their ord'rous matter sing
 as sacred and once hallowed spring.

be weak, and subject most to change,
 to any can they steadfast be,
 their eyes, their minds do ever range,
 every object varying that they see :
 'st thou in them that possibly can live,
 a nature most denieth them to give?

is the steadfastness of those
 in even nature wills us to rely,
 that the elements compose,
 he state of all mortality,
 as the humour in the blood doth move,
 do hate, what they did lately love.

reat Olcon, which a Phœbus seem'd,
 all good shepherds gladly flock'd about,
 god of Rowland was esteem'd,
 his praise drew all the rural rout :
 after Rowland, as it had been Pan,
 so Olcon every shepherd ran.

rsakes the herd-groom and his flocks,
 as bag-pipes takes at all no keep,
 as stern wolf and deceitful fox
 the poor shepherd and his harmless sheep,
 all those rhymes that he of Olcon sung,
 vain disgrac'd, participate his wrong.

PERKIN.

re the world's distemp'rature is such,
 made blind by her deceitful shew,
 true in their weaker sex is much,
 in them much the muses owe,
 raising some may happily inflame,
 in time with liking of the same.

two sisters most discreetly wise,
 ue's he'st religious obey,

er running by Wilton, near to the plain of Sa-

Whose praise my skill is wanting to comprize,
 Th'eld'st of which is that good Panape,
 In shady (a) Arden her dear flock that keeps,
 Where mournful Ankor for her sickness weeps.

The younger then, her sister not less good,
 Bred where the other lately doth abide,
 Modest Idea, flower of womanhood,
 That Rowland hath to highly deify'd :
 Whom Phœbus' daughters worthily prefer,
 And give their gifts abundantly to her.

Driving her flocks up to the fruitful (b) Meene,
 Which daily looks upon the lovely Slowre,
 Near to that (c) vale, which of all vales is queen,
 Lastly, forsaking of her former bow'r :
 And of all places holdeth Cotswold dear,
 Which now is proud, because she lives it near.

Then is dear Sylvia one the best alive,
 That once in (d) Moreland by the silver Trent,
 Her harmless flocks as harmlessly did drive,
 But now allured to the fields of Kent :
 The faithfullest nymph wherever that she won,
 That at this day doth live under the sun.

Near (e) Ravensburn in cottage low she lies,
 There now content her calm repose to take,
 The perfect clearness of whose lovely eyes
 Hath oft enforc'd the shepherds to forsake
 Their flocks, and folds, and on her set their keep,
 Yet her chaste thought's still settled on her
 sheep.

Then that dear nymph that in the muses joys,
 That in wild (f) Charnwood with her flocks
 doth go,
 Mirtilla, sister to those hopeful boys,
 My loved Thyrsis, and sweet Palmeo :
 That oft to (g) Soar the southern shepherds
 bring,
 Of whose clear waters they divinely sing.

So good she is, so good likewise they be,
 As none to her might brother be but they,
 Nor none a sister unto them, but she,
 To them for wit few like, I dare will say :
 In them as nature truly meant to show,
 How near the first, she in the last could go.

GORBO.

Shepherd, their praise thou dost so clearly sing,
 That even when groves their nightingales shall
 want,
 Nor valleys heard with rural notes to ring :
 And every where when shepherds shall be scant :
 Their names shall live from memory unrast'd,
 Of many a nymph and gentle shepherd prais'd.

(a) A river in the confines of Warwick and Leicester-shire, in some parts dividing the shires.

(b) A mountain near Cotswold.

(c) The vale of Epsom.

(d) A part of St. Edmund's, famous for breeding cattle.

(e) A river falling at Dartford into the Thames.

(f) A forest in Leicestershire.

(g) A river under the name of Soar.

BORRIL.

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Much will be said, and ne'er a whit the near.

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Of that thing the fancy pleaseth?
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So much thy love and friendship I regard.

ECLOGUE VIII.

PERKIN.

In love me, Gorbo, yet we meet at last,
This many a month since I the shepherd saw,

Methinks thou look'st as thou wert dead
What is't so much that should thy eyes
What, man? have patience, wait
and go,

And to the end the world shall abide

The valiant man, whose thoughts be free
And sees sometime how fortune lifts us
That by her frowns he would not be
By wisdom his straight actions so doth
That when she fawns, and turns her face
He laughs to scorn her loose inclinations

When as the cullian, and the viler clown
That like the swine on driff sets his
Feeling the tempest, sadly lays him down
Whilst that blind sturmpet treads him in
Yet tasting woe, the beast will quide
But feeling woe, as soon consumes as

GORBO.

Perkin, I thy philosophy approve,
And know who well hath learn'd her
The storms of fortune not so eas'ly move
With her high precepts arm'd at all
When other folk her force may not
Because they want that med'cine for

Yet altogether blam'd let me not pass,
Though often I, and worthily admire,
Wise men disgraced, and the barbarous
Unto high place and dignity aspire:

What should I say, that fortune is to blame
Or unto what should I impute the shame

PERKIN.

Why, she is queen here of this world below
That at her pleasure all things doth dispose
And blind, her gifts as blindly doth bestow
Yet where she raises, still she overthroweth
Therefore her emblem is a turning wheel
From whose high top the high fool
ward reel.

Gave she her gifts to virtuous men and
She would confirm this worldly state so
That very babes her godhead would denie
Nor longer here her government endure
Best she may give from whom she ever
Fools she may mar, for fools she ever

For her own sake we wisdom must esteem
And not how other basely her regard:
For howsoever disgraced she doth seem,
Yet she her own is able to reward,
And none are so essentially high,
As those that on her bounty do rely.

GORBO.

O but, good shepherd, tell me where be
That as a god did virtue so adore?
And for her imps did with such care pur
Ah, but in vain, their want we do deplore
Long time since swaddled in their winding
And she, I think, is buried at their feet

PERKIN.

Nay, stay, good Gorbo, virtue is not dead,
Nor been her friends gone all that wanted

nymph for succour she is fled,
 nor doth cherish, and most holdeth dear,
 'sweet bosom she hath built her nest,
 from the world, there doth she live at rest

hat nymph, on that great western waste
 ks far whiter than the driven snow,
 herdeſs clear (a) Willy's shanks that grac'd,
 them both for pureneſs doth out-go :
 hom all ſhepherds dedicate their lays,
 in her altars offer up their bays.

netime ſhe to that ſhepherd was,
 for piping never had his peer,
 hat did all other ſwains ſurpaſs,
 n ſhe was of living things moſt dear,
 n his death-bed by his lateſt will,
 r bequeath'd the ſecrets of his ſkill.

GORBO.

yet hope then in their weaker kind,
 re be ſome, poor ſhepherds that reſpect :
 Id elſe univerſally inclin'd
 an inconfiderate neglect,
 he rude times their ord'rous matter ſling
 ic ſacred and once hallowed ſpring.

be weak, and ſubject moſt to change,
 to any can they ſtedfaſt be,
 heir eyes, their minds do ever range,
 ry object varying that they ſee :
 't thou in them that poſſibly can live,
 nature moſt denieth them to give?

is the ſtedfaſtneſs of thoſe
 n even nature wills us to rely,
 : that the elements compoſe,
 he ſtate of all mortality,
 is the humour in the blood doth move,
 do hate, what they did lately love.

eat Olcon, which a Phœbus ſeem'd,
 ll good ſhepherds gladly flock'd about,
 god of Rowland was eſteem'd,
 his praiſe drew all the rural rout :
 ter Rowland, as it had been Pan,
 o Olcon every ſhepherd ran.

rfakes the herd-groom and his flocks,
 is bag-pipes takes at all no keep,
 e ſtern wolf and deceitful fox
 re poor ſhepherd and his harmleſs ſheep,
 ll thoſe rhymes that he of Olcon ſung,
 ain diſgrac'd, participate his wrong.

PERKIN.

ce the world's diſtemp'rature is ſuch,
 made blind by her deceitful ſhew,
 tue in their weaker ſex is much,
 in them much the muſes owe,
 raiſing ſome may happily inflame,
 in time with liking of the ſame.

two ſiſters moſt diſcreetly wiſe,
 ue's heſts religious obey,

er running by Wilton, near to the plain of Sa-

Whoſe praiſe my ſkill is wanting to comprife,
 Th' eld'ſt of which is that good Panape,
 In ſhady (a) Arden her dear flock that keeps,
 Where mournful Ankor for her ſickneſs weeps.

The younger then, her ſiſter not leſs good,
 Bred where the other lately doth abide,
 Modeſt Idea, flower of womanhood,
 That Rowland hath ſo highly deify'd :
 Whom Phœbus' daughters worthily prefer,
 And give their gifts abundantly to her.

Driving her flocks up to the fruitful (b) Meene,
 Which daily looks upon the lovely Sower,
 Near to that (c) vale, of whole all vales is queen,
 Laſtly, forſaking of her former bow'r :
 And of all places holdeth Cotſwold dear,
 Which now is proud, becauſe ſhe lives it near.

Then is dear Sylvia one the beſt alive,
 That once in (d) Moreland by the ſilver Trent,
 Her harmleſs flocks as harmleſsly did drive,
 But now allured to the fields of Kent :
 The faithfull'ſt nymph wherever that ſhe won,
 That at this day doth live under the ſun.

Near (e) Ravensburn in cottage low ſhe lies,
 There now content her calm repoſe to take,
 The perfect clearneſs of whole lovely eyes
 Hath oft enforc'd the ſhepherds to forſake
 Their flocks, and folds, and on her ſet their keep,
 Yet her chaſte thought's ſtill ſettled on her
 ſheep.

Then that dear nymph that in the muſes joys,
 That in wild (f) Charnwood with her flocks
 doth go,
 Mirtilla, ſiſter to thoſe hopeful boys,
 My loved Thyriſis, and ſweet Palmco :
 That oft to (g) Soar the ſouthern ſhepherds
 bring,
 Of whole clear waters they divinely ſing.

So good ſhe is, ſo good likewise they be,
 As none to her might brother be but they,
 Nor none a ſiſter unto them, but ſhe,
 To them for wit ſew like, I dare will ſay :
 In them as nature truly meant to ſhow,
 How near the firſt, ſhe in the laſt could go.

GORBO.

Shepherd, their praiſe thou doſt ſo clearly ſing,
 That even when groves their nightingales ſhall
 want,
 Nor valleys heard with rural notes to ring :
 And every where when ſhepherds ſhall be ſcant :
 Their names ſhall live from memory unraz'd,
 Of many a nymph and gentle ſhepherd prais'd.

(a) A river in the confines of Warwick and Leiceſter-ſhire, in ſome parts dividing the ſhores.

(b) A mountain near Cotſwold.

(c) The vale of Eſſex.

(d) A part of St. Edmund's, famous for breeding cattle.

(e) A river riſing at Dartford into the Thames.

(f) A ſore in Leiceſterſhire.

(g) A river under the name of Trent.

ECLOGUE IX.

LATE 'twas in June, the fleece when fully grown,
In the full compass of the passed year,
The season well by skilful shepherds known,
That them provide immediately to shear.

Their lambs late wax'd so lusty and so strong,
That time did them their mothers teats forbid,
And in the fields the common flocks among,
Eat of the same grafs that the greater did.

When not a shepherd any thing that could,
But greaz'd his flart-ups black as autumn floc,
And for the better credit of the wold,
In their fresh rustlets every one doth go.

Who now a posie pins not in his cap?
And not a garland baldrick-wise doth wear?
Some, of such flowers as to his hand doth hap;
Others, such as a secret meaning bear:

He from his lufs him lavender hath sent,
Shewing her love, and doth requital crave,
Him rosemary his sweet-heart, whose intent
Is that he her should in remembrance have.

Roses, his youth and strong desire exprefs;
Her sage, doth shew his sov'reignty in all;
The July-flower declares his gentleness;
'Thyme, truth; the pansie, heart's-ease maidens call:

In cotes such simples, simply in request,
Wherewith proud courts in greatness scorn to mell,
For country toys become the country best,
And please poor shepherds, and become them well.

When the new-wash'd flock from the river's side,
Coming as white as January's snow,
The ram with nosegays bears his horns in pride,
And no less brave the bell-wether doth go.

After their fair flocks in a lusty rout,
Came the gay swains with bag-pipes strongly blown,
And busied, though this solemn sport about,
Yet had each one an eye unto his own.

And by the ancient statutes of the field,
He that his flocks the earliest lamb should bring,
(As it fell out then, Rowland's charge to yield)
Always for that year was the shepherds king.

And soon preparing for the shepherds board,
Upon a green that curiously was squar'd,
With country cates be'ng plentifully stor'd:
And 'gainst their coming handsomely prepar'd.

New whig, with water from the clearest stream,
Green plumbs, and wildings, cherries chief of feast,
Fresh cheese, and dowsets, curds, and clouted cream,
Spic'd syllibubs, and cyder of the best:

And to the same down solemnly they sit,
In the fresh shadow of their summer bowers,
With sundry sweets them every way to fit,
Their neighb'ring vale despoiled of her flowers.

And whilst together merry thus they make,
The sun to west a little 'gan to lean,
Which the late fervour soon again did flake,
When as the nymphs came forth upon the plain.

Here might you many a shepherdess have seen,
Of which no place, as Cotswold, such doth yield
Some of it native, some for love I ween,
Thither were come from many a fertile field.

There was the widow's daughter of the glen,
Dear Rosalynd, that scarcely brook'd compare,
The moorland-maiden, so admir'd of men,
Bright Goldy-Locks, and Phillida the fair.

Lettice and Parnel, pretty lovely peats,
Cuisse of the fold, the virgin of the well,
Fair Ambry with the alabaster teats,
And more, whose names were here too long to tell.

Which now came forward following the
sheep,

Their bating flocks on grassy leas to hold,
Thereby from skathe and peril them to keep,
Till evening come, that it were time to fold.

When now, at last, as lik'd the shepherds king
(At whose command they all obedient were)
Was pointed, who the roundelay should sing,
And who again the under-song should bear.

The first whereof he Batte doth bequeath.
A wittier wag on all the wold's not found,
Gorbo, the man, that him should sing beneath,
Which his loud bag-pipe skilfully could sound.

Who amongst all the nymphs that were in sight,
Batte his dainty Daffadil there mist,
Which, to inquire of, doing all his might,
Him his companion kindly doth assist.

BATTE.

Gorbo, as thou cam'st this way,
By yonder little hill,
Or, as thou, through the fields did stray,
Saw'st thou my Daffadil?

She's in a frock of Lincoln green,
Which colour likes her sight,
And never hath her beauty seen,
But through a veil of white.

Than roses richer to behold,
That trim up lovers bowers,
The pansie and the marigold,
Though Phœbus' paramours.

Gorbo. Thou well describ'st the daffadil,
It is not full an hour,
Since by the spring, near yonder hill,
I saw that lovely flower.

. Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet,
 ws of her didst bring,
 t my Daffadil's more sweet
 hat by yonder spring.

. I saw a shepherd that doth keep
 ler field of lilies,
 aking (as he fed his sheep)
 th of daffadillies.

. Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still,
 wer thou didst not see;
 ow, my pretty Daffadil
 of none but me.

itself but near her seat
 is so bold,
 to shade her from the heat,
 p her from the cold.

. Through yonder vale as I did pass,
 ling from the hill,
 smerking bonny lass,
 all her Daffadil:

presence, as along she went,
 etty flowers did greet,
 igh their heads they downward bent,
 omage to her feet.

the shepherds that were nigh,
 op of every hill,
 ie vallies loud did cry,
 goes sweet Daffadil.

e shepherd, now with joy
 ll my flocks doth fill,
 she alone, kind shepherd boy,
 to Daffadil.

turns and quaintness of the song,
 t occasion whereupon 'twas rais'd,
 his jolly company among,
 could well judge) highly that not prais'd.

otto next with Perkin pay their debt,
 'land-maiden Sylvia that espy'd,
 other nymphs a little that was set,
 valley by a river's side.

v'reign flowers her sweetness well ex-
 cels'd,
 ur'd sight a little not them mov'd:
 their song they reverently address'd,
 er loving, both of her below'd.

. Tell me, thou skilful shepherd swain,
 yonder in the valley set?
 in. O! it is she, whose sweets do stain
 y, rose, the violet.

. Why doth the sun against his kind,
 s bright chariot in the skies?
 in. He pauseth, almost stricken blind,
 azing on her heavenly eyes.

Motto. Why do thy flocks forbear their food,
 Which sometime was their chief delight?

Perkin. Because they need no other good,
 That live in presence of her sight.

Motto. How come those flowers to flourish
 still,
 Not withering with sharp winter's breath?
Perkin. She hath robb'd nature of her skill,
 And comforts all things with her breath.

Motto. Why slide these brooks so slow away,
 As swift as the wild roe that were?
Perkin. O! muse not shepherd that they stay,
 When they her heavenly voice do hear.

Motto. From whence come all those goodly
 swains,
 And lovely girls attir'd in green?
Perkin. From gathering garlands on the plains,
 To crown thy Syl: our shepherds queen.

Motto. The sun that lights this world below,
 Flocks, brooks, and flowers can witness bear.
Perkin. These shepherds, and these nymphs do
 know,
 Thy Sylvia is as chaste as fair.

Lastly, it came unto the clownish king,
 Who, to conclude this shepherds yearly feast,
 Bound as the rest, his roundelay to sing,
 As all the other him were to assist.

When she (whom then they little did expect,
 The fairest nymph that ever kept in field)
 Idea did her sober pace direct
 Towards them, with joy that every one beheld.

And whereas oth'r drave their careful keep,
 Hers did her follow duly at her will,
 For, through her patience she had learnt her sheep,
 Where'er she went, to wait upon her still.

A milk-white dove upon her hand she brought,
 So tame, 'twould go, returning at her call,
 About whose neck was in a collar wrought,
Only like me, my mistress bath no gall.

To whom her swain (unworthy though he were)
 Thus unto her his roundelay applies,
 To whom the rest the under part did bear,
 Casting upon her their still longing eyes.

Rowland. Of her pure eyes (that now is seen,) *Chorus.* Come, let us sing, ye faithful swains.
Rowland. O! she alone the shepherds queen.
Chorus. Her flock that leads,
 The goddess of these meads,
 The mountains and these plains.

Rowland. Those eyes of hers that are more clear,
Chorus. Than can poor shepherds songs express:
Rowland. They be his beams that rules the year,
Chorus. Fie on that praise,
 In striving things to raise:
 That doth but make them less.

Rowland. That do the flow'ry spring prolong.

Chorus. So all things in her sight do joy,

Rowland. And keeps the plenteous summer young:

Chorus. And do assuage

The wrathful winter's rage,
That would our flocks annoy.

Rowland. Jove saw her breast that naked lay,

Chorus. A sight most fit for Jove to see:

Rowland. And swore it was the milky way,

Chorus. Of all most pure,
The path (we us assure)
To his bright court to be.

Rowland. He saw her tresses hanging down,

Chorus. That moved with the gentle air,

Rowland. And said that Ariadne's crown

Chorus. With those compar'd,
The gods should not regard,
Nor Berenice's hair.

Rowland. When she hath watch'd my flocks by night,

Chorus. O happy flocks that she did keep,

Rowland. They never needed Cynthia's light,

Chorus. That soon gave place,
Amazed with her grace,
That did attend thy sheep.

Rowland. Above, where heaven's high glories are,

Chorus. When she is placed in the skies,

Rowland. She shall be call'd the shepherds star.

Chorus. And evermore,
We shepherds will adore
Her sitting and her rise.

ECLOGUE X.

WHAT time the weary weather-beaten sheep,
To get them fodder, hie them to the fold,
And the poor herds that lately did them keep,
Shudder'd with keenness of the winter's cold:
The groves of their late summer pride forlorn,
In mossy mantles sadly seem'd to mourn.

That silent time, about the upper world,
Phœbus had forc'd his fiery-footed team,
And down again the steep Olympus whirl'd
To wash his chariot in the western stream,
In night's black shade, when Rowland all alone,
Thus him complains his fellow shepherd's gone.

You flames, quoth he, wherewith thou heaven art
dight,
That me (alive) the woful'st creature view,
You, whose aspects have wrought me this despite
And me with hate yet ceaselessly pursue,
For whom too long I tarried for relief,
Now ask but death, that only ends my grief.

Yearly my vows, O heavens, have I not paid,
Of the best fruits, and firtilings of my flock?
And oftentimes have bitterly inveig'd

'Gainst them that you profanely dar'd to me
O, who shall ever give what is your due
If mortal man be uprighter than you?

If the deep sighs of an afflicted breast,
O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, or th' erected
Of a poor wretch with miseries oppress'd,
For whose complaints, tears never could sit
Have not the power your deities to move
Who shall e'er look for succour from ab

O night, how still obsequious have I been,
To thy flow silence whispering in thine ear
That thy pale sovereign often hath been so
Stay to behold me sadly from her sphere,
Whilst the flow minutes duly I have toke
With watchful eyes attending on my fol

How oft by thee the solitary swain,
Breathing his passion to the early spring,
Hath left to hear the nightingale complain,
Pleasing his thoughts alone to hear me sing
The nymphs forsook their places of abode
To hear the sounds that from my music

To purge their springs, and sanctify their g
The simple shepherds learned I the mean,
And sov'reign simples to their use I found,
Their teeming ewes to help when they did
Which when again in summer time the
Their wealthy fleece my cunning did de

In their warm cotes, whilst they have found
And pass'd the night in many a pleasant bed
On the bleak mountains I their flocks have
And bid the brunt of many a cruel shower
Warring with beasts, in safety mine to ke
So true was I, and careful of my sheep.

Fortune and time, why tempted you me so
With those your flattering promises of good
Fickle, so falsely to abuse my worth,
And now to fly me, whom I did embrace?
Both that at first encourag'd my desire,
Lastly against me lewdly do conspire.

Or nature, didst thou prodigally waste
Thy gifts on me unfortunatest swain,
Only thereby to have thyself disgrac'd?
Virtue, in me why wert thou plac'd in vain
If to the world predestined a prey,
Thou wert too good to have been cast a

There's not a grove that wond'ring not my
Nor not a river weeps not at my tale,
I hear the echoes (wandering to and fro)
Resound my grief through every hill and d
The birds and beasts yet in their kind
Lament for me, no pity else that find.

None else there is gives comfort to my grief
Nor my mishaps amended with my moan.
When heaven and earth have shut up all their
Nor care avails what cruel'st now is grown
And tears I find do bring no other good
But as new showers increase the falling d

When on an old tree, under which e'er now
He many a merry roundelay had sung,
Upon a leafless canker-eaten bough
His well tun'd bag-pipe carelessly he hung :
And by the same, his sheep-hook, once of price,
That had been carv'd with many a rare de-
vice.

He call'd his dog, (that sometime had the praise)
Whitfoot, well known to all that keep the plain,
That many a wolf had worried in his days,
A better cur there never followed swain ;
Which, though at he his master's sorrows knew,
Wag'd his cut tail, his wretched plight to rue.

Poor cur, quoth he, and him therewith did stroke ;
Go to our cote, and there thyself repose,
Thou with thine age, my heart with sorrow broke.
Be gone, e'er death my restless eyes do close,
The time is come thou must thy master leave,
Whom the vile world shall never more deceive,

With folded arms thus hanging down his head,
He gave a groan, his heart in sunder cleft,
And as a stone, already seem'd dead,
Before his breath was fully him bereft :
The faithful swain here lastly made an end,
Whom all good shepherds ever shall defend,

T H R

MUSES ELYSIUM.

To the Right Honourable

EDWARD EARL OF DORSET,

Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, of his Majesty's Privy Council, and Lord Chamberlain to her Majesty.

My most honoured Lord,

I HAVE ever found that constancy in your favours, since your first acknowledging of me, that their durableness have now made me one of your family, and I am become happy in the title to be called yours: that for retribution, could I have found a fitter way to publish your bounties, my thankfulness before this might have found it out; I crave of your Lordship the patronage of my Elysium, which, if the Muse fail me not, shall not be altogether unworthy of your protection. I have often

adventured upon desperate untrodden ways, which hath drawn some severe censures upon many of my labours; but that neither hath, nor can now trouble me. The Divine Poems in this small volume inserted, I consecrate to your religious Catechis, my most worthy lady. And so I rest

The honourer of you, and your noble family,

M. DRAYTON.

THE

DESCRIPTION OF ELYSIUM.

ADISE on earth is found,
far from vulgar sight,
with those pleasures doth abound
Elysium hight.

in delights that never fade,
uses lulled be,
at pleasure in the shade
y a stately tree,

no rough tempest makes to reel,
air strait bodies bows,
sooty tops do never feel
sight of winter's snows;

es that evermore are green,
ng leaf is there,
ilomel (of birds the queen)
c spends the year.

rl upon her myrtle perch
o the mavis sings,
om the top of some curl'd berch
notes redoubled rings;

laifies damask every place,
ce their beauties lose,
hen proud Phæbus hides his face
lves they scorn to close.

rfy and the violet heave,
ing to descend,
om one root, a very pair,
etnefs do contend,

inting to a pink to tell
bears it, it is loath
g it; but replies, for smell
exceeds them both;

with displeas'd they hang their heads,
y soon they grow,
m their odorous beds
vectors at it they throw.

The winter here a summer is,
No waste is made by time,
Nor doth the autumn ever miss
The blossoms of the prime.

The flower that July forth doth bring
In April here is seen,
The primrose that puts on the spring
In July decks each green.

The sweets for sov'reignty contend,
And so abundant be,
That to the very earth they lend,
And bark of every tree.

Rills rising out of every bank,
In wild meanders strain,
And playing many a wanton prank
Upon the speckled plain,

In gambols and lascivious gyres
Their time they still bestow,
Nor to their fountains none retires,
Nor on their course will go.

Those brooks with lilies bravely deck'd,
So proud and wanton made,
That they their courses quite neglect,
And seem as though they staid.

Fair Flora in her state to view
Which through those lilies looks,
Or as those lilies lean'd to shew
Their beauties to the brooks;

That Phæbus in his lofty race
Oft lays aside his beams,
And comes to cool his glowing face
In these delicious streams;

Oft spreading vines climb up the cleaves,
Whose ripen'd clusters there
Their liquid purple drop, which drives
A vintage through the year;

Those cleaves whose craggy sides are clad
With trees of sundry suits,
Which make continual summer glad,
Even bending with their fruits,

Some rip'ning, ready some to fall,
Some blossom'd, some to bloom,
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall
Of some rich princely room :

Pomegranates, lemons, citrons, so
Their laded branches bow,
Their leaves in number that outgo,
Nor roomth will them allow.

There in perpetual summer's shade,
Apollo's prophets sit,
Among the flowers that never fade,
But flourish like their wit.

To whom the nymphs upon their lyres
Tune many a curious lay,
And with their most melodious quires
Make short the longest day.

The thrice three virgins heavenly clear,
Their trembling timbrels sound,
Whilst the three comely graces there
Dance many a dainty round.

Decay nor age there nothing knows,
There is continual youth,
As time on plant or creatures grows,
So still their strength renew'th.

The poets paradise this is,
To which but few can come ;
The Muses only bower of bliss,
Their dear Elysium.

Here happy souls, (their blessed bowers,
Free from the rude resort
Of beastly people) spend the hours
In harmless mirth and sport.

Then on to the Elysian plains
Apollo doth invite you,
Where he provides with pastoral strains,
In nymphals to delight you.

NYMPHAL. I.

RODOPE, DORIDA.

This nymphal of delights doth treat,
Choice beauties, and proportions neat,
Of curious shapes and dainty features
Describ'd in two most perfect creatures.

WHEN Phoebus with a face of mirth
Had slung abroad his beams,
To blanch the bosom of the earth,
And glaze the gliding streams ;
Within a goodly myrtle grove,
Upon that hallow'd day
The nymphs to that bright queen of love
Their vows were us'd to pay.
Fair Rodope and Dorida
Met in those sacred shades,
Than whom the sun in all his way
Ne'er saw two daintier maids.
And through the thickets thrill'd his fires,
Supposing to have seen
The sovereign goodess of desires,
Or Jove's imperious queen :
Both of so wond'rous beauties were,
In shape both so excel,
That to be parallel'd elsewhere,
No judging eye could tell.

And their affections to surpass,
As well it might be deem'd,
That th' one of them the other was,
And but themselves they seem'd.
And whilst the nymphs that near this place
Dispos'd were to play
At barley-break and prison base,
Do pass the time away :
This peerless pair together set,
The other at their sport,
None near their free discourse to let,
Each other thus they court.

Dorida. My sweet, my sovereign Rodope,
My dear delight, my love,
That lock of hair thou sent'st to me,
I to this bracelet wove ;
Which brighter every day doth grow
The longer it is worn,

delicious fellows do,
 embles that adorn.

ape. Nay, had I thine, my Dorida,
 d them so below,
 at the wind upon my way
 : backward make them flow,
 uld it in its great 't excels
 to becalmed air,
 uite forget all boist'rousness
 y with every hair.

ida. To me like thine had nature given
 w, so arch'd, so clear,
 it, wherein so much of heaven
 :o each eye appear;
 'orld should see, I would strike dead
 filky Way that's now,
 y that nectar Hebe shed
 l upon my brow.

pe. O had I eyes like Dorida's,
 d enchant the day,
 ake the sun to stand at gaze,
 e forgot his way:
 use his sister Queen of Streams,
 so I list by night,
 r much blushing at my beams
 pfe her borrowed light.

ida. Had I a cheek like Rodope's,
 list of which doth stand
 ve of roses, such as these,
 a snowy land:
 ld make the lily which we now
 ch for whiteness name,
 oping down the head to bow,
 ie for very shame.

pe. Had I a bosom like to thine,
 I it pleas'd to shew,
 at part o' th' sky I would incline
 ld make the ethereal bow;
 rannish breast branch'd all with blue,
 very like the spring:
 ater to the general view
 immer forth should bring.

ida. Had I a body like my dear,
 I so strait, so tall,
 o broad my shoulders were,
 a waist so small;
 d challenge the proud Queen of Love
 ld to me for shape,
 should fear that Mars or Jove
 I venture for my rape.

pe. Had I a hand like thee, my girl,
 hand O let me kiss)
 ivory arrows pil'd with pearl,
 a hand like this;
 ld not doubt at all to make
 inger of my hand
 k swift Mercury to take
 his enchanting wand.

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Dorida. Had I a thigh like Rodope's;
 Which 'twas my chance to view,
 When lying on yon bank at ease
 The wind thy skirt up blew;
 I would say it were a column wrought
 To some intent divine,
 And for our chaste Diana fought
 A pillar for her shrine.

Rodope. Had I a leg but like to thine,
 That were so neat, so clean,
 A swelling calf, a small so fine,
 An ancle round and lean;
 I would sell nature the doth miss
 Her old skill; and maintain,
 She shewed her masterpiece in this,
 Not to be done again.

Dorida. Had I that foot hid in those shoes
 (Proportion'd to my height)
 Short heel, thin instep, even toes,
 A sole so wond'rous strait;
 The forresters and nymphs at this
 Amazed all should stand,
 And kneeling down should meekly kiss
 The print left in the sand.

By this the nymphs came from their sport,
 All pleas'd wond'rous well,
 And to those maidens make report
 What lately them befell:
 One said the dainty Lelipa
 Did all the rest outgo;
 Another would a wager lay
 She would outstrip a roe;
 Says one, how like ye Florimel,
 There is your dainty face:
 A fourth reply'd, she lik'd that well,
 Yet better lik'd her grace;
 She's counted, I confess, quoth she,
 To be our only pearl,
 Yet have I heard her oft to be
 A melancholy girl.
 Another said, she quite mistook,
 That only was her art,
 When melancholy had her look
 Then mirth was in her heart.
 And hath she then that pretty trick?
 Another doth reply;
 I thought no nymph could have been sick
 Of that disease but I.
 I know you can dissemble well,
 Quoth one, to give you due,
 But here be some (who I'll not tell)
 Can do't as well as you.
 Who thus replies, I know that too,
 We have it from our mother,
 Yet there be some this thing can do
 More cunningly than other:
 If maidens but dissemble can
 Their sorrow and their joy,
 Their poor dissimulation then,
 Is but a very toy.

NYMPHAL II.

LALUS, CLEON, LIROPE.

The Muse new courtship doth devise,
By nature's strange varieties,
Whose rarities she here relates,
And gives you pastoral delicacies.

LALUS a jolly youthful lad,
With Cleon no less crown'd
With virtues; both their beings had
On the Elysium ground.
Both having parts so excellent,
That it a question was,
Which should be the most eminent,
Or did in ought surpass.
This Cleon was a mountaineer,
And of the wilder kind,
And from his birth had many a year
Been nurst up by a hind:
And as the sequel well did shew,
It very well might be;
For never hart, nor hare, nor roe,
Were half so swift as he.
But Lalus in the vale was bred
Amongst the sheep and neat,
And by those nymphs there choicely fed
With honey, milk, and wheat;
Of stature goodly, fair of speech,
And of behaviour mild,
Like those there in the valley rich,
That bred him of a child.
Of falconry they had the skill,
Their hawks to feed and fly,
No better hunters e'er clomb hill,
Nor hollowed to a cry:
In dingles deep, and mountains hore,
Oft with the bearded spear
They combated the tusky boar,
And slew the angry bear.
In music they were wond'rous quaint,
Fine airs they could devise;
They very curiously could paint,
And neatly poetize;
That wagers many times were laid
On questions that arose,
Which song the witty Lalus made,
Which Cleon should compose.
The stately steed they manag'd well,
Of fence the art they knew,
For dancing they did all excel
The girls that to them drew;

To throw the sledge, to pitch the bar,
To wrestle and to run,
They all the youth excell'd so far,
That still the prize they won.
These sprightly gallants lov'd a lass,
Call'd *Liroke the Bright*,
In the whole world there scarcely was
So delicate a wight.
There was no beauty so divine
That ever nymph did grace,
But it beyond itself did shine
In her more heavenly face:
What form she pleas'd each thing would
That e'er she did behold,
Of pebbles she could diamonds make,
Gross iron turn to gold:
Such power there with her presence came
Stern tempests she allay'd,
The cruel tiger she could tame,
She raging torrents stay'd.
She chid, she cherish'd, she gave life,
Again she made to die,
She rais'd a war, appeas'd a strife,
With turning of her eye.
Some said a god did her beget,
But much deceiv'd were they,
Her father was a Rivulet,
Her mother was a Fay.
Her lineaments so fine that were,
She from the fairy took,
Her beauties and complexion clear,
By nature from the brook.
These rivals waiting for the hour
(The weather calm and fair)
When as she us'd to leave her bower
To take the pleasant air:
Accosting her, their compliment
To her their goddess done;
By gifts they tempt her to consent,
When Lalus thus began.

Lalus. Sweet Liroke I have a lamb
Newly weaned from the dam,

right kind, it is (a) noted,
ly with purple spotted,
gher it will put you,
how prettily 'twill butt you;
in sporting it is set,
beat you a curvet,
every nimble bound
self above the ground;
tis hungry it will bleat
our hand to have its meat;
then it hath fully fed,
fetch jumps about your head;
cently to express
sheepish thankfulness.
ou bid it, it will play,
her night or day:
rope, I have for thee,
along wilt live with me.

From him O turn thine ear away,
r me, my lov'd Lirope,
kid as white as milk,
as soft as Naples silk,
is in length are wond'rous even,
iously by nature written;
h' Arcadian kind,
not the like 'twixt either Ind;
alk, 'twill walk you by,
down, it down will lie,
gesture will you woo,
interfeit those things you do;
h hillock it will vault,
ibly do the summer-fault,
e hinder legs 'twill go,
w you a furlong so;
y chance a tune you rote,
ot it finely to your note;
world and you may miss
out such a thing as this:
love I have for thee,
t leave him and go with me.

Believe me, youths, your gifts are rare,
offer wond'rous fair;
lamb, Cleon for kid,
to judge which most doth bid,
e you two such things in store,
'er knew of them before?
I dare a wager lay
g my little dog shall play
r tricks when I shall bid,
'lamb, or Cleon's kid.
y fall out that I may need them.
ye may do well to feed them;
t and mutton pretty be,
h, these are no baits for me:
d men, in vain ye woo,
our lamb nor kid will do.

I have two sparrows white as snow,
etty eyes like sparks do' shew;
fom Venus hatch'd them
r little Cupid watch'd them,

Till they too sledge their necks forfook,
Themselves and to the fields betook,
Where by chance a fowler caught them
Of whom I full dearly bought them;
They'll fetch your conceits from the (b) hip,
And lay it softly on your lip,
Through their nibbling bills they'll chirrup
And fluttering feed you with the sirup,
And if thence you put them by
They to your white neck will fly,
And if you expulse them there,
They'll hang upon your braided hair;
You so long shall see them prattle
Till at length they'll fall to battle;
And when they have fought their fill;
You will smile to see them bill:
These birds my Lirope's shall be,
So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

Cleon. His sparrows are not worth a rush;
I'll find as good in every bush;
Of doves I have a dainty pair,
Which when you please to take the air,
About your head shall gently hover
Your clear brow from the sun to cover,
And with their nimble wings shall fan you,
That neither cold nor heat shall tan you.
And like umbrella's with their feathers
Shields you in all sorts of weathers:
They be most dainty coloured things,
They have damask backs and checker'd wings;
Their necks more various colours shew
Than there be mixed in the bow;
Venus saw the lesser dove,
And therewith was far in love,
Offering for't her golden ball,
For her son to play withal:
These my Lirope's shall be
So she'll leave him and go with me.

Lirope. Then for sparrows, and for doves;
I am fitted 'twixt my loves;
But Ialus, I take no delight
In sparrows, for they'll scratch and bite;
And though join'd, they are ever quooing,
Always billing if not doing;
'Twixt Venus' breasts if they have lien,
I much fear they'll infect mine.
Cleon, your doves are ver^d dainty,
Tame pigeons else you know are plenty,
These may win some of your narrows,
I am not caught with doves nor sparrows.
I thank ye kindly for your cost,
Yet your labour is but lost.

Ialus. With full-leav'd lilies I will stick
Thy braided hair all o'er so thick,
That from it a light shall throw
Like the sun's upon the snow.
Thy mantle shall be violet leaves,
With the sun't the silk-worm weaves,
As finely woven, whose rich smell
The air about thee so shall swell

(a) Without horns.

(b) The red fruit of the smooth bramble.

That it shall have no power to move.
 A ruff of pinks thy robe above
 About thy neck so neatly set
 That art it cannot counterfeit,
 Which still shall look so fresh and new,
 As if upon their roots they grew :
 And for thy head I'll have a tire
 Of netting, made of strawberry wire ;
 And in each knot that doth compose
 A mesh, shall stick a half blown rose,
 Red, damask, white, in order set
 About the sides, shall run a fret
 Of primroses, the tire throughout
 With thrift and daisies fring'd about ;
 All this, fair nymph, I'll do for thee,
 So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

Cleon. These be but weeds and trash he brings,
 I'll give thee solid costly things ;
 His will wither and be gone
 Before thou well can'st put them on ;
 With coral I will have thee crown'd,
 Whose branches intricately wound
 Shall girt thy temples every way ;
 And on the top of every spray
 Shall stick a pearl orient and great ;
 Which to the wand'ring birds shall cheat,
 That some shall stoop to look for cherries.
 As other for traculent berries.
 And wand'ring, caught e'er they be ware
 In the curl'd tangles of thy hair :
 And for thy neck a crystal chain,
 Whose links shap'd like to drops of rain,
 Upon thy panting breast depending,
 Shall seem as they were still descending ;
 And as thy breath doth come and go,
 So seeming still to ebb and flow ;
 With amber bracelets cut like bees,
 Whose strange transparency who sees,
 With silk small as the spider's twist
 Doubled so oft about thy wrist,
 Would surely think alive they were,
 From lilies gathering honey there.
 Thy buskins ivory, carv'd like shells
 Of scollop, which as little bells
 Made hollow, with the air shall chime,
 And to thy steps shall keep the time :
 Leave Lalus, Liope, for me,
 And these shall thy rich dowry be.

Liope. Lalus for flowers, Cleon for gems,
 For garlands, and for diadems
 I shall be sped ; why this is brave :
 What nymph can choicer presents have ?
 With dressing, brading, frowning, flow'ring,
 All your jewels on me pouring,
 In this bravery being drest,
 To the ground I shall be prest,
 That I doubt the nymphs will fear me,
 Nor will venture to come near me ;
 Never lady of the May
 To this hour was half so gay ;
 All in flowers, all so sweet,
 From the crown beneath the feet,

Amber, coral, ivory, pearl ;
 If this cannot win a girl,
 There's nothing can, and this ye woo me.
 Give me your hands, and trust ye to me ;
 (Yet to tell ye I am loth)
 That I'll have neither of you both.

Lalus. When thou shalt please to stem the
 (As thou art of the wat'ry brood)
 I'll have twelve swans more white than snow
 Yok'd for the purpose, two and two,
 To draw thy barge wrought of fine reed
 So well, that it nought else shall need.
 The traces by which they shall hail
 Thy barge, shall be the winding trail
 Of woodbine, whose brave tassell'd flowers
 (The sweetness of the wood-nymphs bowen
 Shall be the trappings to adorn
 The swans, by which the barge is borne ;
 Of flower'd flags I'll rob the bank,
 Of water-cans and king-cups rank,
 To be the covering of thy boat ;
 And on the stream as thou dost float,
 The Naiades that haunt the deep,
 Themselv's about thy barge shall keep,
 Recording most delightful lays.
 By sea-gods written in thy praise,
 And in what place thou hap'st to land,
 There the gentle silvery sand
 Shall soften, curled with the air,
 As sensible of thy repair :
 This, my dear love, I'll do for thee,
 So thou'lt leave him, and go with me.

Cleon. Tush, nymph, his swans will prove
 His barge drinks water like a fleece ;
 A boat is base ; I'll thee provide
 A chariot, wherein Jove may ride,
 In which when bravely thou art borne,
 Thou shalt look like the glorious morn
 Ush'ring the sun, and such a one,
 As to this day was never known,
 Of the rarest Indian gums,
 More precious than your balsamums,
 Which I by art have made so hard,
 That they with tools may well be carv'd
 To make a coach of ; which shall be
 Materials of this one for thee,
 And of thy chariot, each small piece
 Shall inlaid be with amber grease,
 And gilded with the yellow ore
 Produc'd from 'Tagus' wealthy shore ;
 In which along the pleasant lawn,
 With twelve white flags thou shalt be drawn,
 Whose brancht palms of a stately height,
 With several nosegays shall be dight ;
 And as thou rid'st thy coach about,
 For thy strong guard shall run a rout
 Of ostriches, whose curled plumes,
 'Cens'd with thy chariot's rich perfumes,
 The scent into the air shall throw,
 Whose naked thighs shall grace the show ;
 Whilst the wood nymphs, and those bred
 Upon the mountains, o'er thy head

a canopy of flowers,
with drops of April showers,
all make more glorious shews
gales, or your silver oars:
the nymph, I'll do for thee,
leave him and go with me.

Vie and revie, like chapmen proffer'd,
we received what you have offer'd,
honour cannot do me,
ding altars to me:
rater, and by land,
chariot at command;
the streams to taw me,
the land to draw me;

In all this pomp should I be seen,
What a poor thing were a queen!
All delights in such excess,
As but ye, who can express:
Thus mounted should the nymphs me see,
All the troop would follow me,
Thinking by this state that I
Would assume a deity.
There be some in love have been,
And I may commit that sin;
And if e'er I be in love,
With one of you I fear 'till prove;
But with which I cannot tell,
So my gallant youths farewell.

NYMPHAL III.

DORON, NAHIS, CLORIS, CLARA, DORILUS, CLOE, MERTILLA, FLORIMEL.

With nymphs and songsters,

Poetic raptures, sacred fires,
With which Apollo his inspires,
This Nymphal gives you; and withal
Observes the Muses festival.

th' Elysiens many mirthful feasts,
the Muses are the certain guests,
e one day with most imperial state,
pollo which they dedicate,
god, and to his altars bring
ll'd bravery of the beauteous spring,
their bowers with every precious sweet,
wax fresh, most trod on with their feet;
choice flowers each nymph doth braid
hair,
e mean't but bauldrick wife doth wear
ly garland, and the most renown'd
us roscat anadems are crown'd.
g come into the place where they
erve the orgies to that day,
from their Heliconian spring
ful mazers the festal bring:
deep draughts out of those plenteous
ls,
youth have swill'd their thirsty souls,
nrag'd with a sacred heat,
their brains do once begin to sweat,
brave and stately numbers break,
word that any one can speak
phetic; and so strangely far
h fury they transported are,

As there's not one, on any thing can strain,
But by another answered is again
In the same rapture, which all fit to hear;
When as two youths, that soundly liquor'd were,
Dorilus and Doron, two as noble swains
As ever kept on the Elysiens plains,
First by their signs attention having won,
Thus they the revels frolickly begun.

Doron. Come, Dorilus, let us be brave,
In lofty numbers let us rave,
With rhymes I will enrich thee.

Dorilus. Content, say I, then bid the base,
Our wits shall run the wild-goose chase,
Spur up, or I will switch thee.

Doron. The sun out of the east doth peep,
And now the day begins to creep
Upon the world at leisure.

Dorilus. The air enamour'd with the greaves,
The west wind strokes the velvet leaves,
And kisses them at pleasure.

Q q iii

Doron. The spinners webs 'twixt spray and
spray
The top of every huff make gay,
By filmy cords there dangling.

Dorilus. For now the last day's evening dew
Even to the full itself doth shew,
Each bough with pearl bespangling.

Doron. O boy, how thy abundant vein
Even like a flood breaks from thy brain,
Nor can thy muse be gaged.

Dorilus. Why nature forth did never bring
A man that like to me can sing,
If once I be enraged.

Doron. Why, Dorilus, I in my skill
Can make the swiftest stream stand still,
Nay, bear back to his springing.

Dorilus. And I into a trance most deep
Can cast the birds, that they shall sleep
When fain'st they would be singing.

Doron. Why, Dorilus, thou mak'st me mad,
And now my wits begin to gad,
But sure I know not whither.

Dorilus. O Doron, let me hug thee, then,
There never was two madder men,
Then let us on together.

Doron. Hermes the winged horse befid,
And throw thick and thin he rid,
And flounder'd through the fountain.

Dorilus. He spur'd the tit until he bled,
So that at last he ran his head
Against the forked mountain.

Doron. How say'st thou, but py'd Iris got
Into great Juno's chariot,
I spake with one that saw her.

Dorilus. And there the pert and saucy elf
Behav'd her as 'twere Juno's self,
And made the peacocks draw her.

Doron. I'll borrow Phœbus' fiery jades,
With which about the world he trades,
And put them in my plough.

Dorilus. O thou most perfect frantic man,
Yet let thy rage be what it can,
I'll be as mad as thou.

Doron. I'll to great Jove, hap good, hap ill,
Though he with thunder threat to kill,
And beg of him a boon.

Dorilus. To swerve up one of Cynthia's
horns,
And there to bathe thee in the streams,
Discover'd in the moon.

Doron. Come, frolic youth, and follow me,
My frantic boy, and I'll shew thee
The country of the fairies.

Dorilus. The fleshy mandrakes where 't
grow
In noonshade of the misletoe,
And where the phoenix sires.

Doron. Nay shore, the swallow's winter bed
The caverns where the winds are bred,
Since thus thou talk'st of shewing.

Dorilus. And to those indraughts I'll thee b
That wondrous and eternal spring
Whence th' ocean hath its flowing.

Doron. We'll down to the dark house of sle
Where snoring Morpheus doth keep,
And wake the drowsy groom.

Dorilus. Down shall the doors and window
The stools upon the floor we'll throw,
And roar about the room.

The Muses here command'd them to stay,
Commending much the carriage of their lay:
As greatly pleas'd at this their madding bout
To hear how bravely they had borne it out
From first to last, of which they were right;
By this they found that Helicon still had
That virtue it did anciently retain
When Orpheus, Lynus, and th' Ascrean swai
Took lusty rowsets, which hath made their rh
To last so long to all succeeding times.
And now amongst this beauteous bevie here,
Two wanton nymphs, though dainty ones
were,
Nais and Cloe in their female fits
Longing to shew the sharpness of their wits
Of the Nine sisters special leave do crave
That the next bout they two might freely h
Who having got the suffrages of all,
Thus to their rhyming instantly they fall.

Nais. Amongst you all let us see
Who is't opposes me,
Come on the proudest she
To answer my ditty.

Cloe. Why, Nais, that am I,
Who dares thy pride defy;
And that we soon shall try
Though thou be witty.

Nais. Cloe, I scorn my rhyme,
Should observe feet or time,
Now I fall, then I climb,
What is't I dare not.

Cloe. Give thy invention wing,
And let her flirt and sing,
Till down the rock she ding,
For that I care not.

As presence delights me,
Invites me,
Excites me
To be merry.

I beyond measure,
With pleasure,
Each seizure,
I be't weary.



Hold the rosy dawn,
I'd lawn,
Seems to fawn
Mountains.

Waked from her dreams
Th' golden beams,
On the streams
The fountains.

These more than sweet showrets,
These flowrets,
Our bowrets,
G our coats.

I'll the birds billing
With his dilling,
As still filling
Orous notes.

He bees up in honey roll'd
Their thighs can hold,
Eir liquid gold,
Are us bringing.

These rillets purling
Ones curling,
Out whirling,
W'rd their springing.

The wood-nymphs fit singing,
As with notes ringing
Th' Ver is flinging
Inties abroad.

As much as the turtle
Low myrtle,
Ads fertile,
Es doth unload.

Nay 'tis a world to see
Ush and tree,
With mirth and glee
As they woo.

He robin and the wren,
K with his hen,
Did not we and men
Hey do.

The fairies are hopping,
Flowers cropping,
Dew dropping,
Orow the greaves.

Clor. At barley-break they play
Merrily all the day,
At night themselves they lay
Upon the soft leaves.

Naiis. The gentle winds fall
Upon every vally,
And many times dally
And wantonly sport.

Clor. About the fields tracing,
Each other in chasing,
And often embracing,
In amorous sort.

Naiis. And Echo oft doth tell
Wond'rous things from her cell,
As her what chance befell,
Learning to prattle.

Clor. And now she sits and mocks
The shepherds and their flocks,
And the herds from the rocks
Keeping their cattle.

When to these maids the muses silence cry,
For 'twas th' opinion of the company,
That were not these two taken off, that they
Would in their conflict wholly spend the day.
When as the turn to Florimel next came,
A nymph for beauty of especial name,
Yet was she not so jolly as the rest;
And though she were by her companions prest,
Yet she by no entreaty would be wrought
To sing, as by th' Elyian laws she ought:
When two bright nymphs that her companions
were,
And of all other only held her dear,
Mild Cloris and Mertilla, with fair speech,
Their most beloved Florimel beseech,
T' observe the muses, and the more to woo her,
They take their turns, and thus they sing unto her.

Cloris. Sing, Florimel, O sing and we
Our whole wealth will give to thee,
We'll rob the brim of every fountain,
Strip the sweets from every mountain,
We will sweep the curled valleys,
Brush the banks that mound our alleys,
We will muster nature's dainties
When she wallows in her plenties,
The luscious smell of every flower
New wash'd by an April shower,
The mistress of her store we'll make thee
That she for herself shall take thee;
Can there be a dainty thing,
That's not thine if thou wilt sing?

Mertilla. When the dew in May distilleth,
And the earth's rich bosom filleth,
And with pearl embrouds each meadow,
We will make them like a widow,
And in all their beauties dress thee,
And of all their spoils possess thee,

With all the beauties Zephyr brings,
 Breathing on the yearly springs,
 The gaudy blooms of every tree
 In their most beauty when they be,
 What is here that may delight thee,
 Or to pleasure may excite thee,
 Can there be a dainty thing
 That's not thine if thou wilt sing?

But Florimel still fully replies
 I will not sing at all, let that suffice:
 When as a nymph one of the merry gings,
 Seeing the no way could be won to sing;
 Come, come, quoth she, ye utterly undo her
 With your entreaties, and your reverence to her;
 For praise nor prayers she careth not a pin;
 They that our froward Florimel would win,
 Must work another way, let me come to her,
 Either I'll make her sing, or I'll undo her.

Claia. Florimel, I thus conjure thee,
 Since their gifts cannot allure thee;
 By stamp'd garlic that doth stink
 Worse than common sewer or sink;
 By henbane, dogbane, wolfsbane, sweet
 As any clown's or carrier's feet;
 By stinking nettles, pricking teasels,
 Raising blisters like the measles;
 By the rough burbreeding docks,
 Ranker than the oldest fox;
 By filthy hemlock, poisoning more
 Than any ulcer or old sore;
 By the cockle in the corn,
 That smells far worse than doth burnt horn;
 By hemp in water that hath lain,
 By whose stench the fish are slain;
 By toadflax which your nose may taste,
 If you have a mind to cast;
 May all filthy stinking weeds
 That e'er bore leaf, or e'er had seeds;
 Florimel, be given to thee,
 If thou'lt not sing as well as we.

At which the nymphs to open laughter fell,
 Amongst the rest the beauteous Florimel,
 (Pleased with the spell from Claia that came,
 A mirthful girl, and given to sport and game)
 As pamefome grows as any of them all,
 And to this duty instantly doth fall.

Florimel. How in my thoughts shall I contrive
 The image I am framing,
 Which is so far superlative,
 As 'tis beyond all naming?
 I would Jove of my counsel make,
 And have his judgment in it,
 But that I doubt he would mistake
 How rightly to begin it:
 It must be builded in the air,
 And 'tis my thoughts must do it,
 And only they make be the far
 From earth to mount me to it:
 For of my sex I frame my lay,
 Each hour ourselves forsaking,

How should I then find out the way,
 To this my undertaking?
 When our weak fancies working still,
 Yet changing every minute,
 Will shew that it requires some skill,
 Such difficulties in it.
 We would things, yet we know not what,
 And let our will be granted,
 Yet instantly we find in that
 Something unthought of wanted:
 Our joys and hopes such shadows are,
 As with our motions vary,
 Which when we oft have fetch'd from far,
 With us they never tarry:
 Some worldly cross doth still attend
 What long we have been spinning,
 And e'er we fully get the end,
 We lose of our beginning.
 Our policies so peevish are,
 That with themselves they wrangle,
 And many times become the snare
 That soonest us entangle;
 For that the love we bear our friends,
 Though ne'er so strongly ground'd,
 Hath in it certain oblique ends,
 If to the bottom founded:
 Our own well wishing making it
 A pardonable treason;
 For that it is deriv'd from wit,
 And underprop'd with reason.
 For our dear selves beloved sake
 (Even in the depth of passion)
 Our centre though ourselves we make,
 Yet is not that our station;
 For whilst our brows ambitious be,
 And youth at hand awaits us,
 It is a pretty thing to see
 How finely beauty cheats us.
 And whilst with time we trifling stand
 To practise antick graces,
 Age with a pale and wither'd hand
 Draws furrows in our faces.

When they which so desirous were before
 To hear her sing; desirous are far more
 To have her cease; and call to have her staid,
 For she too much already had bewray'd.
 And as the thrice three sisters thus had grac'd
 Their celebration, and themselves had plac'd
 Upon a violet bank, in order all
 Where they at will might view the festival,
 The nymphs and all the lusty youth that were
 At this brave nymphal, by them honour'd there
 To gratify the heavenly girls again
 Lastly prepare in state to entertain
 Those sacred sisters, fairly, and confer
 On each of them their praise particular.
 And thus the nymphs to the nine muses sung,
 When as the youth and foresters among,
 That well prepared for this business were,
 Become the Chorus, and thus sung they there.

Nymphs. Olio, thou first of these celestial Nines
 That daily offer to the sacred shrine

Apollo; queen of stories,
at vindicat'ft the glories
ages, and renew'ft
As, which every day thou view'ft,
in a lethargy doft keep
ding Time, elfe prone to fleep.

. Clio, O crave of Phœbus to inſpire
is altars with his holieft fire,
his glorious ever-ſhining rays
and growth to our Elyſian bays.

66. Melpomene, thou melancholy maid,
wiſe Phœbus, we invoke thy aid,
as that doſt ſtride the ſtage,
by deep diſtracted rage,
ſhed that doſt take delight,
at the moſt fearful ſight,
'ft the ſighs, the ſhricks, and ſounds
r, that ariſe from wounds.

. Sad muſe, O crave of Phœbus to inſpire
s altars with his holieft fire,
his glorious ever-ſhining rays
and birth to our Elyſian bays.

67. Comic Thalia, then we come to thee,
rthful maiden, only that in glee
s deceits thy pleaſure tak'ft,
thy varying ſcene that mak'ft,
by nimble ſock doſt ſtir
ghter through the theatre,
h the peaſant mak'ft thee ſport,
as with the better ſort.

. Thalia, crave of Phœbus to inſpire
s altars with his holieft fire,
his glorious ever-ſhining rays
and growth to our Elyſian bays.

68. Euterpe, next to thee we will pro-
ced,
found'ft out the muſic on the reed,
ath and fingers giving life
rill cornet and the ſite,
every ſtop and key
upon the pipe that play,
rich wind-inſtruments we call,
r loud, or great, or ſmall.

Euterpe, aſk of Phœbus to inſpire
s altars with his holieft fire,
is glorious ever-ſhining rays
and growth to our Elyſian bays.

69. Terſiſchore, thou of the lute and
re,
uments that ſound with cords and wire,
the miſtreſs to command
s of the moſt curious hand,
ry quaver doth embrace
in a true diapace;
y ſtring his ſound doth fill,
with the finger or the quill.

Chorus. Terſiſchore, crave Phœbus to inſpire
Us for his altars with his holieft fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and growth to our Elyſian bays.

Nymphs. Thou, Erato, wife muſe, on thee we
call
In lines to us that doſt demonſtrate all,
Which, neatly, with thy ſtaff and bow,
Doth meaſure, and proportion ſhow;
Motion and geſture that doſt teach
That every height and depth can'ft reach;
And doſt demonſtrate by thy art
What nature elfe would not impart.

Chorus. Dear Erato, crave Phœbus to inſpire
Us for his altars with his holieft fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and growth to our Elyſian bays.

Nymphs. To thee, thou brave Caliope, we come,
Thou that maintain'ft the trumpet and the
drum,
The neighing ſteeds that lov'ſt to hear,
Claiſhing of arms doth pleaſe thine ear;
In lofty lines that doſt rehearſe
Things worthy of a thund'ring verſe,
And at no time art heard to ſtrain
On ought that ſuits a common vein.

Chorus. Caliope, crave Phœbus to inſpire
Us for his altars with his holieft fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and growth to our Elyſian bays.

Nymphs. Thou, Polyhymnia, moſt delicious
maid,
In rhetoric's flowers that art array'd;
In tropes and figures richly dreſt,
The filed phraſe that loveſt beſt,
That are all elocution, and
The firſt that gav'ſt to underſtand
The force of words, in order plac'd,
And with a ſweet delivery grac'd.

Chorus. Sweet muſe, perſuade our Phœbus to in-
ſpire
Us for his altars with his holieft fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and growth to our Elyſian bays.

Nymphs. Lofty Urania, then we call to thee,
To whom the heavens for ever open'd be,
Thou th' afterſims by name doſt call,
And ſhew'ſt when they do riſe and fall;
Each planet's force, and doſt divine
His working, ſeated in his ſign;
And how the ſtarry frame ſtill rolls
Between the fixed ſtedfaſt poles.

Chorus. Urania, aſk of Phœbus to inſpire
Us for his altars with his holieft fire,
And let his glorious ever-ſhining rays
Give life and growth to our Elyſian bays.

NYMPHAL IV.

CLORIS, MERTILLA.

Chaste Cloris doth disclose the shames
Of the Felician frantic dames,
Mertilla strives t' appease her woe,
To golden wishes then they go.

Mertilla.

W^{hat}, how now Cloris, what, thy head
Bound with forsaken willow?
Is the cold ground become thy bed?
The grass become thy pillow?
O let not those life-light'ning eyes
In this sad veil be throw'd,
Which into mourning puts the skies,
To see them over-clouded.

Cloris. O, my Mertilla, do not praise
These lamps, so dimly burning,
Such sad and fullen lights as these
Were only made for mourning:
Their objects are the barren rocks
With aged moss o'er-shaded;
Now, whilst the spring lays forth her locks,
With blossoms bravely braided.

Mertilla. O, Cloris, can there be a spring,
O my dear nymph, there may not,
Wanting thine eyes it forth to bring,
Without which nature cannot:
Say what it is that troubleth thee,
Increas'd by thy concealing,
Speak, sorrows many times we see
Are lessen'd by revealing.

Cloris. Being of late too vainly bent,
And but at too much leisure,
Nor with our groves and downs content,
But surfeiting in pleasure;
Felicia's fields I would go see,
Where fame to me reported,
The choice nymphs of the world to be
From meaner beauties sort'd;
Hoping that I from them might draw
Some graces to delight me,
But there such monstrous shapes I saw,
That to this hour affright me.
Through the thick hair, that thatch'd their brows,
Their eyes upon me stared,
Like to those raging frantic froes
For Bacchus' feasts prepared;

Their bodies, although straight by kind,
Yet they so monstrous make them,
That for huge bags, blown up with wind,
You very well may take them.
Their bowels in their elbows are,
Whereon depend their paunches,
And their deformed arms, by far,
Made larger than their haunches:
For their behaviour and their grace,
Which likewise should have priz'd them,
Their manners were as beastly base
As th' rags that so disguis'd them;
All anticks, all so impudent,
So fashion'd out of fashion,
As black Cocytus up had sent
Her fry into this nation,
Whose monstrousness doth so perplex,
Of reason and deprives me,
That, for their sakes, I loathe my sex,
Which to this sadness drives me.

Mertilla. O, my dear Cloris, be not sad,
Nor with these furies daunted,
But let these female fools be mad,
With hellish pride enchanted;
Let not thy noble thoughts descend
So low as their affections,
Whom neither counsel can amend,
Nor yet the gods corrections:
Such mad folks ne'er let us bemoan,
But rather scorn their folly,
And since we two are here alone,
To banish melancholy,
Leave we this lowly creeping vein,
Not worthy admiration,
And in a brave and lofty strain
Let's exercise our passion,
With wishes of each other's good,
From our abundant treasures,
And, in this jocund sprightly mood
Thus alter we our measures.

O I could wish this place were strew'd with rose
And that this bank were thickly thrumb'd with grass

as fleave or farcenet ever was,
in my Cloris her sweet self reposes.

O that these dewy rose-water were for thee,
its perfumes that hang upon these thickets,
if the winds were all aromatics,
if my wish could make them, they should be.

illa. O that my bottle one whole diamond
were
with nectar that a fly might sup,
one draught that thou might'st drink it up,
arouse not good enough I fear.

O that all the pearl, the seas or Indias have
rell dissolv'd, and thereof made a lake,
herein bathing, and I by to take
to see thee clearer than the wave.

illa. O that the horns of all the herds we see
of fine gold, or else that every horn
like to that one of the unicorn,
all these, not one but were thy see.

O that their hoofs were ivory, or some
thing
be pur'd ivory far more crystalline,
with the food wherewith the gods do dine,
p thy youth in a continual spring.

illa. O that the sweets of all the flowers
that grow
pouring air would gather into one,

In gardens, fields, nor meadows leaving none,
And all their sweetness upon thee would throw.

Cloris. Nay that those sweet harmonious strains
we hear,
Amongst the lively birds melodious lays,
As they recording sit upon the sprays.
Were hovering still for music as thine ears.

Mertilla. O that thy name were carv'd on every
tree,
That as these plants, still great, and greater grow,
Thy name, dear nymph, might be enlarged so,
That every grove and coppice might speak
thee.

Cloris. Nay would thy name upon their rinds
were set,
And by the nymphs so oft and loudly spoken,
As that the echoes to that language broken
Thy happy name might hourly counterfeit.

Mertilla. O let the spring still put stern winter
by,
And in rich damask let her revel still,
As it should do if I might have my will,
That thou might'st still walk on her tapestry;
And thus since fate no longer time allows
Under this broad and shady sycamore,
Where now we sit, as we have oft before,
Those yet unborn shall offer up their vows.

NYMPHAL V.

CLAIA, LELIPA, CLARINAX—a Hermit.

Of garlands, anadems, and wreaths
This nymphal nought but sweetness breathes,
Presents you with delicious posies,
And with powerful simples closes.

Clais.
here old Clarinax is set,
idry simples forting,
whose experience we may get
worthy is reporting;
Lelipa, let us draw near,
he his weeds is weathering,
me powerful simples there
e bath late been gathering.

Hail, gentle hermit, Jove thee speed,
And have thee in his keeping,
And ever help thee at thy need,
Be thou awake or sleeping.

Clarinax. Ye pair of most celestial lights,
O beauties three times burnish'd,
Who could expect such heavenly wights
With angels' features burnish'd?

What god doth guide you to this place,
 To blest my homely bower ?
 It cannot be but this high grace
 Proceeds from some high power ;
 The hours like handmaids still attend,
 Disposed at your pleasure,
 Ordained to no other end
 But to await your leisure ;
 The dews drawn up into the air,
 And by your breaths perfumed,
 In little clouds do hover there
 As loth to be consumed :
 The air moves not but as you please,
 So much, sweet nymphs, it owes you,
 The winds do cast them to their ease,
 And amorously inclose you.

Lelipa. Be not too lavish of thy praise,
 Thou good Elysian hermit,
 Lest some to hear such words as these,
 Perhaps may flattery term it ;
 But of your simples something say,
 Which may discourse afford us,
 We know your knowledge lies that way,
 With subjects you have stor'd us.

Claia. We know for physic yours you get,
 Which thus you here are sorting,
 And upon garlands we are set,
 With wreaths and posies sporting :
 Each garden great abundance yields,
 Whose flowers invite us thither ;
 But you abroad in groves and fields
 Your med'cinal simples gather.

Lelipa. The chaplet and the anadem,
 The curled tresses crowning,
 We looser nymphs delight in them,
 Not in your wreaths renowning.

Clarinox. The garland long ago was worn,
 As time pleas'd to bestow it,
 The laurel only to adorn
 The conqueror and the poet.
 The palm his due, who, uncontroul'd,
 On danger looking gravely,
 When fate had done the worst it could,
 Who bore his fortunes bravely.
 Most worthy of the oaken wreath
 The ancients him esteemed,
 Who in a battle had from death
 Some man of worth redeemed.
 About his temples grass they tie,
 Himself that so behaved
 In some strong siege by th' enemy
 A city that hath saved.
 A wreath of vervain heralds wear,
 Amongst our garlands named,
 Being sent that dreadful news to bear,
 Offensive war proclaimed.
 The sign of peace who first displays,
 The olive wreath possesses :
 The lover with the myrtle sprays
 Adorns his crisped tresses.
 In love the sad forsaken wight
 The willow garland weareth :

The funeral man, besitting night,
 The baleful cypress beareth.
 To Pan we dedicate the pine,
 Whose slips the shepherd graceth :
 Again, the ivy and the vine
 On his swoln Bacchus placeth.

Claia. The boughs and sprays, of which you
 By you are rightly named :
 But we with those of precious smell
 And colours are enflamed ;
 The noble ancients to excite
 Men to do things worth crowning,
 Not unperformed left a rite
 To heighten their renowning :
 But they that those rewards devis'd,
 And the brave wights that wore them,
 By these base times though poorly priz'd,
 Yet, hermit, we adore them.
 The store of every fruitful field
 We nymphs at will possessing,
 From that variety they yield
 Get flowers for every dressing :
 Of which a garland I'll compose,
 Then busily attend me,
 These flowers I for that purpose chose,
 But where I miss amend me.

Clarinox. Well, Claia, on with your intent,
 Let's see how you will weave it ;
 Which done, here for a monument,
 I hope, with me you'll leave it.

Claia. Here damask roses, white and red,
 Out of my lap first take I,
 Which still shall run along the thread,
 My chieftest flower this make I :
 Amongst these roses in a row,
 Next place I pinks in plenty,
 These double daisies then for shew,
 And will not this be dainty ?
 The pretty pansy then I'll tie
 Like stones some chain incasing ;
 And next to them, their near ally,
 The purple violet placing.
 The curious choice clove July flower,
 Whose kinds hight the carnation,
 For sweetness of most sovereign power,
 Shall help my wreath to fashion ;
 Whose sundry colours of one kind,
 First from one root deriv'd,
 Them in their several suits I'll bind,
 My garland so contrived :
 A course of cowslips then I'll stick,
 And here and there (though sparsely)
 The pleasant primrose down I'll prick,
 Like pearls, which will show rarely ;
 Then with these marygolds I'll make
 My garland somewhat swelling,
 These honey suckles then I'll take
 Whose sweets shall help their smelling.
 The lily and the flower-de-lis,
 For colour much contenting,
 For that I them do only prize,
 They are but poor in scenting :

fadil most dainty is
 ch with these in meetness;
 umbine compar'd to this,
 ch alike for sweetness;
 n their natures only are
 mbos the border,
 re I'll take especial care
 e them in their order:
 williams, campions, sops-in-wine
 another neatly:
 ave I made this wreath of mine,
 ished it featly.

w. Your garland thus you finish'd have;
 s we have attended
 ifure, likewise let me crave
 he like be friended.
 gaudy garish flowers you choose,
 ch our nymphs are flaunting;
 they at feat and bridals use,
 ht and smell enchanting:
 let me of herbs I'll make,
 hich though yours be braver,
 s of mine I'll undertake
 ot be short in favour.
 afil then I will begin,
 scent is wond'rous pleasing:
 plantine I'll next put in,
 nse with sweetness seizing.
 n my lavender I'll lay,
 to put among it,
 ere and there a leaf of bay,
 still shall run along it.
 nder, marjoram, and thyme,
 used are for strewing,
 yfop, as an herb most prime,
 s my wreath bestowing.
 alm and mint helps to make up
 aplet, and for trial,
 ry that so likes the cup,
 xt it pennyroyal:
 urnet shall bear up with this,
 leaf I greatly fancy,
 amomile doth not amiss,
 ivory and some tanfy;
 ere and there I'll put a sprig
 mary into it:
 ot too little nor too big,
 ne if I can do it.

wex. Chia, your garland is most gay,
 s'd of curious flowers,
 , most lovely Lelips,
 aplet is of yours;
 lly gardens yours you get,
 on your laps have laden;
 ples are by nature set
 es and fields untreaded.
 owers most curiously you twine,
 ne his place supplying,

But these rough harsher herbs of mine,
 About me rudely lying;
 Of which some dwarfish weeds there be,
 Some of a larger stature,
 Some by experience, as we see,
 Whose names express their nature.
 Here is my moly of much fame,
 In magics often used,
 Mugwort and night-shade for the same,
 But not by me abused;
 Here henbane, poppy, hemlock here,
 Procuring deadly sleeping,
 Which I do minister with fear,
 Not fit for each man's keeping:
 Here holy vervayne, and here dill,
 'Gainst witchcraft much availing,
 Here hornhound 'gainst the mad dog's ill
 By biting, never failing.
 Here mandrake that procureth love,
 In pois'ning filters mixed,
 And makes the barren fruitful prove,
 The root about them fixed;
 Inchanting lunary here lies,
 In sorceries excelling,
 And this is dictam, which we prize,
 Shot shafts and darts expelling;
 Here saxifrage against the stone
 That powerful is approved,
 Here dodder, by whose help alone
 Old agues are removed;
 Here mercury, here helibore,
 Old ulcers mundifying,
 And shepherd's-purse, the flux most sore
 That helps by the applying;
 Here wholesome plantane, that the pain
 Of eyes and ears appeases;
 Here cooling sorrel that again
 We use in hot diseases:
 The med'cinable mallow here,
 Assuaging sudden tumours,
 The jagged polypodium there,
 To purge old rotten humours;
 Next these here egremony is,
 That helps the serpent's biting,
 The blessed betony by this,
 Whose cures deserving writing:
 This all-heal, and so nam'd of right,
 New wounds so quickly healing;
 A thousand more I could recite,
 Most worthy of revealing,
 But that I hinder'd am by fate,
 And business doth prevent me,
 To cure a mad man, which of late
 Is from Felicia sent me.

Claia. Nay, then, thou hast enough to do,
 We pity thy enduring,
 For they are there infected so,
 That they are past thy curing.

NYMPHAL VI.

SILVIUS, HALCIUS, MELANTHUS.

A woodman, fisher, and a swain
 'This nymphal through with mirth maintain;
 Whose pleadings so the nymphs do please,
 That presently they give them bays.

Clear had the day been from the dawn,
 All chequer'd was the sky,
 Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn
 Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.
 The wind had no more strength than this,
 That leisurely it blew,
 To make one leaf the next to kiss,
 That closely by it grew.
 The rills that on the pebbles play'd
 Might now be heard at will;
 This world they only music made,
 Else every thing was still.
 The flowers like brave embroider'd girls,
 Look'd as they much desir'd,
 To see whose head with orient pearls
 Most curiously was tyr'd;
 And to itself the subtil air
 Such sovereignty assumes,
 That it receiv'd too large a share
 From nature's rich perfumes,
 When the Elysian youth were met,
 That were of most account,
 And to disport themselves were set
 Upon an easy mount:
 Near which, of stately fir and pine
 There grew abundant store,
 The tree that weepeth turpentine,
 And shady sycamore.
 Amongst this merry youthful train
 A forester they had,
 A fisher, and a shepherd swain,
 A lively country lad:
 Betwixt which three a question grew,
 Who should the worthiest be,
 Which violently they pursue,
 Nor stickled would they be:
 'That it the company doth please
 This civil strife to stay,
 Freely to hear what each of these
 For his brave self could say.
 When first this forester, of all
 That Silvius had to name,
 'To whom the lot being cast doth fall,
 Doth thus begin the game.

Silvius. For my profession then, and for the
 life I lead,
 All others to excel, thus for myself I plead;
 I am the prince of sports, the forest is my law,
 He's not upon the earth, for pleasure lives like me;
 The morn no sooner puts her rosy mantle on,
 But from my quiet lodge I instantly am gone,
 When the melodious birds from every bush and
 brier
 Of the wild spacious wastes, make a continual cheer;
 The mottled meadows then, new varnish'd with
 the sun, [run,
 Shoot up their spicy sweets upon the winds that
 In easily ambling gales, and softly seem to pace,
 That it the longer might their deliciousness em-
 brace.
 I am clad in youthful green, I other colours scorn,
 My silken bauldrick bears my bugle or my horn;
 Which setting to my lips, I wind so loud and shrill
 As makes the echoes shout from every neighbour-
 ing hill:
 My dog-hook at my belt, to which my Lyam's staff
 My sheaf of arrows by, my wood-knife by my side,
 My cross-bow in my hand, my gaffle or my rack
 To bend it when I please, or it I list to slack;
 My hound then in my Lyam, I by the wood-
 man's art [part;
 Forecast where I may lodge the goodly hic-part
 To view the grazing herds, so sundry times I use,
 Whereby the lostiest head I know my deer to lose,
 And to unherd him then, I gallop o'er the ground
 Upon my well breath'd nag, to cheer my earnest
 hound.
 Sometime I pitch my toils the deer alive to take,
 Sometime I like the cry, the deep mouth'd ket-
 nel make.
 Then underneath my horse, I stalk my game to
 strike,
 And with a single dog to hunt him hurt I like.
 The silvans are to me true subjects, I their king,
 The stately hart his hind doth to my pleasure
 bring,
 The buck his loved doe, the roe his tripping mate
 Before me to my bower, whereas I sit and wait.

rade, hamadryads, the satyrs and the fawns,
 at hide and seek before me on the lawns;
 ifking fairy oft, when horned Cynthia
 shines,
 ne as I walk dance wanton matachines;
 nerous feather'd flocks, that the wild fo-
 rests haunt,
 lvan songs to me, in cheerful ditties chaunt;
 des like ample shields, defend me from
 the sun, [run;
 h which me to refresh the gentle rivulets
 : bubbling brook from any spring that falls,
 the pebbles plays me pretty madrigals.
 orn I climb the hills, where wholesome
 winds do blow,
 i tide to the vales, and shady groves below;
 : evening I again the crystal floods frequent,
 re thus my life continually is spent.
 : es and great lords have palaces, so I
 the forests here, my hall and gallery
 and stately woods, which underneath are
 plain; [again
 veas my gardens are; the heath and downs
 e and spacious walks. Then say all what
 ye can,
 fter is still your only gallant man.

his speech scarce made an end,
 they load with praise,
 mphs most highly him commend,
 w to give him bays:
 w cry'd up of every one,
 so but only he?
 fter's the man alone,
 rthiest of the three.
 me than th' other far more flaid,
 hem a while to pause,
 e was more yet to be said,
 ight deserve applause,
 halcius his turn next plys,
 nce having won,
 r the fisherman he cries,
 is his plea begun.

No, forester, it so must not be borne
 away,
 what for himself the fisher first can say;
 stal current streams continually I keep,
 every pearl-pav'd ford, and every blue-
 y'd deep,
 : familiar are; when in my boat being set,
 I take in hand, my angle and my net
 ie; like a prince myself in state I steer,
 , now down the stream, now am I here,
 now there,
 it and the fraught myself; and at my ease
 I me when I list, or in what place I please;
 er-scaled shoals, about me in the streams,
 as ye discern the atoms in the beams,
 the shady bank where slender sallies grow.
 lows their flag'd tops down t'wards the
 vaters bow, [heat,
 n with my boat to shield me from the
 hooling from my bag some prov'd especial
 air,

The goodly well-grown trout I with my angle
 strike,
 And with my bearded wire I take the ravenous
 pike, [away,
 Of whom when I have hold he seldom breaks
 Though at my line's full length, so long I let him
 play
 Till by my hand I find he well near weary'd be,
 When softly by degrees I draw him up to me.
 The lusty salmon too, I oft with angling take,
 Which me above the rest most lordly sport doth
 make,
 Who feeling he is caught, such friks and bounds
 doth fetch, [stretch,
 And by his very strength my line so far doth
 As draws my floating cork down to the very
 ground,
 And wrefking of my rod, doth make my boat
 turn round.
 I never idle am, sometime I bait my weels,
 With which by night I take the dainty silver eels,
 And with my draught-net then, I sweep the
 streaming flood, [mud,
 And to my trammel next, and cast net from the
 I beat the scaly brood; no hour I idly spend,
 But weary'd with my work I bring the day to end.
 The Naiades and Nymphs that in the rivers keep,
 Which take into their care the store of every deep,
 Amongst the flowery flags, the bullrushes and
 reed, [breed)
 That of the spawn have charge (abundantly to
 Wellmounted upon swans, their naked bodies lend
 To my discerning eye, and on my boat attend,
 And dance upon the waves, before me (for my
 sake) [make.
 To th' music the soft wind upon the reeds doth
 And for my pleasure more, the rougher gods of
 seas
 From Neptune's court send in the blue Neriades,
 Which from his brackey realm upon the billows
 ride, [tide,
 And bear the rivers back with every streaming
 Those billows 'gainst my boat, borne with de-
 lightful gales,
 Oft seeming as I row to tell me pretty tales,
 Whilst loads of liquid pearl still load my labour-
 ing oars, [shores:
 As stretch'd upon the stream they strike me to the
 The silent meadows seem delighted with my lays,
 And sitting in my boat I sing my lass's praise.
 Then let them that like, the forester up-cry,
 Your noble fisher is your only man say I.

This speech of Halcius turn'd the tide,
 And brought it so about,
 That all upon the fisher cry'd,
 That he would bear it out;
 Him for the speech he made, to clap
 Who lent him not a hand?
 And said t'would be the waters' hap,
 Quite to put down the land.
 This while Melanthus silent sits,
 (For so the shepherd hight)
 And having heard these dainty wits,
 Each pleading for his right;

To hear them honour'd in this wife,
His patience doth provoke,
When for a shepherd room, he cries,
And for himself thus spoke

Melanctus. Well fisher you have done, and fo-
rester for you
Your tale is neatly told, s'are both's to give you
due.

And now my turn comes next, then hear a shep-
herd speak :

My watchfulness and care gives day scarce leave
to break

But to the fields I haste, my folded flock to see,
Where when I find, nor wolf, nor fox hath in-
jured me,

I to my bottle strait, and soundly baste my throat,
Which done, some country song or roundelay I
rote

So merrily ; that to the music that I make,
I force the lark to sing ere she be well awake ;
Then Ball my cut-tail'd cur and I begin to play,
He o'er my sheephook leaps, now th' one now
th' other way.

Then on his hinder feet he doth himself advance,
I tune, and to my note, my lively dog doth dance ;
Then whistle in my fist, my fellow swains to call,
Down go our hooks and scrips, and we to nine-
holes fall,

At dust point, or at quoits, else are we at it hard,
All false and cheating games, we shepherds are
debar'd ;

Surveying of my sheep, if ewe or wether look
As though it were amiss, or with my cur or
crook

I take it, and when once I find what it doth ail,
It hardly hath that hurt, but that my skill can heal ;
And when my careful eye I cast upon my sheep,
I sort them in my pens, and sorted so I keep :

Those that are big'st of bone, I still reserve for
breed,

My cullings I put off, or for the chapman feed.
When th' evening doth approach I to my bag-
pipe take,

And to my grazing flocks such music then I make,
That they forbear to feed ; then me a king you
see,

I playing go before, my subject follow me ;

My bell wether most brave, before the rest doth stalk,
The father of the flock, and after him doth walk
My writhen headed ram, with posies crown'd in pride
Fast to his crooked horns with ribbons neatly ty'd ;
And at our shepherds board that's cut out of the
ground,

My fellow swains and I together at it round
With green cheese, clouted cream, with flawns
and custards stor'd,

Whig, cyder, and with whey, I domineer a lord.
When sheering time is come I to the river drive
My goodly well fleec'd flocks, (by pleasure thus I
thrive)

Which being wash'd at will, upon the sheering day
My wool I forth in locks, fit for the winder lay,
Which upon lusty heaps into my cote I heave,
That in the handling feels as soft as any fleece ;
When every ewe two lambs that yeaned hath that
year,

About her new shorn neck a chaplet then doth
[wear ;
My tarbox, and my scrip, my bagpipe at my back,
My sheephook in my hand, what can I say I lack ?
He that a sceptre sway'd, a sheephook in his hand
Hath not disdain'd to have ; for shepherds then I
stand.

Then forester, and you my fisher, cease your strife
I say your shepherd leads your only merry life.

They had not cry'd the forester,
And fisher up before,
So much : but now the nymphs prefer
The shepherd ten times more,
And all the ging goes on his side,
Their minion him they make,
To him themselves they all apply,
And all his party take ;
Till some in their discretion cast,
Since first the strife begun,
In all that from them there had pass'd
None absolutely won ;
That equal honour they should share ;
And their deserts to show,
For each a garland they prepare,
Which they on them bestow,
Of all the choicest flowers that were
Which purposely they gather,
With which they crown them, parting there
As they came first together.

NYMPHAL VII.

FLORIMEL, LELIPA, NAIIS, CODRUS—a Ferryman.

The Nymphs the queen of love pursue,
Which oft doth hide her from their view :
But lastly from th' Elysian nation
She banish'd is by proclamation.

Florimel.

Dean Lelipa, where hast thou been so long ?
Was't not enough for thee to do me wrong,
To rob me of thyself, but with more spite
To take my Naiis from me, my delight ?
Ye lazy girls, your heads where have ye laid,
Whilst Venus here her antick pranks hath play'd ?

Lelipa. Nay, Florimel, we should of you inquire,

The only maiden, whom we all admire
For beauty, wit, and chastity, that you
Amongst the rest of all our virgin crew,
In quest of her, that you so slack should be,
And leave the charge to Naiis and to me.

Florimel. Y'are much mistaken, Lelipa, 'twas I,
Of all the nymphs, that first did her descry,
At our great hunting, when as in the chace
Amongst the rest, methought I saw one face
So exceeding fair, and curious, yet unknown,
That I that face not possibly could own.
And in the course, so goddess like a gait,
Each step so full of majesty and state ;
That with myself, I thus resolv'd, that she
Less than a goddess, surely, could not be.
Thus as Idalia stedfastly I ey'd,
A little nymph, that kept close by her side,
I noted, as unknown as was the other,
Which Cupid was disguis'd so by his mother,
The little purblind rogue, if you had seen,
You would have thought he verily had been
One of Diana's votaries, so clad,
He every thing so like a huntress had :
And she had put false eyes into his head,
That very well he might us all have sped.
And still they kept together in the rear,
But as the boy should have shot at the deer,
He shot amongst the nymphs, which when I saw,
Closer unto them I began to draw ;
And fell to hearken, when they nought suspecting,
Because I saw them utterly neglecting,
I heard her say, My little Cupid to't,
Now, boy, or never, at the bevic shoot,

Vol. III.

Have at them, Venus, quoth the boy anon,
I'll pierce the proud'st, had she a heart of stone :
With that I cry'd out, 'Treason, treason ; when
The nymphs, that were before, turning again
To understand the meaning of this cry,
They out of sight were banish'd presently.
Thus but for me, the mother and the son,
Here, in Elysium, had us all undone.

Naiis. Believe me, gentle maid, 'twas very well ;
But now hear me, my beauteous Florimel.
Great Mars his lemman being cry'd out here,
She to Felicia goes, still to be near
Th' Elysian nymphs, for at us is her aim,
The fond Felicians are her common game.
I upon pleasure idly wand'ring thither,
Something worth laughter from those fools to
gather,
Found her, who thus had lately been surpris'd,
Fearing the like, had her fair self disguis'd
Like an old witch, and gave out to have skill
In telling fortunes, either good or ill :
And that more neatly she with them might close,
She cut the corns of dainty ladies toes ;
She gave them physic either to cool or move
them
And powders too to make their sweethearts love
them :

And her son Cupid as her zany went,
Carrying her boxes, whom she often sent
To know of her fair patients how they slept,
By which means she and the blind archer crept
Into their favours, who would often toy,
And took delight in sporting with the boy ;
Which many times, amongst his waggish tricks,
These wanton wenches in the bosom pricks ;
That they before which had some frantic fits,
Were by his witchcraft quite out of their wits.
Watching this wizard, my mind gave me still
She some impostor was, and that this skill
Was counterfeit, and had some other end :
For which discovery, as I did attend,
Her wrinkled vizard being very thin,
My piercing eye perceiv'd her clearer skin

R 2

Through the thick rivels perfectly to shine;
 When I perceiv'd a beauty so divine,
 As that so clouded, I began to pry
 A little nearer, when I chanc'd to 'spy
 That pretty mole upon her cheek, which when
 I saw; surveying every part again,
 Upon her left hand I perceiv'd the scar
 Which she received in the Trojan war:
 Which when I found, I could not choofe but smile;
 She who again had noted me the while,
 And, by my carriage, found I had descry'd her,
 Slipp'd out of sight, and presently doth hide her.

Lelipa. Nay, then, my dainty girl, I make no doubt

But I myself as strangely found her out
 As either of you both; in field and town,
 When like a pedlar she went up and down:
 For she had got a pretty handsome pack,
 Which she had fardled neatly at her back:
 And opening it, she had the perfect cry,
 Come, my fair girl, let's see, what will you buy?
 Here be fine night-masks, plaster'd well within,
 To supple wrinkles, and to smooth the skin:
 Here's crystal, coral, bugle, jet, in beads,
 Cornelian bracelets, for my dainty maids:
 Then perriwigs and scarcloth gloves doth show,
 To make their hands as white as swan or snow;
 Then takes she forth a curious gilded box,
 Which was not open'd but by double locks,
 Takes them aside, and doth a paper spread,
 In which was painting both for white and red;
 And next a piece of silk, wherein there lies
 For the decay'd, false breasts, false teeth, false eyes:
 And all the while she's opening of her pack,
 Cupid, with his wings bound close down to his back,
 Playing the tumbler, on a table gets,
 And shews the ladies many pretty feats.
 I seeing behind him that he had such things;
 For well I knew no boy but he had wings,
 I view'd his mother's beauty, which to me
 Less than a goddess's said she could not be:
 With that, quoth I to her, The other day,
 As you do now, so one that came this way,
 Shew'd me a neat piece, with the needle wrought,
 How Mars and Venus were together caught
 By polt-foot Vulcan in an iron net;
 I griev'd me after that I chanc'd to let
 It go from me; whereat waxing red,
 Into her hamper she hung down her head,
 As she had stoop'd some novelty to seek,
 But 'twas indeed to hide her blushing cheek:
 When she her trinkets tustleth up anon,
 Here we were 'ware, and instantly was gone.

Florinel. But mark you, nymphs, amongst our idle prate,

'Tis current news through the Elysian state,
 That Venus and her son were lately seen
 Here in Elysium, whence they oft have been
 Banish'd by our edict, and yet still merry
 Were here in public row'd o'er at the ferry,
 Where, as his said, the ferryman and she
 Had much discourse, she was so full of glee,

Codrus much wond'ring at the blind boy's b

Naiis. And what it was, that easily you may
 Codrus himself comes rowing here at hand.

Lelipa. Codrus, come hither, let your w
 stand,
 I hope upon you ye will take no state,
 Because two gods have grac'd your boat of I
 Good ferryman, I pray thee let us hear
 What talk they had, aboard thee whilst they

Codrus. Why thus, fair nymphs,
 As I a fare had lately past,
 And thought that side to ply,
 I heard one, as it were in haste,
 A boat, a boat, to cry;
 Which as I was about to bring,
 And came to view my freight,
 Thought I, what more than heavenly thing
 Hath fortune hither brought?
 She seeing mine eyes still on her were,
 Soon, smilingly, quoth she,
 Sirrah! look to your rudder there,
 Why look'st thou thus at me?
 And nimbly stepp'd into my boat,
 With her a little lad
 Naked and blind, yet did I note,
 That bow and shafts he had,
 And two wings to his shoulders fixt,
 Which stood like little sails,
 With far more various colours mixt
 Than be your peacocks tails:
 I seeing this little dapper elf
 Such arms as these to bear,
 Quoth I, thus softly to myself,
 What strange thing have we here?
 I never saw the like, thought I,
 'Tis more than strange to me,
 To have a child have wings to fly,
 And yet want eyes to see;
 Sure this is some devised toy,
 Or it transform'd hath been,
 For such a thing, half bird, half boy,
 I think was never seen:
 And in my boat I turn'd about,
 And wisely view'd the lad,
 And clearly saw his eyes were out,
 Though bow and shafts he had,
 As wisely she did me behold,
 How lik'st thou him? quoth she,
 Why, well, quoth I, and better should,
 Had he but eyes to see.
 How say'st thou? honest friend, quoth she,
 Wilt thou a prentice take?
 I think, in time, though blind he be,
 A ferryman he'll make.
 To guide my passage boat, quoth I,
 His fine lands were not made,
 He hath been bred too wantonly
 To undertake my trade.
 Why help him to a master then,
 Quoth she, such youths be scarce,
 It cannot be but there be men
 That such a boy do want.

THE MUSES, ELYSIUM.

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I, when you your best have done,
 ter way you'll find,
 o a harper bind your son,
 nost of them are blind.
 vely mother and the boy,
 'd heartily thereat,
 ome nimble jest or toy,
 r my homely chat.
 I, I pray you let me know,
 ie thus first to lights,
 ome sickness, hurt, or blow,
 'd of his sight?
 re, quoth she, he thus was born.
 unge! born blind! quoth I;
 ou put this as a scorn,
 simplicity,
 she, Thus blind I did him bear.
 I, If't be no lie,
 e's the first blind man I'll swear,
 & this'd archery.
 ' quoth she, nay there you miss,
 ll a boy as now,
 ie elder than he is
 is will him allow.
 o elder than he is!
 re he is some sprite,
 eply'd. Again at this
 lde's laugh'd outright.
 ystery to me,
 er, and yet blind!
 again, how can it be,
 his mark should find?
 s, quoth she, whose will it was
 should want his sight,
 in something should surpass,
 npen'se their spite,
 n this gift, though at his game
 hot in the dark,
 should have so certain aim,
 o m's his mark.

By this time we were come ashore,
 When me my fare she pay'd,
 But not a word she utter'd more,
 Nor had I her bewray'd.
 Of Venus nor of Cupid I
 Before did never hear,
 But that a fisher coming by
 Then told me who they were.

Florimel. Well; against them then proceed
 As before we have decreed,
 That the goddess, and her child,
 Be for ever hence exil'd,
 Which, Lelipa, you shall proclaim
 In our wife Apollo's name.

Lelipa. To all th' Elysian nymphish nation,
 Thus we make our proclamation,
 Against Venus and her son,
 For the mischiefs they have done:
 After the next last of May,
 The fix'd and peremptory day,
 If she or Cupid shall be found
 Upon our Elysian ground,
 Our edict mere rogues shall make them,
 And as such, whoe'er shall take them,
 Them shall into prison put;
 Cupid's wings shall then be cut,
 His bow broken, and his arrows
 Given to boys to shoot at sparrows,
 And this vagabond be sent;
 Having had due punishment,
 To mount Cytheron, which first fed him,
 Where his wanton mother bred him,
 And there out of her protection:
 Daily to receive correction;
 Then her passport shall be made,
 And to Cyprus isle convey'd,
 And at Paphos in her shrine,
 Where she hath been held divine,
 For her offences found contrite,
 There to live an anchorite.

R r ij

NYMPHAL VIII.

MERTILLA, CLAI, CLORIS.

A Nymph is married to a Fay,
Great preparations for the day;
All rites of nuptials they recite you,
To the bridal and invite you.

Mertilla.

BUT will our Tita wed this Fay?

Clai. Yea, and to-morrow is the day.

Mertilla. But why should she bestow herself
Upon this dwarfish fairy elf?

Clai. Why by her smallness you may find,
That she is of the fairy kind,
And therefore apt to choose her make
Whence she did her beginning take:
Besides, he's dext and wond'rous airy,
And of the noblest of the fairy,
Chief of the crickets of much fame,
In fairy a most ancient name,
But to be brief, 'tis clearly done,
The pretty wench is woo'd and won.

Cloris. If this be so, let us provide
The ornaments to fit our bride;
For they knowing she doth come
From us in Elysium,
Queen Mab will look she should be drest
In those attires we think our best;
'Therefore some curious things let's give her,
Ere to her spouse we her deliver.

Mertilla. I'll have a jewel for her ear,
(Which for my sake I'll have her wear)
'T shall be a dewdrop, and therein
Of Cupids I will have a twin,
Which struggling, with their wings shall break
The bubble, out of which shall leak
So sweet a liquor as shall move
Each thing that smells, to be in love.

Clai. Believe me, girl, this will be fine,
And to this pendent, then take mine;
A cup in fashion of a fly,
Of the lynx's piercing eye,
Wherein there sticks a sunny ray,
Shot in through the clearest day,

Whose brightness Venus' self did move,
Therein to put her drink of love,
Which for more strength she did distil,
The limbeck was a phoenix' quill;
At this cup's delicious brink,
A fly approaching but to drink,
Like amber, or some precious gum,
It transparent doth become.

Cloris. For jewels for her ears she's sped:
But for a dressing for her head
I think for her I have a tire,
That all fairies shall admire:
The yellows in the full-blown rose,
Which in the top it doth inclose,
Like drops of gold-ore shall be hung
Upon her tresses, and among
Those scatter'd seeds (the eye to please)
The wings of the cantharides:
With some o' th' rainbow that doth rail
Those moons in, in the peacock's tail:
Whose dainty colours being mix'd
With th' other beauties, and so fix'd,
Her lovely tresses shall appear
As though upon a flame they were.
And to be sure she shall be gay,
We'll take those feathers from the jay;
About her eyes in circlets set,
To be our Tita's coronet.

Mertilla. Then, dainty girls, I make no dou
But we shall neatly send her out:
But let's amongst ourselves agree,
Of what her wedding gown shall be.

Clai. Of pansy, pink, and primrose leaves,
Most curiously laid on in threaves:
And all embroidery to supply,
Powder'd with flowers of rosemary:
A trail about the skirt shall run,
The silk-worm's finest, newly spun:
And every seam the nymphs shall sew
With th' finallest of the spinner's clue:

ing done their work, again
 the church shall bear her train :
 our Tita we will make
 t' flough of a snake,
 ivering as the wind doth blow,
 all it like tinsel show.

And being led to meet her mate,
 sure that she want no state,
 on the peacock's tail we'll shred,
 hers from the pheasant's head :
 h the plume of (so high price)
 ous bird of paradise.
 make up our nymphs shall ply
 ous canopy,
 r her head (by our equerry)
 be fittest of the fairy.

z. But all this while we have forgot
 ns, neighbours, have we not ?

We had, for those I'll fit her now,
 l be of the lady-cow :
 y shell upon her back
 n strew'd with spots of black ;
 she holds a stately pace,
 ill wonderfully grace.

But then for music of the best,
 t be thought on for the feast.

z. The nightingale of birds most choice
 r best shall strain her voice ;
 is bird to make a set,
 is, merl, and robinet :
 the linnet, and the thrush,
 e a choir of every bush.
 ill music, we will keep
 , and titmouse, which to sleep
 the bride, when she's alone,
 into their chambers gone.
 those upon ropes that walk
 er, from stalk to stalk,
 ing fairy tricks shall play
 ing of the wedding day.

But for the bride-bed, what were fit,
 t not yet been talk'd of yet.

Of leaves of roses white and red,
 he covering of her bed :
 ins, vallens, tester, all,
 he flower imperial ;
 he fringe, it all along
 ire harebells shall be hung ;
 hall the pillows be,
 vn stuff of the butterfly.

z. Thus far we handsomely have gone,
 our prothalamion,
 age song, of all the rest,
 hat much must grace our feast.
 a rise then to sing it
 efore the assembly bring it ;
 plogue must do it,
 dainty girls set to it.

Claia. This day must Tita married be,
 Come, nymphs, this nuptial let us see.

Mertilla. But is it certain that ye say ?
 Will she wed the noble Fay ?

Cloris. Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dews,
 Such as the gods at banquets use :
 Let herbs and weeds turn all to roses,
 And make proud the poets with posies :
 Shoot your sweets into the air,
 Charge the morning to be fair,

Claia. } For our Tita is this day

Mertilla. } To be married to a Fay.

Claia. By whom then shall our bride be led
 To the temple to be wed ?

Mertilla. Only by yourself and I,
 Who that roomth should else supply ?

Cloris. Come, bright girls, come all together,
 And bring all your off'rings hither,
 Ye most brave and buxom bevy,
 All your goodly graces levy,
 Come in majesty and state
 Our bridal here to celebrate.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day

Claia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Claia. Whose lot will't be the way to strow,
 On which to church our bride must go ?

Mertilla. That I think as fit't of all,
 To lively Lelipa must fall.

Cloris. Summon all the sweets that are,
 To this nuptial to repair ;
 Till with their throngs themselves they smother,
 Strongly stifling one another ;
 And at last they all consume,
 And vanish in one rich perfume.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day

Claia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Mertilla. By whom must Tita married be,
 'Tis fit we all to that should see ?

Claia. The priest he purposely doth come,
 Th' Arch Flamen of Elysiun.

Cloris. With tapers let the temples shine,
 Sing to Hymen hymns divine ;
 Load the altars till there rise
 Clouds from the burnt sacrifice,
 With your censers sing aloof
 'Their smells, till they ascend the roof.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day

Claia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Mertilla. But coming back when she is wed,
 Who breaks the cake above her head ?

R r iij

Clia. That shall Mertilla, for she's tallest,
And our Tita is the smallest.

Cloris. Violins, strike up aloud,
Ply the gittern, scour the crowd,
Let the nimble hand belabour
The whistling pipe, and drumbling tabor:
To the full the bagpipe rack,
'Till the swelling leather crack.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day
Clia } Married to a noble Fay.

Clia. But when to dine she takes her seat,
What shall be our Tita's meat?

Mertilla. The gods this feast, as to begin,
Have sent of their ambrosia in.

Cloris. Then serve we up the straw's rich berry.
The respas, and Elysian cherry:
The virgin honey from the flowers
In Hible, wrought in Flora's bowers:

Full bowls of nectar, and no girl
Carouse but in dissolved pearl.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day
Clia. } Married to a noble Fay.

Clia. But when night comes, and she must
go
To bed, dear nymphs, what must we do?

Mertilla. In the posset must be brought,
And points be from the bridegroom caught.

Cloris. In masks, in dances, and delight,
And rare banquets spend the night:
Then about the room we ramble,
Scatter nuts, and for them scramble:
Over stools and tables tumble,
Never think of noise nor rumble.

Mertilla. } For our Tita is this day
Clia. } Married to a noble Fay.

NYMPHAL IX.

MUSES and NYMPHS.

The Muses spend their lofty lays,
Upon Apollo and his praise;
The Nymphs with genius his altars build.
This Nymphal is with Phœbus fill'd.

A TEMPLE of exceeding state,
The nymphs and muses rearing,
Which they to Phœbus dedicate,
Elysium ever cheering:
These muses and these nymphs contend
This phœne to Phœbus offering,
Which fide the other should transcend,
These praise, those prizes proffering.
And at this long appointed day,
Each one their largest bringing,
Those nine fair sisters led the way,
Thus to Apollo singing.

The Muses. Thou youthful god that guid'st the
hours,
The muses thus implore thee,
By all those names, due to thy powers,
By which we still adore thee
Sol, Litan, Delius, Cynthia, Stylis,
Much reverence that have won thee,

Deriv'd from mountains as from isle,
Where worship first was done thee,
Rich Delos brought thee forth divine,
Thy mother thither driven,
At Delphos thy most sacred shrine,
Thy oracles were given,
In thy swift course from east to west,
The minutes miss to find thee,
That bear'st the morning on thy breast,
And leav'st the night behind thee.
Up to Olympus' top so steep,
Thy stantling couriers currying;
Thence down to Neptune's vally deep
Thy stany chariot hurrying.
(a) Eos, Ethon, Phlegon, Pirois, proud,
Their lightning manes advancing,
Breathing forth fire on every cloud
Upon their journey prancing:

(a) The horses drawing the chariot of the sun.

sparkling hoofs with gold for speed
 od, to 'scape all dangers,
 they upon ambrosia feed
 r celestial mangera.

(b) Colatina, that of hills
 lele, and hath keeping
 'mphs, the clear Oreades wills
 and thee from thy sleeping.

(c) Demogorgon feels thy might,
 nes about him heating;
 hrough his bosom dart'ft thy light,
 a the centre sweating.

but touch the golden lyre,
 (d) Minos mov'ft to hear thee;
 cks feel in themselves a fire.

se up to come near thee,
 ou that physics didst devise,
 by their natures calling;
 ich some opening at thy rise,
 ofing at thy falling.

yacinth, thy most lov'd lad,
 with the sledge thou slewest,
 n a flower the life he had,
 root thou still renewest:

aphne thy beloved tree,
 corns thy father's thunder,
 y dear (e) Clitia yet we see,
 ne can from thee sunder;
 thy bright bow that arrow flew
 h'd from thy golden quiver)
 that fell serpent Python flew,
 ming thee for ever.

) Actian and the Pythian games
 d were to praise thee,
 ill th' Apollinary names
 a' ancients thought could raise thee.
 se upon this mountain high
 e we'll have erected,
 thou the god of poesy
 are to have protected:
 thy lov'd Cynthus that shall share,
 ill his shady bowers,
 icia's Cragus shall compare
 his, for thee, of ours.

s having sung, the nymphish crew
 in amongst them thronging,
 g they might have the due
 ras to them belonging,
 they, Ye Muses, as divine,
 his glories graced,
 is we must build the shrine
 in they must be placed:
 of those precious gems we'll make
 ature can afford us,
 from that plenty we will take,
 with we here have stor'd us:
 ious Phœbus! most divine!
 altars then we hallow,
 ith those stones we build a shrine
 e our wife Apollo.

he mountain first slanting the sun at his rising,
 pposed the god of earth,
 ie of the judges of hell,
 nymph lov'd of Apollo, and by him changed in
 ver.
 ays or games in honour of Apollo.

The Nymphs. No gem from rocks, seas, running
 streams,

(Their numbers let us muster)
 But hath from thy most perfect beams
 The virtue and the lustre;
 The diamond, the king of gems,
 The first is to be placed,
 That glory is of diadems,
 Them gracing, by them graced:
 In whom thy power the most is seen,
 The raging fire refelling:
 The emerald then, most deeply green,
 For beauty most excelling,
 Resisting poison often prov'd
 By those about that wear it.
 The cheerful ruby then, much lov'd
 That doth revive the spirit,
 Whose kind to large extensure grown
 The colour so inflamed,
 Is that admired mighty stone
 The carbuncle that's named,
 Which from it such a flaming light
 And radiancy ejecteth,
 That in the very darkest night
 The eye to it directeth.

The yellow jacinth, strengthening sense,
 Of which who hath the keeping,
 No thunder hurts nor pestilence,
 And much provoketh sleeping.
 The crysolite that doth resist
 Thirst, prov'd never-failing,
 The purple-colour'd amethyst,
 'Gainst strength of wine prevailing:
 The verdant gay green smaragdus,
 Most sovereign over passion:
 The sardonyx, approv'd by us
 To master incantation.
 Then that celestial colour'd stone
 The saphyr, heavenly wholly,
 Which worn, there weariness is none,
 And cureth melancholy;
 The lazulus whose pleasant blue
 With golden veins is graced;
 The jaspis of so various hue,
 Amongst our other placed;
 The onyx from the ancients brought,
 Of wond'rous estimation,
 Shall in amongst the rest be wrought
 Our sacred shrine to fashion;
 The topaz we'll stick here and there,
 And sea-green colour'd beryl,
 And turcoise, which who haps to bear
 Is often kept from peril:
 The selenite, of Cynthia's light
 So nam'd, with her still ranging,
 Which as she wanes or waxeth bright
 Its colours so are changing.
 With opals more than any one
 We'll deck thine altar fuller,
 For that of every precious stone
 It doth retain some colour.

With bunches of pearl paragon
 Thine altar underpropping,
 Whose base is the cornelian,
 Strong bleeding often stopping:

With th'agate very oft that is
Cut strangely in the quarry,
As nature meant to shew in this,
How she herself can vary :
With worlds of gems from mines and seas
Elysium well might store us,

But we content ourselves with these
That readiest lie before us.
And thus, O Phœbus! most divine,
Thine altars still we hallow,
And to thy godhead rear this shrine,
Our only wife Apollo.

NYMPHAL X.

Naiis, CLAIA, CORBILUS, SATYR.

A Satyr on Elysium lights,
Whose ugly shape the Nymphs affrights,
Yet when they hear his just complaint,
They make him an Elysian faint.

Corbilus.

WHAT; breathless nymphs? bright virgins let me
What sudden cause constrains ye to this haste?
What have you seen that should affright you so?
What might it be from which ye fly so fast?
I see your faces full of pallid fear,
As though some peril follow'd on your flight;
Take breath a while, and quickly let me hear
Into what danger ye have lately light.

Naiis. Never were poor distressed girls so glad,
As when kind, loved Corbilus we saw,
When our much haste us so much weak'ned had,
That scarcely we our wearied breaths could draw.
In this next grove under an aged tree,
So fell a monster lying there we found,
As till this day, our eyes did never see,
Nor ever came on the Elysian ground.
Half man, half goat, he seem'd to us in shew,
His upper parts our human shape doth bear,
But he's a very perfect goat below,
His crooked cambrils arm'd with hoof and hair.

Claia. Through his lean chops a chattering he
doth make,
Which stirs his staring beastly drivell'd beard,
And his sharp horns he seem'd at us to shake
Canst thou then blame us though we were afraid.

Corbilus. Surely it seems some Satyr this should
Come and go back and guide me to the place,
Be not afraid, ye are safe enough with me,
Silly and harmless be their sylvan race.

Claia. How, Corbilus; a Satyr do you say?
How should he over high Parnassus hit?
Since to these fields there's none can find the way,
But only those the Muses will permit.

Corbilus. 'Tis true; but oft the sacred sistrum

The silly Satyr, by whose plainness they
Are taught the world's enormities to trace,
By beastly means abominable way;
Besides he may be banish'd his own home
By this base time, or be so much distressed,
That he the craggy by-clift hill hath clome
To find out these more pleasant fields of rest.

Naiis. Yonder he sits, and seems himself to bow
At our approach; what, doth our presence awe
him?

Methinks he seems not half so ugly now,
As at the first, when I and Claia saw him,

Corbilus. 'Tis an old Satyr, nymph, I now discern,

Sadly he sits, as he were sick or lame,
His looks would say, that we may eas'ly learn
How, and from whence, he to Elysium came.
Satyr, these fields how cam'st thou first to find?
What fate first shew'd thee this most happy shore?
When never any of thy sylvan kind
Set foot on the Elysian-earth before?

Satyr. O never ask, how I came to this place,
What cannot strong necessity find out?
Rather bemoan my miserable case,
Constrain'd to wander the wide world about.
With wild Silvanus and his woody crew,
In forests I, at liberty and free,
Liv'd in such pleasure as the world ne'er knew,
Nor any rightly can conceive but we.
This jocund life we many a day enjoy'd,
Till this last age, these beastly men forth brought,
That all these great and goodly woods destroy'd,
Whose growth their grandfires with such suffe-
rance sought,

r Felicia which was but of late
 paradise, that never had her peer,
 now in that most lamentable state,
 that a sylvan will inhabit there;
 in the soft and most delicious shade,
 of summer we were wont to play,
 the long day too short for us was made,
 the hours so sily stole away;
 this light, and on the pleasant lawn,
 anon fairy we were wont to chase,
 the nimble cloven-footed fawn,
 the plain durst boldly bid the base.
 the stive nymphs, with shouts and laughter
 hook
 the s and valleys in their wanton play,
 the echoes, their last words that took,
 the last they louder were than they.
 the y high wood, and the lower spring,
 the deer, in many a sudden shower;
 the hoirs of birds oft wonted were to sing,
 the ring furnace wholly doth devour;
 the r Felicia, but now quite defac'd,
 the aeries gone wherein she did abound,
 the inty groves, when she was highly grac'd
 the odly oak, ash, elm, and beeches crown'd;
 from heaven their judgment blinded is,
 the n reason it could never be,
 they might have clearly seen by this,
 the agues their next posterity shall see.
 the e infant on the mother's lap
 the t of fire shall be so sore distress,
 the ilst it draws the lank and empty pap,
 the ler lips shall freeze unto the breast;
 the king cattle which their warm stall want,
 the h bleak winter's northern wind oppress,
 the ows and stouer waxing thin and scant,
 the gry crows shall with their carrion feast.
 the untng timber wherewith they should
 uild,
 the a forest in Felicia found,
 the enforc'd upon the open field
 the hem caves for houses in the ground:
 the l thus robb'd of all her rich attire,
 the d bare herself to heaven doth shew,
 from thence that Jove would dart his fire
 the se wretches that disrob'd her so;

This beastly brood by no means may abide
 The name of their brave ancestors to hear,
 By whom their fordid slavery is descry'd,
 So unlike them as though not theirs they were;
 Nor yet they sense, or understanding have,
 Of those brave Muses that their country song,
 But with false lips ignobly do deprave
 The right and honour that to them belong;
 This cruel kind thus viper-like devour
 That fruitful soil which them too fully fed
 The earth doth curse the age and every hour
 Again, that it these viperous monsters bred.
 I seeing the plagues that shortly are to come
 Upon this people, clearly them forlook:
 And thus am light into Elysium,
 To whose strait search I wholly me betook.

Nails. Poor silly creature, come along with us,
 Thou shalt be free of the Elysian fields:
 Be not dismay'd, nor inly grieved thus,
 This place content in all abundance yields.
 We to the cheerful presence will thee bring
 Of Jove's dear daughters, where in shades they sit,
 Where thou shalt hear those sacred sisters sing
 Most heavenly hymns, the strength and life of wit.

Clais. Where to the Delphian God upon their
 lyres
 His pious seem ravish'd in his height of praise:
 Whilst he is crowning his harmonious choirs
 With circling garlands of immortal bays.

Coribius. Here live in blest, till thou shalt see
 those slaves
 Who thus set virtue and desert at nought,
 Some sacrific'd upon their grandfires graves,
 And some like beasts in markets sold and bought.
 Of fools and madmen leave thou then the care,
 That have no understanding of their state:
 For whom high heaven doth so just plagues pre-
 pare,
 That they to pity shall convert thy hate.
 And to Elysium be thou welcome then,
 Until those base Felicians thou shalt hear,
 By that vile nation captived again,
 That many a glorious age their captives were.

NOAH'S FLOOD, &c.

To the Right Noble,

RELIGIOUS, AND TRULY VIRTUOUS LADY,

MARY, COUNTESS OF DORSET.

Worthy of all titles and attributes, that were ever given to the most renowned of her Sex, and of me most deservedly to be honoured. To her fame and memory, I dedicate these my Divine Poems, with all the wishes of a grateful heart, for the preservation of her, and her children, the succeeding hopes of the ancient and noble family of the Sackvilles.

Her Servant,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

NOAH'S FLOOD.

At and all-working God, which wast
 he world, whose frame by thee was cast,
 justify'd with beaming lamps above,
 great wisdom set how they shall move
 e the seasons, equally to all,
 come and go as they do rise and fall,
 mighty Maker, O do thou infuse
 : and spirit into my labouring muse,
 may sing (what but from Noah thou hid'st)
 atest thing that ever yet thou didst
 ie creation; that the world may see
 se is heav'nly, and (a) deriv'd from thee.
 that glorious angel which since kept
 rgeous Eden, where once Adam slept,
 emptying Eve was taken from his side;
 u, great God, not only be my guide,
 h his fiery fauchcon still be nigh,
 o affliction far from me, that I
 free soul thy wond'rous works may show,
 as that deluge shall my numbers flow,
 the state wherein this earth then stood,
 at race, the universal flood.
 fruitful earth being lussy then and strong,
 a woman, fit for love, and young;
 t forth her creatures mighty, not a thing
 om her, but a continual spring
 increase it, and to make it flourish,
 herself she had that power to nourish
 recreation, that her children then
 t the infant of their birth, half men.
 en begot so soon, and got so long,
 arcely one a thousand men among,
 ten thousand in his time might see,
 om his loins deriv'd their progeny.
 l-womb'd women very hardly went
 ir nine months, abundant nature lent
 uit such thriving, as that once wax'd quick,
 ge-limb'd mother, neither faint nor sick,
 her hour by her abundant health,
 so play'd the unthrif with her wealth,
 ligally lavishing her store
 he teeming earth, then wasting more
 had need of: (b) not the smallest weed
 in that first age, but the natural seed

love Muse.

as usefulness and bravery of the earth before the

Made it a plant, to these now since the flood,
 So that each garden look'd then like a wood:
 Beside, in medicine simples had that power,
 'That none need then the planetary hour
 To help their working, they so juiceful were,
 The winter and the spring-time of the year
 Seem'd all one season: that most stately tree
 Of Libanus, which many times we see
 Mention'd for tallness in the holy writ,
 Whose tops the clouds oft in their wand'ring hit,
 Were shrubs to those then on the earth that grew,
 Nor the most sturdy storm that ever blew
 Their big-grown bodies to the earth o'er shook,
 Their mighty roots so certain fast'ning took;
 Cover'd with grais more soft than any silk,
 The trees dropt honey, and the springs gush'd
 milk:

The flower-sleec'd meadow, and the gorgeous grove,
 Which should smell sweetest in their bravery's grove;
 No little shrub but it some gum let fall,
 To make the clear air aromatical:
 Whilst to the little birds melodious strains
 The trembling rivers tript along the plains.
 Shades serv'd for houses, neither heat nor cold
 Troubled the young, nor yet annoy'd the old:
 The bat'ning earth all plenty did afford,
 And without tilling, of her own accord;
 That living idly without taking pain.
 (Like to the first) made every man a Cain.
 Seven hundred years a man's age scarcely then,
 Of mighty size so were these long-liv'd men,
 The flesh of lions, and of bulls they tore,
 Whose skins those giants for their garments wore.
 Yet not term'd giants only, for that they
 Excell'd men since, in bigness every way:
 Nor that they were so puissant of their hand,
 But that the race wherewith the earth was mann'd,
 So wrathful, proud, and tyrannous were then,
 Not (c) dreading God, nor yet respecting men;
 For they knew neither magistrate nor law,
 Nor could conceive ought that their wills could awe;
 For which wax'd proud, and haughty in their
 thought,
 They set th' eternal living God at nought:

(c) Josephus,

Mankind increasing greatly every day,
 Their fine increase in numbers more than they;
 Seven ages had past Adam, when men prone
 To tyranny, and no man knew his own:
 His sensual will then followed, and his lust
 His only law, in those times to be just
 Was to be wicked; God so quite forgot,
 As what was damn'd, that in that age was not.
 With one another's flesh themselves they fill'd,
 And drank the blood of those whom they had kill'd.
 They dar'd to do what none should dare to name,
 They never heard of such a thing as shame.
 Men mixt with man, (d) and daughter, sister, mother,

Were to these wicked men as any other.
 To rip their women's wombs, they would not sick,
 When they perceiv'd once they were waxed quick;
 Feeding on that from their own loins that sprung;
 Such wickedness these monsters was among,
 That they us'd beasts, digressing from all kind;
 That the Almighty pond'ring in his mind
 Their baseness, (from his intent) began
 'I' repent himself that he created man.
 Their sin ascending the Almighty's seat,
 Th' eternal throne with horror seem'd to threat;
 Still daring God a war with them to make,
 And of his power no knowledge seem'd to take:
 So that he vow'd, the world he would destroy,
 Which he revealed only to just Noe.
 For but that man, none worthy was to know,
 Nor he the manner to none else would show.
 For since with stars he fill'd high heaven enchas'd,
 And Adam first in paradise had plac'd,
 Amongst all those inhabiting the ground,
 He not a man so just as Noah had found.
 For which he gave him charge an ark to build,
 And by those workmen which were deepest skill'd
 In architecture, to begin the frame,
 And thus th' Almighty taught just Noah the same.
 (e) Three hundred cubits the whole length to be,
 Fifty the breadth, the height (least of the three)
 Full thirty cubits; only with one light
 A cubit broad, and just so much in height:
 And in three stories bad him to divide
 The inner room, and in the vessel's side
 To place a door, commanding Noah to take
 Great care thereof: and this his ark to make
 Of Gopher wood, which some will need'ly have
 To be the pine tree, and commandment gave
 That the large planks whereof it was compos'd,
 When they by art should curiously be clos'd,
 Should with bitumen both within and out
 Be deeply pitch'd, the vessel round about,
 So strong a glew as could not off be worn,
 The rage of winds and waters that doth scorn;
 Like to a chest or coffer it was fram'd,
 For which an ark most fitly it was nam'd;
 Nor like a ship, for that a ship below
 Is ridg'd and narrow, upward but doth grow
 Wider and wider: but this mighty bark,
 Built by just Noah, this universal ark,
 Held one true breadth i' th' bottom as above,
 That when this frame upon the flood should move,

(d) Herosus cited by Plerius.
 (e) The structure of the ark.

On the fall'n waters it should float secure,
 As it did first the falling shower endure:
 And close above, so to bear out the weather
 For forty days when it should rain together.

A hundred years the ark in building was,
 So long a time e'er he could bring to pass
 This work intended; all which time just Noe
 Cry'd, that th' Almighty would the world de-

stroy:

And as this good man used many a day
 To walk abroad, his building to survey,
 These cruel giants coming in to see,
 (In their thoughts wond'ring what this work

should be)

He with erected hands to them doth cry,

" (f) Either repent ye, or ye all must die.
 " Your blasphemies, your baseness, your wrang,
 " Are heard to heaven, and with a thousand
 " tongues
 " Shoot in the ears of the Almighty Lord;
 " So that your sins no leisure him afford
 " To think on mercy, they so thickly throng,
 " That when he would your punishment bring,
 " Their horror hales him on, that from himself
 " In his own nature, you do him enforce,
 " Nay, wrest plagues from him upon human kind,
 " Who else to mercy wholly is inclin'd.
 " From Seth, which God to Eva gave in kin
 " Of her son Abel whom his brother slew,
 " That cursed Cain, how hath th' Almighty kin
 " The seed of Adam though he so transgressed
 " In Enos by whose godliness man came
 " At first to call on the Almighty name,
 " And Enoch, whose integrity was such,
 " In whom the Lord delighted was so much,
 " As in his years he suffer'd no decay,
 " But God to heaven took bodily away;
 " With long life blessing all that goodly stem,
 " From the first man down to Methusalem;
 " Now from the loins of Lamech sendeth me,
 " (Unworthy his ambassador to be)
 " To tell ye yet, if ye at last repent,
 " He will lay by his wrathful punishment,
 " That God, who was so merciful before
 " To our forefathers, likewise hath in store
 " Mercy for us their nephews, if we fall
 " With tears before him, and he will recal
 " His wrath sent out already; therefore fly
 " To him for mercy, yet the threat'ning fly
 " Pauses, e'er it the deluge down will pour,
 " For every man you fled, he'll stop a shower;
 " Yet of th' Almighty mercy you may win,
 " He'll leave to punish, if you leave to sin;
 " That God eternal, which old Adam cast
 " Out of that earthly heaven, where he had plac'd
 " That first-made man, for his forbidden deed
 " From thence for ever banishing his seed,
 " For us his sinful children doth provide,
 " And with abundance hath us still supply'd;
 " And can his blessings, who respects you thus,
 " Make you most wicked, most rebellious?
 " Still is your stubborn obstinacy such?
 " Have ye no mercy, and your God to mock?

(f) Noah threatening God's vengeance upon the world
 with his sermon of repentance.

God! said I, O wherefore said I so?
 words deny him, and your works say no;
 e the day doth but too fast approach,
 in heav'n's Maker means to set abroad
 world of water, which shall overflow
 mighty mountains whereon now ye go,
 ropied clouds, see, your destruction threat,
 an and moon both in their course are set
 ur by water, and do all they can
 ing destruction upon sinful man;
 very thing shall suffer for your sake,
 ie whole earth shall be but one whole lake.
 for mercy, leave your wicked ways,
 God from time shall separate those days
 ngeance coming, and he shall disperse
 clouds now threat'ning the whole uni-
 verse,
 ive the world, which else he will destroy."
 is good man, this terror-preaching Noy,
 's and tigers might have taught as well,
 ough'd to hear this godly man to tell
 d would drown the world, they thought
 him mad,
 r great Maker they forgotten had.
 ew none such, Th' Almighty God, say they,
 ight he be? and when shall be the day
 lk'ft of to us? can't thou think that we
 suppose that such a thing can be?
 n he do that we cannot defeat?
 wawny fifts to very dust can beat
 d'ft rock, and with our breasts can bear
 ng'ft stream backward; dost thou think
 o fear
 these dreams of deluges? to make
 own ways and courses to forsake?
 ut see that G-d who dares to stand
 : thou speak'ft, that with his furious hand
 he'll drown us and we will defy
 his teeth; and if he keep the sky
 re him thence, and if he then come down,
 llenge us that he the world will drown,
 low him until his threats be flints,
 rill batter his blue house with flints.
 rk is finish'd, and the Lord is wrath,
 uft Noah, and he provided hath
 ed angels, bidding them to bring
 e and female of each living thing
 ark, by whom he had decreed
 r the world, and by their fruitful seed
 : as before, and is precise
 for men, and for his sacrifice,
 en just pairs, of birds, and beasts that were
 can by him, should happily repair
 great ark, the other made unclean,
 and female only should come twain:
 y the angels every where were fought,
 ther by their ministry were brought.
 Noah sets ope the ark and doth begin
 his freight, his mighty lading in:
 r the beasts are walking from the wood,
 of ravine, as that chew the cud,
 r of beasts his fury doth suppress,
 he ark leads down the lions; and
 for his beloved mate doth low,
 he ark brings on the fair-ey'd cow:

The stately courser for his mare doth neigh,
 And t'wards the new ark guideth her the way;
 The wreath'd-horn'd ram his safety doth pursue,
 And to the ark ushers his gentle ewe;
 The bristly boar, who with his snout up plow'd
 The spacious plains, and with his grunting loud,
 Rais'd rattling echoes all the woods about,
 Leaves his dark den, and having scented out
 Noah's new-built ark, in with his fow doth come,
 And fye themselves up in a little room;
 The hart with his dear hind, the buck and doe,
 Leaving their wildness, bring the tripping roe
 Along with them; and from the mountain steep
 The clamb'ring goat, and coney, us'd to keep
 Amongst the cliffs, together get, and they
 To this great ark find out the ready way;
 Th' unwieldy elk, whose skin is of much proof,
 Throngs with the rest t' attain this wooden roof;
 The unicorn leaves off his pride, and clofe
 There sets him down by the rhinoceros;
 The elephant there coming to embrak,
 And as he softly getteth up the ark,
 Feeling by his great weight his body sunk,
 Holds by his huge tooth and his nervy trunk;
 The crook-back'd camel climbing to the deck,
 Draws up himself with his long sinewy neck;
 The spotted panther, whose delicious scent
 Oft causeth beasts his harbour to frequent,
 But having got them once into his power,
 Sucketh their blood, and doth their flesh devour,
 His cruelty hath quickly cast aside,
 And waxing courteous, doth become their guide,
 And brings into the universal shop
 The ounce, the tiger, and the antelope;
 By the grim wolf the poor sheep safely lay,
 And was his care, which lately was his prey;
 The ass upon the lion lean'd his head,
 And to the cat the mouse for succour fled;
 The lilly hare doth cast aside her fear,
 And forms herself fast by the ugly bear,
 At whom the watchful dog did never bark,
 When he espy'd him clamb'ring up the ark:
 The fox got in, his subtilties hath left,
 And as ashamed of his former theft,
 Sadly sits there, as though he did repent,
 And in the ark became an innocent:
 The fine-furr'd ermin, marten, and the cat
 That voideth civet, there together sat
 By the fawnd monkey, baboon, and the ape,
 With the hyæna, much their like in shape,
 Which by their kind are ever doing ill,
 Yet in the ark sit civilly and still;
 The skipping squirrel of the forest free,
 That leap'd so nimbly betwixt tree and tree,
 Itself into the ark then nimbly cast,
 As 'twere a ship-boy come to climb the mast;
 The porcupine into the ark doth make,
 Nor his sharp quills, though angry, once doth
 shake;
 The sharp-fang'd beaver, whose wide gaping jaw
 Cutteth down plants as it were with a saw,
 Whose body poised, weigheth such a mass,
 As though his bowels were of lead or brass,
 His cruel chaps though breathless he doth c'se,
 As with the rest into the ark he goes.

Th' uneven-legg'd badger (whose eye-pleasing skin
The cause to many a curious thing hath been,
Since that great flood) his fortresses forsakes
Wrought in the earth, and though but halting,
makes

Up to the ark; the otter then that keeps
In the wild rivers, in their banks and sleeps,
And feeds on fish, which under water still,
He with his keld feet and keen teeth doth kill;
The other two into the ark do follow,
Though his ill shape doth cause him but to wallow;
The tortoise and the hedgehog both so slow,
As in their motion scarce discern'd to go,
Good footmen grown, contrary to their kind,
Left from the rest they should be left behind;
The rooting mole, as to foretell the flood,
Comes out o' th' earth, and climbs up the
wood;

The little dormouse leaves her leaden sleep,
And with the mole up to the ark doth creep;
With many other, which were common then,
Their kind decay'd, but now unknown to men:
For there was none that Adam e'er did name,
But to the ark from every quarter came;
By two and two the male and female beast,
From swift'st to slow'st, from greatest to the least;
And as within the strong pale of a park,
So were they all together in the ark.

And as our God the beasts had given in charge
To take the ark, themselves so to embarge,
He bids the fowl, the eagle in his flight,
Cleaving the thin air, on the deck doth light;
Nor are his eyes so piercing to controul,
His lowly subjects, the far lesser fowl,
But the Almighty who all creatures fram'd,
And them by Adam in the garden nam'd,
Had given courage fast by him to sit,
Nor at his sharp sight are amaz'd one whit;
The swan by his great Maker taught this good,
To avoid the fury of the falling flood,
His boat-like breast, his wings rais'd for his sail,
And oar-like feet, him nothing to avail
Against the rain, which likely was to fall,
Each drop so great, that like a pond'rous mall
Might sink him under water, and might drown
Him in the deluge, with the crane comes down,
Whose voice the trumpet is, that through the air
Doth summon all the other to repair
To the new ark; when with his moaned train,
The fluttering peacock yawling 'gainst the rain,
Flutters into the ark, by his shrill cry
Telling the rest the tempest to be nigh;
The iron-eating ostrich, whose bare thighs
Resemble man's, fearing to low'ring skies,
Walks to the great boat; when the crowned cock,
That to the village lately was the clock,
Comes to roost by him, with his hen, foretelling
The shower would quickly fall, that then was
brewing;

The swift-wing'd swallow feeding as he flies,
With the fleet martlet thrilling through the skies,
As at their pastime sportively they were,
Feeling th' unusual moisture of the air,
Their feathers soggy, into the ark they come,
As to some rock or building, their own home;

The airy lark his hal-lal-lah sung,
Finding a slackness seize upon his tongue,
By the much moisture, and the welkin dark,
Drops with his female down into the ark;
The soaring kite there scantled his large wings,
And to the ark the hovering castril brings;
The raven comes, and croaking, in doth call
The carrion crow, and she again doth brawl,
Foretelling rain; by these there likewise sat
The careful (t) stork, since Adam wonder'd at
For thankfulness, to those where he doth breed,
That his ag'd parents naturally doth feed,
In filial duty as instructing man;
By them there sat the loving pelican,
Whose young ones poison'd by the serpent's sting
With her own blood to life again doth bring;
The constant turtle up her lodging took
By these good birds; and in a little nook
The nightingale with her melodious tongue
Sadly there sits, as she had never sung;
The merl and mavis on the highest spray,
Who with their music wak'd the early day,
From the proud cedars to the ark come down,
As though forewarn'd, that God the world would
drown;

The prating parrot comes to them aboard,
And is not heard to counterfeit a word;
The falcon and the dove sit there together,
And th' one of them doth prune the other's feather;
The goshawk and the pheasant there do twine,
And in the ark are perch'd upon one pin;
The partridge on the spar-hawk there doth tend
Who entertains her as a loving friend;
The ravenous vulture feels the small birds sit
Upon his back, and is not mov'd a whit;
Amongst the thickest of these several fowl
With open eyes still sat the broad-fac'd owl;
And not a small bird as they wonted were,
Either persuade or wond'ring at her there.
No wayless desert, heath, nor fen, nor mead,
But in by couples sent some of their kind;
The osprey, and the cormorant for bear
To fish, and thither with the rest repair;
The heron leaves watching at the river's brim,
And brings the snipe and plover in with him;
There came the halcyon, whom the sea obeys
When she her nest upon the water lays;
The goose which doth for watchfulness excel,
Came for the rest to be the centinel;
The charitable robinet in came,
Whose nature taught the others to be tame,
All feather'd things yet ever known to men,
From the huge (u) ruck, unto the little wren;
From forests, fields, from rivers and from pools,
All that have webs, or cloven-footed soles;
To the grand ark together friendly came,
Whose several species were too long to name.

The beasts and birds thus by the angels led,
Noah found his ark not full, yet was he led,
To shut it up for as he did begin,
He still saw (x) serpents, and their like come in

(t) The stork used to build upon houses, especially in
Italy, and in the tower.

(u) The mighty Indian ruck.

(x) Creatures that in the fable of Gen. 3. 1. are

lamander to the ark retires,
 the flood, it doth forsake the fires ;
 range camelion, comes t' augment the crew,
 the ark doth never change her hue ;
 the poor silly few of harmless things,
 re their serpents, with their teeth and stings
 il to man, yet will th' Almighty have,
 Noah their seed upon the earth should save ;
 atchful dragon comes the ark to keep,
 ll'd with murmur, gently falls to sleep :
 ruel scorpion comes to climb the pile,
 meeting with the greedy crocodile,
 se ark together meekly go,
 ke kind mates themselves they there bestow ;
 art and diplas, to the ark com'n in,
 each other as they were a twin ;
 ckatrice there kills not with his sight,
 his object joys, and in the light ;
 eadly killing (y) aspice when he seeth,
 world of creatures sheaths his poison'd teeth,
 rith the adder and the speckled snake,
 to a corner harmlessly betake ;
 zard shuts up his sharp-sighted eyes,
 gft these serpents, and there sadly lies ;
 nall-ey'd slow-worm held of many blind,
 is great ark it quickly out could find,
 s the ark it was about to climb,
 f its teeth shoots the envenom'd slime ;
 viler creatures on the earth that creep,
 with their bellies the cold dew do sweep ;
 ese base grovelling and ground-licking fute,
 the large (z) boar, to the little neuter ;
 ll as birds, or the four-footed beasts,
 to the ark their hoftry as Noah's guests.
 as, fully furnish'd, Noah need not to cark
 owage, for provision for the ark :
 at wife God, who first direction gave,
 he the structure of the ark would have,
 or his servant could provide this fraught,
 a thither he miraculously brought,
 lid the food for every thing survey,
 it him on lofty it orderly to lay :
 sh some seed, as others fish do eat,
 us the kind, so various was the meat :
 on fine grafs, as some on grosser weeds,
 ne on fruits, so other some on seeds,
 ve for food for one whole year for all,
 the flood, which presently should fall
 e whole world, his hand again should drain,
 under water should that while remain.
 lmighty measur'd the proportion such,
 uld not be too little, nor too much :
 : that breath to every thing did give,
 not that God them likewise make to live,
 ith a little, and therewith to thrive,
 at his pleasure all things can contrive ?
 w, some there be, too curious at this day,
 rom their reason dare not stick to say,
 ood a thing fid'ious is, and vain,
 rat the ark could possibly contain
 sundry creatures, from whose being came
 ing things man possibly could name.

The aspice hath a kail of skin which covereth his
 until it be angry.
 serpent of an incredible bigness.

I say it was not, and I thus oppose
 Them by my reason, strong enough for those :
 My instance is a mighty argosie,
 That in it bears, besides th' artillery,
 Of fourscore pieces of a mighty bore,
 A thousand soldiers (many times and more)
 Besides the sails, and arms for every one,
 Cordage, and anchors, and provision,
 The large spread sails, the masts both big and tall,
 Of all which Noah's ark had no need at all,
 Within the same eight persons only were :
 If such a ship can such a burthen bear,
 What might the ark do, which doth so excel
 That ship, as that ship doth a cockle shell ;
 Being so capacious for this mighty load,
 So long, so high, and every where so broad ;
 Besides three lofty just of one perfect strength,
 And bearing out proportionably in length,
 So fitly built, that being thus employ'd,
 There was not one inch in the ark was void :
 Beside, I'll charge their reason to allow
 The cubits doubled to what they are now,
 We are but pigmies (even our tallest men)
 To the huge giants that were living then :
 For but th' Almighty, which to this intent
 Ordain'd the ark, knew it sufficient,
 He in his wisdom (had he thought it meet)
 Could have bid Noah to have built a fleet,
 And many creatures on the earth since grown
 Before the flood that were to Noah unknown :
 For though the mule begotten on the mare,
 By the dull ass is said doth never pair,
 (a) Yet sundry others naturally have mix'd
 And those that have been gotten them betwixt
 Others begot, on others from their kind.
 In sundry climates, sundry beasts we find,
 That what they were, are nothing now the same,
 From one self strain, though at the first they came,
 But by the soil they often alter'd be,
 In shape and colour as we daily see.

Now Noah's three sons all busy that hath been
 To place these creatures as they still came in :
 Sem, Ham, and Japheth, with their (b) wives
 assign'd

To be the parents of all human kind :
 Seeing the ark thus plentifully stor'd,
 The wond'rous work of the Almighty Lord,
 Behold their father looking every hour,
 For this all-drowning earth-destroying shower,
 When Noah their faith thus lastly to awake,
 To his lov'd wife, and their six children spake :
 " The mighty hand of God do you not see,
 In these his creatures, that so well agree ?
 Which were they not thus master'd by his power,
 Us silly eight would greedily devour :
 And with their hoofs and paws, to splinters rend
 This only ark, in which God doth intend
 We from the flood that remnant shall remain
 T' restore the world, in aged Adam's strain :
 Ye seven, with sad astonishment then see [me !
 The wond'rous things the Lord hath wrought for

(a) The opinions of the best naturalists that have written.

(b) The names of the women were Tira, Pandora, Nechela and Noelia, as some of the most ancient write; but Epiphanius will have Noah's wife's name to be Bartholomew.

THE WORKS OF DRAYTON.

What have I done, so gracious in his sight,
Frail, wretched man, but that I justly might
Have with the earth's abominable brood
Been overwhelm'd, and buried in the flood?
But in his judgment, that he hath decreed,
That from my loins by your successful seed,
The earth shall be replenish'd again,
And the Almighty be at peace with men.
A hundred years are past (as well you know)
Since the Almighty God, his power to shew,
Taught me the model of this mighty frame,
And it the ark commanded me to name.

Be strong in faith, for now the time is nigh,
That from the conduits of the lofty sky,
The flood shall fall, that in short time shall bear
This ark: we are in up into the air,
Where it shall float, and further in the end,
Shall stream cubits the high't hills transcend.
Then bid the goodly fruitful earth adieu,
For the next time it shall be soon of you,
It with an ill complexion shall appear.
The weight of waters shall have chang'd her cheer:
Be not affrighted when ye hear the roar
Of the wide waters when they charge the shore
Nor be dismay'd at all, when you shall feel
Th' unwieldy ark from wave to wave to reel;
Nor at the shrieks of those that swimming by
On trees and rafters, shall for succour cry,
O ye most lov'd of God, O take us in!
For we are guilty, and confess our sin."

Thus whilst he spake, the skies grew thick and dark,

And a black cloud hung hovering o'er the ark;
(c) Venus and Mars, God puts this work upon,
Jupiter and Saturn in conjunction
I th' tail of Cancer, inundations threat,
Luna dispos'd generally to wet,
The Hiaides and Pleiades put too
Their helps; Orion doth what he can do.
No star so small, but some one drop let down,
And all conspire the wicked world to drown:
On the wide heaven there was not any sign,
To wat'ry Pisces but it doth incline.

Now some will ask, When th' Almighty God,
(but Noy

And his) by waters did the world destroy,
Whether those seven then in ark were good,
And just as he (reserved from the flood)?
Or what th' Almighty for his only sake,
Did on the other such compassion take?
'Tis doubtless Noah, being one so clearly just,
That God did with his secret judgments trust
From the whole world; one that so long had
known

That living Lord, would likewise teach his own
To know him too, who by this mean might be,
As well within the covenant as he.

(d) By this the sun had suck'd up the vast deep,
And in gross clouds like cisterns did it keep;
The stars and signs by God's great wisdom set,
By their conjunctions water to beget,

(c) God makes the stars his instruments to punish the wicked.

(d) A description of the tempest, at the falling of the deluge.

Had wrought their utmost, and even now began
Th' Almighty's justice upon sinful man:
From every several quarter of the sky,
The thunder roars, and the fierce lightnings fly
One at another, and together dash,
Volley on volley, flash comes after flash,
Heaven's lights look sad, as they would melt away,
The night is come i' th' morning of the day:
The card'nal winds he makes at once to blow,
Whose blasts to bullets, with such fury go,
That they themselves into the centre flue,
Into the bowels of the earth and got,
Being condens'd (e) and strongly stiff'ned there,
In such strange manner multiply'd the air,
Which turn'd to water, and increas'd the spring
To that abundance, that the earth forth brings
Water to drown herself, should heaven deny
With one small drop the deluge to supply,
That through her pores, the soft and spongy earth,
As in a dropsey, or unkindly birth,
A woman, swollen, sends from her fluxive womb
Her oozy springs, that there was scarcely room
For the waste waters which came in so fast,
As though the earth her entrails up would cast.
But these seem'd yet but easily let go,
And from some sluice came softly in, and slow,
Till God's great hand so squeez'd the bottom
clouds,

That from the spouts of heaven's embank'd
Even like a flood-gate pluck'd up by the height
Came the wild rain, with such a pond'rous weight
As that the fierceness of the hurrying flood,
Remov'd huge rocks, and ram'm'd them into mud:
Pressing the ground with that impetuous power,
As that the first shock of this drowning shower
Furrow'd the earth's late plump and cheerful sin
Like an old woman, that in little space (f)
With rivell'd cheeks, and with blear'd blindness
She wistly look'd upon the troubled skies.
Up to some mountain as the people make,
Driving their cattle till the shower should slack;
The flood o'ertakes them, and away doth sweep
Great herds of neat, and mighty flocks of sheep
Down through a valley as one stream doth cut,
Whose roaring strikes the neighbouring echo back,
Another meets it, and whilst there they strive,
Which of them two the other back should drive,
Their dreadful currents they together dash,
So that their waves like furious tides do wash
The head of some near hill, which falleth down
For very fear, as it itself would drown.
Some back their beasts, so hoping to swim out,
But by the flood encompass'd about
Are overwhelmed; some clamber up to towers;
But these and them the deluge soon devours:
Some to the top of pines and cedars get,
Thinking themselves they safely there should sit;
But the rude flood that over all doth sway,
Quickly comes up, and carrieth them away.
The (f) roe's much swiftness doth no more avail,
Nor help him now, than if he were a snail:
The swift-wing'd swallow, and the slow-wing'd owl,
The fleetest bird, and the most flagging fowl,

(e) Water is but air condens'd.

(f) The roe-deer the swiftest beast known.

As, the flood so high hath gone,
 ground to let a foot upon :
 at follow'd moistness, now it fly,
 : wet land to find out the dry ;
 ighty tempest beaten down,
 water they do lie and drown.
 ilt tower is quickly overborne,
 vn oak out of the earth is torn :
 ower the earth hath soft'ned so,
 waves, the trees tost to and fro,
 e loosen, and the tops down sway,
 : forests quickly swim away.
 eaven hath shut up all her lights,
 moon make neither days nor nights,
 > exceedingly abound
 time the sea itself is drown'd,
 freshness of the falling rain,
 nore his saltness doth retain ;
 scaly creatures us'd to keep
 walfes of the unmeasur'd deep,
 general and their natural brack,
 colour every where to lack,
 seas wherein they swam before,
 pressed with their wat'ry store.
 dolphin on those mountains plays,
 re that time, not many days,
 e grazing ; and the mighty whale
 out of his way doth fall,
 e before one eas'ly might have seen
 g clouds far under to have been.
 i, and the whirlpool, as they rove,
 chance upon a lofty grove
 orld of waters, are so much [touch,
 their wombs each tender branch to
 ve slime upon the curled sprays,
 e birds sung their harmonious lays.
 ills still waves are wallowing in,
 the world so wond'rously do win,
 mountains which on tiptoe stood,
 ey scorn'd the force of any flood,
 aven of their proud tops could see
 m this great inundation free.
 as ere the frame was fix'd,
 water were so strongly mix'd,
 e a bulk of grossness do compose,
 hick clouds which the globe enclose,
 ing Spirit were yet again to wade,
 and earth again were to be made.
 he great and universal ark,
 night were groping in the dark,
 billow, then another rock'd,
 e boards all living things were lock'd ;
 e safety not at all doth fear,
 angels his blest'd barge do steer :
 shower continued had so long,
 ion was'd so wond'rous strong,
 cubits caus'd the ark to move
 part of any hill above :
 is earth so violently binds,
 r coasts it had enclos'd the winds ;
 whole wide surface of the flood,
 hole height of the tide it flood,
 e sleek and even as the seas
 still and calmest halcyon days.
 of the grossness of the deluge.
 ll.

The birds, the beasts, and serpents safe on board,
 With admiration look upon their lord,
 The righteous Noah ; and with submissive fear
 Tremble his grave and awful voice to hear,
 When to his household (during their abode)
 He preach'd the power of the Almighty God.

“ (b) Dear wife and children, quoth this goodly
 Noy,

Since the Almighty vow'd he would destroy
 The wicked world, a hundred years are past,
 And see, he hath performed it at last ;
 In us poor few the world consists alone,
 And besides us there not remaineth one,
 But from our seed the emptied earth again
 Must be repeopled with the race of men ;
 Then since thus far his covenant is true,
 Build ye your faith on that which shall ensue ;
 Such is our God, who thus did us embark
 (As his select) to save us by the ark,
 And only he whose angels guard our boat,
 Knows over what strange region now we float,
 Or we from hence that very place can sound,
 From which the ark was lifted first from ground :
 He that can span the world, and with a grip
 Out of the bowels of the clouds could rip
 This mass of waters, whose abundant birth
 Almost to heaven thus drowneth up the earth ;
 He can remove this round if he shall please,
 And with these waters can sup up the seas,
 Can cause the stars out of their spheres to fall,
 And on the winds can toss this earthly ball,
 He can wreck drops from the sun's radiant beams,
 And can force fire from the most liquid streams,
 He curls the waves with whirlwinds, and doth
 make

The solid centre fearfully to shake ;
 He can stir up the elements to wars,
 And at his pleasure can compose their jars ;
 The sands serve not his wond'rous works to count,
 Yet doth his mercy all his works surmount ;
 His rule and power eternally endures,
 He was your fathers God, he's yours :
 In him, dear wife and children, put your trust,
 He only is Almighty, only just.

But on the earth the waters were so strong ;
 And now the flood continued had so long,
 't hat (i) the let year foreflow'd about to bring
 The summer, autumn, winter, and the spring ;
 The gyring planets with their starry train,
 Down to the south had sunk, and rose again
 Up towards the north, whilst the terrestrial globe
 Had been involved in this wat'ry robe.
 During which season every twinkling light
 In their still motion, at this monstrous sight,
 By their complexion a distraction shew'd,
 Looking like embers that through ashes glow'd.
 When righteous Noah remembereth at the last.
 The time prefix'd to be approaching fast,
 After a hundred fifty days were gone,
 Which to their period then were drawing on,
 The flood should somewhat slack, God promis'd so,
 On which relying, the just godly Noah,

(b) Noah preaching faith to his family.

(i) The revolution of the year by a short periphrasis.

To try if then but one poor foot of ground.
 Free from the flood might any where be found,
 Let's forth a raven, which strait cuts the sky,
 And wond'rous proud his rested wings to try,
 In a large circle girdeth in the air,
 First to the east, then to the south doth bear,
 Follows the sun, then towards his going forth,
 And then runs up into the rising north,
 Thence climbs the clouds to prove if his sharp eye
 From that proud pitch could possibly descry
 Of some tall rock-crown'd mountain, a small stone
 A minute's space to set his foot upon,
 But finding his long labour but in vain,
 Returneth wearied to the ark again;
 By which Noah knew he longer yet must stay,
 For the whole earth still under water lay.

Seven days he rests, but yet he would not cease,
 (For that he knew the flood must needs decrease)
 But as the raven late, he next sends out
 The damask-colour'd dove, his nimble scout,
 Which thrills the thin air, and his pinions plies,
 That like to lightning, gliding through the skies,
 His sundry colour'd feathers by the sun,
 As his swift shadow on the lake doth run,
 Causeth a twinkling both at hand and far,
 Like that we call the shooting of a star;
 But finding yet that labour lost had been,
 Comes back to Noah, who gently takes him in.

Noah rests a while, but meaning still to prove
 A second search, again sends out the dove,
 After other seven, some better news to bring,
 Which by the strength of his unwearied wing
 Finds out at last a place for his abode,
 When the glad bird stays all the day abroad,
 And wond'rous proud that he a place had found,
 Who of a long time had not touch'd the ground,
 Draws in his head, and thrusteth out his breast,
 Spreadeth his tail, and swelleth up his crest,
 And turning round and round with cutty-coo,
 As when the female pigeon and he woo;
 Bathing himself, which long he had not done,
 And dries his feathers in the welcome sun,
 Pruning his plumage, cleansing every quill,
 And going back, he heareth in his bill
 An olive; by which Noah understood
 The great decrease and waning of the flood:
 For that on mountains olives seldom grow,
 But in flat vallies and in places low;
 Never such comfort came to mortal man,
 Never such joy was since the world began,
 As in the ark, when Noah and his behold
 The olive leaf, which certainly them told
 The flood decreas'd, and they such comfort take,
 That with their mirth the birds and beasts they
 make

Sportive, which send forth such a hollow noise:
 As said they were partakers of their joys.
 The lion roars, but quickly doth forbear,
 Lest he thereby the lesser beasts should fear;
 The bull doth bellow, and the horse doth neigh,
 The stag, the buck, and shag-hair'd goat do bray,
 The bear doth grunt, the wolf doth howl, the ram
 Doth bleat, which yet so faintly from him came,
 As though for very joy he seem'd to weep,
 The ape and monkey such a chattering keep

With their thin lips, which they so well express'd,
 As they would say, we hope to be releas'd;
 The silly ass set open such a throat,
 That all the ark resounded with the note;
 The watchful dog doth play, and skip, and bark,
 And leaps upon his masters in the ark;
 The raven croaks, the carrion crow doth squall,
 The pie doth chatter, and the partridge call,
 The jocund cock crows as he claps his wings,
 The merl doth whistle, and the mavis sings,
 The nightingale strains her melodious throat,
 Which of the small birds being heard to rote,
 They soon set to her, each a part doth take,
 As by their music up a choir to make;
 The parrot lately sad, then talks and jeers,
 And counterfeith every sound he hears;
 The purblind owl which heareth all this do,
 T' express her gladness, cries too-whit too-whoo.
 No beast nor bird was in the ark with Noe,
 But in their kind express'd some sign of joy;
 When that just man, who did himself supply
 Still to this dear and godly family,
 Thus to them spake, and with erected hands
 The like obedience from the rest demands.

"The world's foundation is not half so sure
 As is God's promise, nor is heaven so pure
 As is his word, to me most sinful man;
 To take the ark, who, when I first began,
 Said on the hundred and the fiftieth day
 I should perceive the deluge to decay;
 And 'tis most certain, as you well may know,
 Which this poor pigeon by his leaf doth shew.
 He that so long could make the waters stand
 Above the earth, see how his powerful hand
 Thrusts them before it, and so fast doth drive
 The big-swoln billows, that they seem to strive
 Which shall fly fastest on that secret path,
 Whence first they came to execute his wrath;
 The sun which melted every cloud to rain,
 He makes it now to sup it up again;
 The wind by which he brought it on before,
 In their declining drives it o'er and o'er:
 The tongues of angels serve not to express
 Neither his mercy nor his mightiness.
 Be joyful, then, in our Great God (Amen)
 For we the parents of mankind shall be,
 From us poor few, his pleasure that attend,
 Shall all the nations of the earth descend."

When righter us Noah desirous still to hear,
 In what estate th' unwieldy waters were,
 Sends forth the dove as he had done before,
 But it found dry land and came back no more:
 Whereby this man precisely understood
 The great decrease of this world crowning flood.
 Thus as the ark is floating on the main,
 As when the flood rose, in the fall again,
 With currents still encountered every where
 Forward and backward which it still do bear,
 As the stream strait'neth, by the rising olive
 Of the tall mountains, 'twixt which it doth drive
 Until at length by God's almighty hand,
 It on the hills of (E) Ararat doth land.

(E) Mountains of a wonderful height, either with a
 bordering upon Armenia.

ose within it felt the ark to strike
 firm ground, was ever comfort like
 it, which felt it fixed there to stay,
 and the waters went so fast away,
 ah set up the covering of the ark,
 use which long had sitten in the dark,
 e saluted with the cheerful light,
 the world, was ever such a sight!)
 eeping things as well as bird or beast,
 eral comforts sundry ways express?
 and children then ascend to see
 see it was so happy that should be
 rk to rest on, where they saw a plain,
 ain's top which seemed to contain,
 h they might discern within their ken,
 ases of birds, of beasts, and men,
 ythe deluge, when Noah spake them thus:
 old th' Almighty's mercy shew'd to us,
 ough the waves our way not only wrought,
 ese mountains safely hath us brought,
 untly tops all earthly pleasures crown,
 he green-sward sets us safely down.
 most gracious God not been our guide,
 had fall'n upon some mountain side;
 a rush removing of our freight
 ell have turn'd it backward with the
 eight.
 ese billows lastly over-borne
 me rock her ribs might have been torn.
 xcept these here, each living thing
 pe, or went, or kept the air with wing
 before us to manure the land;
 e power of God's all-working hand."
 ix hundredth year of that just man,
 nd (1) month, the seventeenth day, began
 rid deluge, when heaven's windows were
 ill open'd, then did first appear
 ighty's wrath, when for full forty days
 ain'd from heaven not showers, but
 ighty seas,
 nd fifty days that so prevail'd,
 e mountains till the great ark sail'd,
 eenth (2) month, upon the seventeenth
 y,
 ip fall'n into a quiet bay,
 hills of Ararat doth light:
 deny'd yet to discharge the freight,
 the mountains clearly were not seen,
 irst day of the tenth month, when green
 the blue skies, when the earth began
 p cheerly, yet the waters ran
 ough the vallies, till the (3) month again
 before it first began to rain;

17, according to the expositors,
 of September and part of October.
 2 same month the flood began, it ceased: which
 e year.

Of which, the seven-and-twentieth day expir'd,
 Quite from the earth the waters were retir'd:
 When the Almighty God bad Noah to set
 Open the ark, at liberty to let
 The beasts, the birds, and creeping things, which
 came

Like as when first they went into the same;
 Each male comes down, his female by his side,
 As 'twere the bridegroom bringing out his bride,
 Till th' ark was emptied, and that mighty load,
 For a whole year that there had been bestow'd,
 (Since first that forty days still-falling rain
 That drown'd the world, was then dry'd up again)
 Which with much gladness do salute the ground,
 The lighter sort some caper, and some bound,
 The heavier creatures tumble them, as glad
 That they such ease by their enlargement had;
 The creeping things together fall to play;
 Joy'd beyond measure for this happy day,
 The birds let from this cage, do mount the sky,
 To shew they yet had not forgot to fly,
 And sporting them upon the airy plain,
 Yet to their master Noah they sloop again,
 To leave his presence, and do still forbear,
 Till they from him of their release might hear;
 The beasts each other woo, the birds they bill,
 As they would say to Noah, they meant to fill
 The roomthy earth, then altogether void,
 And snuff, what late the deluge had destroy'd.
 When righteous Noah, who ever had regard
 To serve his God, immediately prepar'd
 To sacrifice, and of the cleanest beasts
 That in the ark this while had been his guests,
 He seizeth, (yet obedient to his will)
 And of them he for sacrifice doth kill:
 Which he and his religiously attend,
 And with the smoke their vows and thanks as-
 cend; [then,
 Which pleas'd th' Almighty, that he promis'd
 Never by flood to drown the world again;
 And that mankind his covenant might know,
 He in the clouds left the celestial bow.
 When to these living things, quoth righteous
 Noah,

"Now take you all free liberty to go,
 And every way do you yourselves dispose
 Till you have fill'd this globy universe
 With your increase, let every soil be yours,
 He that hath sav'd ye faithfully assures
 Your propagation: and dear wife, quoth he,
 And you my children, let your trust still be
 In your preserver, and on him rely.
 Whose promise is that we shall multiply.
 Till in our days, of nations we shall hear
 From us poor few in th' ark that lately were."
 To make a new world, thus works every one;
 The deluge ceaseth, and the old is gone.

MOSES'S BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

This Canto our attracted Muse
The Prophet's glorious birth pursues,
The various changes of his fate,
From humbleness to high estate,
His beauty, more than mortal shape,
From *Egypt* how he doth escape,
By his fair bearing in his flight,
Obtains the lovely *Midianite*,
Where God unto the Hebrew spake,
Appearing from the burning brake,
And back doth him to *Egypt* fend,
That mighty things doth there intend.

GIRT in bright flames, rapt from celestial fire,
That our unwearied faculties refine,
By zeal transported boldly we aspire
To sing a subject gloriously divine :
Him that of mortals only had the grace,
(On whom the spirit did in such power descend)
To talk with God face opposite to face,
Even as a man with his familiar friend.

Muse, I invoke the utmost of thy might,
That with an armed and auspicious wing,
Thou be obsequious in his doubtless right
'Gainst the vile atheist's vituperious sting :
Where thou that gate industriously may'st fly,
Which nature strives but feignedly to go,
Borne by a power so eminent and high,
As in his course leaves reason far below,
To shew how poetry (simply hath her praise)
That from full Jove takes her celestial birth,
And quick as fire, her glorious self can raise
Above this base abominable earth.

O, if that time have happily reserv'd,
(Besides that sacred and canonic writ,
What once in flates and barks of trees was carv'd)
Things that our Muse's gravity may fit,

Unclasp the world's great register to me,
That smoky rust hath very near defac'd,
That I in those dim characters may see
From common eyes that hath aside been cast,
And thou translator of that faithful Muse
This *ALL*'s creation that divinely song,
From courtly French (no travel do'st refuse)
To make him master of thy genuine tongue,
Salust to thee and Silvester thy friend,
Comes my high poem peaceably and chaste
Your hallow'd labours humbly to attend.
That wreckful Time shall not have power to waste

A gallant Hebrew (in the height of life)
Amram a Levite honourably bred,
Of the same offspring won a beauteous wife,
And no less virtuous, goodly Jacobed :
So fitly pair'd that (without all ostent)
Even of the wise it hardly could be said
Which of the two was most pre-eminent,
Or he more honour'd, or she more obey'd.
In both was found that livelihood and meetness
By which affection any way was mov'd :
In him that shape, in her there was that sweetness
Might make him lik'd, or her to be belov'd :

mixture, so their married mind
 was corrected, or their ill reliev'd,
 loving as discreetly kind,
 joy'd, as mutually griev'd :
 partial bed by abstinence maintain'd;
 gave fuel to love's sacred fire,
 in fruition plentifullest gain'd
 : they chaste in fulness of desire.
 grieved Israel many a woeful day,
 their vile servility repin'd,
 with the burthens of rude boist'rous clay,
 Egyptian tyranny assign'd :
 the more the Hebrews are oppress'd
 firm seed they fructify the more,
 th' eternal providence fore-blest,
 their roomth but scanty to their store.
 wife midwives in their natural need,
 fair males immediately should kill,
 abhorr'd and heathenish a deed,
 a harsh bruteness and rebellious will.
 Ill effect perceiving by the fame,
 men-children (greatly that abound)
 t day into the world that came,
 in birth should instantly be drown'd.
 the time came had been long foretold,
 d be born unto the Hebrews joy,
 instant hand such fatal power should hold,
 at time all Egypt should destroy.
 ution which more strongly forc'd,
 y where so generally done,
 all time unnaturally divorc'd
 fear mother and as dear a son.
 her chaste bosom that fair altar were,
 ve's pure vows he dutifully paid,
 to her a sanctuary dear,
 so much his tyranny obey'd,
 onsent to separate their bed,
 all no children yet to have,
 in dead love should procreate the dead,
 issue for a timeless grave.
 a vision whilst he slept by night,
 him so not Jacobed to leave,
 that Egypt did so much affright,
 pregnant womb should happily conceive.
 r finding that she was with child,
 conceals by all the means she can,
 h' appearance she might be beguil'd,
 birth it prov'd to be a man.
 she goes till her account was nigh,
 ing belly no conception shews,
 e time of her delivery,
 women panged in her throats.
 , the fair fruit of that prospering womb
 the kind parents in the prime of joy,
 rth pronounceth his too timeles doom,
 y nature forming it a boy :
 sweet, so amiably fair,
 r pleas'd eyes with rapture it behold,
 sad parents full of joy and care
 ld reserve their infant if they could ;
 they tempt the sundry varying hours,
 d despairs together strangely mixt,
 sweets with many cordial sours,
 merchangeably betwixt,

And Joseph.

If ought it ail'd or haplesly it cry'd,
 Unheard of any that she might it keep,
 With one short breath she did entreat and chide,
 And in a moment she did sing and weep.
 Three lab'ring months them flatterer-like be-
 And danger still redoubling as it lasts, [guil'd,
 Suspecting most the safety of the child,
 Thus the kind mother carefully forecasts :
 (For at three months a scrutiny was held,
 And searchers then sent every where about,
 That in that time if any were conceal'd, [out)
 They should make proof and straitly bring them
 To Pharaoh's will she awfully must bow,
 And therefore hastens to abridge these fears,
 And to the flood determines it should go,
 Yet e'er it went she'll drown it with her tears.
 This afternoon love bids a little stay,
 And yet these pauses do but lengthen sorrow,
 But for one night although she make delay,
 She vows to go unto his death to-morrow.
 The morning comes, it is too early yet,
 The day so fast not hast'ning on his date,
 The gloomy evening murder best doth fit,
 The evening come, and then it is too late.
 Her pretty infant lying on her lap
 With his sweet eyes her threat'ning rage beguiles,
 For yet he plays and dallies with his pap,
 To mock her sorrows with his am'rous smiles,
 And laugh'd, and chuck'd, and spren the pretty
 hands,

When her full heart was at the point to break,
 (This little creature yet not understands
 The woful language mothers tears did speak.)
 Wherewith surpris'd, and with a parent's love
 From his fair eyes she doth fresh courage take,
 And nature's laws allowing, doth reprove
 The frail edicts that mortal princes make.
 It shall not die, she'll keep her child unknown,
 And come the worst in spite of Pharaoh's rage,
 As it is here, she will dispose her own,
 And if't must, it must die at ripper age.
 And thus revolving of her frailties care, [mind,
 A thousand strange thoughts throng her troubled
 Sounding the dangers deeply what they are,
 Betwixt the laws of cruelty and kind.
 But it must die, and better yet to part,
 Since pre-ordain'd to his disastrous fate,
 His want will fit the nearer to the heart
 In ripper and more flourishing estate.
 The perfect husband, whose impressive soul
 Took true proportion of each pensive throe,
 Yet had such power his passion to controul,
 As not the same immediately to shew ;
 With carriage full of comeliness and grace,
 As grief not felt nor sorrow seem'd to lack,
 Courage and fear so temper'd in his face,
 Thus his beloved Jacobed bespake :
 Dear heart be patient, stay these timeles tears,
 Death of thy son shall never quite bereave thee,
 My soul with thine that equal burthen bears,
 As what he takes, my love again shall give thee :
 For Israel's sin if Israel's seed must suffer,
 And we of mere necessity must leave him,
 Please yet to grace me with this gentle offer,
 Give him to me by whom thou did'st conceive him.

So though thou with so dear a jewel part,
 'This yet remaineth lastly to relieve thee,
 'Thou hast impos'd this hind'rance on my heart,
 Another's loss shall need the less to grieve thee;
 Nor are we Hebrews abject by our name,
 Though thus in Egypt hatefully despis'd,
 That we that blessing fruitlessly should claim
 Once in that holy covenant compris'd.
 It is not fit mortality should know
 What his eternal providence decreed,
 'That unto Abraham ratify'd the vow
 In happy Sarah and her hallowed seed.
 Nor shall the wrong to godly Joseph done
 In his remembrance ever be inroll'd,
 By Jacob's sighs for his lost little son
 A captiv'd slave to the Egyptian's sold:
 Reason sets limits to the longest grief,
 Sorrow scarce past when comfort is returning,
 He sends affliction that can lend relief,
 Best that is pleas'd with measure in our mourning.

Lost in herself, her spirits are so distracted,
 All hopes dissolv'd might fortify her further,
 Her mind seems now of misery compacted,
 'That must consent unto so dear a murder.
 Of slime and twigs she makes a simple thread
 (The poor last duty to her child she owes,
 'This pretty martyr, this yet living dead)
 Wherein she doth his living corpse enclose:
 And means to bear it presently away,
 And in some water secretly bestow it,
 But yet a while bethinks herself to stay,
 Some little kindness she doth further owe it:
 Nor will she in this cruelty persevere,
 'That by her means his timeless blood be spilt,
 If of her own she doth herself deliver,
 Let others hands be 'nointed of the guilt:
 Yet if she keep it from the ruthless flood
 'That is by Pharaoh's tyranny assign'd it,
 What boots that wretched miserable good,
 If so dispos'd where none do come to find it;
 For better yet the homicide should kill it,
 Or by some beast in pieces to be rent,
 Than ling'ring famine cruelly should spill it,
 That it endure a double languishment:
 And neighbouring near to the Egyptian court,
 She knows a place that near the river side
 Was oft frequented by the worthier sort,
 For now the spring was newly in her pride.
 'Thither she haltes but with a painful speed
 The nearest way she possibly could get,
 And by the clear brim 'mongst the flags and reed,
 Her little coffin carefully she set;
 Her little girl (her mother following near)
 As of her brother that her leave would take,
 Which the sad woman unexpected there,
 Yet it to help her kindly thus bespake:
 Quoth she, sweet Miriam, secretly attend,
 And for his death see who approacheth hither,
 That once for all I'll red of his end,
 His days and mine be contaminate together;
 It is some comfort to a wretch to die,
 (If there be comfort in the way of death)
 'To have some friend or kind alliance by,
 'To be officious at the parting breath.

Thus she departs, oft stays, oft turneth back,
 Looking about lest any one espy'd her,
 Fain would she leave, that leaving she doth lack,
 That in this sort so strangely doth divide her.
 Unto what dame (participating kind)
 My verse her sad perplexity shall shew,
 That in a lost and relenting mind
 Finds not a true touch of that mother's woe?
 Yet all this while full quietly it slept,
 (Poor little brat incapable of care)
 Which by that powerful providence is kept,
 Who doth this child for better days prepare.
 See here an object utterly forlorn,
 Left to destruction as a violent prey,
 Whom man might judge accursed to be born,
 To dark oblivion moulded up in clay.
 That man of might in after-times should be
 (The bounds of frail mortality that brake)
 Which that Almighty gloriously should see,
 When he in thunder on Mount Sinai spake. [Air,
 Now Pharaoh's daughter, Termuth, young and
 With such choice maidens as the favour'd maid,
 Needs would abroad to take the gentle air,
 Whilst the rich year his braveries seem'd to bair;
 Softly she walks down to the secret flood,
 Through the calm shades must peaceable and quiet,
 In the cool streams to check the pamp'ring blood,
 Stir'd with strong youth and their delicious diet;
 Such as the prince's, such the day address,
 As though provided equally to pair her,
 Either in other fortunately blest,
 She by the day, the day by her made fairer,
 Both in the height and fulness of their pleasure,
 As to them both some future good divining,
 Holding a steady and accomplish'd measure,
 This in her perfect clearness, that in shining:
 The very air to emulate her meekness,
 strove to be bright and peaceable as she,
 That it grew jealous of that sudden sleekness,
 Fearing it other otherwise might be.
 And if the fleet wind by some vigorous gale
 Seem'd to be mov'd, and patiently to chide her,
 It was as angry with her lawny vail,
 That from his sight it enviously should hide her:
 And now approaching to the flowery mead
 Where the rich summer curiously had dight her,
 Which seem'd in all her jollity array'd,
 With nature's cost and pleasures to delight her:
 See this most blessed! this unusual hap!
 She the small basket sooner should espy,
 That the child wak'd, and missing of his pap,
 As for her succour instantly did cry;
 Forth of the flags she caus'd it to be taken,
 Calling her maids this orphanet to see,
 Much did she joy an innocent forsaken
 By her from peril privileg'd might be:
 This most sweet prince's, pitiful and mild,
 Soon on her knee unwatches it as her own,
 Found for a man, so beautiful a child,
 Might for an Hebrew easily be known:
 Nothing the care in dressing it bestow'd,
 Each thing that fitted gentleness to wear,
 Judg'd the sad parents this lost infant ow'd,
 Were as invulgar as their fruit was fair.

she, My mind not any way suggests
 chaste womb these lineaments hath bred,
 by fair brow apparently contents
 current stamp of a clean nuptial bed :
 nam'd it Moses, which in time might tell
 names do many mysteries expound)
 it was young the chance that it befel,
 by the water strangely it was found,
 ng milch women that Egyptians were,
 to the teat his lips he could not lay,
 ough offended with their sullied lear,
 ing as still to turn his head away.
 he little girl that near at hand did lurk,
 nking this while she tarried but too long)
 ing these things so happily to work,
 ly being crafty, wise as she was young,
 am, faith she, wilt please you I provide
 re: to breed the infant you did find,
 e is an Hebrew dwelling here beside,
 w can do it fitly to your mind :
 right Hebrew if the infant be,
 well produce you instances I can,
 by this child as partly you may see)
 ll not suck of an Egyptian.
 courteous princefs offered now so fair,
 which before she earnestly desir'd,
 of her foundling had a special care,
 girl to fetch her instantly requir'd.
 y the girl goes, doth her mother tell
 t favour God had to her brother shewn,
 what else in this accident befel,
 she might now be nurse unto her own.
 : it boots to bid the wench to ply her,
 he kind mother hearken to her son,
 to provoke her to the place to hie her,
 h seem'd not now on earthly feet to run :
 to herself yet hasting as she flew,
 ast affection forward did her bear)
 ough forewafted with the breath she drew,
 : by the force of nature and of fear,
 : the time, and little is the way,
 for her business either's sped doth crave,
 n her haste bethinks her what to say,
 how herself in presence to behave,
 she'll not seem, lest to another's trust
 iopeful charge were happily directed,
 et too forward shew herself she must,
 her sweet fraud thereby might be suspected,
 n she doth bow her humbly to the ground,
 every joint incessantly doth tremble,
 refs and fear each other so confound,
 rd a thing for mothers to dissemble.
 this sweet Termuth, Well I like thy beauty,
 : me this child (if it thy state behove)
 ough a prince I'll not enforce thy duty,
 ay thy labour, and reward thy love :
 gh even as God's, is Pharaoh's high com-
 mand,
 as strong nature so precise and strict,
 : rests that power yet in a prince's hand,
 e one Hebrew from this strong edict :
 shall in rich habiliments be dight,
 d in the gems that admirable shine,
 ing our own robe gracious in our sight,
 in our court, and nourished for mine :

Love him, dear Hebrew, as he were thine own ;
 Good nurse be careful of my little boy,
 In this to us thy kindness may be shewn,
 Some mother's grief is now a maiden's joy.

This while all mute, the poor astonish'd mother,
 With admiration as transpierced flood,
 One bursting joy doth so confound another,
 Passion so powerful in her ravish'd blood,
 Whisp'ring some soft words which deliver'd were,
 As rather seem'd her silence to impart,
 And being enforc'd from bashfulness and fear,
 Came as true tokens of a graceful heart.
 Thus she departs her husband to content,
 With this dear present back to him she brought,
 Making the time short, telling each event,
 In all shapes joy presented to her thought.
 Yet still his manly modesty was such,
 (That his affections strongly so controul'd)
 As if joy seem'd his manly heart to touch,
 It was her joy and gladness to behold ;
 When all rejoic'd unmov'd thereat the whales,
 In his grave face such constancy appears,
 As now scarce shewing comfort in his smiles,
 Nor then revealing sorrow in his tears :
 Yet oft beheld it with that stedfast eye,
 Which though it 'sdain'd the pleas'dness to confess,
 More in his looks in fulness there did lie,
 Than all their words could any way express.

(b) In time the princefs playing with the child,
 In whom she seem'd her chief delight to take,
 With whom she oft the weary time beguill'd,
 That as her own did of this Hebrew make :
 It so fell out as Pharaoh was in place,
 Seeing his daughter in the child to joy,
 To please the princefs, and to do it grace,
 Himself vouchsafes to entertain the boy :
 Whose shape and beauty when he did behold,
 With much content his princely eye that fed,
 Giving to please it any thing it would,
 Set his own crown upon the infant's head,
 Which this weak child regarding not ail
 (As such a baby carelessly is meet)
 Unto the ground the diadem let fall,
 Spurning it from him with neglectful feet.
 Which as the priests beheld this ominous thing,
 (That else had past unnoted as a toy)
 As from their skill report unto the king,
 This was the man that Egypt should destroy.
 Told by the Magi that were learn'd and wise,
 Which might full well the jealous king enflame,
 Said by th' Egyptian ancient prophecies
 That might give credit eas'lier to the same.
 She as discreet as she was chaste and fair,
 With princely gesture, and with countenance mild,
 By things that hurtful and most dangerous were,
 Shews to the king the weakness of the child :
 Hot burning coals doth to his mouth present,
 Which he to handle simply doth not stick,
 This little fool, this retchless innocent
 The burning gleed with his soft tongue doth lick :
 Which though in Pharaoh her desire it wrought,
 His babish imbecility to see,
 To the child's speech impediment it brought,
 From which he never after could be free.

(b) Josephus *Ant. Contr.* c.

S s liij

The child grew up, when in his manly face
 Beau y was seen in an unusual cheer,
 Such mixtures sweet of comeliness and grace,
 Likely apparell'd in complexion clear.
 The part of earth contends with that of heaven,
 Both in their proper purity excelling,
 To whether more pre-eminence was given,
 Which should excel, the dweller or the dwelling.
 Men's usual stature he did far exceed,
 And every part proportioned so well,
 The more the eye upon his shape did feed,
 The more it long'd upon the same to dwell:
 Each joint such perfect harmony did bear,
 That curious judgment taking any limb,
 Searching might mis to match it any where,
 Nature so fail'd in paralleling him:
 His hair bright yellow, on an arch'd brow
 Sat all the beauties kind could ever frame,
 And did them there so orderly bestow,
 As such a seat of majesty became.
 As time made perfect each exterior part,
 So still his honour with his years increas'd,
 That he sat lord in many a tender heart:
 With such high favours his fair youth was blest'd.

So fell it out that Æthiop war began,
 Invading Egypt with their armed powers,
 And taking spoils, the country over-ran
 To where as Memphis vaunts her climbing towers;
 Wherefore they with their oracles confer
 About th' event, which do this answer make:
 That if they would transport this civil war,
 They to their captain must an Hebrew take.
 And for fair Moses happily was grown
 Of so great towardness and especial hope,
 Him they do choose as absolute known,
 'To lead their power against the Æthiope.
 Which they of Termuth hardly can obtain,
 'Though on their altars by their gods they vow
 Him to deliver safe to her again,
 (Once the war ended) safe as he was now.
 Who for the way the army was to pass,
 'That by th' Egyptians only was intended,
 Most part by water more prolixious was
 Than present peril any whit commend'd:
 'To intercept the Æthiopians wrought
 A way far nearer who their legions led,
 Which till that time impassable was thought,
 Such store of serpents in that place was bred:
 Devis'd by birds th' danger to eschew,
 Whereof in Egypt he exceeding store,
 'The stork and ibis, which he wisely knew,
 All kinds of serpents naturally abhor.
 Which he in baskets of Egyptian reed,
 Borne with his carriage easily doth convey,
 And where encampeth sets them forth to feed,
 Which drive the serpents presently away.
 Thus them preventing by this subtil course,
 That all their succour suddenly bereft,
 When Æthiop flies before th' Egyptian force,
 Shut up in Saba their last refuge left.
 Which whilst with strait siege they beleagu'd long
 The (c) king's fair daughter haps him to behold,
 And became fetter'd with affection strong,
 Which in short time could hardly be controul'd.

(c) Comester.

Tarbis that kindled this rebellious rage,
 That they to Egypt tributary were,
 When the old king decrepit now with age,
 She in his stead the sovereignty did bear.
 Up to his tower where she the camp might see,
 To look her new love every day she went.
 And when he happen'd from the field to be,
 She thought her blest'd beholding but his tent;
 And oftentimes doth modestly inveigh
 'Gainst him the city walled first about,
 That the strong site should churlishly deny
 Him to come in, or her for passing out,
 Had the gates been but soften'd as her breast
 (That to behold her loved enemy stands)
 He had ere this of Saba been posses'd,
 And therein planted the Egyptian bands:
 Oft from a place as secretly she might
 (That from her palace look'd unto his tent)
 When she came forth appearing in his sight,
 Shewing by signs the love to him she meant.
 For in what arms it pleas'd him to be dight,
 After the Hebrew or th' Egyptian guise:
 He was the bravest, the most goodly wight
 That ever graced Æthiop with his eyes.
 And finding means to parley from a place
 By night, her passion doth to him discover,
 To yield the city if he would embrace
 Her a true princefs, as a faithful lover,
 The features of so delicate a dame
 Motives sufficient to his youth had been,
 But to the lord of kingdoms by the same,
 And of so great and absolute a queen,
 Soon gently stole him from himself away,
 That doth to him such rarities partake,
 Off'ring so rich, so excellent a prey,
 Loving the treason for the traitor's sake.

But whilst he lived in this glorious vein,
 Israel his conscience oftentimes doth move,
 That all this while in Egypt did remain,
 Virtue and grace o'ercoming youth and love.
 And though God knows unwilling to depart,
 From so high empire wherein now he stood,
 And her that sat so near unto his heart,
 Such power hath Israel in his happy blood,
 By skill to quit him forcibly he wrought,
 As he was learn'd and traded in the stars,
 Both by the Hebrews and th' Egyptians taught:
 That were the first, the best astronomers,
 (d) Two sundry figures makes, whereof the one
 Cause them that wear it all things past forget,
 As th' other of all accidents foregone
 The memory as eagerly doth whet,
 Which he insculped in two likely stones,
 For rareness of invaluable price,
 And cunningly contriv'd them for the zones
 In likely rings of excellent device:
 That of oblivion giving to his queen,
 Which soon made shew the violent effect,
 Forgot him straight as he had never been,
 And did her former kindnesses neglect.
 The other (that doth memory assist)
 Him with the love of Israel doth inflame:
 Departing thence not how the princefs wail,
 In peace he leaves her as in war he came.

(d) Comester ex. et. lxxij.

measures of th' Egyptian court
 h power upon his springing years,
 sad and tragical report
 burdens captiv'd Israel bears :
 regards he to be grac'd of kings ?
 greatness idly to await ?
 pecks he the negotiating
 sporting emperic and state ?
 e and servility that lay
 srael (sunk in ordurous slime)
 spirit down heavily doth weigh,
 n care oft lent the prosperous time.
 Hebrew happen'd to behold,
 a sad burdens without all remorse,
 stian barb'rously controul'd,
 s pin'd and miserable corse,
 beholding vexed as he stood,
 ns swelling with impatient fire,
 ge so wrestled in his blood
 passage to conceived ire,
 e man th' Egyptian doth resist :
 m his vile hands forcibly he took)
 rong blow with his valiant fist,
 breath out of his nostrils struck,
 igh his courage boldly dare aver,
 d power of his imperious hand,
 igh honour deigneth to inter
 ed carcase in the smouldring sand ;
 i suppos'd in secret to be wrought,
 th envy such a jealous eye,
 e same incontinent it fought,
 king delivered by and by,
 i gave went to Pharoah's cover'd wrath,
 this instant reason did confine,
 strait way, and apparent path
 great and terrible design :
 is safety forcing his retreat
 affliction every day did breed,
 revengeful tyranny did threat
 st horror to the Hebrew seed ;
 i now his pilgrimage he took,
 arth's only paradise for pleasures,
 ny a soft rill, many a sliding brook,
 e sweet valleys trip in wanton measures,
 he curl'd groves and the flow'ry fields
 : soul so peaceable and quiet,
 delight and choice contentment yields
 pt's braveries and luxurious diet :
 ering long he happen'd on a well,
 y paths frequented might espy,
 with trees where pleasure seem'd to
 ell,
 repose him, eas'ly down doth lie :
 : soft winds did mutually embrace
 :arbours nature there had made,
 :eir sweet breath gently in his face
 he calm cincture of the am'rous shade :
 t nigh'd the noon-steed of the day,
 ching heat the gadding herds do grieve,
 herds now and herdsmen every way
 sting cattle to the fountain drive :
 he rest seven shepherdesses went
 way for watering of their sheep,
 s him seem'd such reflection sent,
 e flocks even white that they did keep :

Girls that so goodly and delightful were,
 The fields were fresh and fragrant in their view,
 Winter was as the spring-time of the year,
 The grass so proud that in their footsteps grew :
 Daughters they were unto a holy man,
 (And worthy too of such a sire to be)
 Jethro the priest of fertile Midian,
 Few found so just, so righteous men as he.
 But see the rude swain, the untutor'd slave,
 Without respect or rev'rence to their kind,
 Away their fair flocks from the water drive,
 Such is the nature of the barb'rous hind.
 The maids, perceiving where a stranger sat,
 Of whom those clowns so basely did esteem
 Were in his presence discontent therat,
 Whom he perhaps improvident might deem ;
 Which he perceiving kindly doth entreat,
 Reproves the rustics for that offer'd wrong,
 Averring it an injury too great,
 To such, of right, all kindness did belong.
 But finding well his oratory fail,
 His fists about him frankly he bestows,
 That where persuasion could not late prevail,
 He yet compelleth quickly by his blows.
 Entreats the damsels their abode to make,
 With courtly semblance and a manly grace,
 At their fair pleasures quietly to take,
 What might be had by freedom of the place.
 Whose beauty, shape, and courage they admire,
 Exceeding these, the honour of his mind,
 For what in mortal could their hearts desire,
 That in this man they did not richly find ?
 Returning sooner than their usual hour,
 All that had happen'd to their father told,
 That such a man reliev'd them by his power,
 As one all civil courtesy that could :
 Who full of bounty, hospitably meek,
 Of his behaviour greatly pleas'd to hear,
 Forthwith commands his servants him to seek,
 To honour him by whom his honour'd were :
 Gently receives him to his goodly seat,
 Feasts him his friends and families among,
 And him with all those offices entreat,
 That to his place and virtues might belong :
 Whilst in the beauty of those goodly dames,
 Wherein wise nature her own skill admires,
 He feeds those secret and impiercing flames,
 Nurs'd in fresh youth, and gotten in desires :
 Won with this man this princely priest to dwell.
 For greater hire than bounty could devise,
 For her whose praise makes praise itself excel.
 Fairer than fairness, and as wisdom wife.
 In her, her sisters severally were seen,
 Of every one she was the rarest part,
 Who in her presence any time had been.
 Her angel-eye transpierced not his heart.
 For Zipora a shepherd's life he leads,
 And in her sight deceives the subtil hours,
 And for her sake oft robs the flow'ry meads,
 With those sweet spoils t' enrich her rural
 bowers,
 Up to mount Horeb with his flock he took,
 The flock wife Jethro willed him to keep.
 Which well he guarded with his shepherd's crook.
 Goodly the shepherd, goodly were the sheep :

To feed and fold full warily he knew,
 From fox and wolf his wandering flocks to free,
 The goodliest flowers that in the meadows grew
 Were not more fresh and beautiful than he.
 Gently his fair flocks lessow'd he along
 Through the firm pastures freely at his leisure,
 Now on the hills, the vallies then among,
 Which seem themselves to offer to his pleasure.
 Whilst feather'd silvans from each blooming spray,
 With murmur'ring waters wisely as they creep,
 Make him such music, to abridge the way,
 As fits a shepherd company to keep.
 When lo! that great and fearful God of might
 To that fair Hebrew strangely doth appear,
 In a bush burning visible and bright,
 Yet unconsuming as no fire there were :
 With hair erected and upturned eyes,
 Whilst he with great astonishment admires,
 Lo! that eternal Restor of the skies, [fires :
 Thus breathes to Moses from those quick'ning
 Shake off thy sandals, saith the thund'ring God,
 With humbled feet my wond'rous power to see,
 For that the soil where thou hast boldly trod,
 Is most select and hallow'd unto me :
 The righteous Abraham for his God me knew,
 Isaac and Jacob trusted in my name,
 And did believe my covenant was true,
 Which to their seed shall propagate the same :
 My folk that long in Egypt had been barr'd,
 Whose cries have enter'd heaven's eternal gate,
 Our zealous mercy openly hath heard,
 Kneeling in tears at our eternal state ;
 And am come down them in the land to see,
 Where streams of milk through fruitful valleys flow,
 And luscious honey dropping from the tree
 Load the full flowers that in their shadows grow :
 By thee my power am purposed to try, [bring,
 That from rough bondage shalt the Hebrews
 Bearing that great and fearful embassy
 To that monarchal and imperious king.
 And on this mountain, standing in thy sight,
 When thou returnest from that conquer'd land,
 Thou hallow'd altars unto me shalt light,
 'Tis for a token certainly shall stand.

O! who am I! this wond'rous man replies,
 A wretched mortal, that I should be sent,
 And stand so clear in thine eternal eyes,
 To do a work of such astonishment!
 And trembling now with a transfixed heart,
 Humbling himself before the Lord, quoth he,
 Who shall I tell the Hebrews that thou art,
 That giv'st this large commission unto me?
 Say, quoth the spirit from that impetuous flame,
 Unto the Hebrews asking thee of this,
 That 'twas, I AM; which only is my name,
 God of their fathers, so my title is;
 Divert thy course to Goshen, then again,
 And to divulge it constantly be bold,
 And their glad ears attractively retain,
 With what at Sinai Abraham's God hath told :

And tell great Pharaoh, that the Hebrews God
 Commands from Egypt that he set you free,
 Three journeys thence in deserts far abroad
 To offer hallow'd sacrifice to me :
 But he refusing to dismiss you so,
 On that proud king I'll execute such force,
 As never yet came from the sling, the bow,
 The keen-edg'd cutlas or the puissant horse.
 But if th' afflicted miserable sort,
 To idle incredulity inclin'd,
 Shall not, quoth Moses, credit my report,
 That thou to me hast so great power assign'd.
 Cast down, quoth God, thy wand unto the
 ground.

Which he obeying fearfully, behold
 The same a serpent suddenly was found,
 Itself contorting into many a fold.
 With such amazement Moses doth surpris'd,
 With cold convulsions shrinking every vein,
 That his affrighted and uplifted eyes,
 Even shot with horror, sink into his brain.
 But being encouraged by the Lord to take
 The ugly tail into his trembling hand,
 As from a dream he suddenly doth wake,
 When at the instant it became a wand.
 By the same hand into his bosom shut,
 Whose eyes his wither'd leprosy abhor'd,
 When forth he drew it, secondly being put,
 Unto the former purity restor'd.
 These signs he gives this sad admiring man,
 Which he the weak incredulous should show,
 When this frail mortal freshly now began
 To forge new causes, why unfit to go?
 Egypt accusing to have done him wrong,
 Scantling that bounty nature had bestow'd,
 Which had well-near depriv'd him of his
 tongue,

Which to this office chiefly had been ow'd :
 When he whose wisdom nature must obey,
 In whose resistance reason weakly fails,
 To whom all human instances give way,
 'Gainst whom not subtil argument prevails,
 Thus doth remove this idle vain excuse,
 Who made the mouth? who th' eye? or ~~the~~ ear?

Or who deprives those organs of their use?
 That thou thy imbecility should'st fear?
 Thy brother Aaron cometh unto thee,
 Which as thy speaker purposely I bring,
 To whom thyself even as a God shall be,
 And he interpret to th' Egyptian king.
 That when he at thy miracles shall wonder,
 And wan with fear shall tremble at thy rod,
 To feel his power that sways the dreadful thun-
 der.

That is a jealous and a fearful God.
 Then shall mine own self purchase me renown,
 And win me honour by my glorious deed
 On all the Pharaohs on th' Egyptian throne,
 That this proud mortal ever shall succeed.

MOSES'S BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

Moses doth his message bring,
Acts miracles before the king
With him the Magi do contend,
Which he doth conquer in the end,
When by th' extensure of the wand
He brings ten plagues upon the land,
And in despite of Pharaoh's pride,
From Goshen doth the Hebrews guide.

When now from Midian Moses forward set,
With whom his wife and fair retinue went,
Where on his way him happily hath met
His brother Aaron to the Lord's intent,
And to the Hebrews in th' impatient hand
Of mighty Egypt all his power implies,
And as the Lord expressly did command,
Acteth his wonders in their pleased eyes.
Those miracles mortality beholds
With an astonish'd and distracted look,
The mind that so amazedly enfolds,
That every sense the faculty forsook,
The little infant with abundant joy,
To man's estate immediately is sprung,
And though the old man could not back turn boy,
Casts half his years so much becoming young,
Whilst mirth in fulness measureth every eye,
Each breast is heap'd up with excess of pleasure,
Rearing their spread hands to the glorious sky,
Gladly embracing the Almighty's leisure.
These Hebrews ent'ring the Egyptian court,
Their great commission publicly proclaim,
Which there repulsed as a slight report,
Doth soon denounce defiance to the same,
Where now these men their miracles commend,
By which their power precisely might be try'd,
And Pharaoh for his sorcerers doth send,
By them the Hebrews only to deride.

Where heaven must now apparently transcend
Th' infernal powers imperiously to thwart,
And the bright perfect Deity contend
With abstruse magic and fallacious art.
Never was so miraculous a strife
Where admiration ever so abounded,
Where wonders were so prodigally rise,
That to behold it nature stood confounded,
Casting his rod a serpent that became,
Which he suppos'd with marvel them might strike,
When every priest essaying in the same,
By his black skill did instantly the like:
Which Pharaoh's breast with arrogance doth fill,
Above the high God's to exalt his power,
When by his power (t' amaze their weaker skill)
The Hebrew's rod doth all their rods devour:
Which deed of wonder slightly he rejects,
His froward spirit insatiantly elate,
Which after caus'd those violent effects
That sat on Egypt with the power of fate.
When he whose wisdom ere the world did fare,
From whom not counsel can her secrets hide,
Forewarneth Moses early to prepare
T' accost the proud king by the river's side.

What heavenly rapture doth enrich my brain,
And through my blood extravagantly flows,
That doth transport me to that endless main,
Whereas th' Almighty his high glories shows?

That holy heat into my spirit infuse,
Wherewith thou woul'st thy prophets to inspire,
And lend that power to our delightful muse,
As dwelt in sounds of that sweet Hebraick lyre.
A task unusual I must now essay,
Striving through peril to support this mass,
No former foot did ever track a way,
Where I propose unto myself to pass:

When Moses meeting the Egyptian king,
Urgeth afield the Israelites depart,
And him by Aaron stoutly menacing,
To try the temper of his stubborn heart.
(y) When lo! the torrent, the fleet hurrying flood,
So clear and perfect crystalline at hand,
As a black lake or settled marsh stood
At the extensure of the Hebrew's wand.
Where segs, rank bulrush, and the sharpen'd
reed,

That with the fluxure of the wave is fed,
Might be discern'd unnaturally to bleed,
Dying their fresh green to a sullied red:
Like issuing ulcers every little spring,
That being ripen'd void the filthy core,
Their loathsome slime and matter vomiting
Into the rivers they enrich'd before:
What in her banks hath bath'ning Nilus bred,
Serpent, or fish, or strange deformed thing,
That on her bosom she not beareth dead,
Where they were born them lastly burying?
That bird and beast incontinently fly
From the detested and contagious stink,
And rather choose by cruel thirst to die,
Than once to taste of this contaminate drink;
And useful cisterns delicately fill'd,
With which rich Egypt wondrously abounds,
Looking as bowls receiving what was spill'd
With which rich Egypt wondrously abounds,
That the faint earth even poison'd now remains,
In her own self so grievously dejected,
Horrid pollution travelling her veins,
Desperate of cure so dangerously infected
The hungry soil, that digging deep and long
To suck clear liquor from her plenteous pores,
This bloody issue breaketh out among,
As sickly menstruas or inveterate sores:
Seven days continuing in this flux of blood,
Sadly sits Egypt a full week of woe,
Shame taints the brow of every stew and flood;
Blushing, the world her filthiness to show.
Yet 'tains proud Pharaoh Israel thus to free,
Nor this dire plague his harden'd heart can tame,
Which he suppos'd but fallacies to be,
When his magicians likewise did the same.

When he again that glorious rod extends
Gainst him that heaven presumeth thus to
dare:

On Egypt from a (z) second plague that sends,
Which he till now fear'd partially to spare
The soil, that late the owner did enrich
Him his fair herds and goodly flocks to feed,
Lies now a leyball, or a common ditch,
Where in their toddler loathly paddocks breed.

(y) The first plague.
(z) The second plague.

Where as the up-land mountainous and high
To them that sadly do behold it shows,
As though in labour with this filthy fry,
Stirring with pain in the parturient throes:
People from windows looking to the ground,
At this stupendous spectacle amaz'd,
See but their sorrow every where abound,
That most abhorring whereon most they gaz'd.
Their troughs and ovens treadfloods now become,
That housewives wont so carefully to keep,
These loathsome creatures taking up the room,
And croaking there continually do creep.
And as great Pharaoh on his throne is set,
From thence affrighted with this edious thing,
Which crawling up into the same doth get,
And him deposing sitteth as a king.
The wearied man his spirits that to refresh
Gets to his bed to free him from his fear,
Scarce laid but feels them at his naked side,
So small the succour that remaineth there.
No court so close to which the speckled toad
By some small cranny creeps not by and by,
No tower so strong, nor natural abode,
To which for safety any one might fly.
Egypt now hates the world her so should call,
Of her own self so grievously ashamed,
And so contemned in the eyes of all,
As but in scorn she scarcely once is nam'd,
When this profane king with a wounded heart
(His Magi though these miracles could do)
Sees in his soul one greater than their art,
Above all power, that put a hand thereto:
But as these plagues and sad afflictions cease'd
At the just prayer of this mild godlike man,
So Pharaoh's pride and stubbornness increas'd,
And his lewd course this headstrong mortal man
Which might have surelier settled in his mind,
(At his request which Moses quickly flew,
Leaving a stench so pestilent behind)
As might preserve old sorrows freshly new.

But stay, my muse, in height of all this speed,
Somewhat plucks back to quench this sacred deed
And many perils doth to us accord
In that whereof we seriously entreat.
Lest too concise injuriously we wrong
Things that such state and fearfulness impart.
Or led by zeal irregularly long,
Infringe the curious liberties of art,
We that calumnious critic may eschew,
That blasphemeth all things with his poison'd breath.
Detraacting what laboriously we do,
Only with that which he but idly saith.
O be our guide, whose glories now we preach,
That above books must steer us in our fate,
For never ethnic to this day did teach,
(In this) whose method we may imitate.

When now these men of miracle proceed,
And by extending of that wondrous wand,
As that resistless providence decreed,
Thereby bring (a) lice on the distemper'd land:
All struck with lice so numberless they lie,
The dust grown quick in every place doth creep.
The sands their want do secondly supply,
As they at length would suffocate the deep

(a) The third plague.

atoms that in the beams appear,
 the sun through crannies shining see,
 many of those detested things do bear,
 able the Egyptians be :
 k'd the brands the passed evening burn'd,
 he use the morning fire to keep)
 the foul vermin finds the ashes turn'd,
 g the earth, so thick thereon they creep-
 ince and peasant equally are dress'd,
 blest silks and coarsest rags alike,
 rsk goes now companion with the best,
 nd of God so generally doth strike.
 ag's pavilion and the captive's pad
 w in choice indifferent unto either,
 small, fair, foul, rich, poor, the good and bad,
 er in this pestilence together.
 to cleanse, in vain to purge and pick,
 every mote that with the breath doth rise,
 ith appeareth venomously quick,
 gh so small scarce taken with the eyes.
 ch his wisdom strongly doth prevail,
 his self-wise, this overweening man,
 the least, the slightest thing doth fail,
 ry beggar absolutely can ;
 now these wizards with transfixed hearts
 ke his glory by the same the more,
 a godhead shining through their arts,
 by their magics they deny'd before.
 a proud Pharaoh as oppugning fate,
 th resist that majesty so high,
 himself doth yet appropriate
 eme power his godhead to deny :
 from his wilful stubbornness doth grow
 reat amazement to all ears and eyes,
 now the Lord's Aaron's rod will show
 ghty power even in the wretched 'ft (b) flies :
 g his vengeance in as many kinds,
 aroah doth his obstinancies vary,
 ; their plagues so fitly with their minds,
 ough their sin his punishments did carry.
 umer time as in an evening fair,
 oats are heard in a tumultuous sound
 s of hills, so troubled is the air
 : disturbance of the wondering ground.
 ies are darken'd as they yet do hover
 rose clouds congested in their flight,
 the whole land with multitudes they cover,
 ng the streams as generally the light.
 el land, might these not yet thee move ?
 on alone so destitute of fear ?
 ft thou mean thy utmost to approve
 many plagues thou able art to bear ?
 have fore-threat'ned thy destruction sure,
 ow the fourth is following on as fast,
 hou suppose thy pride can still endure ?
 at his vengeance longer cannot last ?
 are as weak and worthless as the rest,
 much enfeebled, and his strength is more,
 prepar'd, thee sadly to infect,
 ins so many, by their equal store.
 wretched creature man might well suppose
 : the least that he had need to fear,
 ight the rest is terrify'd with those
 which before none ever troubled were.

The fourth plague.

As we behold a swarming cast of bees
 In a swollen cluster to some branch to cleave :
 Thus do they hang in branches on the trees,
 Pressing each plant, and loading ev'ry greave.
 The houses cover'd with these rust'ring flies,
 And the fair windows that for light were made,
 Eclipse'd with horror, seeming to their eyes,
 Like the dim twilight, or some ominous shade.
 For human food what Egypt had in store,
 The creatures feed on, till they bursting die,
 And what in this unhappy land was more,
 Their loathsome bodies lastly putrify.
 O goodly Goshen where the Hebrews rest,
 How dear thy children in th' Almighty's sight,
 That for their sakes thou only should'st be blest,
 When all these plagues on the Egyptians light ?
 What promis'd people rested thee within,
 To whom no peril ever might aspire,
 For whose dear sake some watchful cherubim
 Stood to defend thee arm'd in glorious fire ?
 Thou art that holy sanctuary made,
 Where all th' afflicted cast aside their fear,
 Whose privileges ever to invade,
 The heavens command their horrors to forbear.
 But since man's pride and insolence is such,
 Nor by these plagues his will to pass could bring,
 Nor with a sharp and wounding hand will touch
 The dearer body of each living thing :
 To other ends his courses to direct,
 By all great means his glory to advance,
 Altereth the cause by altering the effect,
 To work by wonder their deliverance.
 As Aaron grasping ashes in his hand,
 Which scarcely cast into the open air,
 But brings a murrain over all the land,
 With (c) scabs and botches such as never were.
 What chews the cud, or hoof, or horn allotted,
 Wild in the fields, or tamed by the yoke,
 With this contagious pestilence is rotted,
 So universal's the Almighty's stroke.
 The goodly horse of hot and fiery strain
 In his high courage hardly brook'd his food,
 That ditch or mound not lately could contain,
 On the firm ground so scornfully that stood,
 Crest-fall'n hangs down his hardly manag'd head,
 Lies where but late disdainfully he trod,
 His quick eye fixed heavily and dead,
 Stirs not when prick'd with the impulsive goad.
 The swine which nature secretly doth teach,
 Only by fasting sicknesses to cure,
 Now but in vain is to itself a leech,
 Whose sudden end infallibly is sure.
 Where frugal shepherds reckoning wool and
 lamb,
 Or who by herds hop'd happily to win,
 Now sees the young one perish with the dam,
 Nor dare his hard hand touch the poison'd skin.
 Those fertile pastures quickly overspread
 With their dead cattle, where the birds of prey
 Gorg'd on the garbidge (woefully bestead)
 Poison'd fall down as they would fly away.
 And hungry dogs the tainted flesh refrain'd,
 Whereon their master gormondiz'd of late,

(c) The fifth plague.

he cock the country horologe that rings
 he cheerful warning to the sun's awake,
 kissing the dawning scantles in his wings,
 and to his roost doth sadly him betake.
 One to his neighbour in the dark doth call,
 When the thick vapour so the air doth smother,
 Making the voice so hideous therewithal,
 That one's afraid to go unto the other.
 The little infant for the mother shrieks,
 Then lies it down astonished with fear,
 Who for her child whilst in the dark she seeks,
 Treads on the babe that she doth hold so dear.
 Darkness so long upon the land doth dwell,
 Whilst men amaz'd, the hours are stol'n away,
 Erring in time that now there's none can tell
 Which should be night, and which should be the
 day.

Three doubled nights the proud Egyptian lies
 With hunger, thirst, and weariness oppress'd,
 Only relieved by his miseries,
 By fear enforced to forget the rest.
 Those lights and fires they laboured to defend,
 With the foul damp that over all doth flow,
 Such an eclipsed fulliedness doth send,
 That darkness far more terrible doth show;
 When the perplexed and astonish'd king,
 'Twixt rage and fear distracted in his mind,
 Israel to pass now freely limiting,
 Only their cattle to be staid behind.
 Commanding Moses to depart his sight,
 And from that time to see his face no more,
 Which this mild man doth willingly acquit
 That he well knew would come to pass before.
 That for the droves the Israelites should leave,
 Forbid by Pharaoh to be borne away,
 Israel shall Egypt of her store bereave,
 To bear it with her as a violent prey.
 So wrought her God in the Egyptians thought,
 As he is only provident and wise,
 That he to pass for his choice people brought
 More than man's wisdom ever might devise.
 Touching their soft breasts with a wounding love
 Of those who yet they enviously admir'd,
 Which doth the happy Jacobites bebove,
 To compass what they instantly requir'd,
 That every Hebrew borrowed of a friend
 Some special jewel feignedly to use,
 Every Egyptian willing is to lend,
 Nor being ask'd can possibly refuse.
 Now closets, chests, and cabinets are sought
 For the rich gem, the rarity, or thing,
 And they the happiest of the rest are thought,
 That the high't priz'd officiously could bring.
 Rings, chains, and bracelets, jewels for the ear,
 The perfect glorious, and most lustrous stone,
 The carcatiet so much requested there,
 The pearl most orient, and a paragon.
 What thing so choice that curious art could frame,
 Luxurious Egypt had not for her pride?
 And what so rare an Israelite could name,
 He but asking was thereof deny'd?
 God doth now the passover command,
 And that sacred mystery doth tell,
 And o'er them with a spareful hand,
 The first-born of th' Egyptians fell.

What nature for man's appetite ordain'd,
 The creature that's most ravenous doth hate.
 Thus all that breathes and kindly hath encreas'd,
 Suffer for him that proudly did offend,
 Yet in this manner here it shall not cease,
 (c) In beasts begun, in wretched man to end.
 To whom it further violently can,
 Not by th' Almighty limited to stake,
 As beast is plagued for rebellious man,
 Man in some measure must his pain partake.
 Those dainty breasts that open'd lately were,
 Which with rich veins so curiously did flow,
 With boils and blains most loathsome do appear,
 Which now the damsel not desires to show.
 Features disfigur'd only now the fair,
 (All are deformed) most ill-favour'd be,
 Where beauty was most exquisite and rare,
 There the least blemish can'test you might see.
 For costly garments fashion'd with device
 To form each choice part curious eyes to please,
 The sick man's gown is only now in price,
 To give their blotch'd and blister'd bodies ease.
 It is in vain the surgeon's hand to prove,
 Or help of physic to assuage the smart,
 For why, the power that ruleth from above
 Crossing all means of industry and art.
 Egypt is now an hospital forlorn,
 Where only cripples and diseased are,
 How many children to the world are born,
 So many lazars thither still repair.
 When those proud Magi as oppos'd to fate,
 That durst high heaven in every thing to dare,
 Now in most vile and miserable state
 As the mean'st caitif equally do fare.
 Thus stands that man so eminent alone,
 Arm'd with his power that governeth the sky,
 Now when the wizards lastly overthrown,
 Grovelling in sores before his feet do lie.
 Not one is found unpunished escapes
 So much to do his hungry wrath to feed,
 Which still appeareth in as many shapes
 As Pharoah doth in tyrannies proceed.
 (d) Even as some grave wise magistrate to find
 Out some vile treason, or some odious crime,
 That beareth every circumstance in mind,
 Of place, of manner, instance, and of time :
 That the suspected strongly doth arrest,
 And by all means invention can devise
 By hopes or torture out of him to wrest
 The ground, the purpose, and confederacies,
 Now slacks his pain, now doth the same augment,
 Yet in his strait hand doth contain him still,
 Proportioning his allotted punishment
 As he's removed or pliant to his will.
 But yet hath Egypt somewhat left to vaunt,
 What's now remaining may her pride repair,
 But lest perhaps she should be arrogant,
 Till she be humbled he will never spare.
 These plagues seem yet but nourished beneath,
 And even with man terrestrially to move,
 Now heaven his fury violently shall breath,
 Rebellious Egypt scourging from above.
 (e) Winter let loose in his robustious kind
 Wildly runs raving through the airy plains,

(c) The sixth plague.

(d) A simile of God's justice.

(e) The seventh plague.

As though his time of liberty assign'd
 Roughly now shakes off his imprisoning chains.
 The winds spit fire in one another's face,
 And mingled flames fight furiously together,
 Through the wild heaven that one the other chace,
 Now flying thence and then returning thither.
 No light but lightning ceaselessly to burn
 Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,
 And being gone doth suddenly return
 E'er you could say precisely that it was.
 In one self moment darkness and the lights
 Instantly born, as instantly they die,
 And every minute is a day and night
 That breaks and sets in twinkling of an eye.
 Mountain and valley suffer one self ire,
 The stately tower and lowly cote alike,
 The shrub and cedar this impartial fire
 In one like order generally doth strike :
 On flesh and plant this subtil lightning press,
 As through the pores its passage fitly finds,
 In the full womb the tender burden slays,
 Piercing the stiff trunk through the spongy reins.
 Throughout this great and universal ball
 The wrath of heaven outrageously is thrown,
 As the lights quick'ning and celestial
 Had put themselves together into one.
 This yet continuing the big-bellied clouds,
 With heat and moisture in their sulciness brake,
 And the stern thunder from the airy shrouds
 To the sad world in fear and horror spake.
 The black storm bellows and the yerning vauk,
 Full charg'd with fury as some signal given,
 Preparing their artillery to assault,
 Shoot their stern volleys in the face of heaven.
 The bolts new wing'd with fork'd aethereal fire,
 Through the vast region every where do rove,
 Goring the earth in their imperious ire,
 Pierce the proud'st building, rend the thick'st
 grove.

When the breem hail as rising in degrees
 Like ruffled arrows through the air doth sing,
 Beating the leaves and branches from the trees
 Forcing an autumn earlier than the spring.
 The birds late shrouded in their safe repair,
 Where they were wont from winter's wrath to bide,
 Left by the tempest to the open air,
 Shot with cold bullets through the trembling brake.
 Whilst cattle grazing on the barful ground,
 Finding no shelter from the shower to hide,
 In ponds and ditches willingly are drown'd,
 That this sharp storm no longer can abide.
 Windows are shiver'd to forgotten dust,
 The slates fall shatter'd from the roof above,
 Where any thing finds harbour from this gulf,
 Now even as death it seareth to remove.
 The rude and most impenetrable rock
 Since the foundation of the world was laid,
 Never before stirr'd with tempestuous shock,
 Melts with this storm as sensibly afraid.
 Never yet with so violent a hand,
 A brow contracted and so full of fear,
 God scour'd the pride of a rebellious land,
 Since into kingdoms nations gather'd were.
 But he what mortal was there ever known,
 So many strange afflictions did abide,

om so many miseries were throw'd,
 heaven so oft and angrily did chide ?
 ut relenting Moses doth relieve ?
 ; off that which oft on him doth light,
 God so oft doth punish and forgive,
 y to prove his mercy and his might.
 t eternal providence could frame
 cans whereby his glory should be try'd,
 s he please, miraculously can tame
 sensual ways, his transitory pride.
 haroah bent to his rebellious will,
 te to Israel instantly renews,
 uing author of his proper ill,
 now the plague of grasshoppers ensues.
 Long e'er they fell, on th' face of heaven
 they hung,
 all clouds as covered all the skies,
 ing the sun-beams piercing through their
 throng,
 Strange distraction to beholding eyes.
 le creature that is said to sing
 in summer, and in winter poor,
 g the emmet's painful labouring,
 ats the labourer and the heaped store.
 de of grass remaineth to be seen,
 herb, nor flower, to which the spring gives
 birth,
 'ry path, even barren hills are green,
 those that eat the greenness from the earth.
 id most sweet, what most extremely sour,
 athsome hemlock is the verdurous rose,
 filthy locusts equally devour,
 the heavens of every thing dispose.
 ees all barkles nakedly are left
 ample strip of things that they did wear,
 : enforcement of disastrous theft,
 ng as frighted with erected hair :
 both the Lord her nakedness discover,
 by to prove her stoutness to reclaim,
 when nor fear nor punishment could move
 her,
 ight at length be tempted with her shame.
 id of all her ornaments she stands,
 ein rich nature whilom did her dight,
 the sad verges of the neighbouring lands
 with much sorrow wond'ring at the sight.
 gypt is so impudent and vile,
 ulh is seen that pity might compel,
 from all eyes to cover her a while,
 ord in darkness leaveth her to dwell.
 Over the great and universal face
 rawn the curtains of the horrid night,
 would be continually in place,
 from the world had banished the light.
 the sight, so likewise to the touch
 ppropriate object equally is dealt,
 nefs is now so palpable and much,
 as 'tis seen, as easily is felt.
 now it hap'd to travel by the way,
 the field did chance abroad to roam ;
 ng himself then wander'd as astray,
 inds his hostly nor returneth home.

The eighth plague.
 The ninth plague.

The cock the country horologe that rings
 The cheerful warning to the sun's awake,
 Missing the dawning scantles in his wings,
 And to his roost doth sadly him betake.
 One to his neighbour in the dark doth call,
 When the thick vapour so the air doth smother,
 Making the voice so hideous therewithal,
 That one's afraid to go unto the other.
 The little infant for the mother shrieks,
 Then lies it down astonished with fear,
 Who for her child whilst in the dark she seeks,
 Treads on the babe that she doth hold so dear.
 Darkness so long upon the land doth dwell,
 Whilst men amaz'd, the hours are stol'n away,
 Erring in time that now there's none can tell
 Which should be night, and which should be the
 day.

Three doubled nights the proud Egyptian lies
 With hunger, thirst, and weariness oppress'd,
 Only relieved by his miseries,
 By fear enforced to forget the rest.
 Those lights and fires they laboured to defend,
 With the foul damp that over all doth flow,
 Such an eclipsed sulliedness doth send,
 That darkness far more terrible doth show ;
 When the perplexed and astonish'd king,
 'Twixt rage and fear distracted in his mind,
 Israel to pass now freely limiting,
 Only their cattle to be staid behind.
 Commanding Moses to depart his sight,
 And from that time to see his face no more,
 Which this mild man doth willingly acquit
 That he well knew would come to pass before.
 That for the droves the Israelites should leave,
 Forbid by Pharaoh to be borne away,
 Israel shall Egypt of her store bereave,
 To bear it with her as a violent prey.
 So wrought her God in the Egyptians thought,
 As he is only provident and wise,
 That he to pass for his choice people brought
 More than man's wisdom ever might devise.
 Touching their soft breasts with a wounding love
 Of those who yet they enviously admir'd,
 Which doth the happy Jacobites beleave,
 To compass what they instantly requir'd,
 That every Hebrew borrowed of a friend
 Some special jewel feignedly to use,
 Every Egyptian willing is to lend,
 Nor being ask'd can possibly refuse.
 Now closets, chests, and cabinets are sought
 For the rich gem, the rarity, or thing,
 And they the happiest of the rest are thought,
 That the high'st priz'd officiously could bring.
 Rings, chains, and bracelets, jewels for the ear,
 The perfect glorious, and most lustrous stone,
 The carohet so much requested there,
 The pearl most orient, and a paragon.
 What thing so choice that curious art could frame,
 Luxurious Egypt had not for her pride ?
 And what so rare an Israelite could name,
 That he but asking was thereof deny'd ?
 When God doth now the passover command,
 Whose name that sacred mystery doth tell,
 That he pass'd o'er them with a spareful hand,
 When all th' first-born of th' Egyptians fell,

Which should to their posterity be taught,
 That might for ever memorize this deed,
 The fearful wonders he in Egypt wrought,
 For Abraham's off-spring, Sarah's promis'd seed.
 A lamb unblemish'd, or a spotless kid,
 That from the dam had weaned out a year,
 Which he without deformity did bid,
 Held to himself a sacrifice so dear.
 Roasted and eaten with unleaven'd bread,
 And with four herbs such viands as became,
 Meat for the ev'ning, that prohibited
 The morn ensuing partner of the same.
 Girding their loins, shoes fasten'd to their feet,
 Staves in their hands, and passing it to take,
 In manners as to travellers is meet,
 A voyage forth immediately to make.
 Whose blood being put upon the outmost posts,
 Whereby his chosen Israelites he knew,
 That night so dreadful when the Lord of hosts
 All the (b) first-born of the Egyptians slew.
 Darkness invades the world, when now forth went
 The spoiling angel as the Lord did will,
 And where the door was not with blood besprent,
 There the first-born he cruelly did kill.
 Night never saw so tragical a deed,
 Thing so replete with heaviness and sorrow,
 Nor shall the day hereafter ever read
 Such a black time as the ensuing morrow.
 The dawn now breaking, and with open fight
 When every lab'ring and affrighted eye
 Beholds the slaughter of the passed night,
 The parting plague protracted misery.
 One to his neighbour hastes his heedless feet,
 To bring him home his heavy chance to see,
 And him he goes to by the way doth meet,
 As grieved and as miserable as he.
 Who out of door now hastily doth come,
 Thinking to howl and bellow forth his woe,
 Is for his purpose destitute of room,
 Each place with sorrow doth so overflow.
 People awaked with this sudden fright,
 Run forth their doors as naked as they be,
 Forget the day, and bearing candle light
 To help the sun their miseries to see.
 Who lost his first-born e'er this plague begun,
 Is now most happy in this time of woe,
 Who mourn'd his eld'ft, a daughter or a son,
 Is now exempt from what the rest must do.
 To one that fains poor comfort to his friend,
 His child was young, and need the less be car'd,
 Replies if his had liv'd the other's end,
 With all his heart he could him well have spar'd.
 No eye can lend a mourning friend one tear,
 So busy is the gen'ral heart of moan,
 So strange confusion sits in every ear,
 As warneth power to entertain his own.

(b) The tenth plague.

Imparted woe, the heavy heart's relief,
 When it hath done the utmost that it may,
 Outright is murder'd with a second grief,
 To see one mute tell more than it can say :
 The greatest blessing that the heart could give,
 The joy of children in the married state,
 To see his curse the parent now doth live,
 And none be happy but th' unfortunate.
 Whilst some for burial of their children stay,
 Others pass by with theirs upon the bier,
 Which from the church met mourners by the way,
 Others they find that yet are burying there.

Afflicted London, in six hundred three,
 When God thy sin so grievously did strike,
 And from th' infection that did spring from thee,
 The spacious isle was patient of the like.
 That sickly season, when I undertook
 This composition faintly to supply,
 When thy affliction serv'd me for a book
 Whereby to model Egypt's misery.
 When pallid horror did possess the street,
 Nor knew thy children refuge where to have,
 Death them so soon in every place did meet,
 Unpeopling houses to possess the grave.

When woeful Egypt with a wounded heart
 So many plagues that suffered for their stay,
 Now on their knees entreat them to depart,
 And even impatient of their long delay.
 Six hundred thousand Israelites depart,
 Besides the nations that they thence releas'd,
 And Hebrew babes, the joy of many a heart,
 That Sarah's happy promises had blest'd.
 After four hundred thirty years expir'd,
 (Measuring by minutes many a woeful hour)
 That day they came they thence again depart,
 By his eternal providence and power.
 With all the jewels Egypt could afford
 With them away that wisely they did bear,
 Th' Egyptians ask'd not to have back restor'd,
 All then so busy at their burials were :
 And (i) Joseph's bones precisely thence convey,
 Whose tomb by Nile's oft inundations drown'd,
 Yet the deceased strictly to obey
 By Moses were miraculously found.
 (i) Who did in gold that powerful word engrave,
 By which th' Almighty fully is express'd,
 Which bare the metal floating on the wave,
 Till o'er his coffin lastly it did rest.
 As by a sheep that shew'd them to the same,
 To make them mindful of the reverend dead,
 Which beast thence forth they call'd by Joseph's name
 And when they went from Egypt, with them led
 But that he thus did find his burying place,
 As we tradition wisely may suspect,
 We only this as history embrace,
 But else in faith as fabulous neglect.

(i) Cometh in Exod.

(i) Tetragrammaton.

MOSES'S BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

B O O K III.

The Argument.

God drowns th' Egyptians in his ire,
Doth march before his host in fire,
From the hard rocks strikes gushing springs,
Rains quails and manna, conquers kings,
And fearful plagues on them doth try,
For murmur'ing and idolatry:
Unto the promis'd land them brought,
When it they forty years had fought;
Balaam to blefs them he doth send,
Their good success, mild Moses' end.

which at home scorn'd Pharoah and his
force,
whose departure he did humbly pray,
pursues with his Egyptian horse
unlike foot to spoil them on the way.
his choice people strongly to protect,
by God of empire and of might,
his host his standard doth erect,
his pillar in a field of light,
he by day in sable doth unfold,
the sun his ardour to forbear,
it converts it into flaming gold,
the coldness of the same to fear.
Philistia he his force will lead,
in the far nearer and the happier way,
in of war a glorious march shall tread
vast bowels of the bloody sea.
sends the winds as couriers forth before
ke them way from Pharoah's power to fly,
convey them to a safer shore;
his might that can make oceans dry.
by the stroke of that commanding wand,
er'd the rough seas forcibly together,
III.

Raised as ramparts by that glorious hand,
(Twixt which they march) that did conduct them
thither.

The surly waves their ruler's will obey'd,
By him made up in this confused mass,
Like as an ambush secretly were laid,
To set on Pharoah as his power should pass.
Which soon with wombs insatiably wide, [power,
Loos'd from their late bounds by th' Almighty's
Came raging in, enclosing every side,
And the Egyptians instantly devour.
The sling, the stiff bow, and the sharpen'd lance,
Floating confus'dly on the waters rude,
They which these weapons lately did advance,
Perish in sight of them that they pursu'd.
Clashing of armours, and the rumorous sound
Of the stern billows in contention stood,
Which to the shores do every way rebound,
As doth affright the monsters of the flood.
Death is discern'd triumphantly in arms
On the rough seas his slaughter to keep,
And his cold self in breath of mortals warm,
Upon the dimpled bosom of the deep.

T t

There might you see a chequer'd ensign swim
About the body of the envy'd dead,
Serve for a hearse or coverture to him,
Ere while did waft it proudly 'bout his head:
The warlike chariot turn'd upon the back
With the dead horses in their traces ty'd,
Drags their fat carcase through the foamy brack
That drew it late undaunted in pride:
There floats the bard steep with his rider drown'd,
Whole foot in his caparison is cast,
Who late with sharp spurs did his courser wound,
Himself now ridden with his strangled beast.
The waters combat (without help of hand)
For them to take for which they never toil,
And like a quarry cast them on the land,
As those they slew they left to them to spoil.
In eighty-eight at Dover that had been,
To view that navy (like a mighty wood),
Whose sails swept heaven, might easily there have
been seen,

How puissant Pharaoh perish'd in the flood.
What for a conquest stridely they did keep,
Into the channel presently was pour'd.
Castilian riches scatter'd on the deep,
That Spain's long hopes had suddenly devour'd.
Th' afflicted English rang'd along the strand
To wait what would this threat'ning power be-
tide,

Now when the Lord with a victorious hand
In his high justice scourg'd th' Iberian pride.

Hence three days march to Mara leads them on,
Where Sur's wild deserts as the army past
Seemed as from their presence to have flown;
The mountains stood so miserably aghast.
Where, for with drought they hardly are bested,
And the foul waters bitter as the gall,
That they should through this wilderness be led
To thankless murr'ring presently they fall.
God pointeth Moses to a precious tree,
Whose med'cinal branches cast into the lake,
Of that rare virtue he approv'd to be,
The waters sweet and delicate to make.
Not that his hand stands any way in need
Of mediate means his purposes to bring,
But that in state his wisdom will proceed
To shew his power in every little thing.
Nor metaphysics fully him confine,
All-measuring so immeasurably great,
That do in nature every cause combine,
This All in him so aptly hath replete.
Which might have learn'd them in this helpless
case,

With tribulations willingly to meet,
When men with patience troubles do embrace,
How oftentimes it makes afflictions sweet.
And his free bounty fully now they found,
As they for Mara to mount Sinai made,
Pitching in Elin in that plentiful ground
Of pleasant fountains and delicious shade;
But as at Sur, so they again at Sin,
Before of thirst, of hunger now complain,
Withing they might in Egypt still have been,
Where never famine all their time did reign.
When cloud of quails from the Arabian shore
Upon the camp immediately are sent,

Which came so long and in such marv
That with their sight they smother'd
This glads the ev'ning; each unto his n
With souls even fated with these dain
And the great goodness of the Lord as
That in like measures each participat
The morn strews manna all about the l
(The meat of Angels) manna to sol
Candying the fresh grass, as the winn
Never such letat unto such dainy del
O Israel pamper'd with this heavenly fo
Which else to nations earthly he dema
To raise thy spirits; to rectify thy mind
With these so rare celestial parties.
Then the fat flesh-pots they so much del
Whercon in Egypt gluttoning they fed,
When they came hungry home from
sinne,

Which only dulness, and gross humours!
Yet in the sweetness and th' abundant
His power not so conclusively exprest,
But who took most not capable of more
Than in his Gomer he that gathered had
By night corrupting, each day gathering
But for the Sabbath what they did press
That day descended not that heavenly d
That so that day was only sanctify'd.
Thence through these deserts desolate as
They reach to Raph'daim where as th
pass.

There was not found a fountain far nor
Such want of water every where there
Thither the Lord by Moses led them in
His force the faithless Israelites might be
For even in the impossible thing,
He most delights his wondrous might to
Far worse than Mars is this fruitless fall,
For there were waters (bitter though th
But here are none, though sought with
toil,

That they from murr'ring longer not
Commanding Moses he should take the
Wherewith in Egypt he such wonders
For that most wise, that secret-seeing G
Saw there were some thus reason'd in their
The mystery of that miraculous wand
He did to plagues and fearful things im
That Aaron yet ne'er took it in his hand
When work of mercy was achiev'd them
Therefore bids Moses to his high intent,
The same to use, they visibly might see,
That this which erst had been the instrum
Of justice, so of clemency to be.
Which with a blow, the cleaves in foun
As with an earthquake violently rent,
Whence came so strong and rough a curre
That in the stones were gutters as it went
The springs spout forth such plenty, that
Down the slope sides it violently sweeps,
So divers ways, so various in the fall,
Through every cranny the clear water
In pails, kits, dishes, basons, pinbowls, be
Their scorched bosoms merrily they take,
Until this very hour their thirsty souls
Never touch'd water of so sweet a taste.

y suffic'd but in the very neck
 'tis bruted by the watchful post,
 ie near-bord'ring envious Amalek
 arching towards them with a mighty host.
 ie forth Joshua from the rest doth draw,
 selected, of courageous spirit,
 Moses with prophetic eye foresaw,
 be the man his room that should inherit.
 nding him to muster out of hand,
 aw his forces presently to head,
 : that proud Amalekite to stand,
 in the field a puissant army led.
 on rock Horeb, with erected hand,
 r the rod up to the glorious sky,
 Hur and Aaron, Amram's son doth stand,
 both the hosts for victory do try.
 lades are brandish'd, and the fight begun,
 hund'ring horror trumpets do proclaim,
 e reflection of the radiant sun,
 o beholders as a general flame.
 ourage and dexterity that day
 r side sufficiently is shown,
 the earth full many a soldier lay,
 ig through danger to make good his own.
 n might see how many a strenuous guide
 to make his enemy to bleed,
 e fierce vaward, then the rereward ply'd,
 erceiveth the battalions need.
 ght the full day, he the rod upheld,
 e his strength by long continuing fails,
 as before the Israelites had quell'd,
 verse proud Amalekite prevails.
 he two Hebrews provident of harms,
 grave Moses down upon a stone,
 their force support his wearied arms,
 e foe was lastly overthrown.
 o the just, to whom report had told
 ievements wrought by his renowned son,
 the world did tributary hold,
 s in Egypt God by him had done :
 od old man to consummate their joys,
 our his son is come to see,
 g his wife and his two little boys
 :nt back to Midian safe to be :
 ry this time two proper youths are grown,
 their grandfire with exceeding care,
 e host there hardly could be shown
 th those boys for beauty could compare.
 rth and feasting as for them was seen,
 grave father and this goodly dame,
 is day in Israel had not been,
 kind Joseph righteous Jacob came.
 mild Moses scarcely can suffice
 his man the troubles they had past,
 nders God had acted in their eyes,
 ey in Midian kindly parted last.
 hat mark'd the pains that Moses took,
 ; early, and in resting late,
 d himself into all causes look,
 his person censure each debate :
 neely priest, a man exceeding wise,
 g experienc'd in this great affair,
 that time few states or monarchies
 government he could not well declare)

Reproves good Moses in this zealous deed :
 Quoth he, Methinks thou dost not well in this,
 The course wherein I see thou dost proceed
 Trouble to thee and to the people is.
 Appoint out judges, and inferior courts,
 'I wixt the plebeians and thyself to be,
 From them receive those matters by report,
 Speak thou to God, and let them speak to thee ;
 In things important be thou still in place,
 In lesser causes leaving them to deal,
 So may you both your quietness embrace,
 By an exact and perfect commonweal.
 Now when to Sinai they approached near,
 God calls up Moses to the mount above,
 And all the rest commandeth to forbear,
 Nor from the bounds assign'd them to remove.
 For who the limits loosely did exceed,
 Which were by Moses mark'd them out beneath,
 The Lord had irrevocably decreed
 With darts or stones should surely die the death.
 Where as the people in a wondrous fright
 (With hearts transfixed even with frozen blood)
 Beheld their leader openly in sight
 Pass to the Lord, where he in glory stood.
 Thunder and lightning led him down the air,
 Trumpets celestial sounding as he came,
 Which struck the people with astounding fear,
 Himself invested in a splendrous flame.
 Sinai before him fearfully doth shake,
 Covered all over in a smould'ring smoke,
 As ready the foundation to forsake,
 On the dread presence of the Lord to look.
 Erect your spirits and lend attentive ear
 To mark at Sinai what to you is said,
 Weak Moses now you shall not simply hear,
 The son of Amram and of Jacobed.
 But he that Adam did impa'adise,
 And lent him comfort in his proper blood,
 And saved Noah, that did the ark devise,
 When the old world else perish'd in the flood,
 To righteous Abraham Canaan frankly lent,
 And brought forth Isaac so extremely late,
 Jacob so fair and many children sent,
 And rais'd chaste Joseph to so high estate.
 He whose just hand plagu'd Egypt for your sake,
 That Pharaoh's power so scornfully did mock,
 Why for his people through the sea did make,
 Gave food from heaven, and water from the rock.
 Whilst Moses now in this cloud cover'd hill
 Full forty days his pure abode did make,
 Whilst that great God in his almighty will,
 With him of all his ordinances brake.
 The decalogue from which religion took
 The being ; sin and righteousness began
 The different knowledge ; and the certain book
 Of testimony betwixt God and man.
 The ceremonial as judicious laws,
 From his high wisdom that receiv'd their ground,
 Not to be alter'd in the smallest clause,
 But as their Maker wond'rously profound.
 The composition of that sacred phant,
 Which as a symbol curiously did shew,
 What all his six days workmanship contain,
 Whose perfect model his own finger drew.

T t ij

Whose absence thence gave leisure to their lust,
Oppugning Aaron, idols them to frame,
And by their power still strengthen this disgust,
In him denouncing the Almighty's flame.
A gold made god how durst you ever name,
For him so long had led you from the sky,
In sight of Sinai crowned with a flame,
His glory thence residing in your eye?
Such things might melt mortality to see,
'That even the very elements did fright,
He that in Egypt had perform'd for thee
What made the world amazed at his might.
'Thy soul transpierced ne'er before thou felt'st,
But like a quarry it even clave thy breast,
Coming from Sinai when as thou beheld'st
Th' elected Israel kneeling to a beast.
Him sense forsook, his sinews strengthless are,
He came so much amazed therewithal,
The stony tables slipp'd him unaware,
'That with their own weight brake them in the fall.
Dowu this proud lump ambitiously he flung,
Into base dust dissolving it with fire,
'That since they for variety did long,
They should thereby even surfeit their desire.
And sent the mineral through their hateful throats,
Whence late those horrid blasphemies did fly,
On bestial figures when they fell to doat
In prostitution to idolatry.
Now when this potion that they lately took,
'I his chymic medicine (their deserved fare)
Upon their beards, and on their bosoms stuck,
He doth their slaughter presently prepare.
What's he himself to Levi could ally
Before this cold not dutifully did fall,
Girds not his broad blade to his sinewy thigh,
When he hears Moses unto arms to call?
Killing not him appointed he should slay,
'Though they had slept in either's arms before,
Though in one womb they at one burthen lay,
Yea, when this dead, though that could be no
more?

You whom not Egypt's tyranny could wound,
Nor seas, nor rocks could any thing deny,
That till this day no terror might ascend
On the sharp points of your own swords to die?

When Moses now those tables to renew
Of that essential Duty doth merit,
Which from his har he dissolutely threw
In the deep anguish of his grieved spirit.
When forty days without ail nat'ral food,
He on Mount Sinai fixed his abode,
Retaining strength and fervour in his blood,
Rapt with the presence of that glorious God.
Who in his high estate whilst he pass'd by
In the cleft rock that holy man did hide,
I oft he should perish by his radiant eye,
When Moses seeing but his glorious side,
Celestial brightness seized on his face,
That did the wondering Israelites amaze,
When he returned from that sovereign place,
His brows encircled with splendid rays;
That their weak sight beholding of the same,
He after cover'd from the common eyes,
Left when for answer unto him they came,
The lustful people should idolatize,

Might we those muster'd Israelites admire,
From plains of Sinai mighty Moses led,
Or else to view that opulent desire,
To that rich ark so freely offered,
The marvellous model of that rarest piece,
Th' engravings, carvings, and embroideries all,
The cunning work and excellent device
Of neat Aholiah, and Bezaliel.

But we our Moses seriously pursue,
And our strong nerves to his high praise apply,
That through this maze shall guide us as a clew,
And may his virtues absolutely try.

Whose charge being weary of their mighty arm,
And much offended they had march'd so long,
As oft disturbed with their stern alarms,
Suppose by Moses to have suffered wrong.
When with the luggage such as lagg'd behind
And that were set the carriages to keep,
'Gainst God and Moses grievously repin'd,
Wanting a little sustenance and sleep.

Who with their murmur'ing moved in his ire,
That they so soon his providence mistrust,
Down from his full hand flung that forceful fire,
Which in a moment bruise'd their bones to dust.
Other the mutt'ring Israelites among,

When now to Pharan having come so far,
For flesh, fish, fallads, and for fruits do long,
Manna, they say, is not for men of war.

Their glut'nous stomachs lothe that heavenly treat,
That with full chargers hunger here relieve,
As by the belly when they strongly fed
On hearty garlic and the flesh of bees.

Mild man, what fearful agony thee veal'd,
When thou thy God unkindly didst upbraid?
How grievously thy suffer'ing soul perplex'd,
When thou repin'd the charge on thee was laid?

With God to reason why he should dispose
On thee that burthen heavy to sustain,
As though he did his purposes enclose
Within the limits of man's shallow brain.

To judge so many marching every day,
That all the flesh of forest and of flood,
(When the wild deserts scarcely yield the
way)

Should them suffice for competence of food
That thou should'st with that hand so tutel'd
Thy ling'ring breath should suddenly expire,
Than that the clamorous multitude should find
These wicked slanders to incite his ire.

That God to punish whom he still did love,
And in compassion of thy frailties fear,
The spirit he gave thee lastly should remove
To those thy burthen that should after bear.

O wond'rous man! who parallel'd thee ever?
How large a portion diddest thou inherit?
That unto seventy he should it dis sever,

Yet all be prophets only with thy spirit?
When, lo, a cloud comes sailing with the wind,
Unto thee rebels terrible to see,

That when they now some fearful thing devise,
A sight of quails perceived it to be.
A full day's journey round about the host,
Two cubits thickness over all they flew.

That when by Israel he was tempted to
His glory thou most notably to show.

ly people with the very sight
 before they come thereof to taste,
 such surfeit gluts their appetite,
 asy stomachs ready are to cast.
 t for beef in gluttony did call
 high't God his powerfulness to try,
 the fowl that from the heavens do fall,
 r stuff their stomachs by the eye.
 the flesh betwixt their teeth they chew,
 the fat so delicately sweet,
 much plenty that even fulsome grew
 so common trodden under feet.)
 impartial and so rightly just,
 had given them more than they desire,
 unisth their insatiate lust,
 n his plagues consuming as his fire.
 a strong hand violently strake
 d, distemper'd with luxurious diet,
 the sores in groins and arm-pits brake,
 d the Lord scourge their rebellious riot.
 i Miriam, all too much it were
 when Moses ready is to die;
 whom one womb happily did bear
 our mild brother needs must mutiny.
 Aaron when thou fondly fram'd'st,
 t-like idol bowing Israel's knee,
 see begg'd, and those so basely blam'd'st,
 liver the judgment due to thee.
 Miriam, when the hand of might
 with lothsome leprosy defil'd,
 d and abject in the vilest sight,
 great host perpetually exil'd:
 u hadst spit the utmost of thy spite,
 hy sin this plague on thee was thrown,
 rtook thee, but in heavy plight
 to God obtain'd thee for his own.
 rous patience ever was apply'd
 on him that causelessly complain,
 with comely carelessness deride
 py men should evermore disdain.
 now the spials for the promis'd soil,
 twelve tribes that twelve in number went,
 iscover'd forty days with toil,
 urn'd as happily they went:
 the figs, pomegranates, and the grapes,
 rdurous clusters that with moisture swell,
 the taste and strangeness of the shapes,
 that bare them faithfully to tell:
 xpress'd the nature of the earth,
 liquor and so wondrous great,
 a such wished fruitfulness in birth,
 e sweet marrow of a plenteous teat.
 t they stand attentively to hear
 y soils wherein they late had been,
 hat giants did inhabit there,
 ns of war that walled they had seen.
 's offspring when they came to tell,
 huge stature when they let them see,
 eir shapes so terrible and fell,
 ere suppos'd the Titanois to be;
 rts sunk down, and though the fruits
 ey saw
 are beauty might allure their eyes,
 eport their coward souls did awe,
 uch daunt the forward enterprise,

That they their God do utterly refuse,
 Against just Moses openly exclaim,
 And were in hand a captain them to choose
 To guide them back to Goshen whence they came,
 Not at the dread of the Egyptian days,
 What by mild Moses he to pass had brought,
 Nor seen by him done at the purple seas,
 On their vile minds a higher temper wrought.
 Whom when of God he begg'd with bloody eyes,
 And against heaven did obstinately strive,
 Obtain'd so hardly their immunities,
 Whose sin seem'd greater than he could forgive.
 Caleb and Joshua, you courageous men,
 When bats and stones against your breasts were
 laid,

Oppose yourselves against the other ten,
 That expedition basely that diffuse.

Quoth they. To conquer as he did before
 No more than men, what praise his puissance yields,
 But he whose force the very rocks did gore,
 Can with the same hand cleave their brazen shields.
 He that foresaw that this should be our feat,
 And only knew the goodness of the same,
 Possess'd the place with those that wefe so great
 For us to keep it safely till we came.
 For which the Lord did vow that not a man
 At Sinai miter'd, where such numbers were,
 Should live to come to fruitful Canaan,
 Only those two so well themselves that bear.
 And for the baseness of those recreant spies,
 Whose melting minds this impious slander bred,
 And the vile people's incredulities,
 In that their God so strongly promised.
 For forty days discovery of the land,
 They forty years in wilderness shall waste,
 Consum'd with plagues from his impetuous hand,
 Until that age be absolutely past.
 Which scarcely spoke, but quickly took effect,
 For those so cold, and cowardly before,
 Hearing the censure of their base neglect,
 To make his vengeance and their sin the more.
 Ent'ring the land which Moses them denies,
 Their desp'rate will no better can afford,
 Offering those lives they did so lightly prize
 Unto the vengeance of the heath'nish sword.
 And in the host new factions daily grew,
 When Chorán, Dathan, and Abiram rise,
 Two hundred men of special note that drew,
 Whose strength gave power to their confederacies.
 But the vast earth incontinently clave,
 And on the sudden hurried them to hell;
 With the shrill scream the shrieking people gave,
 The fainting host into a fever fell
 The rest of the conspirators were left
 (From the first's fall enforcing their retire,
 Of all the succours of the host bereft)
 Consum'd to ashes with heaven's violent fire
 And those th' abettors of this vile attempt
 That did mild Moses cruelly pursue,
 From th' other's sin that could not be exempt,
 Them with the dreadful pestilence he flew.
 That had not Aaron when all hope was fled,
 With holy incense their atonement wrought,
 Thrusting himself 'twixt the living and the dead,
 All had to ruin utterly been brought.

Where fourteen thousand and seven hundred sunk
Under the burden of their odious sin,
Which now was wax'd so insufferably rank,
It was high time his vengeance should begin.

When after this so terrible a thing,
Now that triumphant and miraculous wand
Brings forth ripe almonds, strongly withstanding
In Levi's tribe the priesthood still to stand.
With leaves and blossoms bravely it doth flourish,
Some budding, some as instantly but blown.
As when the same the natural rind did nourish,
For Moses' sake such miracles were shewn.
Forward to Cadiz they their journey cast,
Where the good Miriam makes her latest hour,
Miriam the fair, the excellent, the chaste,
Miriam that was of womanhood the flower,
Here bids her brothers lovingly adieu,
Who at her parting kiss her closing eyes,
Whose wondrous loss sufficiently to rue,
More is the grief that tears cannot suffice.
Moist are their eyes, their lips are shrunk with heat,
Their grief within, as outward it appears,
Their want of water in that place as great,
As it to them is plentiful of tears.
They at one instant merrily and mourn,
Sorrows creep confusedly together,
The tears for her incontinent they turn
To words 'gainst Moses that did guide them thither.

Who from the rock struck water with the wand,
That man and beast might plentifully maintain,
But he from rocks that fountains can command,
Cannot yet stay the fountains of his brain.
Much woe for Miriam these good men did make
Whilst there were two that might bewail this one,
But two departing for their mutual sake,
Moses remains to mourn himself alone,
Aaron the ancient 'st of Hebrew line,
Deplete with natural comeliness and grace,
(God-like to far as man might be divine)
Finds his days in this predestin'd place,
Which being forewarned to await his end,
And here the fate foretelling him to die,
That the good hour doth only now attend,
Will'd to ascend the mountain (being nigh)
With Eleazar his dear 'd he goes,
Led by mild Moses as the Lord decreed,
To his lev'd for his garments to dispute,
Him in the priesthood 'pointed to succeed,
When turning back to bid them all adieu,
Who lock'd as fast to bid it is lord farewell,
Fountains of late so fast from rocks ne'er flew,
As the salt drops down their sad bosoms fell.
Nor the obdurate, nor the stoniest hearts,
That in deep sorrow melting here forbear,
Those to whom nature not the drops imparts,
Seet what in sighs, the other did in tears.
Sated with joys, but hungry with his sight,
Their wat'ry eyes him earnestly pursue,
When to discern him they no longer might,
Where their sighs ends, their sorrows do renew.
Com'n to the top, to the appointed place,
His son in all his ornaments invited,
Which the good Aaron meekly doth embrace,
And unto him his office bequeith.

When they the time no longer could delay,
After embraces and a flood of woes,
(Which when one ceas'd the other took his tears)
From either's eyes that on the other flows.
Now at the last point, at the gasp of death,
He whom the whole world hath but such another,
Gives up his latest, his most blessed breath,
In the dear arms of his beloved brother:
So wisely worketh that eternal being
By the still changes of their varying state,
(As to the end through the beginning facing)
To build the frame of unavoided fate.
When those given up to their lascivious wills,
Themselves in Midian wantonness that waste,
Whose fleshly knowledge sip'd those sugar'd ill,
Twenty-four thousand slaughtered at the last.
Of all those that in Sinai number'd are,
I' th' plains of Moab muster'd then again,
Wasted by time, fire, pestilence, and war,
Those promis'd two, and Moses did remain.

The time expir'd that they for Aaron mourn'd,
New conquest now, new comfort them doth bring.
Their former hope successively return'd,
That seem'd before so sadly languishing.
When they the glorious victory obtain
The plains of Horma scatter'd all with shields,
Where Arad and his Canaanites are slain,
Not the least sight of many glorious fields.
With Sehon's slaughter seconded again,
And Og's great fall of a gigantic strength,
Whose bed of iron fathien'd to contain
In breadth four cubits, doubling it in length:
The living remnant of the mighty race
Of big-bon'd Anack terrible and dread,
Which long time lat'ning in that fertile place,
Grew like the fat soil wherein they were bred.
Not poets betwix of the Phleggian fields,
Where as the giants up to heaven would climb,
Heaping on mountains not such wonder yield,
As did the man that lived in that time.
And five proud kings fell in their recreant fight
Before arm'd Israel on the Midian plain,
Zur, Hur, and Luni, men of wonders might,
Reba and Rekem valiantly slain.
And as his strength crush'd mighty King-rod,
And cleft the helms that thunder proof were
thought,

That hand that help'd them scourg'd their rings
When his high judgment to pervert they try'd,
And set those serpents (with their fiery wings,
With inflammations that their flesh did twine,
Sharply to scourge their trustless murmuring,
That still in infidelity did dwell,
Rare in this creature was his wondrous might,
That should effect the nature of the fire,
Yet to secure the surance by the fight,
Sickne's might from the remedy to admire.
Only by metal as scales to work,
That serpent's shape, the serpent's hurt to
To shew in him the mysteries that lurk,
And being so strange, so strangely dark reveal,
That the bright figure of so vile a thing
Should the unseen to presently remove,
Only by th' eye a remedy to bring,
Deep searching magic leaveth to reveal.

laam's beast did Balak's haste delay,
 he full purpose of the prophet brake,
 he beheld the angel by the way,
 out from beast, and to his master spake :
 e execration able to astound
 un, when he his summer's height did boast,
 with a word could instantly confound
 world, were it a congregated host.
 hose wife lips could oracles compile,
 udgments irrevocable did pass,
 i be confounded by the thing most vile,
 at base creature, the dull worthless ass,
 g his mouth as with a rider's bit,
 n by Balaack to denounce their fall :
 all his dreadful menaces acquit,
 ing their blessing and their enemies fall.
 en this mild man that only did remain,
 se from Egypt that the Lord did bring,
 i he in justice sundry ways had slain,
 eir false worship and their murmuring.
 he remiss at Meriba was prov'd
 here his zeal not ardently exprest,
 ord did swear, though him he dearly lov'd
 ould not come to Canaan as the rest.
 ow approaching Abaris, the place
 whence he might that promis'd country see,
 uch the Lord good Moses pleas'd to grace)
 ere his days must consummated be.
 : this great prophet zealously had blest'd
 sev'ral tribe with a particular good,
 e parting them with sorrow so oppress'd,
 Shielding tears, their eyes shed drops of
 blood.
 abo seated admirably high,
 spirit prepares him safely to retire)
 h thrusts his head into the cloudy sky,
 so proudly thither dare aspire.
 the height of Abaris, and this
 ight of Pisga over all doth stand,
 as the eye of mighty Abaris
 yeth the imparalld land.
 e goodly Gilead unto him he shews
 r as ever he could look to Dan,
 engh and breadth how every way it goes,
 er brow kifs the calm Mediterian.

Where the sweet South lays forth her swelling
 breast.
 With a pleas'd eye he silently survey'd,
 To that fair city whose high towers do rest
 Under the palm trees most delicious shade.
 When this meek man approaching to his death,
 In death ev'n pleas'd fair Canaan to behold,
 Whilst he had use of his expiring breath,
 Thus his last farewell mildly doth enfold.
 Israel (quoth he) dear Israel now adieu,
 Moses no more is, that your leader was,
 Joshua and Caleb, none but only you,
 Of the last age must over Jordan pass.
 Th' Egyptian horrors yet 'twas I did see,
 And through those strange calamities did wade,
 And Israel's charge impos'd was on me,
 When they (but then) had scarcely learn'd to dade.
 Forty-two journies have I straitly pass'd
 Since first this glorious pilgrimage begun,
 In wrath or mercy where as first or last,
 Some wond'rous thing hath happily been done.
 M' immortal Maker that so oft have seen
 (Tha: God of wonder) these complaints not boot,
 In yonder fields so delicate and green,
 That may not set my miserable foot.
 Thus leaning back against the rising cleave,
 Raising his faint hands to the hopeful skies,
 Meek as the morning never seen to strive,
 Great'st of the prophets, the good Moses dies.
 An hundred twenty hardly pass'd years,
 His natural vigour no whit did assuage,
 His eyes as bright, his body then appears
 As in the height and summer of his age.
 Who being dissolv'd, the angels did inter
 Near to Bethpeor in the vallied ground,
 But yet so secret kept his sepulchre
 That it by mortal never should be found.
 Lest that his people (if the place were known)
 Seeing by him the miracles were done,
 That ever to idolatry were prone,
 Unto his bones a worshipping should run.
 One that God grac'd to many sundry ways,
 No former age hath mentioned to be,
 Arrived at the period of his days
 The future time in Israel shall not see.

Finis

DAVID AND GOLIAH.

Our sacred Muse of Israel's finger sings,
That heavenly harper, whose harmonious strings
Expell'd that evil spirit which Saul possess'd,
And of his torments often him relas'd;
That princely prophet, David, whose high lays,
Immortal God, are trumpets of thy praise,
Thou Lord of hosts be helping then to me,
To sing of him who hath so sung of thee.

What time great Saul, after so bloody fights,
Return'd a victor of th' Amalekites,
(Two hundred and ten thousand men at arms
Under his conduct) had reveng'd the harms
Done to God's chosen people, when as they
Came back from Egypt, troubled on their way;
Saul with their blood had now manur'd the
plains,

Leading king Agag, as a slave, in chains:
But for that Saul this Agag's blood had spar'd,
And 'gainst the will of the Almighty dar'd.
'To save that man he should have put to sword,
For disobeying the Almighty's word,
Their larded fatlings keeping for a prey,
Which he commanded to be made away:
For which the living God displeased, swore
To holy Samuel, Saul should reign no more;
Samuel, God's prophet, by whose holy hand
The oil was pour'd, by his divine command,
Upon the head of comely Saul when he
Was chosen over Israel to be:
But for that place another God had 'pointed,
Which should by Samuel likewise be anointed:
And this was David his most dear delight,
The son of Jesse the just Bethlehemite.
Meanwhile this youth like a poor shepherd clad,
(Of whom such care the God of Israel had)
His father's flock was following day by day
Upon a desert near at hand that lay:
Whose wealthy fleeces and fat bodies he
From ravenous vermin hourly us'd to free,
His only arms his sling and shephook were,
Other than those he had not us'd to bear;
With these a wolf oft coming from the wood,
Or subtle fox, that forag'd for his food,
He quickly slew; or if a bear, oppress'd
With cruel hunger, happen'd to molest
His feeding flocks, he with such bangs him ply'd,
That with the prey even in his teeth he dy'd;

Or if a lion, as his fair flock graz'd,
Hapt to assail it, he no whit amaz'd
At his stern roaring, when his clutches caught
At this brave shepherd, but such blows him
wrought,

Till by the beard that kingly beast lie shook,
And from his jaws the trembling wether took;
And if it chanc'd that sometime from the air
An eagle stoop'd a lamb away to bear,
He with a stone that from a sling he threw,
Down from the clouds would fetch her as she flew.

His curled tresses on his shoulders hung,
To which the dews at morn and eve so clung,
To the beholders that they did appear
As nature threaded pearl with every hair:
The bees and wasps, in wildernesses wild,
Have with his beauties often been beguild,
Roses and lilies thinking they had seen,
But finding there they have deceived been,
Play with his eyes, which them that comfort bring,
That those two suns would shortly get a spring;
His lips in their pure coral liveries mock
A row of pales cut from a crystal rock,
Which stood within them, all of equal height;
From top to toe each limb so clean and straight,
By every joint of his that one might try,
Or give true laws to perfect symmetry;
The vermin oft his sheep that would surprise
Became so charm'd with th' splendour of his eyes,
That they forgot their ravine, and have lain
Down by his flocks, as they would glad and fair
Keep them from others that on them would prey.
Or 'tend upon them, that they should not stray.
Whether in cotes he had his flock in hold,
Or for the fallows kept him in the fold,
He was not idle, though not taking pains,
Celestial lyrics singing to the swains,
And often sitting in the silent shade,
When his fair flock to rest themselves were laid.
On his lyre tuned such harmonious lays,
That the birds perch'd upon the tender sprays,
Mad at his music, strain themselves so much
To imitate th' inimitable touch,
Breaking their hearts, that they have dropt to
And dy'd for grief in malicing the sound.
Sometimes a stag he with his sling would lay,
Or with his shephook kill a boar at bay.

Which put upon him, as to stir he strives.
He thinks himself in manacle and givcs,
Their ponderousness him to the earth deth press,
These arms do make his activeness far less;
For he before had not been us'd to these,
Nor him at all their boist'rousness can please,
His gorget gall'd his neck, his chin beneath,
And most extremely hinder'd him to breathe,
His cuirass sit too close upon his side,
He in no hand his helmet can abide,
It is so heavy, and his temples wrings,
His pouldrons pinch him, and be cumb'rous
things,

His gauntlets clumsy, and do wring his wrists,
And be so stiff he cannot clutch his fists:
His gages they so strong and stubborn be,
That for his life he cannot bend his knee;
He knew not how to bear his brazen shield,
Such weapons shepherds were nor us'd to wield,
Their weight and their unwieldiness was such,
And they restrain'd his nimbleness so much,
That he pray'd Saul of these he might be freed,
It is not armour that must do the deed,
Let me alone, saith he, and I'll provide
Myself of arms, this quarrel to decide.

When forth he goes, shot for his sling to look,
And near the camp he finds a purling brook,
Whose shallow sides with pebbles did abound,
Where seeking such as massy were and round,
He picks out five, away with him to bring,
Such as he knew would fit his trusty sling,
And in his scrip them closely doth bestow,
By which he vows Goliath's overthrow.

When swift report throughout the army runs,
That youthful David one of Jesse's sons,
A very stripling, and the young'st of eight,
With the Philistine was that day to fight;
That great Goliath which so oft had brav'd
Dejected Israel, and the combat crav'd
With any one she to the field could bring,
Now for it was so pertinent a thing,
As that their freedom or subjection lay
On the success of this unequal fray;
Th' event thereof struck every one with fear,
But his sad brethren most perplexed were,
And to themselves thus say they: O that we
So long should draw our loathed breath, to see
That by the pride of this accursed boy,
Despised Israel should no more enjoy
Her ancient glories, but be made a slave
To proud Philistia; and our fathers grave
Slander'd by him; his family and name
Branded by David with perpetual shame;
Curs'd be the time that he was hither sent,
Curs'd be the time he came into our tent.
And now and then they purpos'd to fly,
Nor would they stay to see their brother die,
But at the very point to take their way,
Bethink themselves, it better were to stay,
To seek his scatter'd limbs to pieces hew'd,
And see them in some obscure earth bestow'd.

In this sad manner whilst they murmur'd were,
David is busy list'ning still to hear
Of great Goliath; scarce can he refrain
From calling for him; now in every vein

His blood is dancing, and a sprightly fire
Takes up his bosom, which doth him inspire
With more than human courage, nor he can
Conceive a terror to proceed from man;
His nerves and sinews to that vigour grow,
As that his strength assures him he can throw
Through thicker arms than mortal yet could
wield.

Upon the sudden, when through all the field
The word was heard, Goliath now appears!
Which David's heart in such strange manner
cheers,

As that he feels it caper in his breast.
When soon that huge uncircumcised beast,
As he was wont, between the hosts doth come,
And with his harsh voice, like an unbrac'd drum,
Calls to the host of Israel, Where's your man,
You cowardly nation? Where's your champion
To undertake me, bring him to the field,
Or to Philistia your subjection yield?
It was still summer, and the day so clear,
As not a little cloud did once appear;
In view of either army the free sun [run;
That t'wards the noonstead half his course had
On the Philistine darting his clear rays,
His bright refulgent arms so sundry ways
Reflects the beams, as that he seems to all
Like that in painting we a glory call,
And from his helmet sharp'ning like a spire,
He look'd like to a pyramid on fire.

And now before young David could come in,
The host of Israel somewhat doth begin
To rouse itself; some climb the nearest tree,
And some the tops of tents, whence they might see
How this unarmed youth himself would bear
Against th' all armed giant (which they fear);
Some get up to the fronts of easy hills;
That by their motion a vast murmur fills
The neighbouring valleys, that th' enemy thought
Something would by the Israelites be wrought
They had not heard of, and they long'd to see
What strange or warlike stratagem 't should be.

When soon they saw a goodly youth descend
Himself alone, none after to attend,
That at his need with arms might him supply,
As merely careless of his enemy:
His head uncover'd, and his locks of hair
As he came on being play'd with by the air
Toss'd to and fro, did with such pleasure move;
As they had been provocatives for love:
His sleeves stript up above his elbows were,
And in his hand a stiff short staff did bear,
Which by the leather to it, and the string,
They easily might discern to be a sling;
Suiting to these he wore a shepherd's scrip,
Which from his side hung down upon his hip.
Those for a champion that did him disdain,
Call with themselves what such a thing should
mean;

Some seeing him so wonderously fair.
(As in their eyes he stood beyond compare)
Their verdict gave that they had sent him sura
As a choice bait their champion to allure;
Others again, of judgment more precise
Said they had sent him for a sacrifice.

That Israel now doth generally lament
Upon their king God's grievous punishment,
When some who saw this spirit possessing Saul,
Amongst themselves a council quickly call,
To search if there might remedy be found
For this possession, each man doth propound
His thoughts of curing, as by phytic some,
Each man speaks what into his mind doth come;
But some whose souls were ravished more high,
Whose composition was all harmony,
Of th' angels nature and did more partake,
By which as seers prophetically they spake;
(With holy magic for some spirits inspir'd
Which by a clear divinity are fir'd,
And sharpen'd so, each depth and height to try,
That from their reach and visibility
Nature no secrets shuts, and heaven reveals
Those things which else from reason it conceals)
Those men conclude the spirit that thus had
harm'd

Th' eir sovereign Saul, with music must be charm'd.
'And having heard of Israel's dear delight,
Belov'd David, the brave Bethlehemite,
What wond'rous things by music he had done,
How he fierce tygers to his hand had won,
Had laid the lion and the bear to sleep,
And put such spirit into his silly sheep
By his high strains, as that they durst oppose
The wolf and fox, their most inveterate foes:
Of this musician they inform the king,
And all assure him, there was no such thing
For him as music, and this man was he
That his physician in this kind must be.

'When Saul dispatch'd his messengers away
To aged Jesse, that without delay
His young'st son David should to court be sent:
The speedy post relating the intent
To the old man; who in his heart was glad,
For at the first he great suspicion had.
Th' at angry Saul might else have been acquainted,
By Samuel's hand his son had been anointed,
And therefore caus'd David to be fought,
At of his death he direly had forethought.

The good old man enjoy'd with this good news,
Calls home his darling from his teeming ewes,
And to the care of Israel's God commends
His lov'd boy, and kindly by him sends
Of bread and wine a present to the king.
Th' hey him no sooner to Saul's presence bring,
But David's beauty to extremely took
Th' e doting king, that in each glance or look
He thought he saw high valour mixt with truth,
And near his person takes the lovely youth;
And who but David then with mighty Saul,
His only favourite is, his all in all?

Nor long it is e'er Saul the spirit doth feel
'To stir within him, and begins to reel,
And suddenly into a trance he falls,
And with his hands lies grasping at the walls,
When David takes his well-tun'd harp in hand,
By which the spirit he meaneth to command;
His quavering fingers he doth now advance
Above the trembling strings, which 'gin to dance
At his most clear touch, and the winged fiend
About the spacious room began to bound;

The airs flew high, and every dainty strain
Betters the former, which doth so detain
The ears of those flood by, that they heard no
Saul's sad complaints, and instantly forgot
To lift or stir him, and the standers-by
Were so intranced with the melody,
That to a holy madness some it brought,
Others again to prophecy it wrought.
The wiry chords now shake so wond'rous clear
As one might think an angel's voice to hear
From every quaver, or some spirit had pent
Itself of purpose in the instrument;
The harmony of the untuned 'd string
Torments the spirit which so torments the king.
Who as he faintly, or he strongly groans,
This brave musician altereth so his tones,
With sounds so soft, as like themselves to smother,
Then like loud echoes answering one the other:
Then makes the spirit to shift from place to place,
Still following him with a full diapase.
Thus day by day as th' evil spirit oppress'd
Diseas'd Saul, David himself addrest's d,
T' await the hours before the king to play,
Until he made th' unruly fiend obey
The force of music, more than that to fear
But the least found of David's harp to hear.

When now the king by David's cunning cur'd
Old Jesse's son who thought he had endur'd
Restraint too long, gets leave of Saul to go
To Bethlehem back (God's holy will was so)
He rather chose to view his well-florn sheep.
His yearning ewes, and late-fall'n lambs to keep.
Than on a bed of sick himself repose,
And the delights of the fresh fields to lose.

When now Philista horribly enrag'd,
With God's own people had itself engag'd,
With a revengeful deadly hand to fight
The still-prater'd oft-troubled Israelite,
Who had in battle many times before
Upon the earth spilt her unallow'd gore,
Grim-visag'd war more sternly doth awake
Than it was wont, and furiously doth shake
Her lightning sword, intruding with the force
Of men of war, both skilful foot and horse.
Two mighty nations are now up in arms,
And to both sides the soldiers come in swarms.
The fields with ensigns, as 'twere flowers, are
deck'd,

Which their resplendence every way reflect
Upon the mountains and the vallies nigh,
And with their splendor seem to court the sky.
Two mighty armies on the plain appear,
These Israelites, and those Philistine's were:
Their great commanders, proved men of war,
Their long experience who had fetch'd from far
To order fights as they occasion found
T' offend the foe, by sitting with the ground,
Which chosen Israel's infantry doth call,
In this defensive war to follow Saul.
And aged Jesse faithfully to shew
His love to Saul and Israel he doth owe,
His eldest three into the army sent,
That to the field as well appointed, went,
As on their bravery they that bare them ment.
Nor was there in the Israelitish host

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS CAREW, Esq.

Containing his

POEMS,
SONGS,

|

SONNETS,
MASQUE,

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

——— Thy verses are as smooth and high,
As glory, love, or wine, from wit can raise.

DAVENANT.

EDINBURGH:
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THE LIFE OF CAREW

THOMAS CAREW was younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, of the family of the Carews in Gloucestershire, but the name in Devonshire.

The year of his birth is not known. He had been educated at Oxford; but it does not appear that he either *took any degree* or was a member.

Forwards, however, having greatly improved himself in learning and ingenuity at London, he became a favourite of the court, and spent the best part of his time, for delicacy of wit and poetic finish, his abilities recommending him to the court. He was made poet laureate in 1628, a few days before the death of King Charles I. who was very much about his court.

Wood says he was "famed for the charming sweetness of his verse." So favourable an opinion did the court entertain of his poetry, that it was the king's especial desire that he wrote his *poems* for the king's use. In consequence of this circumstance, he has preserved to us a number of poems.

Non habet invidia *Carw. p. 10.*
Cur me posse nocere, per se non videtur.

He was much respected, if not adored, by the great men of the court, as May, and Suckling.—Dr. Percy places his *poems* in 1628, and his poems, first printed in octavo, and afterwards in quarto, were reprinted, the last edition being in 1774, 12mo, by the Rev. Mr. Wood.

The songs, as Wood expresses it, "were written by the poet, and sung by the gentleman of the King's Chapel, and the most celebrated musicians of the time." The masque was performed at Whitehall, on the 18th of June, 1628, at the request of the king and noblemen's sons. It was formerly, through the neglect of his poems, for the first time, admitted into a collection of his poems. His character is given by the Earl of Clarendon, who says, "his character is given by the Earl of Clarendon, who says, 'and is too honourable to his memory to be omitted.'" and is too honourable to his memory to be omitted. The following: "He was very much esteemed by the king, and looked upon by the King himself, some years before he died, when the King conferred that place upon him, which united themselves in recommending his person, his wit, and made many poems, (especially in the style of the court, and the elegance of the language in which they were written, prior, to any of that time." Clarendon adds, who *was a great poet* for. III.

THE LIFE OF CAREW.

THOMAS CAREW was younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, a zealous royalist in the time of the civil war, of the family of the Carews in Gloucestershire; but descended from the ancient family of that name in Devonshire.

The year of his birth is not known. He had his academical education at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; but it does not appear that he either took any degree there, or was even matriculated as a member.

Afterwards, however, having greatly improved himself by travelling, and conversation with men of learning and ingenuity at London, he became "reckoned," as Philips expresses it, "among the chiefest of his time, for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy."

His abilities recommending him to the court, he was made Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and sewer in ordinary to King Charles I. who always esteemed him as one of the most deserving wits about his court.

Wood says he was "famed for the charming sweetness of his lyric odes, and amorous sonnets." And so favourable an opinion did the court entertain of his abilities in that respect, that it was by his Majesty's especial desire that he wrote his beautiful masque, intitled, *Celum, Britannicum*; with a reference to which circumstance, he has prefixed to it the following modest distich:

*Non habet ingenium; Cæsar sed iussit; habebat
Cur me posse negem, posse quid ille putat?*

He was much respected, if not adored, by the poets of his time, particularly by Jonson, Davenant, Donne, May, and Suckling.—Dr. Percy places his death in the year 1639.

His poems, first printed in octavo, and afterwards being revised and enlarged, were several times reprinted, the last edition being in 1774, 12mo, by T. Davies, the laudable restorer of the elder classics. The songs, as Wood expresses it, "were wedded to the charming notes of Mr. Henry Lawes," gentleman of the King's Chapel, and the most celebrated musical composer in England. The masque was performed at Whitehall, on the 18th February 1633, by the King, and several young lords and noblemen's sons. It was formerly, through mistake, ascribed to Davenant; and is now, with his poems, for the first time, admitted into a collection of classical English poetry.

His character is given by the Earl of Clarendon, who knew him well, in his "Life and Continuation," and is too honourable to his memory to be omitted here. The most material circumstances are the following: "He was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons in the court, and well looked upon by the King himself, some years before he could obtain to be sewer to the King; and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret of the whole Scotch nation, which united themselves in recommending another gentleman. He was of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems, (especially in the amorous way), which, for the sharpness of the fancy, and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior, to any of that time." Clarendon adds what it would be injuring the cause of virtue to

conceal, "But his glory was, that after fifty years of his life, spent with less severity and exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire."

Devenant has addressed some stanzas to Carew, celebrating his wit and talent in poetry; among which are the following lines:

Not but thy verses are as smooth and high,
As glory, love, and wine, from wit can raise:
But now, the Devil take such destiny!
What should commend them turns to their dispraise,
Thy wit's chief virtue is become its vice;
For every beauty thou hast rais'd so high,
That now coarse faces carry such a price,
As must undo a lover that would buy.

Buckling, who delighted to rally the best poets, and spared not Jonson himself, has thus characterized him in his *Sagittæ of the Poets*:

Tom Carew was next, but he had a snail
That would not well stand with a laureat.
His muse was hide-bound, and the lips of a brule.
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.
And all that were present there did agree,
That a laureat muse should be easy and free;
Yet sure 'twas not that; but 'twas thought that his Grace,
Considered he was well, he had a cup-bearer's place.

Lloyd also, in his *Worthies*, calls him "elaborate and accurate." However the fact might be, his poems contain no internal evidence of his having been a laborious writer.

Pope, with more justice, ranks him with Sprat, Sedley, and "the mob of gentlemen, who wrote with ease;" but his consummate elegance, which has not either been sufficiently considered or allowed, entitles him to more attention than is due to "the wits of either Charles's days."

Of the modern testimonies to his merits, that of Mr. Headley alone is equal to his deserts.

Sprightly, polished, and perspicuous, every part of his works displays the man of sense, gallantry, and breeding; indeed many of his productions have a certain happy finish, and betray a dexterity, both of thought and expression, much superior to any thing of his contemporaries, and on similar subjects, rarely surpassed by his successors. He has the ease, without the pedantry, of Waller, and perhaps less conceit. He reminds us of the best manner of Lord I. yttleton. Waller is too exclusively considered as the first poet who brought versification to any thing like its present standard. Carew's pretensions to the same merit, are seldom considered. Though love had long before softened us into civility, yet it was of a formal, ostentatious, and romantic cast; and with a very few exceptions, its effects upon composition were similar to those on manners. Something more light, unaffected, and alluring, was still wanting; in every thing but sincerity of intention, it was deficient. Panegyric, declamatory and nauseous, was rated by those to whom it was addressed by its quantity, not its elegance. Satire, dealing in rancour, rather than reproof, was more inclined to lash than to laugh us out of our vices, and nearly counteracted her intentions by her want of good manners. Carew and Waller jointly began to remedy these defects. In them, gallantry for the first time, was accompanied by the graces, the softness of panegyric forgot in its gentility, and the edge of satire rendered keener in proportion to its smoothness.

Home has properly remarked that Waller's pieces "aspire not to the sublime, and still less to the pathetic." The same remark may be as properly made on the pieces of Carew, but with this exception in his favour, that he has sublimity in many parts, particularly in his *epigrams*; and in his *epitaph on Lady Mary Villers*, he is eminently pathetic.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

The Spring.

At the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
 Her white robes, and now no more the
 Soft
 The grass, or casts an icy cream
 Silver lake, or crystal stream :
 Warm sun thaws the benumbed earth
 As it tender, gives a sacred birth
 And swallow, wakes in hollow tree
 The cuckoo and the humble bee.
 The quire of chirping minstrels bring
 To the world, the youthful spring :
 The hills, and woods, in rich array,
 The coming of the long'd-for May,
 Things smile ; only my love doth low'r ;
 The scalding noon-day-sun the pow'r
 That marble ice, which still doth hold
 Congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
 Which lately did for shelter fly
 Tall, doth now securely lie
 Cold ; and love no more is made
 A-side ; but in the cooler shade
 Now doth with his Chloris sleep
 Ycamore, and all things keep
 In the season ; only she doth carry
 Her eyes, in her heart January.

TO A. L.

Persuasions to Love.

O, 'cause men flatter ring say,
 As April, sweet as May,
 Is the morning-star,
 Are so ; or though you are,
 Therefore proud, and deem
 Unworthy your esteem :
 So, you lose the pleasure
 Fair, since that rich treasure
 Beauty and sweet feature
 W'd on you by nature
 Coy'd, and 'twere a sin
 Be scarce, where she hath been
 All of her best graces ;
 Among beauties and mean faces

Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
 The sport you lose by being coy.
 Did the thing for which I sue,
 Only concern myself, not you :
 Were men so fram'd as they alone
 Reap'd all the pleasure, women none,
 Then had you reason to be scant ;
 But 'twere a madness not to grant
 That which affords (if you consent)
 To you the giver, more content
 Than me the beggar ; oh then be
 Kind to yourself, if not to me ;
 Starve not yourself, because you may
 Thereby make me pine away ;
 Nor let brittle beauty make
 You your wiser thoughts forsake :
 For that lovely face will fail ;
 Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail ;
 'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
 Than summer's rain, or winter's sun :
 Most fleeting, when it is most dear ;
 'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
 These curious locks so aptly twin'd,
 Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
 Will change their auburn hue, and grow
 White, and cold as winter's snow.
 That eye which now is Cupid's nest
 Will prove his grave, and all the rest
 Will follow ; in the cheek, chin, nose,
 Nor lily shall be found, nor rose ;
 And what will then become of all
 Those, whom now you servants call ?
 Like swallows, when your summer's done
 They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
 Then wisely choose one to your friend,
 Whose love may (when your beauties end)
 Remain still firm ; be provident
 And think before the summer's spent
 Of following winter ; like the ant
 In plenty hoard for time of scant,
 Cull out amongst the multitude
 Of lovers, that seek to intrude
 Into your favour, one that may
 Love for an age, not for a day ;
 One that will quench your youth's fires,
 And feed in age your hot desires.
 For when the storms of time have
 Waves on that cheek which was belov'd ;

U 2 f

When a fair lady's face is pin'd,
 And yellow spread where red once shin'd;
 When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
 Love may return, but lovers never:
 And old folks say there are no pains
 Like itch of love in aged veins.
 Oh love me then, and now begin it,
 Let us not lose this present minute:
 For time and age will work that wrack
 Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
 The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
 And eagles change their aged plumes;
 The faded rose each spring receives
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
 But if your beauties once decay,
 You never know a second May.
 Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season
 Affords you days for sport, do reason;
 Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
 But crop in time your beauty's flow'r:
 Which will away, and doth together
 Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

A
Lips and Eyes.

In Celia's face a question did arise,
 Which were more beautiful, her Lips or Eyes:
 We (said the Eyes) send forth those pointed
 darts,
 Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts:
 From us (reply'd the Lips) proceed those blisses,
 Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses.
 Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did
 pour
 Of liquid oriental pearl a show'r.
 Whereat the Lips, mov'd with delight and pleasure,
 Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearly
 treasure;
 And bade Love judge, whether did add more
 grace,
 Weeping or smiling pearls in Celia's face.

A
Divine Mistress.

In Nature's pieces still I see
 Some error, that might mended be;
 Something my wish could still remove,
 Alter or add; but my fair Love
 Was fram'd by hands far more divine;
 For she hath every beauteous line:
 Yet I had been far happier
 Had Nature, that made me, made her:
 Then likeness might (that love creates)
 Have made her love what now she hates:
 Yet I confess I cannot spare
 From her just shape the smallest hair;
 Nor need I beg from all the store
 Of heaven for her one beauty more:
 She hath too much divinity for me:
 Ye Gods, teach her some more humanity!

SONG.

A Beautiful Mistress.

Is when the sun at noon displays
 His brighter rays,
 Thou but appear,
 He then all pale with shame and fear,
 Quencheth his light,
 Hides his dark brow, flies from thy sight,
 And grows more dim,
 Compar'd to thee, than stars to him.
 If thou but shew thy face again,
 When darkness doth at midnight reign,
 The darkness flies, and light is hurl'd
 Round about the silent world:
 So as alike thou driv'st away
 Both light and darkness, night and day.

A Cruel Mistress.

We read of kings, and gods, that kindly too
 A pitcher fill'd with water from the brook:
 But I have daily tendered without thanks
 Rivers of tears that overflow their banks.
 A slaughter'd bull will appease angry Jove;
 A hare the sun, a lamb the god of love:
 But she disdain the spotless sacrifice
 Of a pure heart, that at her altar lies.
 Vesta is not displeased; if her chaste urn
 Do with repaired fuel ever burn;
 But my Saint frowns, though to her bow
 I consecrate a never-dying flame.
 Th' Assyrian king did none it th' furnace th'
 But those that to his image did not bow;
 With bended knees I daily worship her,
 Yet she consumes her own idolater.
 Of such a goddess no times leave record,
 That burnt the temple where she was ador'd

SONG.

Murdering Beauty.

I'll gaze no more on her bewitching face,
 Since ruin harbours there in every place:
 For my enchanted soul alike she drowns
 With calms and tempests of her smile.
 I'll love no more those cruel eyes of hers,
 Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are murderers
 For if the dart (like lightning) through the
 Her beams of wrath, she kills me with desp'
 If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
 I surfeit with excess of joy, and die.

My Mistress, commanding me to return her Love

So grieves th' advent'rous merchant, wh
 throws
 All the long-toil'd-for treasure his ship stov

Into the angry main, to save from wrack
Himself and men ; as I grieve to give back
These letters : yet so powerful is your sway,
As if you bid me die, I must obey.
Go then, blest papers, you shall kiss these hands
That gave you freedom, but hold me in bands ;
Which with a touch did give you life, but I,
Because I may not touch those hands, must die.
Methinks, as if they knew they should be sent
Home to their native soil from banishment,
I see them smile, like dying faints, that know
They are to leave the earth, and tow'rd heaven
go.

When you return, pray tell your sovereign,
And mine, I gave you courteous entertain ;
Each line receiv'd a tear, and then a kiss ;
First bath'd in that, it scap'd unscorch'd from this :
I kiss it, because your hand had been there ;
But, 'cause it was not now, I shed a tear.
Tell her no length of time nor change of air,
No cruelty, disdain, absence, despair,
No, nor her steadfast constancy can deter
My vassal heart from ever hon'ring her.
Though these be pow'rful arguments to prove
I love in vain ; yet I must ever love.
Say, if the frown when you that word rehearse,
Service in prose is oft call'd love in verse :
Then pray her, since I send back on my part
Her papers, she will send me back my heart.
If she refuse, warn her to come before
The God of Love, whom thus I will implore :
Trav'ling thy country's road (great God) I spy'd
By chance this lady, and walk'd by her side
From place to place, fearing no violence,
For I was well arm'd, and had made defence
In former fights, 'gainst fiercer foes than she
Did at our first encounter seem to be :
But going farther, every step reveal'd
Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.
Seeing those outward arms, I did begin
To fear some greater strength was lodg'd within.
Looking unto her mind, I might survey
An host of beauties that in ambush lay ;
And won the day before they fought the field :
For I, unable to resist, did yield.
But the insulting tyrant so destroys
My conquer'd mind, my ease, my peace, my joys ;
Breaks my sweet sleeps, invades my harmless rest,
Robs me of all the treasure of my breast ;
Spare not my heart, nor yet a greater wrong ;
For having stol'n my heart, she binds my tongue.
But at the last her melting eyes unseal'd
My lips, enlarg'd my tongue, then I reveal'd
To her own ears the story of my harms,
Wrought by her virtues, and her beauty's charms.
Now hear (just judge) an act of savageness :
When I complain, in hope to find redress,
She bands her angry brow and from her eye
Shoots thousand darts, I then well hop'd to die ;
But in such sovereign balm-love dips his shot,
That, though they wound a heart, they kill it not ;
She saw the blood gush forth from many a wound,
Yet fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,
Nor sought my cure, nor saw me since ; 'tis true,
Absence and time (two cunning leeches) drew

The flesh together, yet sure though the skin
Be clos'd without, the wound festers within.
Thus hath this cruel lady us'd a true
Servant and subject to herself, and you ;
Nor know I (great Love) if my life be lent
To shew thy mercy, or my punishment ;
If this inditement fright her, so as she
Seem willing to return my heart to me,
But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,
'Mongst other trifling hearts, be out of the way)
If she repent, and would make me amends,
Bid her but send me hers, and we are friends.

Secrecy Praised.

FEAR not (dear Love) that I'll reveal
Those hours of pleasure we two steal ;
No eye shall see, nor yet the sun
Descry, what thou and I have done ;
No ear shall hear our love, but we
Silent as the night will be ;
The God of Love himself (whose dart
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)
Shall never know, that we can tell,
What sweets in stol'n embraces dwell :
This only means may find it out ;
If, when I die, physicians doubt
What caus'd my death ; and, there to view
Of all their judgments which was true,
Rip up my heart : O then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

A Prayer to the Wind.

Go, thou gentle whispering Wind,
Bear this sigh ; and if thou find
Where my cruel fair doth rest,
Cast it in her snowy breast ;
So, inflam'd by my desire,
It may set her heart a-fire :
Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,
Will reward thee for thy pain.
Boldly light upon her lip,
There suck odours, and thence skip
To her bosom ; lastly, fall
Down, and wander over all ;
Range about those ivory hills
From whose every part distils
Amber dew ; there spices grow,
There pure streams of nectar flow :
There perfume thyself, and bring
All those sweets upon thy wing :
As thou return'st, change by thy pow'r
Every weed into a flow'r ;
Turn each thistle to a vine,
Make the bramble egplantine ;
For so rich a booty made,
Do but this, and I am paid.
Thou canst, with thy pow'rful blast,
Heat apace, and cool as fast :

Thou canst kindle hidden flame,
And again destroy the same :
Then, for pity, either stir
Up the fire of love in her,
That alike both flames may shine,
Or else quite extinguish mine.

SONG.

Modesty in Love Rejected.

GIVE me more love, or more disdain,
The torrid, or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain ;
The temperate affords me none ;
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love,
Like Danz in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure ; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes ; and he's possess'd
Of heaven that's but from hell releas'd :
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

SONG.

Good Counsel to a Young Maid.

GAZE not on thy beauty's pride,
Tender maid, in the false tide
That from lovers eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithful chrystal shew,
How thy colours come and go :
Beauty takes a foil from woe.

I love, that in those smooth streams lies
Under pity's fair disguise,
Will thy melting heart surprize.

Nets of passion's finest thread,
Snaring poems, will be spread,
All to catch thy maidenhead.

Then beware ; for those that cure
Love's disease, themselves endure
For reward a calature.

Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheek should assign
A perpetual blush to thine.

To my Mistress sitting by a River's Side.

AN EDDY.

MARK how yon eddy steals away
From the rude stream into the bay ;

There lock'd up fast, she doth divorce
Her waters from the channel's course,
And scorns the torrent that did bring
Her headlong from her native spring.
Now doth she with her new love play,
Whilst he runs murmuring away.
Mark how she courts the banks, whilst they
As amorously their arms display.
T' embrace and clip her silver waves :
See how she strokes their sides, and craves
An entrance there, which they deny ;
Whereat the frowns, threatening to fly
Home to her stream, and 'gins to swim
Backward, but from the channel's brim
Smiling returns into the creek,
With thousand dimples on her cheek.
Be thou this eddy, and I'll make
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take
Secure repose, and never dream
Of the quite forsaken stream :
Let him to the wide ocean haste,
There lose his colour, name, and taste ;
Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,
Within these arms for ever swim.

SONG.

Conquest by Flight.

LADIES, fly from Love's smooth tale,
Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail ;
Grief is infectious, and the air
Inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair :
Then stop your ears when lovers cry,
Lest yourself weep, when no soft eye
Shall with a sorrowing tear repay
That pity which you cast away.

Young men, fly, when beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts :
The fixt mark gives the shooter aim,
And ladies' looks have power to maim ;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a smile, or kiss, love lies,
Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

SONG.

To my Inconstant Mistress.

WHEN thou, poor excommunicate
From all the joys of love, shalt see
The full reward, and glorious fate,
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,
Then curse thine own inconstancy.

A fairer hand than thine shall cure
That heart which thy false oaths did wound ;
And to my soul, a soul more pure
I than thine shall by love's hand be bound,
And both with equal glory crown'd.

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain
To Love, as I did once to thee;
When all thy tears shall be as vain
As mine were then, for thou shalt be
Damned for thy false apostacy.

SONG.

Persuasions to Enjoy.

Is the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry grace
Must fly from that forsaken face:
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow;
If those bright funs must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gather'd still must grow,
Thus, either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

A Deposition from Love.

I WAS foretold, your rebel sex
Nor love nor pity knew;
And with what scorn you use to vex
Poor hearts that humbly sue;
Yet I believ'd, to crown our pain,
Could we the fortress win,
The happy lover sure should gain
A paradise within:
I thought Love's plagues like dragons fate,
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy
What happy lovers prove;
For I could kiss, and sport, and toy,
And taste those sweets of love,
Which, had they but a lasting state,
Or if in Celia's breast
The force of love might not abate,
Jove were too mean a guest.
But now her breach of faith far more
Afflicts, than did her scorn before.

Hard fate! to have been once possesst,
As victor, of a heart
Atchiev'd with labour and unrest,
And then forc'd to depart!
If the stout foe will not resign
When I besiege a town,
I lose but what was never mine;
But he that is cast down
From enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe,
Only depose'd kings can know.

Ingrateful Beauty Threatened.

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown:
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes:
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies;
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate:
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

Disdain Returned.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise,
Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some Pow'r, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

A Looking Glass.

THAT flattering glass, whose smooth face wears
Your shadow, which a sun appears,
Was once a river of my tears.

About your cold heart they did make
A circle, where the briny lake
Congeal'd into a crystal cake.

Gaze no more on that killing eye,
For fear the native cruelty
Doom you, as it doth all, to die;
U u iiii

For fear lest this fair object move
Your froward heart to fall in love,
Then you yourself my rival prove.

Look rather on my pale cheeks pin'd;
There view your beauties; there you'll find
A fair face, but a cruel mind.

Be not for ever frozen, coy;
One beam of love will soon destroy
And melt that ice to floods of joy.

*An Elegy on the LADY PEN, sent to my Mistress out
of France.*

LET him, who from his tyrant mistress did
This day receive his cruel doom, forbid
His eyes to weep that loss, and let him here
Open those flood-gates to bedew this bier;
So shall those drops, which else would be, but brine,
Be turn'd to manna, falling on her shrine.
Let him, who, banish'd far from her dear sight
Whom his soul loves, doth in that absence writ
Or lines of passion, or some pow'rful charms,
To vent his own grief, or unlock her arms,
Take off his pen, and in sad verse bemoan
This general sorrow, and forget his own:
So may those verses live, which else must die;
For though the Muses give eternity,
When they embalm with verse, yet she could give
Life unto that Muse by which others live.
Oh pardon me (fair soul) that boldly have
Dropt, though but one tear, on thy silent grave;
And writ on that earth, which such honour had
To clothe that flesh wherein thyself was clad,
And pardon me, sweet Saint, whom I adore,
That I this tribute pay out of the store
Of lines and tears, that's only due to thee;
Oh, do not think it new idolatry!
Though you are only sovereign of this land,
Yet universal losses may command
A subsidy from every private eye,
And press each pen to write, so to supply
And feed the common grief: if this excuse
Prevail not, take these tears to your own use,
As shed for you; for when I saw her die,
I then did think on your mortality:
For since nor virtue, wit, nor beauty, could
Preserve from death's hand this their heav'nly
mould,

Where they were framed all, and where they dwell,
I then knew you must die too, and did melt
Into these tears: but thinking on that day,
And when the gods resolv'd to take away
A saint from us, I that did know what dearth
There was of such good souls upon the earth,
Began to fear lest Death, their officer,
Might have mistook, and taken thee for her;
So hast thou robb'd us of that happiness
Which she in heaven, and I in thee possess,
But what can heaven to her glory add?
The praises she hath dead, living she had,

To say she's now an angel, is no more
Praise than she had, for she was one before.
Which of the saints can show more virtues
Than she had here? E'en those that did despise
The angels, (and may her, now she is one)
Did, whilst she liv'd, with pure devotion
Adore, and worship her; her virtues had
All honour here, for this world was too bad
To hate or envy her; these cannot rise
So high, as to repine at deities:
But now she's 'mongst her fellow saints, they may
Be good enough to envy her: this way
There's loss i' th' change, 'twixt heav'n and earth,
if she

Should leave her servants here below, to be
Hated of her competitors above;
But sure her matchless goodness needs must move
Those blest souls to admire her excellence;
By this means only can her journey hence
To heav'n prove gain, if as she was but here
Worship'd by men, she be by angels there.
But I must weep no more over this urn,
My tears to their own channel must return;
And having ended these sad obsequies,
My Muse must back to her old exercises
To tell the story of my martyrdom.
But oh! thou idol of my soul, become
Once pitiful, that she may change her style,
Dry up her blubber'd eyes, and learn to smile;
Rest then, blest soul; for as ghosts fly away,
When the shrill cock proclaims the infant day,
So must I hence—for lo, I see from far,
The minions of the Muses coming are,
Each of them bringing to her sacred hearth
In either eye a tear, each hand a verse.

To my Mistress in Absence.

THOUGH I must live here, and by force
Of your command suffer divorce;
Though I am parted, yet my mind
(That's more myself) still stays behind;
I breathe in you, you keep my heart;
'Twas but a carcase that did part.
Then though our bodies are disjoin'd,
As things that are to place confin'd;
Yet let our boundless spirits meet,
And in Love's sphere each other greet;
There let us work a mystic wreath,
Unknown unto the world beneath;
There let our claspt loves sweetly twine;
There our secret thoughts unseen,
Like nets be weav'd and interwin'd,
Wherewith we catch each other's mind:
There, whilst our souls do sit and kiss,
Tasting a sweet and subtle bliss
(Such as gross lovers cannot know,
Whose hands and lips meet here below;)
Let us look down, and mark what pain
Our absent bodies here sustain,
And smile to see how far away
The one doth from the other stray;

and languish with desire
and quench their mutual fire.
:t us joy, to see from far
alous flames at loving war,
both with equal lustre shine,
:ight as yours, yours bright as mine.
:ated in those heavenly bowers,
near the lag and ling'ring hours,
our bitter absence sweet,
ls and bodies both may meet.

To her in Absence.

A SHIP.

! a troubled sea of griefs, I float
n the shore in a storm-beaten boat,
my sad thoughts do (like the compass)
flew, [blow.
veral points from which cross winds do
rt doth, like the needle, touch'd with love,
'd on you, point which way I would move.
the bright pole-star which in the dark
long absence guides my wand'ring bark.
the pilot, but o'ercome with fear
displeasure, dares not homewards steer;
rful hope hangs on my trembling sail;
g is wanting but a gentle gale; [lip
pleasant breath must blow from your sweet
ut move, and quick as thought, this ship
ar arms, which are my port. will flee,
it for ever shall at anchor lie.

SONG.

Eternity of Love protested.

I doth he deserve a lover's name,
Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retain
t, in spite of absence or disdain;
t at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire!
ve can never change his seat,
i he ever love that could retreat.
oble flame, which my breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive
When my soul's fled;
all my love die when my body's dead;
all wait on me to the lower shade,
And never fade.
ry ashes in their urn
ike a hallow'd lamp, for ever burn.

me Alteration in my Mistress, after my Departure into France.

tle Love, do not forsake the guide
frail bark, on which the swelling tide

Of ruthless pride
Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every side.
Gulfs of disdain do gape to overwhelm
This boat, nigh sunk with grief; whilst at the
helm

Despair commands,
And round about the shifting sands
Of faithless love and false inconstancy,
With rocks of cruelty,
Stops up my passage to the neighbour lands.
My sighs have rais'd those winds, whose fury bears
My sails o'erboard, and in their place spreads tears;
And from my tears
This sea is sprung, where nought but death appears.
A misty cloud of anger hides the light
Of my fair star, and every where black night
Usurps the place
Of those bright rays, which once did grace
My forth-bound ship; but when it could no more
Behold the vanish'd shore,
In the deep flood she drown'd her beamy face,

Good Counsel to a Young Maid.

When you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,
Fainting with thirst, haste to the springs;
Mark how at first with bended knee
He courts the crystal Nymphs, and sings
His body to the earth, where he
Prostrate adores the flowing deity.
But when his sweaty face is drench'd
In her cool waves, when from her sweet
Bosom his burning thirst is quench'd;
Then mark how with disdainful feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place
That thus refresh'd him, moves with sullen pace;
So shalt thou be despis'd, fair Maid,
When by the fated lover tasted;
What first he did with tears invade,
Shall afterwards with scorn be wast'd;
When all the virgin springs grow dry,
When no streams shall be left but in thine eye.

CELIA Bleeding.—To the Surgeon.

Fond man, that canst believe her blood
Will from those purple channels flow,
Or that the pure untainted flood
Can any foul distemper know;
Or that thy weak steel can incise
The crystal case wherein it lies:

Know, her quick blood, proud of his seat,
Runs dancing through her azure veins;
Whose harmony no cold nor heat
Disturbs, whose hue no tincture stains;
And the hard rock wherein it dwells,
The keenest darts of Love repels.

But thou reply'st, Behold she bleeds.
Fool, thou'rt deceiv'd, and dost not know.

The mystic knot whence this proceeds,
How lovers in each other grow;
Thou Brock't her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the smart.

TO T. H.

A Lady republishing my Mistress.

'Fair copy of my Celia's face,
'Twin of my soul, thy perfect grace
Claims in my love an equal place.

Disdain not a divided heart;
Though all be hers, you shall have part:
Love is not ty'd to rules of art.

For as my soul first to her flew,
Yet stay'd with me; so now 'tis true
It dwells with her, though fled to you.

Then entertain this wand'ring guest,
And if not love, allow it rest;
It left not, but mistook the nest.

Nor think my love or your fair eyes
Cheaper, 'cause from the sympathies
You hold with her, these flames arise.

To lead or brass, or some such bad
Metal, a prince's stamp may add
That value which it never had:

But to the pure refined ore,
The stamp of kings imparts no more
Worth, than the metal held before.

Only the image gives the rate
To subjects; in a foreign state
'Tis priz'd as much for its own weight:

So though all other hearts resign
To your pure worth, yet you have mine,
Only because you are her coin.

To Saxham.

THOUGH frost and snow lock'd from mine eyes
That beauty which without door lies.
The gardens, orchards, walks, that so
I might not all thy pleasures know;
Yet, Saxham, thou, within thy gate,
Art of thyself so delicate,
So full of native sweets, that blest
Thy roof with inward happiness;
As neither from, nor to thy store,
Winter takes aught, or Spring adds more.
The cold and frozen air had starv'd
Much poor, if not by thee preserv'd;
Whose prayers have made thy table blest
With plenty, far above the rest.

The season hardly did afford
Coarse cates unto thy neighbour's hall,
Yet thou hadst dainties, as the sky
Had only been thy volary (a);
Or else the birds, fearing the snow
Might to another deluge grow,
The pheasant, partridge, and the lark,
Flew to thy house as to the ark.
The willing ox of himself came
Home to the slaughter, with the lamb,
And every beast did thither bring
Himself to be an offering.

The scaly herd more pleasure took
Bath'd in thy dish, than in the brook.
Water, earth, air, all did conspire
To pay their tributes to thy fire;
Whose cherishing flames themselves seek
Through every room, where they dwell
The night, and cold abroad; whilst thy,
Like sun within, keep endless day.
These cheerful beams send forth their light
To all that wander in the night,
And seem to beckon from aloof
The weary pilgrim to thy roof;
Where, if refresh'd, he will away,
He's fairly welcome: or, if stay,
Far more, which he shall heavily find,
Both from the mistress and the kind.
The stranger's welcome each man then
Stamp'd on his cheerful brow doth wear;
Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer
Grow less, 'cause he stays longer here.
There's none observes, much less repines,
How often this man sups or dines.
Thou hast no porter at the door
To examine or keep back the poor;
Nor locks nor bolts; thy gates have been
Made only to let strangers in;
Untaught to shut, they do not fear
To stand wide open all the year;
Careless who enters, for they know
Thou never didst deserve a foe;
And as for thieves, thy bounty's such,
They cannot steal, thou giv'st so much.

Upon a Ribband. (b)

THIS silken wreath, which circles in mine ear
Is but an emblem of that mystic charm,
Wherewith the magic of your beauty bind
My captive soul, and round about it wind
Fetters of lasting love: this hath enroll'd
My flesh alone, that hath impal'd my mind:
Time may wear out these soft, weak limbs; but
those
Strong chains of brass fate shall not dampen
This only relic may preserve my mind,
But my whole frame doth by that power bind.
To that my prayers, and sacrifice to this
I only pay a superstitious kiss:

(a) A great bird cage, in which the birds have room
to fly up and down.

(b) These verses were presented to his mistress.

This but the idol, that's the Deity;
 Religion there is due, here ceremony.
 That I receive by faith, this but in trust;
 Here I may tender duty, there I *must*:
 This order as a layman I may bear,
 But I become Love's priest when that I wear.
 This moves like air, that as the centre stands;
 That knot your virtue ty'd, this but your hands:
 That nature fram'd, but this was made by art;
 This makes my arm your prisoner, that my heart.

To the King, at his Entrance into Sankhem.

BY MASTER JO. CROFTS.

SIR,

ARE you pass this threshold, stay,
 And give your creature leave to pay
 Those pious rites which unto you,
 As to our household gods, are due.
 Instead of sacrifice, each breast
 Is like a flaming altar dress'd
 With zealous fires; which, from pure hearts,
 Love mix'd with loyalty imparts.
 Incense nor gold have we, yet bring
 As rich and sweet an offering;
 And such as doth both these express,
 Which is, our humble thankfulness:
 By which is paid the all we owe
 To gods above, or men below.
 The slaughter'd beast, whose flesh should feed
 The hungry flames, we, for pure need,
 Dress for your supper; and the gore,
 Which should be dash'd on every door,
 We change into the lusty blood
 Of youthful vines, of which a flood
 Shall sprightly run through all your veins,
 First to your health, then your fair trains.
 We shall want nothing but good fare
 To shew your welcome, and our care;
 Such rarities that came from far,
 From poor mens houses banish'd are;
 Yet we'll express, in homely cheer,
 How glad we are to see you here.
 We'll have what'er the season yields,
 Out of the neighbouring woods and fields;
 For all the dainties of your board
 Will only be what those afford;
 And, having supp'd, we may perchance
 Present you with a country dance.

Thus much your servants, that bear sway
 Here in your absence, bade me say;
 And beg, besides, you'd hither bring
 Only the mercy of a king,
 And not the greatness; since they have
 A thousand faults must pardon crave;
 But nothing that is fit to wait
 Upon the glory of your state.
 Yet your gracious favour will,
 They hope, as heretofore, shine still
 On their endeavours; for they swore,
 Should Jove descend, they could no more.

Upon the Sickness of E. S.

Must she then languish, and we sorrow thus,
 And no kind god help her, nor pity us?
 Is Justice fled from heaven? Can that permit
 A foul deformed ravisher to sit
 Upon her virgin cheek, and pull from thence
 The rose-buds in their maiden excellence?
 To spread cold paleness on her lips, and chase
 The frighted rubies from their native place?
 To lick up with his searching flames a flood
 Of dissolv'd coral, flowing in her blood;
 And with the damps of his infectious breath,
 Print on her brow moist characters of death?
 Must the clear light, 'gainst course of nature, cease
 In her fair eyes, and yet the flames increase?
 Must fevers shake this goodly tree, and all
 That ripen'd fruit from the fair branches fall,
 Which princes have desired to taste? Must she
 Who hath preserv'd her spotless chastity
 From all solicitation, now at last
 By agues and diseases be embrac'd?
 Forbid it, holy Dian! else who shall
 Pay vows, or let one grain of incense fall
 On thy neglected altars, if thou blest
 No better this my zealous votaries?
 Hasten then, O maiden goddess, to her aid;
 Let on thy quiver her pale cheek be laid,
 And rock her fainting body in thine arms;
 Then let the God of Music with still charms
 Her restless eyes in peaceful slumbers close,
 And with soft strains sweeten her calm repose.
 Cupid, descend, and, whilst Apollo sings,
 Fanning the cool air with thy panting wings,
 Ever supply her with refreshing wind.
 Let thy fair mother with her tresses bind
 Her labouring temples, with whose balmy sweat
 She shall perfume her hairy coronet,
 Whose precious drops shall, upon every fold,
 Hang like rich pearls about a wreath of gold:
 Her looser locks, as they unbraided lie,
 Shall spread themselves into a canopy,
 Under whose shadow let her rest secure
 From chilling cold, or burning calenture;
 Unless she freeze with ice of chaste desires,
 Only holy Hymen kindle nuptial fires.
 And when at last Death comes to pierce her heart,
 Convey into his hand thy golden dart.

A New Year's Sacrifice.

TO LUCINDA.

Those that can give, open their hands this day;
 Those that cannot, yet hold them up to pray;
 That health may crown the seasons of this year,
 And mirth dance round the circle; that no tear
 (Unless of joy) may with its briny dew
 Discolour on your cheek the rosy hue;
 That no access of years presume to abate
 Your beauty's ever-flourishing estate;

Such cheap and vulgar wishes I could lay,
As trivial offerings, at your feet this day;
But that it were apostasy in me
To send a prayer to any deity
But your divine self, who have power to give
Those blessings unto others, such as live
Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,
Whose fair aspects govern our destinies.

Such incense, vows, and holy rites, as were
To the involved serpent of the year
Paid by Egyptian priests, lay I before
Lucinda's sacred shrine; whilst I adore
Her beauteous eyes, and her pure astarte dress
With gums and spice of humble thankfulness.

So may my goddess from her heaven inspire
My frozen bosom with a Delphic fire;
And then the world shall, by that glorious flame,
Behold the blaze of thy immortal name!

SONG.

*To one who, when I praised my Mistress's beauty,
said I was blind.*

Wonder not though I am blind,
For you must be
Dark in your eyes, or in your mind;
If, when you see
Her face, you prove not blind like me:
If the powerful beams that fly
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lie
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart,
Then you'll confess your mortal light
Too weak for such a glorious sight:
For if her graces you discover,
You grow, like me, a dazzled lover;
But if those beauties you not spy,
Then are you blinder far than I.

SONG.

To my Mistress—I burning in Love.

I BURN, and cruel you, in vain,
Hope to quench me with disdain;
If from your eyes those sparkles came
That have kindled all this flame,
What boots it me, though now you shroud
Those fierce comets in a cloud;
Since all the flames that I have felt
Could your know yet never melt?
Nor can your snow (though you should take
Alps into your bosom) slake
The heat of my enamour'd heart;
But with wonder learn Love's art,
No seas of ice can cool desire;
Equal flames must quench Love's fire:
Then think not that my heart can die,
Till you burn as well as I.

SONG.

To Her again—The burning is a Fever.

Now she burns as well as I,
Yet my heat can never die;
She burns that never knew desire,
She that was ice, she that was fire.
She, whose cold heart chaste thoughts did arm
So, as Love's could never warm
The frozen bosom where it dwelt;
She burns, and all her beauties melt:
She burns, and cries, Love's fires are mild;
Fever is God, but he's a child.
Love, let her know the difference
Twixt the heat of soul and sense;
Touch her with thy flames divine,
So shalt thou quench her fire and mine.

Upon the King's (c) Sickness.

SICKNESS, the minister of death, doth lay
So strong a siege against our brittle clay,
As, whilst it doth our weak forts singly win,
It hopes at length to take all mankind in.
First, it begins upon the womb to wait,
And doth the unborn child there uncreate;
Then rocks the cradle where the infant lies,
Where, ere it fully be alive, it dies.
It never leaves fond youth, until it have
Found or an early, or a later grave.
By thousand subtle flights from heedless man
It cuts the short allowance of a span;
And where both sober life and art combine
To keep it out, age makes them both resign.
Thus, by degrees, it only gain'd of late
The weak, the aged, or intemperate;
But now the tyrant hath found out a way
By which the sober, strong, and young decay;
Ent'ring his royal limbs, that is our head,
Through us; his mystic limbs, the pain is spread.
That man that doth not feel his part, hath none
In any part of his dominion;
If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,
And he unfit on any ground to tread.
This grief is felt at court, where it doth move
Through every joint, like the true soul of Love.
All those fair stars that do attend on him,
Whence they derive their light, wax pale and dim:
That ruddy morning beam of majesty,
Which should the sun's eclipsed light supply,
Is overcast with mists, and in the lieu
Of cheerful rays, sends us down drops of dew.
That curious form made of an earth refin'd,
At whose best birth the gentle planets shin'd
With fair aspects, and sent a glorious flame
To animate so beautiful a frame;
That darling of the gods and men doth wear
A cloud on's brow, and in his eye a tear:
And all the rest (save when his dread command
Doth bid them move) like lifeless statues stand.

(c) Charles L.

of grief, so generally worn,
a good king is sick, and good men mourn.

SONG.

To a Lady not yet enjoy'd by her Husband.

Celia, fix thine eyes on mine,
I though those crystals, our souls sitting,
A pure wreath of eye-beams twine,
Loving hearts together knitting.
Gleets the bright sun survey,
In the blind mole, discern not day.

Clear Aurora leaves her mate,
Light of her grey eyes desisting,
The world doth celebrate
Her sacrifices her fair uprising.
Gleets, &c.

Gon kept the golden fruit,
He those dainties never tasted;
Others pin'd in the pursuit,
He himself with plenty wasted.
Gleets, &c.

SONG.

The willing Prisoner to his Mistress.

Tools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Bring their own wild freedom better;
I, proud of my triumphant chain,
And court my beauteous fetter.

Murdering glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
(d) brings ruin, that repairs
All sweet afflictions that disease me.

Not those panting balls of snow
Through envious veils from my beholding;
Nay those lips, their pearly row
And sweet smile of love unfolding.

Let those eyes, whose motion wheels
On restless fate of every lover,
Yield the pains my sick heart feels,
And wounds themselves have made, discover.

A Fly that flew into my Mistress's Eye.

In this fly liv'd, she us'd to play
In sunshine all the day;
Coming near my Celia's sight,
Found a new and unknown light,
Full of glory, as it made
Noon-day sun and glory shade;

(d) Cupid.

Then this amorous fly became
My rival, and did court my flame.
She did from hand to bosom skip,
And from her breath, her cheek, and lip,
Suck'd all the incense, and the spice,
And grew a bird of paradise:
At last into her eye she flew,
There scorched in flames, and drown'd in dew,
Like Phaeton from the sun's sphere,
She fell, and with her dropp'd a tear;
Of which a pearl was straight compos'd,
Wherein her ashes lie enclosed.
Thus she receiv'd from Celia's eye,
Funeral flame, tomb obsequy.

SONG.

Celia Singing.

HARK how my Celia, with the choice
Music of her hand and voice
Stills the loud wind; and makes the wild
Incens'd boar and panther mild!
Mark how those statues like men move,
Whilst men with wonder statues prove!
The stiff rock bends to worship her,
That idol turns idolater.

Now see how all the new inspir'd
Images with love are fir'd!
Hark how the tender marble groans,
And all the late transform'd stones
Court the fair nymph with many a tear,
Which she (more stony than they were)
Beholds with unrelenting mind:
Whilst they, amaz'd to see combin'd
Such matchless beauty with disdain,
Are all turn'd into stones again.

SONG.

Celia Singing.

You that think love can convey,
No other way
But through the eyes, into the heart
His fatal dart,
Close up those casements, and but hear
This Syren sing,
And on the wing
Of her sweet voice it shall appear
That love can enter at the ear:
Then unveil your eyes, behold
The curious mould
Where that voice dwells; and as we know,
When the cocks crow
We freely may
Gaze on the day;
So may you, when the music's done,
Awake, and see the rising sun.

SONG.

To one that desired to know my Mistress.

SEEK not to know my love, for she
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me;
Her mild aspects are mine, and thou
Shalt only find a stormy brow:
For, if her beauty stir desire
In me, her kisses quench the fire;
Or, I can to love's fountain go,
Or dwell upon her hills of snow:
But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare
One gentle breath to cool the air;
Thou shalt not climb those Alps, nor spy
Where the sweet springs of Venus lie.
Search hidden nature, and there find
A treasure to enrich thy mind;
Discover arts not yet reveal'd,
But let my mistress live conceal'd;
Though men by knowledge wiser grow,
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

In the person of a Lady, to her inconstant Servant.

WHEN on the altar of my hand
(Bedew'd with many a kiss, and tear)
Thy new-revolted heart did stand
An humble martyr, thou didst swear
Thus, (and the God of Love did hear,
By those bright glances of thine eye,
Unless thou pity me, I die.

When first those perjur'd lips of thine,
Bepal'd with blissing sighs, did seal
Their violated faith on mine,
From the soft bosom that did heal
Thee, thou my melting heart didst steal;
My soul, inflam'd with thy false breath,
Poison'd with kisses, suck'd in death.

Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,
Revenge or mercy to procure
From the offended God of Love;
My curse is fatal, and my pure
Love shall beyond thy scorn endure;
If I implore the gods, they'll find
Thee too ungrateful, me too kind.

Truce in Love entreated.

No more, blind God! for see, my heart
Is made thy quiver, where remains
No void place for another dart;
And, alas! that conquest gains
Small praise, that only brings away
A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a nobler foe, all arm'd,
Defies thy weak artillery,
That hath thy bow and quiver charm'd,
A rebel beauty, conquering thee:

If thou dar'st equal combat try,
Wound her, for 'tis for her I die.

To my Rival.

HENCE, vain intruder! haste away,
Wash not with thy unhallowed brim,
The footsteps of my Celia's shrine;
Nor on her purer altars lay
Thy empty words, accents that may
Some looser dame to love incline:
She must have offerings more divine;
Such pearly drops, as youthful May
Scatters before the rising day;
Such smooth soft language, as each line
Might stroke an angry god, or stay
Jove's thunder, make the hearers pine
With envy: Do this, thou shalt be
Servant to her, rival with me.

Boldness in Love.

HARK how the bashful morn in vain
Courts the amorous marigold
With sighing blasts and weeping rain;
Yet she refuses to unfold:
But when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.
So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
If thy tears and sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover:
But when with moving accents thou
Shall constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

CELIA, CLEON.

As Celia rested in the shade,
With Cleon by her side,
The swain thus courted the young maid,
And thus the nymph reply'd.

Cleon. Sweet! let thy captive fetters wear
Made of thine arms and hands;
Till such as thralldom scorn or fear,
Envy those happy bands.

Celia. Then thus my willing arms I wind
About thee, and am so
Thy pris'ner; for myself I bind,
Until I let thee go.

Cleon. Happy that slave, whom the fair see
Ties in so soft a chain!

Far happier I, but that I know
You wilt break loose again.

By thy immortal beauties, never.
Is. Frail as thy love's thine oath.
Though beauty fade, my faith lasts ever.
Is. Time will destroy them both.

I doat not on thy snow-white skin.
Is. What then? *Cleon.* Thy purer mind.
It lov'd too soon. *Cleon.* Thou hadst not been
fair, if not so kind.

Oh strange, vain fancy! *Cleon.* But yet true.
Is. Prove it. *Cleon.* Then make a braid
Of loose flames that circle you,
Y' suns, and yet your shade.

'Tis Done. *Cleon.* Now give it me. *Celia.* [*Chorus*
Altho' thine own error find,
If we were beauties, I am now
Is fair, because more kind.

You shall confess you err; that hair,
All it not change the hue,
Save the golden mountain hare?
Is. Ah me! it is too true.

But this small wreath shall ever stay
Its first native prime:
Smiling when the rest decay,
In triumphs sing of time.

Let me cut from thy fair grove
A branch, and let that be
An emblem of eternal love;
For such is mine to thee.

Thus are we both redeem'd from time,
By thy grace. *Cleon.* And I
Live in thy immortal rhyme,
Till the muses die.

Haven—*Celia.* Swear not: if I must weep,
You shall not smile at me.
Kiss, my heart, and thy faith keep.
Is. This breathes my soul to thee.

Forth the thicket Thyrsis rush'd,
Here he saw all their play:
Twain stood still, and smil'd, and blush'd;
A nymph fled fast away.

Grief Ingest.

BEFORE do thy sad numbers flow
So full of woe?
Dost thou melt in such soft strains,
Whilst she disdains?
If she must still deny,
Weep not, but die;
And in thy funeral fire.
Shall all her fame expire:

Thus both shall perish, and as thou on thy hearth
Shalt want her tears, so she shall want thy verse.

Repine not then at thy blest state,
Thou art above thy fate:
But my fair Celia will not give
Love enough to make me live;
Nor yet dart from her bright eye
Scorn enough to make me die.
Then let me weep alone, till her kind breath
Or blow my tears away, or speak my death.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

SHEPHERD, NYMPH, CHORUS.

Shepherd.

THIS mossy bank they press. *Nym.* That aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the damp air.
Cbo. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day-breaking their embraces broke.

Shep. See, Love, the blushes of the morn appear;
And now she hangs her pearly store
(Robb'd from the eastern shore)
I' th' cowslip's bell and rose's ear:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nym. Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
But shew my sun must set; no morn
Shall shine till thou return:
The yellow planets, and the grey
Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way.

Shep. If thine eyes gild my path, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nym.* My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.
Shep. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
Love's flames will shine in every tear.

Cbo. They kiss, and wept; and from their lips and
eyes,
In a mix'd dew of briny sweet,
Their joys and sorrows meet;
But she cries out. *Nym.* Shepherd, arise,
The sun betrays us else to spies.

Shep. The winged hours fly fast whilst we em-
brace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nym. Then let us pinion time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shep. Hark. *Nym.* Ah me stay! *Shep.* For ever.
Nym. No, arise;
We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.
Nym. My soul. *Shep.* My paradise.
Cbo. Neither could say farewell, but through their
eyes
Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies.

Red and White Roses.

READ in these roses the sad story
Of my hard fate, and your own glory :
In the white you may discover
The paleness of a fainting lover ;
In the red, the flames still feeding
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.
The white will tell you how I languish,
And the red express my anguish :
The white my innocence displaying,
The red my martyrdom betraying.
The frowns that on your brow resided,
Have those roses thus divided ;
Oh ! let your smiles, but clear the weather,
And then they both shall grow together.

To my Cousin C. R. marrying my Lady A.

HARPER youth, that shall possess
Such a spring-tide of delight,
As the sated appetite,
Still enjoying such excess,
With the band of pleasure, less
When the Hymeneal rite
Is perform'd, to wake the night,
That it may in shadows dress,
Thy too real happiness ;
Else, as Semelæ, the bright
Deity in her full height
May thy feeble soul oppress.
Strong perfumes and glaring light
Oft destroy both smell and sight.

A Lover upon an Accident necessitating his Departure, consults with Reason.

LOVER.

WEEP not, nor backward turn your beams,
Fond eyes ; sad sighs, lock in your breath ;
Left on this wind, or in those streams,
My griev'd soul fly, or sail to death.
Fortune destroys me if I stay ;
Love kills me if I go away ;
Since Love and Fortune both are blind,
Come, Reason, and resolve my doubtful mind,

REASON.

Fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide,
And 'gainst the blinder god rebel ;
Thy love-sick heart shall not reside
Where stoyn and self-will'd error dwell ;
Where entrance unto truth is barr'd ;
Where love and faith find no reward ;
For my just hand may sometime move
The wheel of Fortune, not the sphere of Love.

Parting, Celia weeps.

WEEP not, my dear, for I shall go
Loaden enough with my own woe :

Add not thy heaviness to mine ;
Since fate our pleasures must dispose,
Why should our sorrows meet ? If I
Must go, and lose thy company,
I wish not thee ; it shall relieve
My grief, to think thou dost not grieve.
Yet grieve and weep, that I may hear
Every sigh and every tear
Away with me ; so shall thy breast
And eyes, discharg'd, enjoy their rest ;
And it will glad my heart, to see
Thou wert thus loath to part with me.

A Rhetor.

I will enjoy thee now, my Celia : Come,
And fly with me to Love's Elysium :
The giant, Honour, that keeps cowards out,
Is but a masquer ; and the servile rout
Of haier subjects only bend in vain
To the vain idol, whilst the nobler train
Of valiant Lovers daily fall between
The huge Colossus legs, and pass unseen
Unto the blissful shore. Be bold and wife,
And we shall enter ; the grim Swift denies
Only to tame fools passage, that not know
He is but form, and only frights in show
The duller eyes that look'd from far.

And then shalt scorn what we were wont to shun ;
We shall see how the talking pageant goes
With borrow'd legs, a heavy load to those
That made, and bear him ; not as we once
thought,

The seed of Gods, but a weak model wrought
By greedy men, that seek t'inclose the common,
And within private arms empale free woman.
Come then, and mounted on the wings of love
We'll cut the flitting air, and soar above
The monster's head ; and in the noblest seats
Of those blest shades quench and renew our heat,
There shall the Queen of Love and Innocence,
Beauty, and Nature, banish all offence
From our close ivy twines ; there I'll behold
Thy bared snow and thy unbraided gold ;
There my enfranchis'd hand, on every side,
Shall o'er thy naked polish'd ivory slide.
No curtain there, though of transparent lawn,
Shall be before thy virgin treasure drawn :
But the rich mine, to the inquiring eye
Expos'd, shall ready still for mintage lie,
And we will coin young Cupids. There a bed
Of roses and fresh myrtles shall be spread
Under the cooler shade of cypress groves,
Our pillows of the down of Venus' doves,
Whereon our panting limbs we'll gently lay
In the faint respites of our active play ;
That so our slumbers may in dreams have ki-
sure

To tell the nimble fancy our past pleasure ;
And so our souls that cannot be embrac'd,
Shall the embraces of our bodies taste.

the bubbling stream shall court the
 re,
 ur'd chirping wood-choir shall adore
 unes the Deity of Love;
 blasts of western winds shall move
 ling leaves, and through their close
 ghs breathe
 whilst we rest ourselves beneath
 ing shade; till a soft murmur, sent
 entranc'd in amorous languishment,
 nd shoot into our veins fresh fire,
 their sweet extasy expire.
 ie empty bee, that lately bore
 mmon treasure all her store,
 the painted field with nimble wing;
 g the fresh virgins of the spring;
 ife all the sweets that dwell
 ions paradise, and swell
 ith honey, drawn forth by the power
 kisses from each spicy flower.
 ie rose buds in their perfum'd bed,
 knots, like curious mazes spread
 e garden, taste the ripen'd cherry,
 firm apple tipt with coral berry;
 I visit, with a wandering kiss,
 f lilies and the bower of bliss;
 e the beauteous region doth divide
 silky ways, my lips shall slide
 e smooth allies, wearing as I go
 lovers on the printed snow;
 mbing o'er the swelling Appennine,
 thy grove of eglantine;
 ill all those ravish'd sweets distil
 ove's alembic, and with chemic skill
 mix'd mafs one sovereign balm derive,
 g that great elixir to thy hive.
 more subtle wreaths I will entwine
 thighs, my legs, and arms with thine.
 a sea of milk shalt lie display'd,
 ie smooth calm ocean invade
 a tempest, as when Jove of old
 on Danae in a storm of gold:
 ll pine shall in the Cyprian streight
 at anchor, and unlade her freight;
 r, with thy bold hand, like a try'd
 l pilot, thou shalt steer, and guide
 nto love's channel, where it shall
 the bounding waves do rise or fall;
 thy circling arms embrace and clip
 g body, and thy balmy lip
 in juice of kisses, whose perfume
 igious incense shall consume,
 up holy vapours to those powers
 our loves, and crown our sportful hours;
 such Halcyon calmness fix our souls
 peace, as no affright controuls.
 rude sounds shake us with sudden starts;
 ears, when we unrip our hearts,
 discourse in; no observing spies
 , that glance traduce; no envious eyes
 r close meetings, nor are we betray'd
 by the bribed chamber-maid.
 ck bonds unwreath the our twist'd loves;
 io midnight arbour, no dark groves,

L

To hide our kisses: there, the hated name
 Of husband, wife, lust, modest, chaste, or shame,
 Are vain and empty words, whose very sound
 Was never heard in the Elysian ground.
 All things are lawful there, that may delight
 Nature or unrestrained appetitè:
 Like and enjoy, to will and act, is one;
 We only sin when love's rites are not done;
 The Roman *Lucrèce*, there reads the divine
 Lectures of love's great master, *Artinus*;
 And knows as well as *Lair*, how to move
 Her pliant body in the act of love;
 To quench the burning ravisher, she hurls
 Her limbs into a thousand winding curls,
 And studies artful postures, such as be
 Carv'd on the bark of every neighbouring tree
 By learned hands; that so adorn'd the rind
 Of those fair plants, which as they lay entwinn'd,
 Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian
 dame,

That in her endless web toil'd for a name
 As fruitless as her work, doth there display
 Herself before the youth of *Ithaca*,
 And the am'rous sport of gamefome nights, pre-
 fer

Before dull dreams of the lost traveller.
Daphne hath broke her bark; and that swift
 foot,

Which th' angry gods had fastened with a root
 To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run,
 To meet th' embraces of the youthful sun:
 She hangs upon him like his Delphique lyre,
 Her kisses blow the old, and breathe new fire;
 Full of her God, she sings inspired lays,
 Sweet odes of love, such as deserve the bays,
 Which she herself was. Next her, *Laura* lies
 In *Petrarch's* learned arms, drying those eyes
 That did in such sweet smooth-pac'd numbers
 flow,

As made the world enamour'd of his woe.
 These, and ten thousand beauties more that dy'd
 Slave to the tyrant, now enlarg'd deride
 His cruel laws; and for their time mispent,
 Paid into love's exchequer double rent.

Count then, my *Calio*, we'll no more forbear
 To taste our joys, struck with a panic fear,
 But will depose from his imperious sway
 This proud usurper, and walk free as they,
 With necks unyok'd; nor is it just that he
 Should fetter your soft sex with chastity,
 Which nature made unsuapt for abstinence;
 When yet this false impostor can dispense
 With human justice and with sacred right,
 And maugre both their laws, command me fight
 With rivals or with emulous loves that dare
 Equal with thine their mistress' eyes or hair:
 If thou complain of wrong, and call my sword
 To carve out thy revenge, upon that word
 He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands
 With marks of infamy my coward hands.
 And yet religion bids from blood-shed fly,
 And damns me for that act: Then tell me why
 This goblin, honour, which the world adores,
 Should make men atheists, and not women whores?

X x

Epitaph on the Lady MARY VILLERS.*

THE Lady Mary Villers lies
Under this stone : With weeping eyes
The parents that first gave her breath,
And their s.d friends, laid her in earth.
If any of them, reader, were
Known unto thee, shed a tear :
Or if thyself possesse a gem,
As dear to thee as this to them ;
Though a stranger to this place,
Bewail in their's thine own hard case ;
For thou perhaps at thy return
May'st find thy darling in an urn.

ANOTHER.

THE purest soul that e'er was sent
Into a clayey tenement,
Inform'd this dust ; but the weak mould
Could the great guest no longer hold ;
The substance was too pure ; the flame
'T'oo glorious that thither came :
Ten thousand Cupids brought along
A grace on each wing, that did throng
For place there, till they all oppress'd
The seat in which they sought to rest ;
So the fair model broke, for want
Of room to lodge th' inhabitant.

ANOTHER.

THIS little vault, this narrow room,
Of love and beauty is the tomb :
The dawning beam, that 'gan to clear
Our clouded sky, lies darken'd here,
For ever set to us, by death
Sent to inflame the world beneath.
'Twas but a bud, yet did contain
More sweetness than shall spring again ;
A budding star, that might have grown
Into a sun, when it had blown.
This hopeful beauty did create
New life in love's declining state ;
But now his empire ends, and we
From fire and wounding darts are free :
His brand, his bow, let no man fear ;
The flames, the arrows, all lie here.

Epitaph on the Lady S. Wife to Sir W. S.

THE harmony of colours, features, grace,
Resulting airs (the magic of a face)
Of muscal sweet tunes, all which combin'd
To crown one sovereign beauty, lie confin'd
'To this dark vault : She was a cabinet
Where all the choicest stones of price were set ;

* Daughter of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

Whose native colours and pure lustre lent
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazzling ornament ;
Whose rare and hidden virtues did express
Her inward beauties and mind's fairer dress ;
The constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,
The devout sapphire, em'rald apt to write
Records of mem'ry, chearful agate, grave
And serious onyx, topaz that doth save
The brain's calm temper, witty amethyst ;
This precious quarry, or what else the list
On Aaron's ephod planted had, she wore :
One only pearl was wanting to her store ;
Which in her Saviour's book she found express'd ;
To purchase that, she sold death all the rest.

*Maria Wentworth, Thome Comitiss Cleveland filia p-
mogenita, virginiam animam exhalavit. an. dom-
et. sue—*

AND here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely-tempered clay was made
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.

In height it soar'd to God above,
In depth it did to knowledge move,
And spread in breadth to gen'ral love.

Before, a pious duty shin'd
To parents ; courtesy, behind ;
On either side, an equal mind.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,
To servants kind, to friendship clear,
To nothing but herself severe.

So though a virgin, yet a bride
To every grace, she justify'd
A chaste polygamy, and dy'd.

Learn from hence (reader) what small trust
We owe this world, where Virtue must,
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust.

ON THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

*Bratissimis manibus charissimi viri Illm. ejus f-
parentavit.*

WHEN, in the brazen leaves of fame,
The life, the death of Buckingham
Shall be recorded, if truth's hand
Incise the story our land,
Posterity shall see a fair
Structure, by the studious care
Of two kings raised, that no less
Their wisdom than their pow'r express ;

indred zeal (whose doubtful light
murder's scarlet robe seem white,
e vain-deluding phantasms charm'd
uded sullen soul, and arm'd
perate hand thirsty of blood)
from the fair earth where it stood;
e majestic fabric fell.
Etions let our annals tell;
rrite no chronicle; this pile
s only sorrow's face and stile,
h ev'n the envy, that did wait
his flourishing estate,
'd to soft pity of his death,
pays his hearse; but that cheap breath
not blow here, nor th' unpure brine
le those streams that bathe this shrine.

ese are the pious obsequies
p'd from his chaste wife's pregnant eyes
quent showers, and were alone
r congealing sighs made stone,
hich the carver did bestow
: forms and characters of woe:
the fashion only lent,
t she wept all this monument.

ANOTHER.

*Despes, sine indigena, sine advena: vicissitudinis
rerum memor, pauca perlege.*

DEP, when these dumb stones have told
orrowed speech what guest they hold,
I shalt confess the vain pursuit
uman glory yields no fruit,
in untimely grave. If Fate
d constant happiness create,
ministers, Fortune and Worth,
here that miracle brought forth:
fix'd this child of honour where
oom was left for hope or fear,
ore or less: so high, so great
growth was, yet so safe his seat:
in the circle of his friends;
in his loyal heart and ends:
in his native valiant spirit;
avour safe, and safe by merit;
by the stamp of nature, which
strength with shape and grace enrich;
in the chearful courtesies
owing gestures, speech, and eyes;
in his bounties, which were more
ortion'd to his mind than store:
hough for virtue he becomes
iv'd himself in borrow'd sums,
in his care, he leaves betray'd
riend engag'd, no debt unpaid.

it though the stars conspire to show'r
n one head th' united power
ll their graces, if their dire
As must other breasts inspire

With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
May cut (as here) their darling's life:
Who can be happy then, if Nature must,
To make one happy man, make all men just?

*Four Songs by way of Chorus to a Play, at an En-
ertainment of the King and Queen by my Lord
Chamberlain.*

I.

OF JEALOUSY. DIALOGUE.

Question.

FROM whence was first this fury hurl'd,
This Jealousy, into the world?
Came she from Hell? *Answer.* No, there doth
reign

Eternal Hatred, with Disdain:
But she the daughter is of Love,
Sister of Beauty. *Quest.* Then above
She must derive from the third sphere
Her heavenly offspring. *Answer.* Neither there;
From those immortal flames could she
Draw her cold frozen pedigree?

Question.

If nor from heaven nor hell, where then
Had she her birth? *Answer.* I' th' hearts of men,
Beauty and Fear did her create,
Younger than Love, elder than Hate.
Sister to both, by Beauty's side
To Love, by Fear to Hate ally'd.
Despair her issue is, whose race
Of frightful mischief drowns the space
Of the wide earth in a swollen flood
Of wrath, revenge, spite, rage, and blood.

Question.

Oh how can such a spurious line
Proceed from parents so divine?

Answer.

As streams, which from their crystal Spring
Do sweet and clear their waters bring,
Yet, mingling with the brackish main,
Nor taste nor colour they retain.

Question.

Yet rivers 'twixt their own banks flow
Still fresh: Can Jealousy do so?

Answer.

Yes, whilst she keeps the steadfast ground
Of Hope and Fear, her equal bound:
Hope, sprung from favour, worth, or chance,
Tow'rd's the fair object doth advance;
Whilst Fear, as watchful centinel,
Doth the invading foe repel;
And Jealousy, thus mixt, doth prove
The season and the salt of love:
But when Fear takes a larger scope,
Stiffing the child of reason, Hope;
Then, sitting on th' usurped throne,
She like a tyrant rules alone;
As the wild ocean unconfined,
And raging as the northern wind.

II.

FEMININE HONOUR.

In what esteem did the gods hold
Fair Innocence and the chaste bed,
When scandal'd Virtue might be bold,
Bare-foot upon sharp cultures, spread
O'er burning coals, to march; yet feel
Nor scorching fire nor piercing steel?

Why, when the hard-edg'd iron did turn
Soft as a bed of roses blown,
When cruel flames forgot to burn
Their chaste, pure limbs, should man alone
'Gainst female innocence conspire,
Harder than steel, fiercer than fire?

Oh hapless sex! unequal sway
Of partial honour! who may know
Rebels from subjects that obey,
When Malice can on vessels throw
Disgrace, and Fame fix high renown
On the loose shameless prostitute?

Vain Honour! thou art but disguise,
A cheating voice, a juggling art;
No judge of Virtue, whose pure eyes
Court her own image in the heart,
More pleas'd with her true figure there,
Than her false echo in the ear.

III.

SEPARATION OF LOVERS.

Stop the chased bear, or play
With the lion's paw, yet fear
From the Lover's side to tear
The idol of his soul away.

Though Love enter by the sight
To the heart, it doth not fly
From the mind, when from the eye
The fair objects take their flight.

But since want provokes desire,
When we lose what we before
Have enjoy'd, as we want more,
So is Love more set on fire.

Love doth an hungry eye
Glut on Beauty, and you may
Safer snatch the tiger's prey
Than his vital food deny.

Yet, though absence for a space
Sharpen the keen appetite,
Long continuance doth quite
All Love's characters efface.

IV.

INCOMMUNICABILITY OF LOVE.

Question.
By what power was Love confin'd
To one object? Who can bind,
Or fix a limit to the free-born mind?

Answer.
Nature; for as bodies may
Move at once but in one way,
So nor can minds to more than one Love stray.

Reply.
Yet I feel double smart;
Love's twinn'd flame, his forked dart.
Answer. Then hath wild Lust, not Love, possess'd
heart.

Question.
Whence springs Love? *Answer.* From Beauty.
Quest. Why should th' effect not multiply
As fast in the heart, as doth the cause in th' eye?

Answer.
When two beauties equal are
Sense preferring neither fair,
Desire stands still, distracted 'twixt the pair.

So in equal distance lay
Two fair lambs in the wolf's way,
The hungry beast will starve ere choose his prey.

But where one is chief, the rest
Cease, and that's alone possist,
Without a rival monarch of the breast.

SONGS IN THE PLAY.

*A Lover, in the disguise of an Amazon, is daily
loved of his Mistress.*

CEASE, thou afflicted soul, to mourn,
Whose love and faith are paid with scorn;
For I am starv'd that feel the blisses
Of dear embraces, smiles and kisses,
From my soul's idol, yet complain
Of equal love more than disdain.

Cease, beauty's exile, to lament
The frozen shades of banishment,
For I in that fair bosom dwell,
That is my paradise and hell;
Banish'd at home, at once at ease
In the safe port, and tost on seas.

Cease in cold jealous fears to pine,
Sad wretch, whom rivals undermine;
For though I had lock'd in mine arms
My life's sole joy, a traitor's charms
Prevail; whilst I may only blame
Myself, that mine own rival am.

ANOTHER.

A Lady, rescued from Death by a Knight, vobe in the infant leaves her, complains thus.

OH whither is my fair sun fled,
Bearing his light, not heat away?
If thou repose in the moist bed
Of the sea-queen, bring back the day
To our dark clime, and thou shalt lie
Bath'd in the sea-flows from mine eye.

Upon what whirlwind didst thou ride
Hence, remain fixt in my heart,
From me, and to me; fled, and ty'd?
Dark riddles of the amorous art;
Love lent thee wings to fly; so he
Unfeather'd now must rest with me.

Help, help, brave youth! I burn, I bleed!
The cruel God with bow and brand
Pursues the life thy valour freed;
Disarm him with thy conquering hand;
And that thou may'st the wild boy tame,
Give me his dart, keep thou his flame.

TO BEN JONSON,

Upon occasion of his Ode of Defiance annexed to his Play of the New Inn.

'Tis true (dear Ben) thy just chastising hand
Hath fix'd upon the fotted age a brand,
To their swollen pride and empty scribbling due:
It can nor judge, nor write; and yet, 'tis true,
Thy Comic Muse from the exalted line
Touch'd by the Alchymist, doth since decline
From that her zenith, and foretels a red
And blushing evening, when she goes to bed;
Yet such as shall outline the glimmering light
With which all stars shall gild the following night.
Nor think it much (since all thy eaglets may
Endure the sunny trial) if we say
This hath the stronger wing, or That doth shine
Trick'd up in fairer plumes, since All are thine.
Who hath his flock of cackling geese compar'd
With thy tun'd quire of swans? or else who dar'd
To call thy births deform'd? But if thou bind,
By city custom, or by gavel kind,
In equal shares thy love on all thy race,
We may distinguish of their sex, and place;
Though one hand form them, and through one
brain strike
Souls into all, they are not all alike.
Why should the follies then of this dull age
Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage
As seems to blast thy (else immortal) bays,
When thine own tongue proclaims thy itch of
praise?

Such thirst will argue drought. No; let be hurl'd
Upon thy works, by the detracting world,
What malice can suggest; let the rout say
The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)

Count the flow minutes, might a Goodwin * frame,
To swallow, when th' halt done, thy shipwreck'd
name;

Let them the dear expence of oil upbraid,
Suck'd by thy watchful lamp, that hath betray'd
To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, spilt
Into thy ink, whilst thou grow'st pale with guilt:
Repine not at the taper's thrifty waste,
That flecks thy *terse* Poems; nor is haste
Praise, but excuse; and if thou overcome
A knotty writer, bring the booty home;
Nor think it theft, if the rich spoils, so torn
From conquer'd Authors, be as trophies worn.
Let others glut on thee th' extorted praise
Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after-days:
Thy labour'd works shall live, when time devours
Th' abortive offspring of their hasty hours:
Thou art not of their rank; the quarrel lies
Within thine own verge; then let this suffice,
The wiser world doth greater thee confess
Than all men else, than thyself only less.

AN HYMENEAL DIALOGUE.

BRIDE AND GROOM.

Groom.

TELL me (my love) since Hymen ty'd
The holy knot, hast thou not felt
A new infused spirit slide
Into thy breast, whilst thine did melt?

Bride.

First tell me (sweet) whose words were those?
For though your voice the air did break,
Yet did my soul the sense compose,
And through your lips my heart did speak.

Groom.

Then I perceive, when from the flame
Of love my scorch'd soul did retire.
Your frozen heart in her place came,
And sweetly melted in that fire.

Bride.

'Tis true; for when that mutual change
Of souls was made with equal gain,
I straight might feel diffus'd a strange
But gentle heat through every vein.

Chorus.

Oh blest disunion! that doth so
Our bodies from our souls divide,
As two do one, and one four grow,
Each by contraction multiply'd.

Bride.

Thy bosom then I'll make my nest,
Since there my willing soul doth perch.

Groom. And for my heart in thy chaste breast
I'll make an everlasting search.

Chorus. Oh blest disunion, &c.

† The Goodwin Sands in Kent.

Obsequies to the Lady ANNE HAY.*

I HEARD the virgins sigh; I saw the sleek
And polish'd courtier channel his fresh cheek
With real tears; the new betrothed maid
Smil'd not that day; the graver Senate laid
Their business by; of all the courtly throng
Grief seal'd the heart, and silence bound the
tongue:

I that ne'er more of private sorrow knew
Than from my pen some froward mistress drew,
And for the public woe had my dull sense
So fear'd with ever-adverse influence,
As the invader's sword might have, unfelt,
Pierc'd my dead bosom, yet began to melt:
Grief's strong instinct did to my blood suggest
In the unknown loss peculiar interest.
But when I heard the noble Carlisle's gem,
The fairest branch of Denny's ancient stem,
Was from that casket stol'n, from this trunk torn,
I found just cause why they, why I should mourn

But who shall guide my artless pen, to draw
Those blooming beauties which I never saw?
How shall posterity believe my story,
If I her crowded graces, and the glory
Due to her riper virtues, shall relate
Without the knowledge of her mortal state?
Shall I, as once Apelles here a feature,
There steal a grace; and rising so whole nature
Of all the sweets a learned eye can see,
Figure one Venus, and say, Such was she?
Shall I her legend fill with what of old
Hath of the worthies of her sex been told;
And what all pens and times to all dispense,
Restrain to her by a prophetic sense?
Or shall I, to the moral and divine
Exactest laws, shape by an even line
A life so straight, as it should shame the square
Left in the rules of Katherine or Clare;
And call it hers? Say, So did she begin;
And, had she liv'd, such had her progress been?
These are dull ways, by which base pens, for hire,
Daub glorious Vice, and from Apollo's quire
Steal holy ditties, which prophane they
Upon the horse of every strumpet lay.

We will not bathe thy corps with a forc'd tear;
Nor shall thy train borrow the blacks they wear
Such vulgar spice and gums embalm not thee;
Thou art the theme of Truth, not Poetry.
Thou shalt endure a trial by thy Peers;
Virgins of equal birth, of equal years,
Whose virtues held with thine an emulous strife,
Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life:
One shall ensphere thine eyes, another shall
Impearl thy teeth, a third thy white and small
Hand shall bestow, a fourth incarnadine
Thy rosy cheek; until each beautiful line,
Drawn by her hand in whom that part excels,
Meet in one centre, where all Beauty dwells.

* Daughter of James Hay, first Earl of Carlisle.

Others, in task, shall thy choice virtues spare;
Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth de-
clare,

Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by
They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds
Of every virtue, which in the pursuit
Of time, must have brought forth admired fruit;
Thus shalt thou from the mouth of Envy raise
A glorious journal of thy thrifty days, [rice
Like a bright star shot from his sphere, whole
In a continued line of flames we trace.

This, if survey'd, shall to thy view impart
How little more than late thou wert, thou art:
This shall gain credit with succeeding times,
When nor by bribed pens, nor partial rhimes
Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth
Is storied by the partners of thy youth;
Their breath shall saint thee, and be this thy pride,
Thus ev'n by rivals to be deify'd.

To the Countess of Angelsey, upon the immortality
by her lamented Death of her Husband.*

MADAM, men say you keep with dropping eyes
Your sorrows fresh, wat'ring the Rose that lies
Fall'n from your cheeks upon your dear Last
hearse.

Alas! those odours now no more can pierce
His cold, pale nostril nor the crimson dye
Present a graceful blush to his dark eye.
Think you that flood of pearly moisture bath
The virtue fabled of old Elion's bath?
You may your beauties and your youth consume
Over his urn, and with your sighs perfume
The solitary vault, which, as you groan,
In hollow echoes shall repeat your moan:
There you may wither, and an autumn bring
Upon yourself, but not call back his spring.
Forbear your fruitless grief then; and let those
Whose love was doubt'd, gain belief with show
To their suspected faith; you whose whole life
In every ad crown'd you a constant wife,
Maid spare the practice of that vulgar trade,
Which superstitious custom only made:
Rather, a widow now of wisdom prove
The pattern, as a wife you were of love.
Yet since you fasten on your grief 'tis fit
I tell the world upon what cares you sit
Glutting your sorrows; and at once include
His story, your excuse, my gratitude.

You, that behold how yon sad Lady bleeds
Those ashes with her tears, left, as the petals
Her tributary sighs, the frequent gust
Might scatter up and down the noble dust;
Know, when that heap of atoms was washed
Kneaded to solid flesh, and firmly stood
On stately pillars, the rare form might move
The froward Ino's, or chaste Cynthia's love.

* Elizabeth, the wife of Arthur Anne-Scr, first Earl of Angelsey, and daughter of Sir James Alcock.

tion, active grace; in rest, a calm;
 tive sweetness brought both wound and balm;
 ery heart; he was compos'd of all
 ithes of ripe virgins, when they call
 ymen's rites, and in their fancies wed
 e of studied beauties to their bed.
 1 this curious palace dwelt a Soul
 ustre to each part, and to the whole:
 rest his face in courteous smiles; and so
 comely gestures sweeter manners flow.
 ourage join'd to strength; so the hand, bent,
 'alor's; open'd, Bounty's instrument;
 1 did the scale and sword of Justice hold,
 how to brandish steel and scatter gold.
 ought him not: t' engage his modest tongue
 s of private gain, though public wrong;
 usemploy (as is the great man's use)
 :dit with his Master, to produce,
 ve, malign, and ruin Innocence,
 ud revenge of some mis-judg'd offence:
 l his actions had the noble end
 vance desert, or grace some worthy friend.
 ose not in the active stream to swim,
 nized Honour, which yet hunted him;
 ce a quiet eddy that hath found him
 hollow creek, there turns his waters round,
 continual circles dances, free
 the impetuous torrent; so did he
 thers leave to turn the wheel of state,
 se steerless motion spins the Subjects fate)
 he, retir'd from the tumultuous noise
 irt, and suitors press, apart enjoys
 m, and mirth, himself, his time, and friends,
 ith sweet relish tastes each hour he spends.
 I remember how his noble heart
 indled at your beauties; with what art
 e'd his game through all opposing fears,
 I his sighs to you, and back your tears
 y'd to him; how loyal then, and how
 nt he prov'd since to his marriage vow,
 his wand'ring eyes never drew in
 istful thought to tempt his soul to sin;
 at I fear such mention rather may
 : new grief, than blow the old away.

n let him rest, join'd to great Buckingham,
 ith his brother's mingle his bright flame.
 up, and meet their beams, and you from
 thence
 hance derive a cheerful influence.
 im no more in dust, but call again
 catter'd beauties home; and so the pen,
 now I take from this sad elegy,
 ng the trophies of your conquer'ing eye.

Elegy upon the Death of DOCTOR DONNE,
Dean of Saint Paul's.

ve not force from widow'd poetry,
 you art dead, Great Donne, one elegy
 wn thy hearer? Why yet did we not crust,
 h with unkneaded dough-bak'd prose, thy
 dust;

Such as th' uncizar'd left'er from the flow'r
 Of fading rhetoric, short-liv'd as his hour,
 Dry as the sand that measures it, mighty lay
 Upon the ashes on the funeral day?
 Have we not time, nor voice? Didst thou dispense
 Through all our language both the words and sense?
 'Tis a sad truth. The pulpit may her plain
 And sober Christian precepts still retain;
 Doctrines it may, and wholesome uses, frame,
 Grave homilies, and lectures; but the flame
 Of thy brave soul (that shot such heat and light
 As burnt our earth, and made our darkness bright,
 Committed holy rapes upon the will,
 Did through the eye the melting hours distil,
 And the deep knowledge of dark truths to teach
 As sense might judge what fancy could not reach)
 Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire
 That fills with spirit and heat the delphic quire,
 Which, kindled first by the Promethean breath,
 Glow'd here a while, lies quench'd now in thy death.
 The Muses garden, with pedantic weeds
 O'erspread, was purg'd by thee; the lazy seeds
 Of servile imitation thrown away,
 And fresh invention planted. Thou didst pay
 The debts of our penurious bankrupt age;
 Licentious thefts, that make poetic rage
 A mimic fury, when our souls must be
 Possess'd or with Anacreon's extasy
 Or Pindar's, not their own; the subtle chat
 Of fly exchanges, and the juggling feat
 Of two-edg'd swords; or whatsoever wrong
 By ours was done the Greek or Latin tongue,
 Thou hast redeem'd; and open'd us a mine
 Of rich and pregnant fancy; drawn a line
 Of masculine expression, which had good
 Old Orpheus seen, or all the ancient brood
 Our superstitious fools admire, and hold
 Their lead more precious than thy burnish'd gold,
 Thou hadst been their Exchequer, and no more
 They each in other's dung had search'd for ore.
 Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,
 And the blind face of language, whose tun'd chime
 More charms the outward sense: yet thou may'st
 claim

From so great disadvantage greater fame,
 Since to the awe of thy imperious wit
 Our troublesome language bends, made only fit.
 With her tough thick-rib'd hoops to gird about
 Thy giant Fancy, which had prov'd too stout
 For their soft, melting phrases. As in time
 They had the start, so did they cull the prime
 Buds of invention many a hundred year,
 And left the rifled fields, besides the fear
 To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands
 Of what was only thine, thy only hands
 (And what their smallest work) have gleaned more
 Than all those Times and Tongues could reap
 before.

But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be
 Too hard for libertines in poetry;
 They will recall the goodly, exil'd train
 Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign
 Was banish'd noble poems. Now, with these,
 The silent tales i' th' Metamorphoses

Shall stuff their lines; and swell the windy page;
Till verse, refin'd by thee, in this last age
Turn ballad rhyme, or those old idols be
Ador'd again with new apotaxy.

Oh pardon me! that break with untun'd verse
The reverend silence that attends thy hearse;
Whose solemn, awful murmurs were to thee,
More than those rude lines, a loud elegy;
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence
The death of all the Arts, whose influence,
Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies,
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies:
So doth the swiftly turning wheel not stand
I' th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,
But some short time retains a faint, weak course,
By virtue of the first impulsive force;
And so, whilst I cast on thy funeral pile
Thy crown of bays, oh let it crack a while,
And spit disdain, till the devouring flames
Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.

I will not draw the envy, to engross
All thy perfections, or weep all the loss;
Those are too numerous for one elegy,
And 'tis too great to be express'd by me:
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice,
I only grave this epitaph inscribe.
"Here lies a king that rul'd as he thought fit
"The Universal Monarchy of Wit;
"Here lies two Flamens, and both those the best;
"Apollo's first, at last the true God's Priest."

*In Answer to an Elegiacal Letter upon the Death of
the King of Sweden, from Aurelian Townsend, in-
viting me to write on that subject.*

Wax dost thou sound, my dear Aurelian,
In so shrill actions, from thy Barbican,
A loud alarm to my drowsy eyes,
Bidding them wake in tears and elegies
For mighty Sweden's fall? Alas! how may
My lyric feet, that of the smooth soft way
Of Love and Beauty only know the tread,
In dancing paces celebrate the dead
Victorious King, or his majestic hearse
Profane with th' humble touch of their low verse?
Virgil nor Lucan, no, nor Tasso, more
Than both, not Donne, worth all that went before,
With the united labour of their wit
Could a just poem to this subject fit.
His actions were too mighty to be rais'd
Higher by verse: let him in prose be prais'd,
In modest faithful story, which his deeds
Shall turn to poems: When the next age reads
Of Frankfort, Leipsic, Warfburg, of the Rhine,
The Leck, the Danube, Tilly, Wallestein,
Bavaria, Dapenheim, Lutzen field, where he
Gain'd after death a posthumous victory,
They'll think his acts things rather feign'd than
done,
Like our romances of the Knight o' th' Sun.

Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler,
Who, though to annals he cannot refer
His too-brief story, yet his journals may
Stand by the Cæsar's years; and every day
Cut into minutes, each shall more contain
Of great designment than an Emperor's reign:
And (since 'twas but his church-yard) let him lay
For his own ashes now no narrower grave
Than the whole German continent's vast womb,
Whilst all her cities do but make his tomb.
Let us to Supreme Providence commit
The fate of Monarchs, which first thought it fit
To rend the empire from the Austrian gasp,
And next from Sweden's, even when he did dash
Within his dying arms the sovereignty
Of all those provinces, that men might see
The Divine Wisdom would not leave that land
Subject to any king's sole command.
Then let the Germans fear, if Cæsar shall,
Or the United Princes, rise and fall;
But let us that in myrtle bowers sit
Under secure shades, use the benefit
Of peace and plenty, which the blessed hand
Of our good king gives this obdurate land:
Let us of revels sing, and let thy breath
(Which fill'd Fame's trumpet with Gullavus' death,
Blowing his name to Heaven) gently inspire
Thy pastoral pipe till all our swains admire
Thy song and subject, whilst they both compare
The Beauties of the *Shepherd's Paradise* (a):
For who, like thee, (whose loose discourse is
More neat and polish'd than our poems are,
Whose very gait's more graceful than our dance
In sweetly flowing numbers may advance
The glorious night: when, not to add foul race
Like birds, or beasts, but in their angel-shape,
A troop of deities came down to guide
Our steerless barks in Passion's swelling tide
By Virtue's croud, and brought us from above
A pattern of their own celestial love.
Nor lay it in dark fables precepts drown'd:
But with rich fancy and clear action crown'd,
Through a mysterious fable (that was drawn
Like a transparent vail of purest lawn
Before their dazzling beauties) the divine
Venus did with her heavenly Cupid flame:
The story's curious web, the masculine state,
The subtle sense, did time and sleep beguile.
Prison'd and charn'd, they stood to gaze up;
Th' angel-like forms, gestures, and motion:
To hear those ravishing sounds, that did diffuse
Knowledge and pleasure to the soul and sense.
It fill'd us with amazement to behold
Love made all spirit; his corporeal mold,
Dissected into atoms, melt away
To empty air, and from the grofs alloy
Of mixtures and compounding accidents,
Refin'd to immaterial elements.
But when the Queen of Beauty did inspire
The air with perfumes, and our hearts with fire,
Breathing, from her celestial organ, sweet
Harmonious notes, our souls fell at her feet,
And did with humble, reverend duty, more
Her rare perfections than high state adore.

(a) The title of a poem written by Aurelian Townsend.

These harmless pastimes let my Townsend sing
To rural tunes; not that thy Muse wants wing
To soar a loftier pitch, (for she hath made
A noble flight, and plac'd th' heroic shade
Above the reach of our faint, flagging rhyme);
But these are subjects proper to our clime.
Fornies, masks, theatres better become
Our Hætion days. What though the German
drum

Bellow for freedom and revenge? the noise
Concerns not us, nor should divert our joys;
Nor ought the thunder of their carabins
Drown the sweet airs of our tun'd violins.
Believe me, friend, if their prevailing pow'rs
Gain them a calm security like ours,
They'll hang their arms upon the olive bough,
And dance and revel then as we do now.

Upon Mr. W. MONTAGUE's return from Travel.

READ the black bull to slaughter, with the boar
And lamb; then purple with their mingled gore
The ocean's curled brow, that so we may
The sea-gods for their careful waftage pay:
Send grateful incense up in pious smoke
To those mild spirits that cast a curbing yoke
Upon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
To the wish'd shore our long'd-for Montague:
Then, whilst the aromatic odours burn
In honour of their darling's safe return,
The Muse's quire shall thus with voice and hand
Bless the fair gale that drove his ship to land.

Sweetly-breathing vernal air,
That with kind warmth do't repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' east
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles dress'd,
The Hæyon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, Youth, and endless Spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing,
Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flow'ry birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth:
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us;
Thou canst stroke great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

Thus, whilst you deal your body 'mongst your
friends,

And fill their circling arms, my glad soul sends
His her embrace: thus we of Delphos greet;
As laymen clasp their hands, we join our feet.

To MASTER W. MONTAGUE.

SIR, I arrest you at your country's suit,
Who, as a debt to her, requires the fruit
Of that rich stock, which she by Nature's hand
Gave you in trust, to th' use of this whole land:
Next she indites you of a felony,
For stealing what was her propriety (b),
Yourself, from hence; so seeking to convey
The public treasure of the state away.
More: y'are accus'd of ostracism, the fate
Impos'd of old by the Athenian state
On eminent virtue; but that curse which they
Cast on their men, you on your country lay:
For, thus divided from your noble parts,
This kingdom lives in exile, and all hearts
That relish worth or honour, being rent
From your perfections, suffer banishment.
These are your public injuries; but I
Have a just private quarrel, to defy
And call you coward; thus to run away
When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay
Till I redeem'd my honour: but I swear
By Celia's eyes, by the same force to tear
Your heart from you, or not to end this strife,
Till I or find revenge, or lose my life.
But as in single fights it oft hath been
In that unequal equal trial seen,
That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first,
Came from the combat oft too weak the worst;
So if you foil me when we meet, I'll then
Give you fair leave to wound me so again.

*On the Marriage of T. K. and C. C.—The Morning
Stormy.*

SUCH should this day be, so the sun should hide
His bathful face, and let the conquering bride
Without a rival shine, whilst he forbears
To mingle his unequal beams with hers;
Or if sometimes he glance his quivering eye
Between the parting clouds, 'tis but to spy,
Not emulate her glories, so comes dress'd
In veils, but as a masker to the feast.
Thus Heav'n should lower, such stormy gusts should
blow,

Not to denounce ungentle fates, but shew,
The cheerful bridegroom to the clouds and wind
Hath all his tears and all his sighs assign'd.
Let tempests struggle in the air, but rest
Eternal calms within thy peaceful breast!
Thrice happy youth! but ever sacrifice
To that fair hand that dry'd thy blubber'd eyes,
That crown'd thy head with roses, and turn'd all
The plagues of love into a cordial,
When first it join'd her virgin snow to thine,
Which when to-day the Priest shall recombine,
From the mysterious, holy touch, such charms
Will flow, as shall unlock her wreathed arms,
And open a free passage to that fruit
Which thou hast toil'd for with a long pursuit,

(b) Property.

But ere thou feed, that thou may'st better taste
Thy present joys, think on thy torments past :
Think on the mercy freed thee, think upon
Her virtues, graces, beauties, one by one ;
So shalt thou relish all, enjoy the whole
Delights of her fair body and pure soul :
Then boldly to the fight of love proceed ;
'Tis mercy not to pity, though she bleed.
We'll strew no nuts, but change that ancient form,
For till to-morrow we'll prorogue this storm,
Which shall confound with its loud whistling noise
Her pleasing shrieks, and fan thy panting joys.

*For a Picture where the Queen laments over the Tomb
of a slain Knight.*

Brave Youth, to whom Fate in one hour
Gave death and conquest, by whose pow'r
Those chains about my heart are wound,
With which the foe my kingdom bound ;
Freed, and captiv'd by thee, I bring
For either act an offering :
For victory, this wreath of bay ;
Ensign of thralldom down I lay
Sceptre and crown : Take from my fight
Those toyal robes ; since Fortune's spite
Forbids me live thy Virtue's prize,
I'll die thy Valour's sacrifice.

To a Lady that desired I would love her.

I.
Now you have freely given me leave to love,
What will you do ?

Shall I your mirth, or passion move,
When I begin to woo ?
Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too ?

II.
Each petty Beauty can disdain, and I,
Spite of your hate,
Without your leave can see and die :
Dispense a nobler fate ;
'Tis easy to destroy, you may create.

III.
Then give me leave to love and love me too :
Not with design

To raise, as Love's curst rebels do,
When puling poets whine,
Fame to their beauty from their blubber'd cyn.

IV.
Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear
Your Beauty's rays :

Joys are pure streams, your eyes appear
Sullen in sadder lays ;
In cheerful numbers they shine bright with praise ;

V.
Which shall not mention, to express you fair,
Wounds, flames, and darts,
Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,
Suborning all your parts,
Or to betray or torture captive hearts,

VI.
I'll make your eyes like morning suns appear,
As mild and fair ;
Your brow, as crystal smooth and clear ;
And your dishevel'd hair
Shall flow like a calm region of the air.

VII.
Rich Nature's store (which is the poet's treasure)
I'll spend to dress
Your beauties, if your mine of pleasure
In equal thankfulness
You but unlock, so we each other bless.

*Upon my Lord Chief Justice's Election of the Lady
A. W. for his Mistress.*

I.
HEAR this, and tremble all
Usurping Beauties that create
A government tyrannical
In Love's free state :
Justice hath to the sword of your edg'd eyes
His equal balance join'd ; his sage head lies
In Love's soft lap, which must be just and wise.

II.
Hark how the stern Law breathes
Forth amorous sighs, and now prepass
No fetters but of silken wreaths
And braided hairs :
His dreadful rods and axes are exil'd,
Whilst he sits crown'd with roses : Love hath
His native roughness ; Justice is grown mild.

III.
The golden age returns ;
Love's bow and quiver usefess lie ;
His shaft, his brand, nor wounds nor burns ;
And cruelty
Is sunk to hell : the Fair shall all be kind ;
Who loves shall be belov'd ; the froward mild
To a deformed shape shall be confin'd.

IV.
Astræa hath possess'd
An earthly seat, and now remains
In Finch's heart ; but Wentworth's breast
That guest contains :
With her she dwells, yet hath not left the skies
Nor lost her sphere ; for, new-enthron'd, she cries
" I know no heaven but fair Wentworth's eyes."

To A. D. unreasonably distrustful of her own Beauty.

FAIR Doris, break thy glass ; it hath perplex'd,
With a dark comment, Beauty's clearest text ;
It hath not told thy face's story true,
But brought false copies to thy jealous view :
No colour, feature, lovely air, or grace,
That ever yet adorn'd a beauteous face,
But thou may'st read in thine, or justly doubt,
Thy glass hath been summon'd to leave it out.
But if it offer to thy nice survey
A spot, a stain, a blemish or decay,

ngs to thee; the treacherous light
 stone abuse thy credulous sight.
 e magic of thy face hath wrought
 uncharmed crystal, and so brought
 shadows to delude thine eyes
 repercussive sorceries:
 enamoured image pines away
 f the fair object, and so may
 ind wan; and though the substance grow
 fresh, that may consume with woe.
 no faith to the false specular stone,
 beauties by th' effects be known:
 etest Doris, on my love-sick heart;
 ie mirror see how fair thou art.
 Love's never-erring pencil drawn,
 behold thy face, like th' early dawn,
 ough the shady covert of thy hair,
 and perfuming the calm air
 ls and roses, till thy furs display
 and let out the imprison'd day.
 phic priests (enlighten'd by their theme)
 s numbers count thy golden beam,
 Love's altars clouds of sighs arise
 g incense to adore thine eyes:
 ve flow from Beauty as th' effect,
 : thou the resistless cause suspect?
 I not brand that fool that should contend,
 e no fire where smoke and flames ascend?
 worse than scorn; not to believe
 , is greater wrong than not to grieve.
 can for my felt ring forc be found,
 u believ'st thy beauty cannot wound?
 ble thoughts more cruel tyrants prove,
 he pride that e'er usurp'd in love;
 r's herald here denounceth war,
 false spies betray me to a snare.
 us'd in halls of snow were hurl'd,
 Red might consume the world:
 : prevention ends, danger begins;
 in sheep's, lions in asses' skins
 more mischief work, because less fear'd;
 : whole flock, these might kill all the
 d.
 n as thou art, break through this cloud,
 y beauty, though thou thence grow proud.
 ough scornful; rather let me find
 l, than thus mild and more unkind.
 y doth only me defy,
 till thoughts thee to thyself deny.
 hou mean to barter or bestow
 is fit thou thine own value know.
 heat thee of thyself, nor pay
 ce than thou'rt worth; thou shalt not say,
 t brittle glass which I have found
 inquiry a firm diamond.
 with no such Indian fool as sells
 ls, and precious stones, for beads and bells;
 take a present from your hand,
 or prize not, or not understand.
 ears your bounty that I do
 ur gift, unless you do so too.
 value me, when you bestow
 at you nor care for, nor yet know.
 Doris, change thy thoughts, and be
 ft with thyself, and then with me.

You are afflicted that you are not fair,
 And I as much tormented that you are:
 What I admire, you scorn; what I love, hate;
 Through different faiths both share an equal fate:
 Fast to the truth, which you renounce, I stick;
 I die a martyr, you an heretic.

To my Friend G. N. from Wress.

I BREATHE, sweet Chibs, the temperate air of
 Wress,
 Where I, no more with raging storms oppress,
 Wear the cold nights out by the banks of Tweed,
 On the bleak mountains where fierce tempests breed,
 And everlasting winter dwells; where mild
 Favonius and the vernal winds, exil'd,
 Did never spread their wings: but the wild North
 Brings sterile fern, thistles, and brambles forth.
 Here, steep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant earth
 Sends forth her teeming womb a flow'ry birth;
 And, cherish'd with the warm sun's quick'ning
 heat,
 Her porous bosom doth rich odours sweat;
 Whose perfumes through the ambient air diffuse
 Such native aromatics, as we use
 No foreign gums, nor essence fetch'd from far,
 No volatile spirits, nor compounds that are
 Adulterate; but, at Nature's cheap expence,
 With far more genuine sweets refresh the sense.
 Such pure and uncompounded beauties bless
 This mansion with an useful comeliness
 Devoid of art; for here the architect
 Did not with curious skill a pile erect
 Of carved marble, touch, or prophecy,
 But built a house for hospitality.
 No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone
 Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,
 And coldly entertain his sight; but clear
 And cheerful flames cherish and warm him here,
 No Doric nor Corinthian pillars grace
 With imagery this structure's naked face:
 The lord and lady of this place delight
 Rather to be in act, than seem, in sight.
 Instead of statues to adorn their wall,
 They throng with living men their merry hall,
 Where, at large tables fill'd with wholesome meats,
 The servant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats:
 Some of that rank, spun of a finer thread,
 Are with the women, steward, and chaplain, fed
 With daintier cates; others of better note,
 Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coat
 Have sever'd from the common, freely sit
 At the lord's table, whose spread sides admit
 A large access of friends to fill those seats
 Of his capacious sickle, fill'd with meats
 Of choicest relish, till his oaken back
 Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack.
 Nor think, because our pyramids and high
 Exalted turrets threaten not the sky,
 That therefore Wress of narrowness complains,
 Or straighten'd walls; for the more numerous trains
 Of noble guests daily receives, and those
 Can with far more conveniency dispose,

Than prouder piles, where the vain builder spent
 More cost in outward gay embellishment
 Than real use; which was the sole design
 Of our contriver, who made things not fine,
 But fit for service. Amalthea's horn
 Of plenty is not in effigy worn
 Without the gate; but she within the door
 Empties her free and unexhausted store. [stand
 Nor crown'd with wheaten wreaths doth Ceres
 In stone, with a crook'd sickle in her hand;
 Nor on a marble tun, his face besmear'd
 With grapes, is curl'd, unfizcar'd Bacchus rear'd.
 We offer not, in emblems, to the eyes,
 But to the taste, those useful deities:
 We press the juicy God, and quaff his blood,
 And grind the yellow Goddess into food.
 Yet we decline not all the work of Art;
 But where more bounteous Nature bears a part,
 And guides her handmaid, if she but dispense
 Fit matter, she with care and diligence
 Employs her skill; for where the neighbour source
 Pours forth her waters, she directs her course,
 And entertains the flowing streams in deep
 And spacious channels, where they slowly creep
 In snaky windings, as the shelving ground,
 Leads them in circles, till they twice surround
 This island mansion, which i' th' centre plac'd,
 Is with a double crystal heaven embrac'd;
 In which our wat'ry constellations float,
 Our fishes, swans, our waterman, and boat,
 Envy'd by those above, which wish to slake
 Their star-burnt limbs in our refreshing lake;
 But they stick fast nail'd to the barren sphere,
 Whilst our increase, in fertile waters here,
 Disport, and wander freely where they please
 Within the circuit of our narrow seas.

With various trees we fringe the water's brink,
 Whose thirsty roots the soaking moisture drink,
 And whose extended boughs in equal ranks
 Yield fruit, and shade, and beauty to the banks.
 On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts
 His ruddy-check'd Pomona; Zephyr sports
 On th' other, with lov'd Flora, yielding there
 Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here.
 But did you taste the high and mighty drink [think
 Which from that luscious fountain flows, you'd
 The God of wine did his plump clusters bring,
 And crush the Falern grape into our spring;
 Or else, disguis'd in wat'ry robes, did swim
 'To Ceres' bed, and make her beg of him,
 Begetting so himself on her: for know,
 Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe
 To theirs in autumn; but our fire boils here
 As lusty liquor as the sun makes there.

Thus I enjoy myself, and taste the fruit
 Of this blest place; whilst, toil'd in the pursuit
 Of bucks and stags, th' emblem of war, you strive
 To keep the memory of our arms alive.

A New Year's Gift.—To the KING.

Look back, old Janus, and survey,
 From Time's birth till this new-born day,

All the successful seasons bound
 With laurel wreaths, and trophies crown'd;
 Turn o'er the annals past, and, where
 Happy auspicious days appear,
 Mark'd with the white stone that cast
 On the dark brow of th' ages past
 A dazzling lustre, let them shine
 In this succeeding circle's twine,
 Till it be round with glories spread;
 Then with it crown our Charles his head,
 That we th' ensuing year may call
 One great continu'd festival.
 Fresh joys in varied forms apply
 To each distinct captivity.
 Season his cares by day with nights
 Crown'd with all conjugal delights.
 May the choice beauties that inflame
 His royal breast be still the same,
 And he still think them such, since more
 Thou canst not give from Nature's store:
 Then as a father let him be
 With numerous issue blest, and see
 The fair and godlike offspring grown
 From budding stars to suns full blown.
 Circle with peaceful olive boughs
 And conquering bays his regal brows:
 Let his strong virtues overcome,
 And bring him bloodless trophies home:
 Strew all the pavements where he treads
 With loyal hearts or rebels heads:
 But, Byront, open thou no more,
 In his blest reign, the temple door.

To the QUEEN.

Thou great commandress, that dost move
 Thy sceptre o'er the crown of Love,
 And through his empire, with the awe
 Of thy chaste beams, dost give the law;
 From his profane altars we
 Turn to adore thy deity.
 He only can wild lust provoke;
 Thou those impurer flames canst choke:
 And where he scatters looser fires,
 Thou turn'st them into chaste desires:
 His kingdom knows no rule but this,
 "Whatever pleaseth lawful is."
 Thy sacred lord shews us the path
 Of modesty and constant faith,
 Which makes the rude male satisfy'd
 With one fair female by his side;
 Doth either sex to each unite,
 And from Love's pure hermaphrodite
 To this thy faith behold the wild
 Satyr already reconcil'd,
 Who from the influence of thine eye
 Hath suck'd the deep divinity.
 O free them then, that they may teach
 The centaur and the horseman! preach
 To beasts and birds, sweetly to rest
 Each in his proper lair and nest:
 They shall convey it to the flood,
 Till there thy law be understood.

thou, with thy pregnant fire,
 earth, and air inspire.

Year, for the Countess of CARLISLE (c).

Ida pearl nor stone,
 light who else have none :
 duty shine alone.

Spice bring from the east,
 mix in her breast
 funeral pile and nest.

ere thou canst invent
 see her form be sent ;
 all ornament.

nothing, but restore
 t smiles which heretofore
 rful eyes she wore.

e envious clouds away,
 have o'ercast my day,
 'd her brighter ray.

al Goth mow down
 harvest with his own
 spare Lucinda's frown.

When next I trace
 t lines, I in her face
 harter of my grate ;

a bright Apollo's tree,
 land wreath'd shall be
 own both her and thee.

*our'd Friend, MASTER THOMAS MAY,
 upon his Comedy, the HEIR.*

being born, was in his tender age
 the cradle of a private stage,
 ted up by many a willing hand,
 did from the first day fairly stand.
 ing gather'd strength, he dares prefer
 nto the public theatre,
 ; where he despairs not but to find
 om me more able, not less kind.
 s usber am, yet if my word
 I dare be bound he will afford
 st deserve a welcome, if well known,
 st writers would have with'd their own.
 ll observe his words in order meet,
 y stealing on with equal feet,
 even numbers with such grace
 ord had been moulded for that place.
 ll perceive an amorous passion spun
 ooth a web, as had the sun,

daughter of Edward Lord Howard of Effrick,
 Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle.

When he pursu'd the swiftly-flying maid,
 Courted her in such language, she had stay'd.
 A love so well express'd must be the same
 The author felt himself from his fair flame.
 The whole plot doth alike itself disclose
 Through the five acts, as doth the lock that goes
 With letters ; for till every one be known,
 The lock's as fast as if you had found none :
 And where his sportive muse doth draw a thread
 Of mirth, chaste matrons may not blush to read.

Thus have I thought it fitter to reveal
 My want of art, dear friend, than to conceal
 My love. It did appear I did not mean
 So to commend thy well-wrought comic scene,
 As men might judge my aim rather to be,
 To gain praise to myself, than give it thee ;
 Though I can give thee none, but what thou hast
 Deserv'd, and what must my faint breath out-last.

Yet was this garment (though I skillless be
 To take thy measure) only made for thee ;
 And if it prove too scant, 'tis 'cause the stuff
 Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

*To my worthy Friend, Mr. GEORGE SANDS, on his
 Translation of the Psalms.*

I press not to the choir, nor dare I greet
 The holy place with my unhallowed feet ;
 My unwash'd muse pollutes not things divine,
 Nor mingles her prophane notes with thine :
 Here, humbly waiting at the porch, she stays,
 And with glad ears sucks in thy sacred lays.
 So, devout penitents of old were wont,
 Some without door, and some beneath the font,
 To stand and hear the church's liturgies,
 Yet not assist the solemn exercise :
 Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,
 To trim thy vestments, or but bear thy train ;
 Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy lark,
 Her lyric feet may dance before the ark.
 Who knows, but that her wand'ring eyes that run,
 Now hunting glow-worms, may adore the sun :
 A pure flame may, shot by Almighty power
 Into her breast, the earthy flame devour :
 My eyes in penitential dew may sleep
 That brine, which they for sensual love did weep.
 So (though 'gainst nature's course) fire may be
 quenched

With fire, and water be with water drench'd ;
 Perhaps my restless soul, tir'd with pursuit
 Of mortal beauty, seeking without fruit
 Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,
 Quench'd all her thirst, nor satisfy'd, though cloy'd,
 Weary of her vain search below, above
 In the first fair may find th' immortal love.
 Prompted by thy example then, no more
 In moulds of clay will I my God adore ;
 But tear those idols from my heart, and write
 What his blest spirit, not fond love, shall indite ;
 Then I no more shall court the verdant bay,
 But the dry leafless trunk on Golgotha ;
 And rather strive to gain from thence one thorn,
 Than all the flourishing wreaths by laureats worn.

*To my much honoured Friend, HENRY LORD CAREW
of Lepington, upon his Translation of Malvezzi.*

My Lord,

In every trivial work, 'tis known,
Translators must be masters of their own
And of their author's language; but your task
A greater latitude of skill did ask;
For your Malvezzi first requir'd a man
'To teach him speak vulgar Italian:
His matter's so sublime, so new his phrase,
So far above the stile of Bembo's days,
Old Varchie's rules, or what the Trufca; yet
For current Trufcan mintage will admit,
As I believe your Marquis by a good
Part of his natives hardly understood.
You must expect no happier fate; 'tis true,
He is of noble birth, of nobler you:
So nor your thoughts nor words fit common ears;
He writes, and you translate, both to your pecra.

To my worthy Friend, Mr. D'AVENANT, upon his excellent Play, The Just Italian.

I'LL not mispend in praise the narrow room
I borrow in this leaf; the garlands bloom
From thine own seeds, that crown each glorious
page

Of thy triumphant work; the fullen age
Requires a satyr. What star guides the soul
Of these our froward times, that dare controul,
Yet dare not learn to judge? When didst thou fly
From hence, clear, candid ingenuity?
I have beheld, when perch'd on the smooth brow
Of a fair modest troop, thou didst allow
Applause to slighter works; but then the weak
Spectator gave the knowing leave to speak.
New noise prevails, and he is tax'd for drowth
Of wit, that with the cry spends not his mouth.
Yet ask him reason why he did not like;
Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike
Thy soul with scorn and pity: mark the places
Provoke their smiles, frowns, or distorted faces,
When they admire, and shake the head, they'll be
A scene of mirth, a double comedy
But thy strong fancies, raptures of the brain,
Drest in poetic flames, they entertain
As a bold, impious reach; for they'll still slight
All that exceeds Red Bull and Cockpit flight.
These are the men in crouded heaps that throng
'To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
Of th' untur'd kennel can a line repeat
Of serious sense, but the lips meet like meat;
Whilst the true brood of actors, that alone
Keep nat'ral, unstrain'd action in her throne,
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
The terser Beaumont's or great Jonson's verse.
Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate
Rules not the stage alone; perhaps the state

§ Tuscany.

Hath felt this rancor, where men great and good
Have by the rabble been misunderstood.
So was thy play; whose clear, yet lofty strain,
Wise men, that govern fate, shall entertain.

*To the Reader of Mr. WILLIAM D'AVENANT'S
Play.*

It hath been said of old, that plays are feasts,
Poets the cooks, and the spectators guests;
The actors, waiters: from this simile,
Some have deriv'd an unsafe liberty
To use their judgments as their tastes, which chose,
Without controul, this dish, and that refuse:
But wit allows not this large privilege,
Either you must confess or feel its edge;
Nor shall you make a current inference,
If you transfer your reason to your sense:
Things are distinct, and must the same appear
To every piercing eye or well-tun'd ear.
Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my
taste meet:

Both must agree, this meat's or sharp, or sweet.
But if I scent a stench, or a perfume,
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
You have that sense imperfect: So you may
Affect a sad, merry, or humorous play;
If, though the kind distaste or please, the good
And bad be by your judgment understood:
But if, as in this play, where with delight
I feast my Epicurean appetite
With relishes so curious, as dispense
The utmost pleasure to the ravish'd sense,
You should profess that you can nothing meet
That hits your taste either with sharp or sweet,
But cry out, 'Tis insipid; your bold tongue
May do its master, not the author, wrong;
For men of better palate will by it
Take the just elevation of your wit.

To my Friend WILLIAM D'AVENANT.

I CROWDED 'mongst the first, to see the stage
(Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,
By thy bright fancy dazzled; where each scene
Wrough' like a charm, and forc'd the audience
lean

To th' passion of thy pen: Thence ladies went
(Whose absence lovers sigh'd for) to repent
Their unkind scorn; and courtiers, who by art
Made love before, with a converted heart,
To wed those virgins, whom they would 't abuse;
Both render'd Hymen's pros'lites by thy music.

But others, who were proof 'gainst love, did sit
To learn the subtle dictates of thy wit;
And, as each profited, took his degree,
Master, or bachelor, in comedy.
We of th' adulterate mixture not complain,
But thence more characters of virtue gain;
More pregnant patterns of transcendent worth
Than baysen and insipid fruit brings forth;

bastard nobler fortune meets,
dull issue of the lawful sheets.

The Complaint.

thy tresses are not threads of gold,
of diamonds, nor do I hold
for rubies, thy fair cheeks to be
as, or thy teeth of ivory :
that doth thy dainty body sheath,
after is, nor dost thou breath
odours; those the earth brings forth,
I with which, would but impair thy
worth.
I be others mistresses, but mine
thing earthly, but is all divine.
I see those rays that do arise,
one sun, but two; such are thy eyes;
congealed nectar are, and such
a deity, there's none dare touch;
yet crimson that thy cheek doth clothe
I that it far exceeds them both)
I blush resembles, or that red
I struts in when her mantle's spread;
th in white do Leda's swan exceed;
it's a heavenly and immortal weed;
when thou breath'st, the winds are ready
straight
it from thee; and do therefore wait
thy lips, and snatching it from thence,
O heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincense.
I deify, since thy feature makes thee one,
not such for these respects alone;
I am divine in outward view,
within as fair, as good, as true.

The Inquiry.

ST the myrtles as I walk'd,
and my sighs thus intertalk'd :
me, (said I in deep distress)
where I may find my shepherds."

I fool, (said Love) know'st thou not this,
every thing that's good she is?
Under tulip go and seek,
where thou may'st find her lip, her cheek.

I enamel'd pansy by,
where thou shalt have her curious eye.
Som of peach, in rosy bud,
where wave the streamers of her blood.

I lightest lilies that there stand,
emblems of her whiter hand.
Under rising hill there smell
sweets as in her bosom dwell."

True" (said I): and thereupon
to pluck them one by one,

To make of parts a union;
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopt: said Love, "These be;
"Fond man, resemblances of thee:
"And, as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,
"Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye:
"And all thy hopes of her shall wither,
"Like these short sweets thus knit together."

The Spark.

MY first Love, whom all beauties did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress'd it with her scorn;
Sunlike to tinder in my breast it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
Each wanton eye now kindles my desire,
And that is free to all, that was entire.
Desiring more by thee, desire I lost,
As those that in consumptions hunger most;
And now my wand'ring thoughts are not confin'd
Unto one woman, but to womankind:
This for her shape I love; that for her face;
This for her gesture or some other grace;
And where I none of these do use to find,
I choose there by the kennel, not by the rind:
And so I hope, since first my hopes are gone,
To find in many what I lost in one;
And, like to merchants after some great loss,
Trade by retail, that cannot now in gross.
The fault is hers that made me go astray;
He needs must wander that hath lost his way.
Guileless I am; she did this change provoke,
And made that charcoal which to her was oak:
And as a looking-glass, from the aspect,
Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect,
But being crack'd or broken, there are shewn
Many half faces, which at first were one;
So Love unto my heart did first prefer
Her image, and there planted none but her;
But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn,
Many less faces in her face are born:
Thus, like to tinder, am I prone to catch
Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

The Compliment.

O MY Dearest, I shall grieve thee,
When I swear (yet, Sweet, believe me.)
By thine eyes, the tempting look,
On which even crabbed old men look;
I swear to thee, (though none abhor them)
Yet I do not love thee for them.

I do not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Fairer than the threads of lawn,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spinner weaves.

I do not love thee for those flow'rs,
Growing on thy cheeks (Love's bow'rs),

Though such cunning them hath spread
None can paint their white and red :
Love's golden arrows thence are shot ;
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kiss'd so oft ;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, whence music still is heard :
Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
Might Tyrants melt, and Death awaken.

I do not love thee, O my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder ;
Though that neck be whiter far,
Than tow'rs of polish'd ivory are.

I do not love thee for those mountains
Hill'd with snow, whence milky fountains
(Sugar'd sweets, as syrup'd berries)
Must one day run through pipes of cherries ;
O how much those breasts do move me !
Yet for them I do not love thee.

I do not love thee for that belly,
Sleek as fatten, soft as jelly,
Though within that crystal round
Heaps of treasure might be found,
So rich, that for the best of them,
A king might leave his diadem.

I do not love thee for those thighs,
Whose alabaster rocks do rise
So high and even, that they stand
Like sea-marks to some happy land :
Happy are those eyes have seen them ;
More happy they that fall between them.

I love not thee for thy moist palm,
Though the dew thereof be balm :
Nor for thy pretty leg and foot,
Although it be the precious root
On which the goodly cedar grows :
Sweet, I love thee not for those.

Nor for thy wit, though pure and quick,
Whose substance no arithmetic
Can number down ; nor those for charms
Mask'd in thy embracing arms ;
Though in them one night to lie,
Dearest, I would gladly die.

I love not for those eyes, nor hair,
Nor cheeks, nor lips, nor teeth so rare ;
Nor for thy speech, thy neck, nor breast,
Nor for thy belly, nor the rest ;
Nor for thy hand, nor foot so small ;
But, wouldst thou know, dear Sweet, for All.

On Sight of a Gentlewoman's Face in the Water.

STAND still, you floods, do not deface
That image which you bear :

So votaries, from every place,
To you shall altars rear.

No winds but lovers sighs blow here,
To trouble these glad streams,
On which no star from any sphere
Did ever dart such beams.

To crystal then in haste conceal,
Lest you should lose your bliss ;
And to my cruel fair reveal,
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious Nymphs shall fear
Their beauties will be scorn'd,
And hire the ruder winds to tear
That face which you adorn'd ;

Then rage and foam again, that we
Their malice may despise ;
And from your froth we foot shall see
A second Venus rise.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose ;
For in your beauties orient deep
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day ;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night ;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,
The phoenix builds her spicy nest ;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

SONG.

Would you know what's soft, I dare
Not bring you to the downy air ;
Nor to stars to shew what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear ;
Nor, to please your sense, bring forth
Bruised hard, or what's more worth.

od were your thoughts plac'd,
 i nectar for a taste :
 ou have all these in one,
 / mistress, and 'tis done.

The second Rapture.

dling, no ; 'tis not thy gold,
 ou dost use but to behold,
 me, honour, nor long life,
 , or friends, nor a good wife,
 kes thee happy ; these things be
 ows of felicity :
 a wench about thirteen,
 voted to the queen
 ad lovers ; whose soft hair,
 ith the breath of gentle air,
 ds her shoulders like a tent,
 er veil and ornament ;
 nder touch will make the blood
 the aged and the good ;
 ifses, fasten'd to the mouth
 core years and longer slouth,
 he age ; and whose bright eye
 those lesser lights of sky ;
 nowy breasts (if we may call
 ow, that never melts at all)
 ove invent a new disguise,
 of Juno's jealousies ;
 very part doth reinvite
 decayed appetite ;
 whose sweet embraces I
 lit myself to lust, and die.
 as true bliss ; and I confess,
 : is no other happiness.

The Hue and Cry.

's name, you are charg'd hereby,
 e a speedy hue and cry
 ace which, t' other day,
 y wand'ring heart away.
 ct you, these, in brief,
 dy marks to know the thief.
 hair a net of beams would prove,
 enough to captiv'd Jove
 gle shape ; her brow
 uly field of snow ;
 : so rich, so pure a grey,
 eam creates a day ;
 she but sleep (not when
 a sets) 'tis night again ;
 cheeks are to be seen
 vers both the king and queen,
 r by the graces led,
 :shly laid in nuptial bed ;
 om lips like nymphs do wait,
 eptore their virgin state ;
 y blush, and blush for this,
 ey one another kiss :

. III.

But observe, besides the rest,
 You shall know this felon best
 By her tongue ; for if your ear
 Once a heavenly music hear,
 Such as neither gods nor men,
 But from that voice, shall hear again,
 That, that is she. O straight surprise,
 And bring her unto Love's abode :
 If you let her go, she may
 Antedate the latter day,
 Fate and philosophy controul,
 And leave the world without a soul.

S O N G.

To his Mistress confined.

O THINK not, Phœbe, 'cause a cloud
 Doth now thy silver brightness shroud,
 My wand'ring eye
 Can stoop to common beauties of the sky.
 Rather be kind, and this eclipse
 Shall neither hinder eye nor lips ;
 For we shall meet
 With our hearts, and kiss, and none shall see't.

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,
 Without some living sign of me :
 When thou dost spy
 A sun-beam peep into the room, 'tis I ;
 For I am hid within a flame,
 And thus into thy chamber came,
 To let thee see
 In what a martyrdom I burn for thee.

When thou dost touch thy lute, thou may'st
 Think on my heart, on which thou play'st ;
 When each sad tune
 Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groan.
 When thou dost please, they shall rebound
 With nimble airs, struck to the sound
 Of thy own voice ;
 O think how much I tremble and rejoice !

There's no sad picture that doth dwell
 Upon thy Arras wall, but well
 Resembles me.
 No matter though our age do not agree,
 Love can make old, as well as time ;
 And he that doth but twenty climb,
 If he dare prove
 As true as I, shews fourscore years in love.

The Primrose.

Ask me why I send you here
 This firstling of the infant year ;
 Ask me why I send to you
 This primrose all bepearl'd with dew

Y Y

I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears:
Ask me why this flow'r doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

The Tinder.

Of what mould did nature frame me?
Or was it her intent to shame me,
That no woman can come near me,
Fair, but her I court to hear me?
Sure that mistress, to whose beauty
First I paid a lover's duty,
Burnt in rage my heart to tinder;
That nor pray'rs, nor tears can hinder;
But wherever I do turn me,
Every spark let fall doth burn me.
Women, since you thus inflame me,
Flint and steel I'll ever name ye.

A SONG.

In her fair cheeks two pits do lie,
To bury those slain by her eye;
So, spirit of death, this comforts me,
That fairly buried I shall be:
My grave with rose and lily spread,
O 'tis a life to be so dead
Come then, and kill me with thy eye,
For if thou let me live, I die.

When I behold those lips again
Reviving what those eyes have slain
With kisses sweet, whose balsam pure
Love's wounds, as soon as made, can cure;
Methinks 'tis sickness to be found,
And there's no health to such a wound.
Come then, &c.

When in her chaste breast I behold,
Those downy mounds of snow ne'er cold,
And those blest hearts her beauty kills,
Reviv'd by climbing those fair hills;
Methinks there's life in such a death,
And so 't' expire inspires new breath.
Come then, &c.

Nymph, since no death is deadly, where
Such choice of antidotes are near,
And your keen eyes but kill in vain
Those that are found; as soon as slain,
That I no longer dead survive,
Your ways to bury me alive
In Cupid's cave, where happy I
May cying live, and living die:
Come then, and kill me with thy eye,
For if thou let me live, I die.

THE CARVER.

To his Mistress.

A CARVER, having lov'd too long in vain,
Hew'd out the portraiture of Venus' son
In marble rock, upon the which did rain
Small drizzling drops that from a fount did run;
Imagining the drops would either wear
His fury out, or quench his living flame:
But when he saw it bootless did appear,
He swore the water did augment the same.
So I, that seek in verse to carve thee out,
Hoping thy beauty will my flame allay,
Viewing my lines impolish'd all throughout,
Find my will rather than my love obey;
That, with the carver, I my work do blame,
Finding it still th' augmenter of my flame.

To the Painter.

FOND man, that hop'st to catch that face
With those false colours, whose short grace
Serves but to shew the lookers on
The faults of thy presumption;
Or at the least to let us see,
That is divine, but yet not she:
Say you could imitate the rays
Of those eyes that outline the days;
Or counterfeit, in red and white,
That most uncounterfeited light
Of her complexion; yet canst thou,
(Great master though thou be) tell how
To print a virtue? Then desist;
This fair your artifice hath mis'd:
You should have mark'd how she begins
To grow in virtue, not in sins;
Instead of that same rosy dye,
You should have drawn out modesty,
Whose beauty sits enthroned there,
And learns to look and blush at her.
Or can you colour just the same,
When virtue blushes; or when shame,
When sickness, and when innocence,
Shews pale or white unto the sense?
Can such coarse varnish e'er be said
To imitate her white and red?
This may do well elsewhere in Spain,
Amongst those faces dy'd in grain;
So you may thrive, and what you do
Prove the best picture of the two.
Besides (if all I hear be true)
'Tis taken ill by some, that you
Should be so insolently vain,
As to contrive all that rich gain
Into one tablet, which alone
May teach us superstition;
Instructing our amazed eyes
T' admire and worship imag'ries,
Such as quickly might outline
Some new saint, we're't allow'd a shrine,

urn each wand'ring looker on
 new Pygmalion.
 our art cannot equalize
 picture in her lover's eyes :
 es the pencils are, which limb
 uly, as hers copy him :
 art the tablet, which alone
 hat portrait the tru'st stone ;
 would a truer see,
 it in their posterity,
 ou shall read it truly there,
 the glad world shall see their heir.

Love's Courtship.

lovely Celia, and be kind ;
 y desires freedom find :
 Sit thee down,
 e will make the gods confess,
 ls enjoy some happiness.

would disdain his mistress' charms,
 cheld thee in my arms,
 And descend,
 is mortal queen to make,
 as mortal for thy sake.

must lose her title new,
 ave to brag of Cupid's bow ;
 Silly queen !
 th but one, but I can spy
 oufand Cupids in thy eye.

ay the sun behold our bliss,
 e thy eyes do dazzle his ;
 If thou fear
 e'll betray thee with his light,
 eclipse thee from his sight.

hile I shade thee from his eye,
 me hear thee gently cry,
 Celia yields.
 often lose their maidenhead,
 y set foot in nuptial bed.

Damask Rose picking upon a Lady's Breast.

ide grow big, my rose, and let the clear
 mask colour of thy leaves appear.
 it and looks be sweet, and blest that hand
 d transplant thee to that sacred land.
 y thou that in that garden rests,
 radise between that lady's breasts :
 an eternal spring ; there shalt thou lie,
 two lily mounts, and never die :
 halt thou spring among the fertile vallies,
 , like thee, that grow in midst of allies.
 one dare pluck thee, for that place is such,
 it a God divine there's none dare touch ;
 ut approach, straight doth arise
 ing lightning flash, and blazes his eyes.

There, 'stead of rain, shall living fountains flow ;
 For wind, her fragrant breath for ever blow.
 Nor now, as erst, one sun shall on thee shine,
 But those two glorious suns, her eyes divine.
 O then what monarch would not think't a grace,
 To leave his regal throne to have thy place ?
 Myself, to gain thy blessed seat, do vow
 Would be transform'd into a rose as thou.

THE PROTESTATION.

A Sonnet.

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers,
 Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers ;
 Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
 Nor warbling birds delight to sing ;
 Nor April violets paint the grove ;
 If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
 And fountains sweet shall bitter turn ;
 The humble oak no flood shall know
 When floods shall highest hills o'erflow ;
 Black Lethe shall oblivion leave ;
 If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,
 And Venus' doves want wings to fly ;
 The sun refuse to shew his light,
 And day shall then be turn'd to night,
 And in that night no star appear ;
 If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
 Nor lovers more shall love for worth ;
 Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
 Nor pain torment poor souls in hell ;
 Grim death no more shall horrid prove ;
 If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

The Tooth-Ach cured by a Kiss.

FATE's now grown merciful to men,
 Turning disease to bliss :
 For had not kind rheum vex'd me then,
 I might not Celia kiss.
 Physicians, you are now my scorn ;
 For I have found a way
 To cure diseases, when forlorn
 By your dull art, which may
 Patch up a body for a time,
 But can restore to health
 No more than chemists can sublime
 True gold, the Indies' wealth.
 The angel, sure, that us'd to move
 The pool men so admir'd,
 Hath to her lip, the seat of love,
 As to his heaven, retir'd.

To the Jealous Mistress.

ADMIT (thou darling of mine eyes)
I have some idol lately fram'd;
That, under such a false disguise,
Our true loves might the less be fam'd;
Canst thou, that know'st my heart, suppose
I'll fall from thee, and worship those?

Remember (dear) how loath and slow
I was to cast a look or smile,
Or one love line to misbestow,
Till thou hadst chang'd both face and style;
And art thou grown afraid to see
That mask put on thou mad'st for me?

I dare not call those childish fears,
Coming from love, much less from thee,
But wash away with frequent tears
This counterfeit idolatry;
And henceforth kneel at ne'er a shrine,
To blind the world, but only thine.



The Dart.

OFT when I look, I may descry
A little face peep through that eye:
Sure that's the boy, which wisely chose
His throne among such beams as those,
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
May serve for darts to kill withal.



The Mistake.

WHEN on fair Celia I did spy
A wounded heart of stone,
The wound had almost made me cry,
Sure this heart was my own:

But when I saw it was enthron'd
In her celestial breast,
O then! it no longer own'd,
For mine was ne'er so best.

Yet if in highest heavens do shine
Each constant martyr's heart;
Then she may well give rest to mine,
That for her sake doth smart:

Where, seated in so high a bliss,
Though wounded, it shall live:
Death enters not in paradise;
The place free life death give.

Or, if the place less sacred were,
Eld but her saving eye
Both my kind heart in one kind tear,
Then should I never die.

Sight below may lead a lighter eye;
No need she less divine

Can ever hope for to restore
A wounded heart like mine.

To my Lord Admiral†, on his late Sickness and Recovery.

WITH joy like ours, the Thracian youth invade
Orpheus returning from th' Elysian shade,
Embrace the hero, and his stay implore,
Make it their public suit he would no more
Desert them so, and for his spouse's sake,
His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethæan lake:
The ladies too, the brightest of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb,
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Which shall the fair Eurydice succeed;
Eurydice, for whom his numerous moan
Makes lift'ning trees and savage mountains groan
Through all the air; his sounding strings distill
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of ill;
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,
At once the land affecting, and the main.
When the glad news, that you were admiral,
Scarce through the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in
you,

Should be perplexed how to choose a new:
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worst it gave our souls relief,
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd,
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.

Nature her fairest light eclipsed, seems
Herself to suffer in these sad extremes:
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.
The stem thus threat'ned, and the sap, in thee
Drop all the branches of that noble tree;
Their beauties they, and we our love suspend,
Nought can our wishes save thy health intend;
As trees overcharg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven contend,

Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry,
He is too faultless, and too young to die:
So, like immortals, round about thee they
Sit, that their fright approaching death away.
Who would not languish by so fair a train,
To be lamented and restor'd again?
Or thus withheld, what hasty soul would go,
Though to the blest? O'er young Adonis so
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious dew
Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flower.

The next support, fair hope of your great name,
And second pillar of that noble frame,
By loss of thee would no advantage have,
But, step by step, pursues thee to thy grave.
And now relentless fate, about to end
The line, which backward doth so far extend

† The Duke of Buckingham, the unhappy favourite of Charles I. to whom he was appointed Lord High Admiral of England.

que stock, which still the world supplics
 est spirits, and with brightest eyes,
 bus interposing, bade me say,
 as no more shall shake that house; but
 y,
 une and his sea-born niece, shall be
 ig glories of the land and sea,
 age guard, and beauty warm our age,
 s fill with like poetic rage.

N MISTRESS N.

To the Green Sickness.

vard blood, and do not yield
 le sister beauty's field,
 e displaying round her white
 ath usurp'd thy right;
 thy peculiar throne,
 where thou should'st rule alone;
 te cheek, where nature's care
 ach an equal share,
 ding lily only grows,
 lky deluge drowns thy rose.

at the field, faint blood, nor rush
 rtally of a blush
 sister foe, but strive
 n endless war alive;
 eace do petty states maintain,
 alone makes beauty reign.

A Mole in Celia's Bosom.

ely spot which thou dost see
 bosom was a bee,
 t her amorous spicy nest
 las of her either breast;
 close ivory hives, she flew
 he aromatic dew
 on the neighbour vale distills,
 rts those two twin-sister hills;
 fling on ambrosial meat,
 ; file of balmy sweet
 t murmurs, before death,
 she sung) chok'd up her breath.
 water did expire,
 ous than the Phoenix' fire;
 l her shadow there remains
 o those Elysian plains;
 strict law, that who shall lay
 lips on that milky way,
 t and smart from thence shall bring
 t's honey and her sting.

*Real Song on the Nuptials of the Lady ANNE
 WORTH, and the Lord Lovelace.*

at the slumbers of the bride,
 e fun in triumph ride,
 Scattering his beamy light;

er of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, by
 wife, Arabella daughter of Lord Clare.

When she awakes, he shall resign
 His rays, and she alone shall shine
 In glory all the night.

For she, till day return, must keep
 An amorous vigil, and not sleep
 Her fair eyes in the dew of sleep.

Yet gently whisper as she lies,
 And say her lord waits her aprise,
 The priests at th' altar stay;
 With flow'ry wreaths the virgin crew
 Attend, while some with roses strew,
 And myrtles trim the way.

Now to the temple and the priest
 See her convey'd, thence to the feast;
 Then back to bed, though not to rest.

For now, to crown his faith and truth,
 We must admit the noble youth
 To revel in love's sphere;
 To rule, as chief intelligence,
 That orb, and happy time dispense
 To wretched lovers here.

For there, exalted far above
 All hope, fear, change, or they to move
 The wheel that spins the fates of love;

They know no night, nor glaring noon,
 Measure no hours of sun or moon,
 Nor mark time's restless glass;
 Their kisses measure as they flow,
 Minutes, and there embraces show
 The hours as they do pass,

Their motions the year's circle make,
 And we from their conjunctions take
 Rules to make love an almanack.

A Married Woman.

WHEN I shall marry, if I do not find
 A wife thus moulded, I'll create this mind:
 Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,
 Beauty, or wit, shall she derive a power
 To prejudice my right; but if she be
 A subject born, she shall be so to me,
 As to the soul the flesh, as appetite
 To reason is; which shall our wills unite
 In habits so confirm'd, as no rough sway
 Shall once appear, if she but learn t' obey.
 For, in habitual virtues, sense is wrought
 To that calm temper, as the body's thought
 To have nor blood nor gall, if wild and rude
 Passions of lust and anger are subdu'd;
 When 'tis the fair obedience to the soul
 Doth in the birth those swelling æts controul
 If I in murder sleep my furious rage,
 Or with adultery my hot lust assuage,
 Will it suffice to say my sense, the beast,
 Provok'd me to't? Could I my soul divest,
 Y y ij

My plea were good. Lions and bulls commit
Both freely, but man must in judgment sit,
And tame this beast; for Adam was not free,
When in excuse he said, Eve gave it me:
Had he not eaten, she perhaps had been
Unpunish'd; his consent made hers a sin.

A Divine Love.

Why should dull art, which is wise nature's ape,
If she produce a shape
So far beyond all patterns that of old
Fell from her mould,
As thine, admir'd Lucinda! not bring forth
An equal wonder to express that worth
In some new way, that hath,
Like her great work, no print of vulgar path?

Is it because the rapes of poetry,
Rising the spacious sky
Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,
Did those dispense
On airy creations that surpass
The real works of nature, the at last,
To prove their raptures vain,
Shew'd such a light as poets could not feign?

Or is it 'cause the factious wits did vie
With vain idolatry,
Whose goddess was supreme, and so had hurl'd
Schism through the world;
Whose priest sung sweetest lays, thou didst appear
A glorious mystery, so dark, so clear,
As nature did intend
All should confess, but none might comprehend?

Perhaps all other beauties share a light
Proportion'd to the sight
Of weak mortality, scatt'ring such loose fires
As stir desires,
And from the brain distil salt, amorous rheums;
Whilst thy immortal flame such dross consumes,
And from the earthy mould
With purging fires levers the purer gold.

If so, then why in Fame's immortal scroll
Do we their names enrol,
Whose easy hearts and wanton eyes did sweat
With sensual heat?
If Petrarch's unarm'd bosom catch a wound
From a light glance, must Laura be renown'd?
Or both a glory gain,
He from ill-govern'd love, she from disdain?

Shall he more fam'd in his great art become
For wilful martyrdom?
Shall he more title gain to chaste and fair,
Through his despair?
Is Troy more noble 'cause to ashes turn'd,
Than virgin cities that yet never burn'd?
Is Fire, when it consumes
Temples, more fire, than when it melts perfumes?

VII.

'Cause Venus from the ocean took her name,
Must love needs be a tempest?
'Cause she her wanton shrines in Memphis
Through seas of tears,
O'er rocks and gulfs, with our own fighting
Must we to Cyprus or to Paphos sail?
Can there no way be given
But a true hell, that leads to her false heaven?

Love's Force.

In the first ruder rage, when love was wild,
Not yet by laws reclaim'd, not repress'd
To order, nor by reason mann'd, but free,
Full-illum'd by Nature, on the instant dies,
Upon the wings of appetite, at all
The eye could fair or sense delightful call,
Election was not yet; but as their cheap
Food from the oak, or this next acorn heap,
As water from the nearest spring or brook,
So men their undistinguishing females took
By chance, not choice. But soon the human
spark,
That in man's bosom lurk'd, broke through
Confusion; then the noblest breast first set
Itself for its own proper object melt.

A Fancy.

MARK how this polish'd eastern sheet
Doth with our northern tincture meet;
For though the paper seem to sink,
Yet it receives and bears the ink;
And on her smooth, soft brow these spots
Seem rather ornaments than blots,
Like those you ladies use to place
Mysteriously about your face;
Not only to set off and break
Shadows and eye-beams, but to speak
To the skill'd lover, and relate,
Unheard, his sad or happy fate.
Nor do their characters delight,
As careless works of black and white;
But 'cause you underneath may find
A sense that can inform the mind;
Divine or moral rules impart,
Or raptures of poetic art:
So what at first was only fit
To fold up silks, may wrap up wit.

To his Mistress.

L.

GRIEVE not, my Celia, but with haste
Obey the fury of thy fate,
'Tis some perfection to waste
Discreetly out our wretched state,
To be obedient in this sense
Will prove thy virtue, though offence.

II.

snows but destiny may relent,
many miracles have been,
proving thus obedient
all the griefs she plung'd thee in;
seen the certainty she meant
ed is by accident.

III.

I must confess 'tis much,
en we remember'd what hath been,
parting never more to touch,
let eternal absence in;
gh never was our pleasure yet
e, but chance distracted it.

IV.

shall we then submit to Fate,
I die to one another's love?
lia, no, my soul doth hate
se lovers that inconstant prove.
ay be cruel, but if you decline,
ime is your's, and all the glory mine.

nd the planets sometimes bodies part,
nker'd Nature only alters th' heart.

In praise of his Mistress.

I.

hat will a wonder know,
Go with me,
uns in a heaven of snow
Both burning be,
ey fire, that do but eye them,
ie snow's unmelted by them.

II.

s of crimson tulips met,
Guide the way
: two pearly rows be set
As white as day.
they part themselves asunder,
reathes oracles of wonder.

III.

of milk with azure mix'd
Swell beneath,
yg sweetly, yet still fix'd,
While she doth breathe.
those hills descends a valley
e all fall, that dare to dally.

IV.

r pillars understand
Statues two,
r than the silver swan
That swims in Po;
ny time they move her,
slept begets a lover.

V.

All this but the casket is
Which contains
Such a jewel, as the miss
Breeds endless pains;
That's her mind, and they that know it
May admire, but cannot shew it.

To CELIA upon Love's Ubiquity.

As one that strives, being sick, and sick to death,
By changing places, to preserve a breath,
A tedious restless breath, removes and tries
A thousand rooms, a thousand policies,
To cozen pain, when he thinks to find ease,
At last he finds all change, but in his disease;
So (like a ball with fire and powder fill'd)
I restless am, yet live, each minute kill'd,
And with that moving torture must retain,
With change of all things else, a constant pain.
Say I stay with you, presence is to me,
Nought but a light to shew my misery,
And parting are as racks, to plague love on,
The further stretch'd, the more affliction.
Go I to Holland, France, or Furthest Ind,
I change but only countries, not my mind.
And though I pass through air and water free,
Despair and hopeless fate still follow me.
Whilst in the bosom of the waves I reel,
My heart I'll liken to the tottering keel,
The sea to my own troubled fate, the wind
To your disdain, sent from a soul unkind:
But when I lift my sad looks to the skies,
Then shall I think I see my Celia's eyes;
And when a cloud or storm appears between,
I shall remember what her frowns have been.
Thus, whatsoever course my fates allow,
All things but make me mind my business, you.
The good things that I meet, I think streams be
From you the fountain; but when bad I see,
How vile and cursed is that thing, think I,
That to such goodness is so contrary?
My whole life is 'bout you, the centre star,
But a perpetual motion circular.
I am the dial's hand, still walking round;
You are the compass; and I never found
Beyond your circle; neither can I shew
Aught but what first expressed is in you,
That whereof'er my tears do cause me move,
My fate still keeps me bounded with your love;
Which ere it die, or be extinct in me,
Time shall stand still, and moist waves flaming be:
Yet being gone, think not on me; I am
A thing too wretched for thy thoughts so name;
But when I die, and with all comforts given,
I'll think on you, and by you think on heaven.

Y y iiii

COELUM BRITANNICUM:

A MASQUE.

The Description of the SCENE.

THE first thing that presented itself to the sight was a rich ornament that enclosed the Scene; in the upper part of which were great branches of foliage growing out of leaves and husks, with a cornice at the top: and in the midst was placed a large compartment, composed of grotesque work, wherein were Harpies with wings and lions claws, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches. Over all was a broken frontispiece, wrought with Scrolls and Masque heads of children, and within this, a table adorned with a lesser compartment, with this inscription, *Celum Britannicum*. The two sides of this ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square basement, and on the plinth stood a great vase of gold, richly enchased, and beautified with sculptures of great relieve, with fruitages hanging from the upper part. At the foot of this sat two youths naked, in their natural colours; each of these with one arm supported the vase, on the cover of which stood two young women in draperies, arm in arm; the one figuring the glory of princes, and the other manufactures: their other arms bore up an oval, in which, to the King's Majesty, was this impress, a lion with an imperial crown on his head; the words, *Animus sub potere fuit*: On the other side was the like composition, but the design of the figures varied; and in the oval on the top, being borne up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this impress to the Queen's Majesty, a lily growing with branches and leaves, and three lesser lilies springing out of the stem; the words, *Semper in laeta virtus*: All this ornament was heightened with gold, and for the invention, and most gracious that hath been done in this place.

The curtain was watchet (a), and a pale yellow panes, which flying up on the sudden, discovered the Scene, representing old arches, old palaces, decayed walls, parts of temples, theatres, basilica's (b) and thermes (c), with confused heaps of broken columns, basas, cornices, and statues, lying as underground, and altogether resembling the ruins of some great city of the ancient Romans, or civilized Britons. The strange prospect detained the eyes of the spectators some time, when to a loud music Mercury descends. On the upper part of his chariot stands a cock in action of crowing. His habit was a coat of flame-colour girt to him, and a white mantle trimmed with gold and silver: upon his head a wreath with small falls of white feathers, a caduceus in his hand, and wings at his heels: Being come to the ground, he dismounts, and goes up to the state.

MERCURY.

From the high senate of the gods, to you,
Bright glorious twins of Love and Majesty,
Before whose throne three warlike nations bend
Their willing knees; on whose imperial brow
The regal circle prints no awful frowns
To fright your subjects, but whose calmer eyes
Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts,
That flow with cheerful loyal reverence;
Come I, Cyllenius, Jove's ambassador,
Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales
Of wanton love into the glowing ear
Of some choice beauty in this numerous train:

(a) Pale blue.

(b) basilica's, in architecture, are public halls with a ran, or of pillars, and galleries over them.

(c) Baths.

days are fled; the rebel flame is quench'd
venly breasts; the gods have sworn by Styx,
to tempt yielding Mortality
se embraces. Your exemplar life
not alone transfus'd a zealous heat
itation through your virtuous court,
ose bright blaze your palace is become
ny'd pattern of this under world;
e aspiring flame hath kindled heaven:
mortal bosoms burn with emulous fires:
ivals your great virtues, royal Sir,
uno, Madam, your attractive graces;
wild lusts, her raging jealousies
ys aside, and through th' Olympic hall,
rs doth here, their great example spreads.
ough, of old, when youthful blood conspir'd
his new empire, prone to heats of lust,
ted incests, rapes, adulteries,
rthly beauties, which his raging Queen,
with revengeful fury, turn'd to beasts,
a despite he transformed to stars,
e had fill'd the crowded firmament
his loose strumpets, and their spurious race,
the eternal records of his shame
to the world in flaming characters:
in the crystal mirror of your reign
ew'd himself, he found his loathsome stains;
ow, to expiate th' infectious guilt
se detested luxuries, he'll chase
nfamous lights from their usurped sphere,
rown in the Lethæan flood their curs'd
ames and memories: In whose vacant rooms
ou succeed, and of the wheeling orb,
most eminent and conspicuous point,
dazzling beams and spreading magnitude,
the bright Pole-star of this hemisphere.
by your side, in a triumphant chair,
rown'd with Ariadne's diadem,
e fair consort of your heart and throne;
'd about you, with that share of light
ey of virtue have deriv'd from you,
fix this noble train of either sex;
the British stars this lower globe
owe his light, and they alone dispense
' world a pure, refined influence.

*Momus attired in a long darkish robe, all wrought
with poniards, serpents, tongues, eyes, and ears;
beard and hair partly-coloured, and upon his head
breath stuck with feathers, and a porcupine in the
part.*

Momus.

your leave, mortals. Good cousin Hermes,
pardon, good my Lord Ambassador: I found
bles of your arms and titles in every inn be-
this and Olympus, where your present ex-
on is registered: your pine thousand nine-
ed ninety-ninth legation. I cannot reach
sily why your mailer breeds so few state-
it suits not with his dignity, that in the
Empyæum there should not be a God fit
d on these honourable errands but yourself;
are not yet so careful of his honour or your
as might become your quality, when you

are itinerant. The hosts upon the high-way cry
out with open mouth upon you, for supporting
plafery in your train; which though, as you are
the God of petty larceny, you might protect, yet
you would know it is directly against the new
orders, and opposes the reformation in diamever.

Merc. Peace, railer; bridle your licentious tongue.
And let this presence teach you modesty.

Mom. Iet it, if it can; in the mean time I
will acquaint it with my condition. Know, gay
people, that though your poets who enjoy by
patent a particular privilege to draw down any of
the deities from Twelfth Night to Shrove Tues-
day, at what time there is annually a most familiar
intercourse between the two courts) have as yet
never invited me to these solemnities, yet it shall
appear by my intrusion this night, that I am a
very considerable person upon these occasions, and
may most properly assist at such entertainments.
My name is *Momus ap-Semnus ap-Erabus ap-Chaos
ap-Demorgorgon ap-Eternity*. My offices and titles
are, the Supreme Theomallix, Hypercritic of Man-
ners, Prothonotary of Abuses, Arch Informer, Di-
lator General, Universal Calumniator, Eternal
Plaintiff, and perpetual Foreman of the General
Inquest. My privileges are an ubiquitary, circum-
ambulatory, ipeculatory, interrogatory, redargu-
tory immunity over all the privy lodgings; be-
hind hangings, doors, curtains; through key-
holes, chinks, windows; about all venereal lob-
bies, sconces, or redoubts, though it be to the
surprise of a perdu (*d*) page or chambermaid; in
and at all courts of civil and criminal judicature;
all councils, consultations, and parliamentary assem-
blies, where, though I am but a wool-sack God,
and have no vote in the sanction of new laws, I
have yet a prerogative of wresting the old to any
whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the
behoof or prejudice of Jupiter, his crown, and
dignity; for or against the rights of either house
of Patrician or Plebeian Gods. My natural qua-
lities are to make Jove frown, Juno pout, Mars
chafe, Venus blush, Vulcan glow, Saturn quake,
Cynthia pale, Phœbus hide his face, and Mercury
here take his heels. My recreations are witty
mischiefs, as when Saturn gelt his father; the
smith caught his wife and her bravo in a net of
cobweb iron; and Hebe, through the lubricity of
the pavement tumbling over the halfpace, pre-
sented the emblem of the forked tree, and disco-
vered to the tanned Ethiops the snowy cliffs of
Calabria, with the grotto of Puteolum. But that
you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me,
by the familiar illustration of a bird of mine own
feather, old Peter Arcetine, who reduced all the
sceptres and mitres of that age tributary to his
wit, was my parallel, and Frank Rabelais suck'd
much of my milk too; but your modern French
Hospital of Oratory is a mere counterfeited, an ar-
rant mountebank; for though, fearing no other
fortunes than his Scitica, he discoursed of kings
and queens with as little reverence as of grooms

(*c*) Lying in wait to watch any thing.

and chambermaids, yet he wants their fangteeth and scorpions tail; I mean that fellow, who, to add to his stature, thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tip-toes like a dog in a doublet, than to walk like other men on the soles of his feet.

Merc. No more, impertinent trifter; you disturb

'The great affair with your rude scurrilous chat.
What doth the knowledge of your abject state
Concern Jove's solemn message.

Mom. Sir, by your favour, though you have a more especial commission of employment from Jupiter, and a larger entertainment from his exchequer; yet, as a freeborn God, I have the liberty to travel at mine own charges, without your pass or countenance legatine; and that it may appear, a sedulous, acute observer may know as much as a dull phlegmatic ambassador, and wears a treble key to unlock the mysterious cyphers of your dark secrecies, I will discourse the politic state of heaven to this trim audience.

At this the Scene changeth, and in the heaven is discovered a sphere, with stars placed in their several images; borne up by a huge naked figure (only a piece of drapery hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forwards; as if the great weight lying on his shoulders oppress him; upon his head a crown: By all which he might easily be known to be ATLAS.

—You shall understand, that Jupiter, upon the inspection of I know not what virtuous precedents extant (as they say) here in this court, but, as I more probably guess, out of the consideration of the decay of his natural abilities, hath, before a frequent convocation of the superlunary peers, in a solemn oration recanted, disclaimed, and utterly renounced all the lascivious extravagancies and riotous enormities of his forepast licentious life, and taken his oath on Juno's breviary, religiously kissing the two-leav'd book, never to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets; and hath with pathetical remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoined, a respective conformity in the several subordinate deities; and because the libertines of antiquity, the ribald poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over chastity, to all future imitation, have in their immortal songs celebrated the martyrdom of those strumpets under the persecution of the wives, and devolved to posterity the pedigrees of their whores, bawds, and bastards; it is, therefore, by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this whole army of constellations be immediately disbanded and cashiered, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the celestial spirits, and all lustful influences upon terrestrial bodies, and consequently that there be an inquisition erected to expunge in the ancient, and suppress in the modern and succeeding poems and pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those abjur'd heresies, and to take particular notice of all ensuing incontinencies, and punish them in their High Commission Court. Am

not I in election to be a tall statesman, think yet, that can repeat a passage thus punctually?

Merc. I flun in vain the importunity
With which this snarler vexeth all the Gods;
Jove cannot 'scape him: Well, what else from
heaven?

Mom. Heaven! Heaven is no more the place it was; a cloyster of Carthusians, a monastery of converted Gods; Jove is grown old and fearful, apprehends a subversion of his empire, and doubts lest Fate should introduce a legal succession in the legitimate heir, by repossessing the Titanian line; and hence springs all this innovation. We have had new orders read in the Prefence Chamber, by the Vice President of Parnassus, too strict to be observed long. Monopolies are called in, sophistication of wares punished, and rates imposed on commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly beverage of a narcotic weed which hath rendered the ideas confused in the divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in Saturn's reign. Edicts are made for the restoring of decayed house-keeping, prohibiting the repair of families to the metropolis; but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more masculine resolution of soliciting businesses in their own persons, and leaving their husbands at home for talions of hospitality. Bacchus hath commanded all taverns to be shut, and no liquor drawn after ten o'clock at night. Cupid must go no more scandalously naked, but is enjoined to make his breeches, though of his mother's petticoats. Ganymede is forbidden the bed-chamber, and must only minister in public. The Gods must keep no pages, nor grooms of their chamber, under the age of twenty-five, and those provided of a competent stock of beard. Pan may not pipe, nor Proteus juggle, but by especial permission. Vulcan was brought to an oretenus and fined, for driving in a plate of iron into one of the Sun's chariot-wheels, and frost-nailing his horses upon the fifth of November last, for breach of a penal statute, prohibiting work upon holidays, that being the annual celebration of the Gygaomachy. In brief, the whole state of the hierarchy suffers a total reformation, especially in the point of reciprocation of conjugal affection. Venus hath confessed all her adulteries, and is received to grace by her husband, who, conscious of the great disparity betwixt her perfections and his deformities, allows those levities as an equal counterpoise; but it is the priciest spectacle to see her stroaking with her ivory hand his collied cheeks, and with her snowy fingers combing his sooty beard. Jupiter too begins to learn to lead his own wife; I left him practising in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an universal obedience, where the lawgiver himself in his own person observes his decrees so punctually, who besides, to eternize the memory of that great example of matrimonial union which he derives from hence, hath on his bed-chamber door and ceiling, fretted with stars, in capital letters,

engraven the inscription of CARLO-MARIA. This is as much, I am sure, as either your knowledge or instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without state, formality, politic inferences, or suspected rhetorical elegancies, already deliver'd, you may now dextrously proceed to the second part of your charge, which is the raking of your heavenly sparks up in the embers, or reducing the ethereal lights to their primitive opacity and gross, dark subsistence: They are all unrivett'd from the sphere, and hang loose in their sockets, where they but attend the waving of your caduce, and immediately they reinvest their pristine shapes, and appear before you in their own natural deformities.

Merc. Momus, thou shalt prevail; for since thy bold Intrusion hath inverted my resolves, I must obey necessity, and thus turn My face to breathe the Thund'rer's just decree 'Gainst this adulterate sphere, which first I purge Of loathsome monsters and mishapen forms: Down from her azure concave, thus I charm The Lernean Hydra, the rough unlick'd Bear; The watchful Dragon, the storm-boding Whale, The Centaur, the horn'd goat-fish Capricorn, The snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar, Divest'd of your gorgeous flarry robes, Fall from the circling orb, and ere you suck Fresh venom in, measure this happy earth: Then to the fens, caves, forests, deserts, seas, Fly, and resume your native qualities.

They dance in these monstrous shapes, the First Antimasque of Natural Deformity.

Mom. Are not these fine companions, trim play-fellows for the deities? Yet these and their fellows have made up all our conversation for some thousands of years. Do not you, fair ladies, acknowledge yourselves deeply engaged now to those poets, your servants, that in the height of commendation have rais'd your beauties to a parallel with such exact proportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society? Hath not the consideration of these inhabitants rather frightened your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? But now that these heavenly mansions are to be void, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will become inexcusable; especially since Virtue alone shall be sufficient title, fine, and rent: Yet if there be a lady not competently stock'd that way, she shall not on the instant utterly despair, if she carry a sufficient pawn of handsomeness; for, however the letter of the law runs, Jupiter, notwithstanding his age and present austerity, will never refuse to stamp beauty, and make it current, with his own impression: but to such as are destitute of both I can afford but small encouragement. Proceed, cousin Mercury. What follows?

Merc. Look up, and mark where the bright zodiac Hangs like a belt about the breast of heaven

On the right shoulder, like a flaming jewel, His shell with nine rich topazes adorn'd, Lord of this Tropic, sits the skalding Crab: He, when the sun gallops in full career His annual race, his ghastly claws uprear'd, Frights at the confines of the Torrid Zone The fiery team, and proudly stops their course, Making a solstice; till the fierce steeds learn His backward paces, and so, retrogade, Post down hill to th' oppos'd Capricorn. Thus I depose him from his lofty throne; Drop from the sky into the briny flood; There teach thy motion to the ebbing sea; But let those fires, that beautify'd thy shell, Take human shapes, and the disorder show Of thy regressive paces here below.

The Second Antimasque is danced in retrograde paces, expressing Obliquity in Motion.

Mom. This Crab, I confess, did ill become the heavens; but there is another that more infects the earth, and makes such a solstice in the politer arts and sciences, as they have not been observed for many ages to have made any sensible advance. Could you but lead the learned squadrons, with a masculine resolution, past this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and to be pay'd with altars; but that not being the work of this night, you may pursue your purposes. What now succeeds?

Merc. Vice, that, unbodied, in the appetite Erects his throne, hath yet, in bestial shapes, Branded by Nature with the character And distinct stamp of some peculiar ill, Mounted the sky, and fix'd his trophies there. As fawning Flattery in the little dog; I' th' bigger, churlish Murder; Cowardice I' th' timorous hate; Ambition in the eagle; Rapine and avarice in th' adventurous ship That sail'd to Colchos for the golden fleece; Drunken Dittemper in the goblet flows; I' th' dart and scorpion, biting Calumny; In Hercules and the lion, furious Rage; Vain Ostentation in Cassiope: All these I to eternal exile doom, But to this place their emblem'd vices summon, Clad in those proper figures by which befit Their incorporeal nature is express'd.

The Third Antimasque is danced of these several Vices, expressing their deviation from Virtue.

Mom. From henceforth it shall be no more said in the Proverb, when you would express a riotous assembly, that Hell, but Heaven, is broke loose. This was an arrant gaol-delivery; all the prisons of your great cities could not have vomited more corrupt matter. But, cousin Cyllenius, in my judgment it is not safe, that these infectious persons should wander here to the hazard of this island; they threatened less danger when they were nail'd to the firmament. I should conceive it a very discreet course, since they are provided of

a tall vessel of their own ready rigg'd, to embark them altogether in that good ship called the Argo, and send them to the plantation in New England, which hath purged more virulent humours from the politic body than Guaiacum and all the West-Indian drugs have from the natural bodies of this kingdom. Can you devise how to dispose of them better?

Merc. They cannot breathe this pure and temperate air,
Where Virtue lives, but will with hasty flight,
'Mongst fogs and vapours, seek unsound abodes.
Fly after them from your usurped seats,
You soul remainders of that viperous brood :
Let not a star of a luxurious race
With his loose blaze stain the sky's crystal face.

All the Stars are quenched, and the Sphere darkened.

Before the entry of every Antimasque, the stars in those figures in the sphere which they were to represent, were extinct; so as by the end of the Antimasque in the sphere no more stars were seen.

Mom. Here is a total eclipse of the eighth Sphere, which neither Booker, Allestre, nor any of your prognosticators, no, nor their great master Tycho, were aware of; but yet in my opinion there were some innocent and some generous constellations, that might have been reserved for noble uses; as the Scales and Sword to adorn the statue of Justice, since she resides here on earth only in picture and effigy. The eagle had been a fit present for the Germans, in regard their bird hath mew'd most of her feathers lately. The dolphin too had been most welcome to the French; and then had you but clapt Perieus on his Pegasus, brandishing his sword, the dragon yawning on his back under the horse's feet, with Python's dart through his throat, there had been a divine St. George for this nation: but since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it rests only that we provide an immediate succession; and to that purpose I will instantly proclaim a free election.

*O-yes ! O-yes ! O-yes !
By the Father of the Gods,
and the King of Men.*

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practice taken into frequent use by the princes of these later ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprises, sieges, battles, victories, in picture, sculpture, tapestry, embroideries, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their public palaces; and taken into our more distinct and serious consideration, the particular Christmas-hanging of the Guard Chamber of this Court, wherein the naval victory of '88 is, to the eternal glory of this nation, exactly delineated; and whereas, we likewise, out of a propheticall imitation of this so laudable custom, did

for many thousand years before, adorn and beautify the eighth room of our celestial mansion, commonly called the Star-chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, achievements, feats and defeats, performed in our own person, whilst yet our standard was erected, and we a combatant in the amorous warfare; it hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation and long debate, held first in our own inscrutable bosom, and afterwards communicated with our privy-council, seemed meet to our Omnipotency, for causes to ourself best known, to unfurnish and disarray our foresaid Star-chamber of all those ancient constellations which have for so many ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places such persons only as shall be qualified with exemplary virtue and eminent desert, there to shine in indelible characters of glory to all posterity; it is therefore our divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of our own free and proper motion, mere grace, and special favour, by these presents to specify and declare to all our loving people, that it shall be lawful for any person whatsoever, that conceiveth him or herself to be really ended with any heroicall virtue or transcendent merit, worthy so high a calling and dignity, to bring their several pleas and pretences before our right trusty and well beloved cousin and counsellor, Don Mercury, and good Momus, &c. our peculiar delegates for that affair, upon whom we have transferr'd an absolute power to conduct, and determine, without appeal or revocation, accordingly as to their Wisdoms it shall appear to be most honest and expedient.

Given at our palace in Olympus, the first day of the first month, in the first year of the Reimination.

Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a bunch'd back, and attired in a robe of cloth of gold.

Merc. Who's this appears?

Mom. This is a subterranean fiend, Plutus is this dialect term'd Riches, or the God of gold; a poison hid by Providence in the bottom of the seas and navel of the earth from man's discovery, where if the seeds begun to sprout above ground, the excrecence was carefully guarded by dragons; yet, at last, by human curiosity brought to light, to their own destruction; this being the true Pandora's box, whence issued all those mischiefs that now fill the universe.

Plut. That I prevent the message of the Gods Thus with my haste, and not attend their summons,

Which ought in justice call me to the place I now require of right, is not alone To shew the just precedence that I hold Before all earthly, next th' immortal powers, But to exclude the hopes of partial grace In all pretenders, who, since I descend To equal trial, must, by my example, Waving your favour, claim by sole desert.

If virtue must inherit, she's my slave;
 I lead her captive in a golden chain,
 About the world. She takes her form and being
 From my creation; and those barren seeds
 That drop from Heaven, if I not cherish them
 With my distilling dew, and fotive heat,
 They know no vegetation; but, expos'd
 To blasting winds of freezing Poverty,
 Or not shook forth at all, or, budding, wither.
 Should I proclaim the daily sacrifice
 Brought to my temples by the toiling rout,
 Not of the fat and gore of abject beasts,
 But human sweat and blood pour'd on my altars,
 I might provoke the envy of the Gods.
 Turn but your eyes, and mark the busy world
 Climbing steep mountains for the sparkling stones;
 Piercing the centre for the shining ore,
 And th' ocean's bosom to take pearly sands;
 Crossing the torrid and the frozen zones,
 'Midst rocks and fwallowing gulfs, for gainful
 trade;
 And, through opposing swords, fire, murdering
 cannon,
 Scaling the walled towns for precious spoils.
 Plant in the passage to your heavenly seats
 These horrid dangers, and then see who dares
 Advance his desperate foot: Yet am I sought,
 And oft in vain, through these and greater ha-
 zards.

I could discover how your deities
 Are for my sake slighted, despis'd, abus'd;
 Your temples, shrines, altars, and images,
 Uncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and difarray'd,
 By sacrilegious hands: Yet is this treasure
 To th' Golden Mountain, where I sit ador'd,
 With superstitious solemn rites convey'd,
 And becomes sacred there; the fordid wretch
 Not daring touch the consecrated ore,
 Or with profane hands lessen the bright heap.
 But this might draw your anger down on mor-
 tals,

For rend'ring me the homage due to you:
 Yet what is said may well express my power,
 Too great for earth, and only fit for Heaven.
 Now, for your pastime, view the naked root,
 Which, in the dirty earth and base mould drown'd,
 Sends forth this precious plant and golden fruit,
 You lusty swains, that to your grazing flocks
 Pipe amorous roundelays; you toiling hinds,
 That barb the fields, and to your merry teams
 Whistle your passions; and you mining moles,
 That in the bowels of your mother-earth
 Dwell, the eternal burden of her womb;
 Cease from your labours, when Wealth bids you
 play;
 Sing, dance, and keep a cheerful holiday.

*They dance the Fourth Antimasque, consisting of Coun-
 try-people, Music, and Measures.*

Merc. Plutus, the Gods know and confess
 your power,
 Which feeble Virtue seldom can resist,
 Stronger than towers of brass or chastity:

Jove knew you when he courted Danae,
 And Cupid wears you on that arrow's head
 That still prevails. But the Gods keep their
 throne

To install Virtue, not her enemies:
 They dread thy force, which ev'n themselves have
 felt;

Witness Mount Ida, where the martial maid
 And frowning Juno did to mortal eyes,
 Naked, for Gold, their sacred bodies show;
 Therefore for ever be from Heaven banish'd.
 But since with toil from undiscover'd worlds
 Thou art brought hither, where thou first did
 breathe

The thirst of empire into regal breasts,
 And frightedst quiet Peace from her meek throne.
 Filling the world, with tumult, blood, and war;
 Follow the camps of the contentious earth,
 And be the conquerors slave; but be that can
 Or conquer thee, or give thee virtuous stamp,
 Shall shine in Heaven a pure immortal lamp.

Mom. Nay, stay, and take my benediction
 along with you. I could, being here a co-judge,
 like others in my place, now that you are con-
 demn'd, either rail at you, or break jests upon
 you. But I rather choose to lose a word of good
 counsel, and entreat you be more careful in your
 choice of company; for you are always found
 either with misers that not use you at all, or
 with fools that know not how to use you well.
 Be not hereafter so reserved and coy to men of
 worth and parts; so you shall gain such credit, as
 at the next sessions you may be heard with better
 success. But till you are thus reformed, I pro-
 nounce this positive sentence, that whosoever
 you shall choose to abide, your society shall add
 no credit or reputation to the party, nor your dis-
 continuance or total absence be matter of dispa-
 ragement to any man; and whosoever shall hold
 a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemned
 to wear perpetual motley, unless he recant his opi-
 nion. Now you may void the court.

*Pezia enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of
 a hat upon her head, through which her hair started
 up like a Fury; her robe was of a dark colour, full
 of patches; about one of her hands was tied a chain
 of iron, to which was fastened a weighty stone, which
 she bore up under her arm.*

Merc. What creature's this?

Mom. The Antipodes to the other; they
 move like
 Two buckets, or as two nails drive out one an-
 other.

If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

Prov. I nothing doubt, great and immortal
 powers!

But that the place your wisdom hath deny'd
 My foe, your justice will confer on me;
 Since that which renders him incapable
 Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend,

E'en in these rags, a larger sovereignty
Than gaudy Wealth in all his pomp can boast;
For mark how few they are that share the world:
The numerous armies, and the swarming ants
That fight and toll for them, are all my subjects;
They take my wages, wear my livery:
Invention too, and Wit, are both my creatures,
And the whole race of Virtue is my offspring:
As many mischiefs issue from my womb,
And those as mighty as proceed from Gold.
Oft o'er his throne I wave my awful sceptre,
And in the bowels of his state command,
When, 'midst his heaps of coin and hills of gold,
I pine and starve the avaritious fool.
But I decline those titles, and lay claim
To heaven, by right of divine contemplation;
She is my darling; I, in my soft lap.
Free from disturbing cares, bargains, accounts,
Leases, rents, stewards, and the fear of thieves,
That vex the rich, nurse her in calm repose,
And with her all the Virtues speculative,
Which, but with me, find no secure retreat.

For entertainment of this hour, I'll call
A race of people to this place, that live
At Nature's charge, and not importune heaven
To chain the winds up, or keep back the storms,
To stay the thunder, or forbid the hail
To threaten the unresp'd ear; but to all weathers,
The chilling frost and scalding sun, expose
Their equal face. Come forth, my swarthy train,
In this fair circle dance; and as you move,
Mark and foretell happy events of Love.

They dance the Fifth Antimasque of Gyffers.

Mom. I cannot but wonder that your perpetual conversation with poets and philosophers hath furnished you with no more logic, or that you should think to impose upon us so gross an inference, as because Plutus and you are contrary, therefore, whatsoever is denied of the one must be true of the other; as if it should follow of necessity, because he is not Jupiter, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the Gods, than to swallow such a fallacy; for though you cannot be together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both; and such is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive. Therefore let me advise you to marry yourself to Content, and beget sage apophthegms and goodly moral sentences in dispraise of Riches, and contempt of the world.

Merc. Thou dost presume too much, poor needy wretch,
To claim a station in the firmament,
Because thy humble cottage, or thy tub,
Nurses some lazy or pedantic Virtue
In the cheap sun-shine, or by shady springs
With roots and pot-herbs, where thy right hand,
Tearing those human passions from the mind
Upon whose stocks fair blooming Virtues flourish,
Degradeth nature, and benumbeth sense,
And, Gorgon-like, turns active men to stone.

We not require the dull society
Of your necessitated temperance,
Or that unnatural stupidity
That knows not joy nor sorrow; nor your fast'd
Falsely exalted passive fortitude
Above the active: This low, abject brood,
That fix their seats in mediocrity,
Become your servile mind; but we advance
Such virtues only as admit excess,
Brave bounteous acts, regal magnificence,
All-seeing prudence, magnanimity
That knows no bound, and that heroic virtue
For which antiquity hath left no name,
But patterns only; such as Hercules,
Achilles, Theseus. Back to thy loath'd cell,
And when thou seest the new enlighten'd sphere,
Study to know but what those Worthies were.

Tyche enters, her head held behind, and one great kick before, springs at her shoulders, and in her hand a wheel, her upper parts naked, and the skirt of her garment wrought all over with crowns, sceptres, books, and such other things as express both her greatness and smallest gifts.

Mom. See where dame Fortune comes; you may know her by her wheel, and that veil over her eyes, with which she hopes, like a feed'd pigeon, to mount above the clouds, and perch in the eighth sphere. Listen: she begins.

Fort. I come not here, you Gods, to please right

By which antiquity assign'd my deity,
Though no peculiar station 'mongst the stars,
Yet general power to rule their influence,
Or boast the title of omnipotent,
Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Jove,
Since you have cancell'd all those old records:
But confident in my good cause and merit,
Claim a succession in the vacant orb;
For since Astræa fled to heaven, I fit
Her deputy on earth; I hold her scales,
And weigh men's fates out, who have made me
blind

Because themselves want eyes to see my causes;
Call me inconstant, 'cause my works surpass
The shallow fathom of their human reason:
Yet here, like blinded Justice, I dispense
With my impartial hands their constant lots,
And if desertless, impious men engross
My best rewards, the fault is yours, ye Gods,
That scant your graces to mortality,
And, niggards of your good, scarce spare the
world

One virtuous for a thousand wicked men.
It is no error to confer a dignity,
But to bestow it on a vicious man;
I gave the dignity, but you made the vice.
Make you men good, and I'll make good men
happy:

That Plutus is refus'd, diminishes me not;
He is my drudge, and the external pomp

* Hooded. Term of Falconry.

which he decks the world proceeds from me,
him ; like harmony, that not resides
strings or notes, but in the hand and voice,
revolution of empires, states,
treasures, and crowns, are but my game and sport ;
such as they hang on the events of war,
whose depend upon my turning wheel.
Upon warlike squadrons, who in battles join'd,
I mete the right of kings, which I decide,
I rent the model of that martial frame,
which, when crowns are flak'd, I rule the
game.

He dances the Sixth Antimasque, being the Representation of a Battle.

Isam. Madam, I should censure you, *pro falso*
re, for preferring a scandalous cross-bill of
mination against the Gods, but your blindness
excuse you. Alas ! what would it advance
you, if Virtue were as universal as Vice is :
could only follow, that as the world now ex-
ists upon you for exalting the vicious, it would
rail as fast at you for depressing the virtuous ;
they would still keep their tune, though you
g'd their ditty.

Merc. The mists, in which future events are
wrapp'd,
that oft succeed beside the purposes
aim that works, his dull eyes not discerning
first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape
his inquiring search ; so in the dark
groping world first found thy deity,
gave thee rule over contingencies,
such, to the piercing eye of Providence,
as fix'd and certain, where past, and to come
always present, thou dost disappear,
thou thy being, and art not at all.
Thou then only a deluding phantom,
art a blind guide, leading blinder fools ;
would they but survey their mutual wants,
help each other, there were left no room
thy vain aid. Wisdom, whose strong-built plots
are nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power.
Stern Labour drags thee by the locks,
and to his toiling car, and not attending
thou dispense, reaches his own reward :
the lazy sluggard yawning lies
on thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,
licks the easy hand that feeds his sloth ;
shallow, rash, and unadvised man
calls thee his state, disburdens all the follies
his misguided actions on thy shoulders.
Hence, and seek those idiots out
thy fantastic godhead hath allow'd,
rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

Isam. *Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling*
face, in a light lascivious habit, adorn'd with silver
and gold, her temples crown'd with a garland of ro-
se and ower that a rainbow circling her bead down
her shoulders.

Merc. What Wanton's this ?

Mom. This is the sprightly lady, Hedone, a
merry Gamester ; the people call her Pleasure.

Pleas. The reasons, equal Judges, here alleg'd
By the dismiss'd pretenders, all concur
To strengthen my just title to the sphere.
Honour, or wealth, or the contempt of both,
Have in themselves no simple real good,
But as they are the means to purchase pleasure,
The paths that lead to my delicious palace :
They for my sake, I for mine own am priz'd.
Beyond me nothing is. I am the goal,
The journey's end, to which the sweating world,
And wearied Nature tends. For this, the best
And wisest sect of all philosophers
Made me the seat of supreme happiness :
And though some more austere, upon my ruins,
Did, to the prejudice of nature, raise
Some petty low-built virtues, 'twas because
They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch.
Had they been princes born, themselves had
prov'd

Of all mankind the most luxurious :
For those delights, which to their low condition
Were obvious, they with greedy appetite
Suck'd and devour'd : From offices of state ;
From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, fears,
Retir'd, the churlish cynic, in his tub,
Enjoy'd those pleasures which his tongue de-
fam'd.

Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods :
My necessary offices preserve
Each single man, and propagate the kind.
Then am I universal as the light,
Or common air we breathe ; and since I am
The general desire of all mankind,
Civil felicity must reside in me.
Tell me what rate my choicest pleasures bear,
When, for the short delight of a poor draught
Of cheap cold water, great Lydimachus
Render'd himself slave to the Scythians.
Should I the curious structure of my seats,
The art and beauty of my several objects,
Rehearse at large, your bounties would reserve
For every sense a proper constellation ;
But I present the persons to your eyes.

Come forth, my subtle organs of delight,
With changing figures please the curious eye,
And charm the ear with moving harmony.

They dance the Seventh Antimasque of the five Senses.

Merc. Bewitching Syren ! gilded rottenness !
Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd
Th' enamel'd outside, and the homied verge
Of the fair cup where deadly poison lurks.
Within, a thousand Sorrows dance the round ;
And, like a shell, Pain circles thee without.
Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,
Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their West de-
cline,
Doth to a giant's spreading form extend
Thy dwarfish stature. Thou thyself art Prin,
Greedy intense Desire ; and the keen edge

Of thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,
And cuts thy slender thread; but still the terror
And apprehension of thy hasty end
Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets;
Yet thy Circean charms transform the world.
Captains that have resisted war and death,
Nations that over Fortune have triumph'd,
Are by thy magic made effeminate:
Empires, that knew no limits but the poles,
Have in thy wanton lap melted away:
Thou wert the author of the first excess
That drew this reformation on the Gods.
Canst thou then dream, those Powers, that from
Heaven
Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the cause?
To thy voluptuous den fly, Witch, from hence;
There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

Mom. I concur, and am grown so weary of
these tedious pleadings, as I'll pack up too and be
gone. Besides, I see a crowd of other suitors pre-
ferring hither; I'll stop 'em, take their petitions, and
prefer 'em above; and as I came in bluntly with-
out knocking, and nobody bid me welcome, so
I'll depart as abruptly without taking leave, and
bid nobody farewell.

Merc. These, with forc'd reasons, and strain'd
arguments,
Urge vain pretences, whilst your actions plead,
And, with a silent importunity,
Awake the drowsy justice of the Gods,
To crown your deeds with immortality.
The growing times of your ancestors,
These nations glorious acts, join'd to the stock
Of your own royal virtues, and the clear
Reflex they take from th' imitation
Of your fam'd court, make Honour's story full,
And have to that secure, fix'd State advanc'd
Both you and them, to which the labouring world,
Wading through streams of blood, sweats to as-
pire
Those ancient worthies of these famous isles,
That long have slept in fresh and lively shapes,
Shall straight appear, where you shall see yourself
Circled with modern heroes, who shall be,
In act, whatever elder times can boast,
Noble, or great; as they in prophecy
Were all but what you are. Then shall you see
The sacred hand of bright eternity
Mould you to stars, and fix you in the sphere,
To you your royal half, to them she'll join
Such of this train, as with industrious steps,
In the fair prints your virtuous feet have made,
Though with unequal paces, follow you.
This is decreed by Jove, which my return
Shall see perform'd; but first behold the rude
And oldabiders here, and in them view
The point from which your full perfections grew.
You naked, ancient, wild inhabitants,
That breath'd this air, and press'd this flow'ry
earth,
Come from those shades where dwells eternal
night,
And see what wonders time hath brought to light.

*Atlas and the sphere vanished; and a se-
pents of mountains, whose eminent tops
clouds which passed beneath them, the
were wild and woody. Out of the
forth a more grave Antimasque of Folia
inhabitants of this isle, ancient South
these dance a Pyrrhick, or martial dance*

*When this Antimasque was past, there lay
the earth the top of a hill, which by it
grew to be a huge mountain that covered
The under part of this was wild and
about somewhat more pleasant and fair;
the middle part of this mountain was the
kingdoms of England, Scotland, and
richly attired in regal habits, appropriate
several nations, with crowns on their heads
of them bearing the ancient arms of the
there presented. At a distance, above
young man in a white embroidered robe,
hair an olive garland, with wings at
and holding in his hand a cornucopia full
and fruits, representing the Genius of the*

SONG I.

GENIUS.

RAISE from these rocky cliffs your be-
Brave sons, and see where glory spurs
Her glittering wings; where Majesty
Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots free
Diffusive joy; where Good and Fair
United sit in Honour's chair.
Call forth your aged priests and crystals
To warm their hearts, and waves in
beams.

KINGDOMS.

1. From your consecrated woods,
Holy Druids. 2. Silver-floods,
From your channels fring'd with
3. Hither move; forsake your bowers
1. Strew'd with hallowed oaken leaves
2. Deck'd with flags and sedge sheave
And behold a wonder. 3. Say,
What do your duller eyes survey?

CHORUS OF DRUIDS and RITE

We see at once in dead of night
A sun appear, and yet a bright
Noon-day springing from star-light.

GENIUS.

Look up, and see the darken'd sphere
Depriv'd of light; her eyes shine clear

CHORUS.

These are more sparkling than these

KINGDOMS.

1. These shed a nobler influence;
2. These by a pure intelligence
Of more transcendent virtue move;
3. These first feel, then kindle love;
1. 2. From the bosoms they inspire,
These receive a mutual fire;
1. 2. 3. And where their flames impure
These can quench as well as burn.

GENIUS.

Here the fair victorious eyes
 Make worth only beauty's prize;
 Here the hand of Virtue ties
 'Bout the heart love's amorous chain,
 Captives triumph, vassals reign;
 And none live here but the slain. [bear
 'These are th' Hesperian bow'rs, whose fair trees
 Rich golden fruit, and yet no dragon near.

GENIUS.

Then, from your imprisoning womb,
 Which is the cradle and the tomb
 Of British worthies, (fair sons!) send
 A troop of heroes, that may lend
 Their hands to ease this loaden grove,
 And gather the ripe fruits of Love.

KINGDOMS.

Open thy stony entrails wide,
 And break old Atlas, that the pride
 Of these fam'd kingdoms may be spy'd.

CHORUS.

Pace forth, thou mighty British Hercules,
 With thy choice band! for only thou and these
 May revel here in Love's Hesperides.

At this the under part of the rock opens, and out of a cave are seen to come the Masquers richly attired like ancient heroes; the colours yellow, embroidered with silver; their antique helmets curiously wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troop of young Lords and Noblemen's sons, bearing torches of virgin wax: These were apparelled, after the old British fashion, in white coats embroider'd with silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square collar'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about them. First, these dance with their lights in their hands: After which, the Masquers descend into the room, and dance their entry.

The dance being past, there appears in the further part of the Heaven, coming down, a pleasant cloud, bright and transparent, which, coming softly downwards before the upper part of the mountain, embraceth the Genius, but so, as through it all his body is seen; and then, rising again with a gentle motion, bears up the Genius of the Three Kingdoms, and, being past the airy region, pierceth the Heavens, and is no more seen. At that instant the rock with the Three Kingdoms on it sinks, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration; but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height, could come from under the stage, which was but six feet high.

SONG II.

KINGDOMS.

1. HERE are shapes form'd fit for Heaven;
 2. Those move gracefully and even.
 3. Here the air and paces meet
 So just, as if the skilful feet
 Had struck the viola. 1. 2. 3. So the car
 Might the tuneful footing bear.

CHORUS.

And had the music silent been,
 The eye a moving time had seen.
 VOL. III.

GENIUS.

These must in th' unpeopled sky
 Succeed, and govern destiny.
 Jove is temp'ring purer fire,
 And will with brighter flames attire
 These glorious lights. I must ascend,
 And help the work.

KINGDOMS.

1. We cannot lend
 Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay,
 But rend'ring what it takes away.
 Why should they that here can move
 So well, be ever fix'd above?

CHORUS.

Or be to one eternal posture ty'd,
 That can into such various figures slide?

GENIUS.

Jove shall not, to enrich the sky,
 Beggar the earth; their fame shall fly
 From hence alone, and in the sphere
 Kindle new stars, whilst they rest here.

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. How can the shaft fly in the quiver,
 Yet hit the mark?

GENIUS.

Did not the river,
 Eridanus, the grace acquire
 In heaven and earth to flow,
 Above in streams of golden fire,
 In silver waves below?

KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. But shall not we, now thou art gone,
 Who wert our nature, wither?
 Or break that triple Union
 Which thy soul held together?

GENIUS.

In concord's pure, immortal spring
 I will my force renew,
 And a more active virtue bring
 At my return. Adieu!

KINGDOMS. Adieu! CHORUS. Adieu!

The Masquers dance their main dance, which done, the scene again is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, clean differing from all the other. the nearest part shewing a delicious garden with several walks, and parterres set round with low trees, and on the sides, against these walks, were fountains and grotts, and in the furthest part a palace, from whence went high walks upon arches, and above them open terraces planted with cypress trees; and all this together was composed of such ornaments as might express a princely Villa.

From hence the Chorus descending into the room, goes up to the State.

SONG III.

By the CHORUS, going up to the QUEEN.

WHILST thus the darlings of the Gods,
 From honour's temple to the shrine
 Of beauty, and these sweet abodes
 Of Love, we guide; let thy divine
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Aspects, bright Deity, with fair
And halcyon beams becalm the air.

We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave
Saint George himself, great Queen, to you;
You'll soon discern him: And we have
A Guy, a Beavis, or some true
Round-table Knight, as ever fought
For lady, to each beauty brought.

Plant in their martial hands, War's seat,
Your peaceful pledges of warm snow,
And, if a speaking touch, repeat
In Love's known language tales of woe;
Say in soft whispers of the palm,
And eyes shoot darts, so lips shed balm.

For though thou seem, like captives, led
In triumph by the foe away,
Yet on the conqueror's neck you tread,
And the fierce victor proves your prey.
What heart is then secure from you,
'Tis that can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?

*The song done they retire, and the Masquers dance the
revels with the ladies, which continues a great part
of the night.*

*The revels being past, and the King's Majesty seated
under the state by the Queen; for conclusion to this
Masque there appears coming forth from one of the
sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great cloud,
which, arriving at the middle heaven, stayeth; this
was of several colours, and so great, that it covered
the whole Scene; out of the further part of the
heaven began to break forth two other clouds, differing
in colour and shape; and being fully discovered, there
appeared sitting in one of them, Religion, Truth, and
Wisdom. Religion was apparelled in white, and
part of her face was covered with a light veil; in
one hand a book, and in the other a flame of fire.
Truth in a watchet robe, a sun upon her forehead,
and bearing in her hand a palm. Wisdom in a mantle
wrought with eyes and hands, golden rays about her
head, and Apollo's Cithern in her hand. In the
other cloud sat Concord, Government, and Reputation.
The habit of Concord was carnation, bearing in her
hand a little faggot of sticks bound together, and on
the top of it a hart, and a garland of corn on her
head: Government was figured in a coat of armour
bearing a shield, and on it a Medusa's head; upon
her band a plumed helm, and in her right hand a
lance. Reputation, a young man in a purple robe
wrought with gold, and wearing a laurel on his
head. These being come down in an equal distance
to the middle part of the air, the great cloud began to
break open, out of which broke beams of light; in the
midst, suspended in the air, sat Eternity on a globe;
his garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all
over with stars of gold, and bearing in his hand a
serpent lent into a circle, with his tail in his mouth.
In the firmament about him was a troop of fifteen
stars, expressing the stelling of our British heroes;
but one more great and eminent than the rest, which
was over his head, figured his Majesty; and in
the lower part of it was seen the prospect of*

*Windsor-Castle, the famous seat of the most honour-
able Order of the Garter.*

SONG IV.

ETERNITY, EUSEBIA, ALTHEIA, SOPHIA, HOM-
NOIA, DICMARCHE, EUPHRODIA.

Eternity.

Be fix'd, you rapid orbs, that bear
The changing seasons of the year
On your swift wings, and see the old
Decrepid spheres grown dark and cold;
Nor did Jove quench her fires; these bright
Flames have eclips'd her sullen light:
This royal pair, for whom Fate will
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still:
Since good is here so perfect, as no worth
Is left for after-ages to bring forth.

Eusebia.

Mortality cannot with more
Religious zeal the gods adore.

Altheia.

My truths from human eyes conceal'd,
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

Sophia.

Nor do their actions from the guide
Of my exactest precepts slide.

Homonola.

And as their own pure souls entwined,
So are their subjects hearts combin'd.

Dicmarche.

So just, so gentle is their sway,
As it seems empire to obey.

Euphemia.

And their fair fame, like incense hurl'd
On altars, hath perfum'd the world.
So, Wisdom, Al, Truth, Euf. Pure adoration,
Hom. Concord, Dic. Rule, Euf. Clear reputation
Chorus.

Crown this King, this Queen, this Nation.

Chorus.

Wisdom, truth, &c.

Eternity.

Brave spirits, whose advent'rous feet
Have to the mountain's top aspir'd,
Where fair Desert and Honour meet:
Here, from the toiling prefs retir'd,
Secure from all disturbing evil,
For ever in my temple revel.

With wreaths of stars circled about,
Gild all the spacious firmament,
And smiling on the panting rout
That labour in the steep ascent,
With your resistless influence guide
Of human change th' uncertain tide.

Euf. Al. Sop.

But oh, you royal turtles, shed,
Where you from earth remove,
On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed,
Those sacred seeds of love.

Chorus.

Which no power can but yours dispense,
Since you the pattern bear from hence.

Hem. Dic. Esp.

Then from your fruitful rate shall flow
Endless succession.

Sceptres shall bud, and laurels blow
'Bout their immortal throne.

Cerberus.

Propitious stars shall crown each birth,
Whilst you rule them, and they the earth.

The Song ended, the two clouds with the persons sitting on them ascend; the great cloud closeth again, and so passeth away overthwart the Scene; leaving behind it nothing but a Serene Sky. After which the Masquers dance their last dance, and the curtain was let fall.

The NAMES of the MASQUERS.

The KING'S MAJESTY.

Duke of Lennox.	Lord Fielding.
Earl of Devonshire.	Lord Digby.
Earl of Holland.	Lord Dungarvin.
Earl of Newport.	Lord Dunluce.
Earl of Elgin.	Lord Wharton.
Viscount Grandison.	Lord Paget.
Lord Richie.	Lord Saltine.

The NAMES of the YOUNG LORDS and NOBLEMENS

SONS.

Lord Walden.	Mr. Thomas Howard.
Lord Cranborn,	Mr. Thomas Egerton.
Lord Brackley.	Mr. Charles Cavendish.
Lord Shadnos.	Mr. Robert Howard.
Mr. Wil. Herbert.	Mr. Henry Spencer.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Containing his

SESSION OF THE POETS,
BALLAD ON A WEDDING,

|

SONGS,
EPISTLES,

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i' th' ear,
That of all men living he cared not for't,
He lov'd not the Muses so well as his sport;
And priz'd black eyes, or a lucky hit
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;
But Apollo was angry, and publicly said,
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

SESSION OF THE POETS.

EDINBURGH:

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Ann 1793.



THE LIFE OF SUCKLING.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING, was son of Sir John Suckling, Comptroller of the Household to Charles I. and was born at Witham in the county of Middlesex, in the year 1613, with the remarkable circumstance of his mother going till the eleventh month with him.

"His life," says Langbaine, "was not less remarkable than his birth; for he had so pregnant a genius, that he spoke Latin at five years old, and writ it at nine years of age." If this circumstance is true, it would seem that he had learned Latin from his nurse, nor ever heard any other language, for it is not to be supposed that he could speak Latin at five, in consequence of study.

From this early foundation, he proceeded in the course of his studies, and acquired a general knowledge of polite literature; but applied himself more particularly to music and poetry.

In the acquisition of polite and general knowledge, his proficiency exceeded his application; for though the sprightliness and vivacity of his temper would not suffer him to be long intent upon any particular study, he was made ample amends for it by the strength of his genius and quickness of his apprehension.

When he had completed his studies, and taken a survey of the most remarkable things at home, he travelled to digest and enlarge his knowledge, from a view of the government and manners of other countries.

In his travels, he made a campaign under Gustavus Adolphus, where he was present at three battles, five sieges, and several skirmishes.

He returned to England a most accomplished gentleman, and devoted himself to the Court, where he became conspicuous for his gaiety, wit, and gallantry, and was allowed to have the peculiar happiness of making every thing he did become him.

Already a finished courtier and a man of fashion, he was now a prodigy of poetry; the intimate friend and companion of Jonson, Carew, Davenant, and other wits, and like them had the honour of writing plays for the diversion of the Court, in the exhibition of which he went to great expence. "Sir John Suckling's (Suckling's) play cost three or four hundred pounds setting out; eight or ten suits of new clothes he gave the players; an unheard-of prodigality." *Stafford's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 150. The play on which he expended this large sum was *Aglaura*.

At the breaking out of the civil war, his loyalty was more conspicuous than his valour. He raised a troop of horse for the king's service, entirely at his own charge, and so richly and completely mounted, that it cost him 12,000 l. But this troop, and their leader, distinguished themselves only by their finery, for they did nothing for the king's service. He laid his ~~own~~ carriage very much to heart; but the immaturity of his death prevented him from repairing it. He died of a fever, the 7th of May 1641, in the 28th year of his age.

The advantages of birth, person, education, parts, and fortune, with which he set out in life, had raised the expectations of his contemporaries to a prodigious height; and, perhaps, his dying so young, was better for his fame than if he had lived longer.

While he valued himself upon nothing more than the character of a courtier, and a fine gentleman, it is no wonder that he neglected the higher excellencies of genius, and cultivated poetry merely as an amusement.

He did enough, however, in the short space he lived, to procure him the esteem of his own age, and to entitle him to the gratitude of posterity.

He wrote four dramatic pieces. The *Goblins*, a comedy, acted at the private house in Blackfriars, 1636. In this play he has followed the footsteps of Shakspeare, of whom he was a professed admirer. His *Reginella* is an imitation of *Miranda* in the *Tempest*; and his *Goblins*, though counterfeits, being only thieves in disguise, seem to be copied from *Ariel* in the same play. *Aglaure*, acted at Court, and at the private house in Blackfriars, 1637, with much applause; it has the last act so altered, that it may be either represented as a tragedy, or tragi-comedy. The *Discontented Colonel*. The first sketch of *Brennavorath*, a tragedy, exhibited in 1639. The *Sad One*, a tragedy, unfinished.

His plays were printed together in 1646. There are several editions of his *Poems, Letters, and Plays*, under the title of *Fragments Aureæ*; or, a *Collection of all the Incomparable Pieces of Sir John Suckling*, 8vo.; the last in 2 vol. 12mo. 1774, by T. Davies. His poems, commonly seen in detached portions, are now, for the first time, inserted in a collection of classical English poetry.

The *Session of the Poets*, his most celebrated performance, was written in 1637, about the time of Jonson's death, as appears from *Strevford's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 114. It contains a species of satire, humour, and railery, that has been imitated by many succeeding poets, and applied to a variety of occasions. The *Poem on a Wedding*, has much humour and vivacity. His other pieces, which are chiefly amatory, contain marks of genius and true poetry, with much levity and extravagance. The poem *Against Fruition*, in particular, has some weighty and vigorous lines; but there is a lascivious warmth in some of his descriptions, which is rather to be admired than approved of. The *Supplement of some verses of Shakspeare*, is not inferior to the imperfect copy in *Targuin and Lucre*. The *Songs* are gay and sprightly, and more polished than his other pieces; the general defect of which is want of smoothness and harmony, in which he does not much excel Jonson, and is greatly inferior to Carew, Davenant, and other poets of that age.

His character is given by Dryden, who calls him "a sprightly wit, and a courtly writer."

Winstanley says, "he was the delight of the Court, and the darling of the Muses, and one so filled with Phœbean fire, as for excellency of his wit, was worthy to be crowned with a wreath of stars."

Lloyd, with less exaggeration, and more truth, says "his poems are clear, sprightly and natural; his discourses full and convincing; his plays well humoured and taking; his letters fragrant and sparkling."

He observes farther, that his thoughts were not so loose as his expressions, nor his life so vain as his thoughts; and, at the same time, makes allowance for his youth and sanguine complexion, which a little more time and experience would have corrected.

The justness of the observation is exemplified by his *Discourse on Religion*, to Lord Dorset, and his *Thoughts on the State of the Nation*, 1640, in which he has shewn that he could think as coolly, and reason as justly, as men of more years and less fire.

Lloyd concludes his account of him with the following character, in which he alludes to his *Thoughts on Public Affairs*, and to some serious reflections which he delivered to his friends, during his last illness.

Ne hæc zelantis animæ faciliores
Scintillæ ipsum, unde deciderant, spirantes
Cælum et Author magnus ipsa, quam
Aliis dedit, caret memòria, interesse
Posteris putavimus brevem honoratissimæ
Viri Johannis Sucklingii vitam historiam
Esse perennandam.

Utpote qui nobilissima *Sucklingiorum* familia oriundus, cui tantum reddidit, quantum accepit, honorem, *Nat. Cal. April. 1613. Witbama in agro Middlei. renatus ibid. Maii 7mo. et denatus 1641.* haud jam trigessimus, et scripta dignissima fecit, et factu dignissima scripsit, calamo pariter et gladio celeberris, pacis artium gnarus et belli,

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1640,

TO THE KING,

I.
Awake, great Sir! the sun shines here,
Gives all your subjects a New-Year,
Only we stay till you appear,
For thus by us your pow'r is understood,
He may make fair days, you must make them good.

Awake, awake,
And take
Such presents as poor men can make;
They can add little unto bliss
Who cannot wish.

II.
May no ill vapour cloud the sky,
Bold storms invade the sovereignty;
But gales of joy, so fresh, so high,
That you may think heaven sent to try this year,
What fail or burthen, a king's mind cou'd bear.
Awake, awake, &c.

III.
May all the discords in your state,
Like those in music we create,
Be govern'd at so wise a rate,
That what wou'd of itself sound harsh, or fright,
May be so temper'd that it may delight.
Awake, awake, &c.

IV.
What conquerors from battles find,
Or lovers when their doves are kind,
Take up henceforth our master's mind,
Make such strange rapes upon the place 't may be
No longer joy there, but an ecstasy.
Awake, awake, &c.

V.
May every pleasure and delight
That has or does your sense invite
Double this year, save those o' th' night:
For such a marriage-bed must know no more
Than repetition of what was before.

Awake, awake,
And take
Such presents as poor men can make;
They can add little unto bliss.
Who cannot wish.

Loving and Belov'd.

I.
THERE never yet was honest man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impossible, nor can
Integrity our ends promote:
For kings and lovers are alike in this
That their chief art in reign dissembling is.

II.
Here we are lov'd, and there we love;
Good nature now and passion strive
Which of the two shou'd be above,
And laws unto the other give,
So we false fire with art sometimes discover,
And the true fire with the same art do cover.

III.
What rack can fancy find so high?
Here we must court, and here engage;
Though in the other place we die.
'Tis torture all, and cozenage;
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true love, or make false love look well.

IV.
Since it is thus, God of Desire,
Give me my honesty again,
And take thy brands back, and thy fire;
I'm weary of the state I'm in:
Since, if the very best should now befall,
Love's triumph must be honour's funeral.

CCASIONS.

735

jealousy, and fear,
into mine, cause tremblings there.

Flora was my Sun, for as
Sun, so but one Flora was :
other faces borrow'd hence
their light and grace, as stars do thence.

My hopes I call my Moon ; for they
Inconstant still, were at no stay ;
But as my Sun inclin'd to me,
Or more or less were sure to be.

Sometimes it would be full, and then
Oh ! too, too soon decrease again ;
Eclips'd sometimes, that 'twou'd so fall
There wou'd appear no hope at all.

and
behind :

My thoughts, cause infinite they be,
Must be those many stars we see ;
Of which some wander'd at their will,
But most on her were fixed still.

I know it,
his poet.

My burning flame and hot desire
Must be the element of fire,
Which hath as yet so secret been
That it as that was never seen :

pear,
r ;
ter,

No kitchen fire, nor eating flame,
But innocent, hot, but in name ;
A fire that's starv'd when fed, and gone
When too much fuel is laid on ;

of coin,
ad.

But, as it plainly doth appear
That fire subsists by being near
The Moon's bright orb, so I believe
Our's doth, for hope keeps love alive.

but gaze
ce
ace.

My fancy was the air, most fired
And full of mutability,
Big with chimeras, vapours here
Innumerable hatch'd as there.

ing ;
is crown
wn.

The sea's my mind, which calm would be
Were it from winds, my passions, free ;
But out alas ! no sea I find
Is troubled like a lover's mind.

Within it rocks and shallows be,
Despair, and fond credulity.

But in this world it were good reason
We did distinguish time and season ;
Her presence then did make the day,
And night shall come when she's away.

Long absence in far distant place
Creates the winter ; and the space
She tarri'd with me, well I might
Call it my summer of delight.

Diversity of weather came
From what she did ; and thence had name ;
Sometimes she'd smile, that made it fair ;
And when she laugh'd, the sun shin'd clear.

When this I do descry,
Then thus think I,
Love is the fart
Of every heart :
It prais a man when 'tis kept close,
And others does offend, when 'tis let loose.

A Session of the Poets.

A Session was held the other day,
And Apollo himself was at it, they say,
The laurel that had been so long reserv'd,
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

Before the wits of the town came thither,
To see how they flocked together,
Each confident of his own way,
To win the laurel away that day.

Then Ben Jonson, and he sat close by the chair;
Very far off, which was very fair;
Selwin and Townsend, for they kept the order;
I and Shillingworth a little further :

There was Lucan's translator too, and he
That makes God so big in's poetry :
Selwin and Waller, and Bartlets both the brothers;
Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,
Prepar'd with Canary wine,
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,
For his were call'd works, where others were but
plays.

And bid them remember how he had purg'd the
stage

William Davenant, aham'd of
That he had got lately travestied
Modestly hop'd the handsome
Might any deformity about

And surely the company was
If they cou'd have found any
But in all their records, eith
There was not one Laureat

To Will Bartlet sure all the
But first they wou'd see how
Will smil'd, and swore in t
went less,
That concluded of merit upo

Suddenly taking his place ag
He gave way to Selwin, who
But alas ! he had been so lat
That Apollo himself scarce ki

Toby Matthews (pox on him
Was whispering nothing in t
When he had the honour to
But Sir, you may thank my

For had not her characters
With something of handsom
You and your sorry Lady-M
In the number of those that

In haste from the court two
And they brought letters, for
'Twas discreetly done too, so
Without them, th' had scarce

This made a dispute; for 'tw
Each man had a mind to gr
But Apollo himself could n
There was difference, he sa

metague now stood forth to his trial,
not so much as suspect a denial;
y Apollo ask'd him first of all
understood his own pastoral.

: cou'd do it, 'twould plainly appear
stood more than any man there,
merit the bays above all the rest,
Monsieur was modest; and silence confess.

these troubles in the court was hid
Apollo's mis'd, little Cid; [throng,
iving spy'd him, call'd him out of the
his'd him in his ear not to write so strong.

was summon'd, but 'twas urg'd, that he
f already of another company,

t by himself most gravely did smile
hem about nothing keep such a coil;
ad spy'd him, but knowing his mind
and call'd Falkland, that fate just behind:

ras of late so gone with divinity,
had almost forgot his poetry,
to say the truth, and Apollo did know it,
it have been both his priest and his poet.

h who but an Alderman did appear,
h Will Davenant began to swear;
er Apollo bade him draw nigher,
hen he was mounted a little higher,

ly declar'd, that the best sign
store of wits to have good store of coin,
hout a syllable more or less said,
the laurel on the Alderman's head.

all the wits were in such amaze
r a good while, they did nothing but gaze
on another; not a man in the place
discontent writ at large in his face.

: small Poets cheer'd up again,
ope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;
they were out, for he forfeits his crown
e lends to any Poet about the town.

Love's World.

man's heart that doth begin
there's ever fram'd within
world, for so I found,
rst my passion reason drown'd.

of earth unto this frame,
aith was still the same,
e right it doth behave,
that, fix'd and not move.

he earth may sometimes shake
ids shut up will cause a quake)

So often jealousy, and fear,
Stol'n into mine, cause tremblings there.

My Flora was my Sun, for as
One Sun, so but one Flora was:
All other faces borrow'd hence
Their light and grace, as stars do thence.

My hopes I call my Moon; for they
Inconstant still, were at no stay;
But as my Sun inclin'd to me,
Or more or less were sure to be.

Sometimes it would be full, and then
Oh! too, too soon decrease again;
Eclips'd sometimes, that 'twould so fall
There wou'd appear no hope at all.

My thoughts, cause infinite they be,
Must be those many stars we see;
Of which some wander'd at their will,
But most on her were fixed still.

My burning flame and hot desire
Must be the element of fire,
Which hath as yet so secret been
That it as that was never seen:

No kitchen fire, nor eating flame,
But innocent, hot, but in name;
A fire that's starv'd when fed, and gone
When too much fuel is laid on;

But, as it plainly doth appear
That fire subsists by being near
The Moon's bright orb, so I believe
Our's doth, for hope keeps love alive.

My fancy was the air, most free
And full of mutability,
Big with chimeras, vapours here
Innumerable hatch'd as there.

The sea's my mind, which calm would be
Were it from winds, my passions, free;
But out alas! no sea I find
Is troubled like a lover's mind.

Within it rocks and shallows be,
Despair, and fond credulity.

But in this world it were good reason
We did distinguish time and season;
Her presence then did make the day,
And night shall come when she's away.

Long absence in far distant place
Creates the winter; and the space
She tarry'd with me, well I might
Call it my summer of delight.

Diversity of weather came
From what she did; and thence had name;
Sometimes she'd smile, that made it fair;
And when she laugh'd, the sun shin'd clear.

Sometimes she'd frown, and sometimes weep,
So clouds and rain their turns do keep;
Sometimes again she'd be all ice,
Extremely cold, extremely nice.

But soft, my muse, the world is wide,
And all at once was not desir'd;
It may fall out some honest lover
The rest hereafter will discover.

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:—
The devil take her.

SONNET I.

I.
Dear see how unregarded now
That piece of beauty passes?
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone;
But mark the fate of faces;
That red and white works now no more on me,
Than if it cou'd not charm, or I not see.

II.
And yet the face continues good,
And I have still desires,
Am still the self-same flesh and blood,
As apt to melt
And suffer from those fires;
Oh! some kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes.

III.
She every day her men does kill,
And I as often die;
Neither her power then, nor thy Will
Can question'd be,
What is the mystery?
Sure Beauty's empires, like to greater states,
Have certain periods set, and hidden fates.

SONNET II.

I.
O! thee, kind boy, I ask no red and white
To make up my delight,

No odd becoming graces,
Black eyes, or little know-noo-whats, in faces;
Make me but mad enough, give me good store
Of love, for her I court,

I ask no more;
'Tis love in love that makes the sport.

II.
There's no such thing as that we beauty call,
It is mere cosenage all;
For though some long ago
Lik'd certain colours mingl'd so and so,
That does not tie me now from choosing new,
If I a fancy take

To black and blue,
That fancy doth it beauty make.

III.
'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite
Makes eating a delight,
And if I like one dish
More than another, that a pheasant is;
What in our watches, that in us is found,
So to the height and nick
We up be wound.

No matter by what hand or trick,

SONNET III.

I.
Oh! for some honest lover's ghost,
Some kind unbod'y'd post
Sent from the shades below;
I strangely long to know
Whether the nobler Chaplets wear,
Those that their Mistress scorn did bear,
Or those that were us'd kindly.

II.
For whatso'er they tell us here
To make those sufferings dear,
'Twill there, I fear, be found,
That to the being crown'd,
T' have lov'd alone will not suffice,
Unless we also have been wise,
And have our loves enjoy'd.

III.
What posture can we think him in,
That here unlov'd again,
Departs, and's thither gone
Where each sits by his own?

Or how can that Elysium be,
Were I my Mistress still must see
Circled in others arms?

IV.
For there the judges all are just,
And Sophonisba must
Be his whom she held dear:
Not his who lov'd her here:

The sweet Philoclea, since she dy'd
Lies by her Pirocles his side.
Not by Amphialus.

V.
Some bays, perchance, or myrtle bought
For difference crowns the brow.

Of those kind souls that were
The noble martyrs here ;
And if that be the only odds,
As who can tell? ye kinder Gods,
Give me the woman here.

To the Lord LEFINGTON, upon his Translation of
MALVEZZI'S ROMULUS and TARQUIN.

It is so rare and a new thing to see
Ought that belongs to young nobility
In print (but their own clothes) that we must praise.
You, as we wou'd do those first shew the ways
To arts, or to new worlds: You have begun,
Taught travel'd youth what 'tis it should have
done :

For't has indeed too strong a custom been
To carry out more wit than we bring in.
You have done otherwise, brought home (my Lord)
The choicest things fan'd countries do afford :
Malvezzi by your means is English grown,
And speaks our tongue now as well as his own,
Malvezzi, he, whom 'tis as hard to praise
To merit, as to imitate his ways.
He does not shew us Rome great suddenly,
As if the empire were a tympany,
But gives it natural growth, tells how, and why
The little body grew so large and high,
Describes each thing so lively, that we are
Concern'd ourselves before we are aware :
And at the wars they and their neighbours wag'd,
Each man is present still and still engag'd.
Like a good perspective he strangely brings
Things distant to us; and in these two kings
We see what made greatness, and what 't has been
Made that greatness contemptible again.
And all this not tediously deriv'd,
But like the worlds in little maps contriv'd.
'Tis he that does the Roman dame restore,
Makes Lucrece chaster for her being whore ;
Gives her a kind revenge for Tarquin's sin ;
For ravish'd first, she ravishes again.
She says such fine things after, that we must
In spite of virtue thank foul rape and lust,
Since 'twas the cause no woman wou'd have had,
Though she's of Lucrece side, Tarquin less bad.

But stay;—like one that thinks to bring his
friend

A mile or two, and sees the journey's end,
I straggle on too far : Long graces do
But keep good stomachs off that wou'd fall too.

Against Fruition.

STAY here, fond youth ! and ask no more, be wife,
Knowing too much long since lost paradise;
The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wou'd'st should
still

Last in their pride; and wou'd'st not take it ill
If rudely from sweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wert wak'd? he wakes himself that does
enjoy.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys,
And, while it pleases much, the palate cloy's;
Who thinks he shall be happier for that,
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a surfeit; this once past,
What relishes? even kisses lose their taste.

Urge not 'tis necessary, alas! we know
The homeliest thing which mankind does is so;
The world is of a vast extent, we see,
And must be peopled; children there must be;
So must bread too; but since there are enough
Born to the drudgery, what need we plough?

Women enjoy'd, what'e'r before they've been,
Are like romances read, or sights once seen :
Fruition's dull, and spoils the play much more
Than if one read or knew the plot before;
'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear,
Heav'n were not heav'n, if we knew what it
were.

And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,
And leaves us room to guess; so here restraint
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.
They who know all the wealth they have, are
poor,
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

I.

THERE never yet was woman made,
Nor shall, but to be curst;
And oh! that I (fond I) should first
Of any lover
This truth at my own charge to other fools disco-
ver.

II.

You that have promis'd to yourselves
Propriety in love,
Know womens hearts like straws do move,
And what we call
Their sympathy, is but love to jett in general.

III.

All mankind is alike to them;
And though we iron find
That never with a loadstone join'd,
'Tis not its fault:
It is because the loadstone yet was never brought.

IV.

If where a gentle bee hath fallen
And labour'd to his power,
A new succeeds not to that flower,
But passes by;
'Tis to be thought, the gallant elsewhere loads his
thigh.

V.

For still the flowers ready stand,
One buzzes round about,
One lights and tastes, gets in, gets out,
All, all ways use them,
Till all their sweets are gone, and then again
refuse them.

THE WORKS OF SUCKLING.

SONG.

I.
No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be
But an ill love in me,
And worse for thee;
For were it in my power,
To love thee now this hour
More than I did the last;
I would then so fall
I might not love at all;
Love that can flow, and can admit increase,
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less.
II.
True love is still the same; the torrid zones,
And those more frigid ones
It must not know;
For love grown cold or hot
Is lust or friendship, not
The thing we have,
For that's a flame would die
Held down, or up too high:
Then think I love more than I can express,
And would love more, could I but love thee less.

To my Friend WILL. DAVENANT, upon his Poem of
Madagascar.

WHAT mighty princes poets are? those things
The great ones stick at, and our very kings
Lay down, they venture on; and with great ease,
Discover, conquer what and where you please.
Some flegmatic sea captain would have stay'd
For money now, or victuals; not have weigh'd
Anchor without 'em; thou Will, dost not stay
So much as for a wind, but go'st away,
Land'st, view'st the country; fight'st, put'st all
to rout,
Before another could be putting out!
And now the news in town is, Davenant's come
From Madagascar, fraught with laurel home;
And welcome, Will! for the first time, but prithee
In thy next voyage, bring the gold too with thee.

To my Friend WILL. DAVENANT, on his other
Poems.

Thou hast redeem'd us, Will, and future times
Shall not account unto the age's crimes
Death of pure wit: Since the great lord of it,
Dounne, parted hence, no man has ever writ
So near him in his own way; I would commend
Particulars, but then, how should I end
Without a volume; every line of thine
Would ask, to praise it right, twenty of mine.

I.
Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak
Three mates to play at barley-break;

Love, Folly took; and Reason, Fancy;
And Hate consorts with Pride; so dance they!
Love coupled last, and so it fell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

II.
They break, and Love would Reason meet,
But Hate was nimbler on her feet;
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
Hies, and they two hug together:
Yet this new coupling still doth tell
That Love and Folly were in hell.

III.
The rest do break again, and Pride
Hath now got Reason on her side;
Hate and Fancy meet, and stand
Untouch'd by Love in Folly's hand;
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
So Love and Folly were in hell.

SONG.

I.
I fairer spare me, gentle boy!
Press me no more for that slight toy,
That foolish trifle of an heart;
I swear it will not do its part,
Though thou dost thine, employ'st thy pen
and art.

II.
For through long custom it has known
The little secrets, and is grown
Sullen and wise, will have its will,
And, like old hawks, pursues that still
Which makes least sport, flies only where't can be

III.
Some youth that has not made his story,
Will think per chance the pain's the glory;
And mannerly sit out Love's feast;
I shall be carving of the best,
Rudely call for the last course 'fore the rest.

IV.
And oh! when once that course is past,
How short a time the feast doth last!
Men rise away, and scarce say grace,
Or civilly once thank the face
That did invite; but seek another place.

DIALOGUE

Upon the Lady CARLISLE's walking in Hampton
Court Garden.

T. C. I. L.

T. C.

DIDST thou not find the place inspir'd,
And flowers, as if they had desir'd
No other sun, start from their beds,
And for a fight steal out their heads?
Heard'st thou not music when she talk'd?
And didst not find, that as she walk'd

She threw rare perfumes all about,
Such as bean blossoms newly out,
Or chafed spices give?—

I. s. I must confess those perfumes, Tom,
I did not smell; nor found that from
Her passing by, ought sprung up new,
The flowers had all their birth from you :
For I pass'd o'er the self same walk,
And did not find one single stalk
Of any thing that was to bring
This unknown after after spring.

T. c. Dull and insensible, could'st thou see
A thing so near a deity
Move up and down, and feel no change?

I. s. None and so great, were alike strange.
I had my thoughts, but not your way ;
All are not born, Sir, to the bay ;
Alas ! Tom, I am flesh and blood,
And was consulting how I could
In spite of masks and hoods decry
The parts deny'd unto the eye ;
I was undoing all she wore,
And had she walkt but one turn more,
Eve in her first state had not been
More naked or more plainly seen.

T. c. 'Twas well for thee she left the place,
There is great danger in that face ;
But had'st thou view'd her leg and thigh,
And upon that discovery
Search'd after parts that are more dear
(As fancy seldom stops so near)
No time or age had ever seen
So lost a thing as thou had'st been.

To Mr. DAVENANT, for Absence.

WONDER not if I stay not here,
Hurt lovers, like to wounded deer,
Must shift the place ; for standing still
Leaves too much time to know our ill :
Where in a traitor eye
That lets it from th' enemy,
All that may supplant a heart,
'Tis time the chief should use some art ;
What parts the object from the sense,
Wisely cuts off intelligence,
Oh how quickly men must die,
Should they stand all love's battery ;
Perfida's eyes great mischief do,
So do we know the cannon too ;
But men are safe at distance still,
Where they reach not, they cannot kill,
Love is a fit and soon is past,
Ill diet only makes it last :
Who is still looking, gazing ever,
Drinks wine i' th' very height of fever.

Against Absence.

My whining lover, what needs all
These vows of life monastical ?

Despairs, retirements, jealousies,
And subtle sealing up of eyes ?
Come, come, be wise ; return again,
A finger burnt's as great a pain ;
And the same physic, self same art
Cures that, would cure a flaming heart ;
Would'st thou whilst yet the fire is in
But hold it to the fire again.
If you, dear Sir, the plague have got,
What matter is't whether or not
They let you in the same house lie,
Or carry you abroad to die ?
He whom the plague, or love once takes,
Every room a pest-house makes.
Absence were good, if it were but sense
That only holds the intelligence :
Pure love alone no hurt would do,
But love is love, and magic too ;
Brings a mistress a thousand miles,
And the sleight of looks beguiles,
Makes her entertain thee there,
And the same time your rival here ;
And—oh, the devil ! that she should
Say finer things now than she would ;
So nobly fancy doth supply
What the dull sense lets fall and die.
Beauty, like man's old enemies, known
To tempt him most when he's alone.
The air of some wild o'ergrown wood,
Or pathless grove is the boy's food.
Return then back, and feed thine eye,
Feed all thy senses, and feast high.
Spare diet is the cause love lasts,
For surfeits sooner kill than fasts.

*A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr.
WILL. SHAKESPEARE'S.*

I.
ONE of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,
Which therefore swell'd, and seem'd to part asunder,
As angry to be robb'd of such a bliss :
The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,
While th' other blush'd, 'cause it had done the
wrong.

II.
Out of the bed the other fair hand was
On a green sattin quilt, whose perfect white
Look'd like a daisy in a field of grass,
* And shew'd like unmelted snow unto the sight,
There lay this pretty verdure, safe to keep
The rest o' th' body that lay fast asleep.

III.
Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,
Strove to imprison beauty till the morn,
But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,
That it broke through, and shew'd itself in scorn,
Throwing a kind of light about the place,
Which turn'd to smiles still as't came near her
face.

* Thus set Shakspeare.

IV.

Her beams (which some dull men call'd hair) divided,

Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did sport,
But these, as rude, her breath put by still; some
Wistler downwards fought, but falling short
Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn again
To bite the part so unkindly held them in.

THAT none beguiled be by time's quick flowing,
Lovers have in their hearts a clock still going;

For though time be nimble, his motions
Are quicker
And chicker

Where love hath its notions:

Hope is the main spring on which moves desire,
And these do the less wheels, fear, joy inspire;
The balance is thought, evermore

Clicking

And striking,

And ne'er giving o'er.

Occasion's the hand which still's moving round,

Till by it the critical hour may be found,
And when that falls out, it will strike

Kisses,

Strange blisses,

And what you best like.

I.

'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart;
(Time strangely spent) a year and more,
And still I did my part:

II.

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise,
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

III.

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

IV.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

V.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

VI.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in:
And brought myself to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

VII.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,

The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

VIII.

I sent to know from whence and where,
These hopes, and this relief?
A spy inform'd, honour was there,
And did command in chief.

IX.

March, march, (quoth I) the word straight
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

X.

To such a place our camp remove
As will not siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her love
Only to feed her pride.

Upon my Lord BROWALL's Wedding,

DIALOGUE.

S. B.

In bed, dull man?

When love and Hymen's revels are begun,
And the church ceremonies past and done.

B. Why, who's gone mad to day?

S. Dull heretic, thou woud'st say,

He that is gone to heav'n is gone astray;

Browall our gallant friend

Is gone to church, as martyrs to the fire:

Who marry differ but i' th' end,

Since both do take

The hardest way to what they most desire:
Nor stay'd he till the formal priest had done,
But e'er that part was finish'd, his begun:

Which did reveal

The haste and eagerness men have to seal
That long to tell the money.

A sprig of willow in his hat he wore,
(The loser's badge and liv'ry heretofore)
But now so order'd that it may be taken
By lookers on, forsaking as forsaken:

And now and then

A careless smile broke forth, which spoke his m
And seem'd to say he might have been more k
When this (dear Jack) I saw

Thought I

How weak is lovers law?

The bonds made there (like gypies knots) with
Are fast and loose, as they that hold them please

But was the fair nymph's praise or power less
That lead him captive now to happiness?

'Cause she did not a foreign aid despise,
But enter'd breaches made by others eyes:

The Gods forbid,

There must be some to shoot and batter down
Others to force and to take in the town.

To hawks (good Jack) and he

There may

Be several ways and arts;

One watches them perchance, and makes them t
Another, when they're ready, shews them gun:

Six,

Whether these lines do find you out,
 Putting or clearing of a doubt;
 (Whether Predetermination,
 Or reconciling Three in One,
 Or the unripling how men die,
 And live at once eternally,
 Now take you up) know 'tis decreed
 You straight bestride the College steed.
 Leave Socinus and the schoolmen.
 (Which Jack Bond swears do but fool men)
 And come to town; 'tis fit you shew
 Yourself abroad, that men may know
 (Whate'er some learned men have guess'd)
 That Oracles are not yet ceas'd:
 There you shall find the wit, and wine
 Flowing alike, and both divine:
 Dishes, with names not known in books,
 And leis amongst the College cooks,
 With sauce so poignant that you need
 Not stay till hunger bids you feed.
 The sweat of learned Johnson's brain,
 And gentle Shakspear's easier strain
 A hackney-coach conveys you to,
 In spite of all that rain can do:
 And for your eighteen-pence you sit
 The Lord and Judge of all fresh wit.
 News in one day as much we've here
 As serves all Windfor for a year;
 And which the carrier brings to you,
 After t' has here been found not true.
 Then think what company's design'd
 To meet you here, men so refin'd,
 Their very common talk at board,
 Makes wise, or mad, a young Court Lord;
 And makes him capable to be
 Umpire in's father's company.
 Where no disputes nor forc'd defence
 Of a man's person for his sense
 Take up the time; all strive to be
 Masters of truth, as victory:
 And were you come, I'd holdly swear
 A synod might as cas'ly err.

Against Fruition.

Fire upon hearts that burn with mutual fire;
 I hate two minds that breathe but one desire:
 Were I to curse th' unhallow'd fort of men,
 I'd wish them to love, and be lov'd again.
 Love's a Camelion, that lives on mere air;
 And surfeits when it comes to grosser fare:
 'Tis petty jealousies, and little fears,
 Hopes join'd with doubts, and joys with April
 tears,
 That crown our love with pleasures: These are
 gone
 When once we come to full fruition.
 Like waking in a morning, when all night
 Our fancy has been fed with true delight.
 Oh! what a stroke 'twould be! Sure I shou'd die,
 Shou'd I but hear my mistress once say, I.
 VOL. III,

That monster Expectation feeds too high
 For any woman e'er to satisfy:
 And no brave spirit ever car'd for that
 Which in down beds with ease he cou'd come at,
 She's but an honest whore that yields, although
 She be as cold as ice, as pure as snow:
 He that enjoys her has no more to say,
 But keep us fasting if you'll have us pray.
 Then, fairest Mistress, hold the power you have,
 By still denying what we still do crave:
 In keeping us in hopes strange things to see
 That never were, nor are, nor e'er shall be.

A Ballad upon a Wedding.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
 Where I the rarest things have seen:
 Oh things without compare!
 Such sights again cannot be found
 In any place on English ground,
 Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
 There is a house with stairs;
 And there did I see coming down
 Such folks as are not in our town,
 Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one post'ient fine,
 (His beard no bigger though than thine)
 Walk'd on before the rest:
 Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
 The king (God bless him) 'twou'd undo him;
 Shou'd he go still so dress'd.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
 He should have first been taken out
 By all the maids i' th' town:
 Though lusty Roger there had been,
 Or little George upon the green,
 Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
 To make an end of all his wooing;
 The parson for him staid:
 Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
 He did not so much with all past
 (Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale——
 For such a maid no Whitson ale
 Could ever yet produce:
 No grape that's kindly ripe, could be
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
 Wou'd not stay on which they did bring,
 It was too wide a peck:
 And to say truth (for out it must)
 It look'd like the great collar (just)
 About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light;
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter Day,
Is half so fine a sight.

He wou'd have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she wou'd not, she was so piece,
She wou'd not do't in sight;
And then she look'd as who shou'd say
I will do what I list to day;
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly,
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'd'st swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get,
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing shou'd be any sin,
The parson himself had guilty been,
She look'd that day so purely:
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him, surely.

Passion o'me! how I run on!
'There's that that wou'd be thought upon,
I trow; besides the bride.
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the cock knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey,
Each serving-man with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated:
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

How hate fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;

And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth,
And who could help it, Nick!

O th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss,
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stoll'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not leave;
But yet 'twas thought he guess her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay,
Like new-fall'n snow melting away,
'Twas time, I trow, to part.
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who wou'd say,
Good bow'y, with all my heart.

But just as heaven's wou'd have to cross it,
In came the bride-maids with the posset:
The bridegroom eat in spite;
For had he left the women to't
It wou'd have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the candles out; and now,
All that they had not done, they do:
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget, and with Nell.

My dearest rival, left our love
Should with excentric motion move,
Before it learn to go astray,
We'll teach and set it in a way;
And such directions give unto't,
That it shall never wander foot.
Know first then, we will serve as true
For one poor smile, as we wou'd do
If we had what our higher fame,
Or our vainer wish cou'd frame.
Impossible shall be our hope;
And love shall only have his scope
To join with fancy now and then,
And think what reason wou'd condemn:
And on these grounds we'll love as true,
As if they were most sure t' ensue:
And chaste for these things we'll stay,
As if to-morrow were the day.
Meantime we two will teach our hearts
In love's burdens to bear their parts:
Thou first shalt sigh, and say she's fair;
And I'll still answer, past compare,

Thou shalt set out each part o' th' face,
 While I extel each little grace;
 Thou shalt be ravish'd at her wit;
 And I, that she so governs it.
 Thou shalt like well that hand, that eye,
 That lip, that look, that majesty;
 And in good language them adore:
 While I want words, and do it more.
 Yea, we will sit and sigh a while,
 And with soft thoughts some time beguile;
 But straight again break out, and praise
 All we had done before, new ways.
 Thus will we do, till paler death
 Come with a warrant for our breath;
 And then whose fate shall be to die
 First of us two, by legacy
 Shall all his store bequeath, and give
 His love to him that shall survive:
 For no one stock can ever serve
 To love so much as she'll deserve.

S O N G.

I.
 HONEST lover whosoever,
 If in all thy love there ever
 Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
 Were not still even, still the same:
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

II.
 If, when she appears i' th' room,
 Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb;
 And in striving this to cover
 Dost not speak thy words twice over,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

III.
 If fondly thou dost not mistake,
 And all defects for graces take,
 Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
 When she has little or nothing spoken:
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

IV.
 If when thou appear'st to be within,
 Thou let'st not men ask and ask again;
 And when thou answer'st, if 't be
 To what was ask'd thee properly,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

V.
 If when thy stomach calls to eat,
 Thou cut'st not fingers 'stead of meat;

And with much gazing on her face
 Dost not rise hungry from the place,
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

VI.
 If by this thou dost discover
 That thou art no perfect lover,
 And desiring to love true,
 Thou dost begin to love anew:
 Know this,
 Thou lov'st amiss,
 And to love true,
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

Upon two Sisters.

BELIEVE'T, young man, I can as eas'ly tell,
 How many yards, and inches 'tis to hell;
 Unriddle all predestination,
 Or the nice points we now dispute upon.
 Had the three Goddesses been just as fair,
 It had not been so easily decided,
 And sure the apple must have been divided:
 It must, it must; he's impudent, dares say
 Which is the handsomer till one's away.
 And it was necessary it should be so;
 Wise Nature did foresee it, and did know
 When she had fram'd the eldest, that each heart
 Must at the first sight feel the blind God's dart:
 And sure as can be, had she made but one,
 No plague had been more sure destruction;
 For we had lik'd, lov'd, burnt to ashes too,
 In half the time that we are choosing now:
 Variety, and equal objects make
 The busy eye still doubtful which to take;
 This lip, this hand, this foot, this eye, this face,
 The other's body, gesture, or her grace:
 And whilst we thus dispute which of the two,
 We unresolv'd go out, and nothing do.
 He sure is happy 'st that his hopes of either,
 Next him is he that sees them both together.

To his Rival.

Now we have taught our love to know
 That it must creep where't cannot go,
 And be for once content to live,
 Since here it cannot have to thrive;
 It will not be amiss t' inquire
 What fuel shou'd maintain the fire:
 For fires do either flame too high,
 Or where they cannot flame, they die.
 First then (my half but better heart)
 Know this must wholly be her part;
 (For thou and I, like clocks, are wound
 Up to the height, and must move round)
 She then by still denying what
 We fondly crave, shall such a rate

Set on each trifle, that a kiss
 Shall come to be the utmost bliss.
 Where sparks and fire do meet with tinder,
 Those sparks mere fire will still engender:
 To make this good, no debt shall be
 From service or fidelity;
 For she shall ever pay that score,
 By only bidding us do more:
 So, though she still a niggard be,
 In gracing, where none's due, she's free:
 The favours she shall cast on us,
 Lest we shou'd grow presumptuous,
 Shall not with too much love be shewn,
 Nor yet the common way still done;
 But ev'ry smile and little glance
 Shall look half lent, and half by chance:
 The ribbon, fan, or muff, that she
 Wou'd shou'd be kept by thee or me,
 Shou'd not be giv'n before too many,
 But neither thrown to's, when there's any;
 So that herself should doubtful be
 Whether 'twere fortune slung't, or she.
 She shall not like the thing we do
 Sometimes, and yet shall like it too;
 Nor any notice take at all
 Of what, we gone, she wou'd extol:
 Love she shall feed, but fear to nourish,
 For where fear is, love cannot flourish;
 Yet live it must, nay, must and shall,
 While Desdemona is at all;
 But when she's gone, then love shall die,
 And in her grave shall buried lie.

Farewell to Love.

I.
 Well, shadow'd landskip, fare-ye-well;
 How I have lov'd you, none can tell,
 At least so well
 As he that now hates more
 Than e'er he lov'd before.

II.
 But my dear nothings, take your leave,
 No longer must you me deceive,
 Since I perceive
 All the deceit, and know
 Whence the mistake did grow.

III.
 As he whose quicker eye do's trace
 A false star shot to a mark'd place,
 Do's run apace,
 And thinking it to catch,
 A gelly up does snatch.

IV.
 So our dull souls tasting delight
 Far off, by sense, and appetite,
 Think that is right
 And real good; when yet
 'Tis but the counterfeit.

V.
 Oh! how I glory now, that I
 Have made this new discovery:
 Each wanton eye

Enflam'd before: no more
 Will I increase that score.

VI.
 If I gaze, now, 'tis but to see
 What manner of death's-head 'twill be,
 When it is free
 From that fresh upper skin;
 The gazers joy, and sin.

VII.
 The gum and glist'ning which with art
 And study'd method, in each part
 Hangs down the heart,
 Looks just as if that day
 Snails there had crawl'd the way.

VIII.
 The locks, that curl'd o'er each ear be,
 Hang like two master worms to me,
 That, as we see
 Have tasted to the rest
 Two holes, where they lik'd best.

IX.
 A quick course methinks I spy
 In ev'ry woman; and mine eye,
 At passing by,
 Check, and is troubled, just
 As if it rose from dust.

X.
 They mortify, not heighten me;
 These of my sins the glasses be:
 And here I see
 How I have lov'd before,
 And so I love no more.

The Invocation.

Ye juster powers of love and fate
 Give me the reason why
 A lover crost,
 And all hopes lost,
 May not have leave to die.

It is but just, and love needs must
 Confess it is his part,
 When he does spie,
 One wounded lie,
 To pierce the other's heart.

But yet if he so cruel be
 To have one breast to hate,
 If I must live,
 And thus survive,
 How far more cruel's Fate?

In this same state I find too late
 I am; and here's the grief:
 Cupid can cure,
 Death heal I'm sure,
 Yet neither sends relief.

To live or die, beg only I,
 Just powers some end me give;
 And traitor-like,
 Thus force me not
 Without a heart to live.

Sir J. S.

I.
 Out upon it, I have lov'd
 Three whole days together;
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.

II.
 Time shall mould away his wings
 E'er he shall discover
 In the wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

III.
 But the spite od't is, no praise
 Is due at all to me:
 Love with me had made no stains,
 Had it any been but she.

IV.
 Had it any been but she,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least e'er this
 A dozen dozen in her place.

Sir TOBY MATHEWS.

I.
 Say, but did you love so long?
 In truth I needs must blame you:
 Passion did your judgment wrong.
 Or want of reason shame you.

II.
 But, time's fair and witty daughter,
 Shortly shall discover,
 Y'are a subject fit for laughter,
 And more fool than lover.

III.
 But I grant you merit praise
 For your constant folly:
 Since you devoted three whole days,
 Were you not melancholy?

IV.
 She to whom you prov'd so true,
 And that very very face,
 Puts each minute such as you
 A dozen dozen to disgrace.

Love turn'd to Hatred.

I WILL not love one minute more, I swear,
 No not a minute; not a sigh or tear
 Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,
 Though thou should'st court me to't, and would'st
 begin.
 I will not think of thee but as men do
 Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too:
 For thy like woman shall be now to me
 Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be:
 I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
 Treason to love that man that loves a she;
 Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
 That's in thy sex, because it does lie there;

Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,
 And all for thee; what, wilt thou love me yet?

The Careless Lover.

NEVER believe me if I love,
 Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove;
 And yet in faith I lie, I do,
 And she's extremely handsome too;
 She's fair, she's wond'rous fair,
 But I care not who knows it,
 E'er I'll die for love, I fairly will forego it.

This heat of hope, or cold of fear,
 My foolish heart could never bear:
 One sigh imprison'd ruins more
 Than earthquakes have done heretofore:
 She's fair, &c.

When I am hungry I do eat,
 And cut no fingers 'stead of meat;
 Nor with much gazing on her face,
 Do e'er rise hungry from the place:
 She's fair, &c.

A gentle round fill'd to the brink,
 To this and t'other friend I drink;
 And if 'tis nam'd another's health,
 I never make it her's by stealth:
 She's fair, &c.

Blackfriars to me, and old Whitehall;
 Is even as much as is the fall
 Of fountains on a pathless grove,
 And nourishes as much as my love:
 She's fair, &c.

I visit, talk, do business, play,
 And for a need laugh out a day:
 Who does not thus in Cupid's school,
 He makes not love, but plays the fool:
 She's fair, &c.

Love and Debt alike troublesome.

THIS one request I make to him that sits the clouds
 above,
 That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love;
 Then for to dance, to drink and sing, I shou'd be
 very willing;
 I should not owe one last a kifs, nor ne'er a knave
 a shilling.
 'Tis only being in love and debt, that breaks us
 of our rest.
 And he that is quite out of both, of all the world
 is blest:
 He sees the golden age wherein all things were
 free and common;
 He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest, he fears no
 man nor woman.

Though Cræsus compassed great wealth, yet he
still craved more,
He was as needy a beggar still, as goes from door
to door.

Though Ovid was a merry man, love ever kept
him sad; [mad.

He was as far from happiness, as one that is stark
Our merchant he in goods is rich, and full of gold
and treasure;

But when he thinks upon his debts, that thought
destroys his pleasure.

Our courtier thinks that he's preferr'd, whom
every man envies;

When Love so rumbles in his pate, no sleep comes
in his eyes.

Our gallant's case is worst of all, he lies so just
betwixt them;

For he's in love, and he's in debt; and knows not
which most vex him.

But he that can eat beef, and feed on bread which
is so brown,

May satisfy his appetite, and owe no man a crown :
And he that is content with lasses clothed in plain
woollen;

May cool his heat in every place, he need not to
be fullen,

Nor sigh for love of lady fair ; for this each wife
man knows, [clothes.

As good stuff under flannel lies, as under silken

S O N G.

I PRAY THEE send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine :
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine ?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain.
For thou'lt a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again,

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together ?
Oh Love ! where is thy sympathy.
If thus our breasts thou sever ?

Put love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out :
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine :
For I'll believe I have her heart,
As much as she has mine.

To a Lady that refused to love before Company.

WHAT I no more favour of a ribbon more,
Not for no more to hold as heretofore ?

Must all the little blisses then be left,
And what was once love's gift, become our theft !
May we not look ourselves into a trance,
Teach our souls parley at our eyes, not glance,
Not touch the hand, not by soft wringing them,
Whisper a love that only yes can hear ?

Not free a sigh, a sigh that's there for you,
Dear must I love you, and not love you too ?
Be wise, nice fair ; for sooner shall they trace
The feather'd cherishers from place to place,
By prints they make in th' air, and sooner by
By what right line the last star made his way
That fled from heav'n to earth, than such to
know

How our loves first did spring, or how they grew.
Love is all spirit, fairies sooner may
Be taken tardy, when they night-tricks play,
Than we, we are too dull and lumpish rather,
Wou'd they could find us both in bed together.

The Guiltless Inconstant.

My first love, whom all beauties did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn ;
Since like the tinder in my breast it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifice,
Each wanton eye can kindle my desire,
And that is free to all which was entire,
Desiring more by the desire I lost,
As those that in consumptions linger most.
And now my wandring thoughts are not confin'd
Unto one woman, but to womankind :
This for her shape I love, that for her face ;
This for her gesture, or some other grace :
And where that none of all these things I find,
I choose her by the kernel not the rind :
And so I hope, since my first hope is gone,
To find in many what I lost in one ;
And like to merchants after some great loss,
Trade by retail, that cannot do in gross.
The fault is hers that made me go astray,
He needs must wander that has lost his way :
Guiltless I am ; she does this change provoke,
And made that charcoal, which to her was oak.
And as a looking-glass from the aspect,
Whilst it is whole, does but one face reflect,
But being crackt or broken, there are grown
Many less faces, where there was but one :
So love unto my heart did first prefer
Her image, and there placed none but her ;
But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn,
Many less faces in her place are born.

Love's Representation.

LEANING her hand upon my breast,
There on love's bed she lay to rest ;
My panting heart rock'd her asleep,
My heedful eyes the watch did keep,
Then love by me being harbour'd there,
Chose Hope to be his harbinger ;

Desire, his rival, kept the door;
 For this of him I begg'd no more,
 But that, our mistress t' entertain,
 Some pretty fancy he wou'd frame,
 And represent it in a dream,
 Of which myself should give the theme.
 Then first these thoughts I bid him show,
 Which only he and I did know,
 Array'd in duty and respect,
 And not in fancies that reflect;
 Then those of value next present,
 Approv'd by all the world's consent;
 But to distinguish mine afunder,
 Apparell'd they must be in wonder.
 Such a device then I would have,
 As service, not reward, should crave,
 Attir'd in spotless innocence,
 Not self-respect, nor no pretence:
 Then such a faith I would have shown,
 As heretofore was never known,
 Cloth'd with a constant clear intent,
 Professing always as it meant.
 And if love no such garments have,
 My mind a wardrobe is so brave,
 That there sufficient he may see
 To clothe impossibility.
 Then beamy fetters he shall find,
 By admiration subt'ly twin'd,
 That will keep fast the wantonest thought,
 That e'er imagination wrought:
 There he shall find of joy a chain,
 Fram'd by despair of her disdain,
 So curiously that it can't tie
 The smallest hopes that thoughts now spie.
 There acts as glorious as the sun,
 Are by her veneration spun,
 In one of which I wou'd have brought
 A pure unspotted abstract thought.
 Considering her as she is good,
 Not in her frame of flesh and blood.
 These atoms then, all in her sight,
 I bade him join, that so he might
 Discern between true love's creation,
 And that love's form that's now in fashion.
 Love, granting unto my request,
 Began to labour in my breast;
 But with the motion he did make,
 It heav'd so high that she did wake.
 Blush'd at the favour she had done,
 Then smil'd, and then away did run.

S O N G.

THE crafty boy, that had full oft essay'd
 To pierce my stubborn and resisting breast,
 But still the bluntness of his darts betray'd,
 Resolv'd at last of setting up his rest,
 Either my wild unruly heart to tame,
 Or quit his godhead, and his bow disclaim.

So all his lovely looks, his pleasing fires,
 All his sweet motions, all his taking smiles;
 All that awakes, all that inflames desires,
 All that sweetly commads, all that beguiles,

He does into one pair of eyes convey,
 And there beguile that he himself may stay.

And there he brings me, where his ambush lay
 Secure, and careless to a stranger land:
 And never warning me, which was foul play,
 Does make me close by all this beauty stand.
 Where first struck dead, I did at last recover,
 To know that I might only live to love her.

So I'll be sworn I do, and do confess,
 The blind lad's pow'r, whilst he inhabits there;
 But I'll be even with him nevertheless,
 If e'er I chance to meet with him elsewhere.
 If other eyes invite the boy to tarry,
 I'll fly to her's as to a sanctuary.

Upon the black Spots worn by my Lady D. R.

MADAM,
 I know your heart cannot so guilty be,
 That you should wear those spots for vanity;
 Or as your Beauties trophies, put on one
 For every murder which your eyes have done;
 No, they're your mourning-weeds for hearts for-
 lorn; [scorn]
 Which though you must not love, you could not
 To whom since cruel honour does deny
 Those joys could only cure their misery:
 Yet you this noble way to grace 'em found,
 Whilst thus your grief their martyrdom has
 crown'd:
 Of which take heed you prove not prodigal,
 For if to every common funeral,
 By your eyes martyr'd, such grace were allow'd,
 Your face wou'd wear not patches, but a cloud.

S O N G.

Is you refuse me once, and think again,
 I will complain
 You are deceiv'd; love is no work of art,
 It must be got and born,
 Not made and worn,
 By every one that has a heart.

Or do you think they more than once can die,
 Whom you deny.
 Who tell you of a thousand deaths a day,
 Like the old poets feign
 And tell the pain
 They met, but in the common way.

Or do you think't too soon to yield,
 And quit the field.
 Nor is that right they yield that first entreat;
 Once one may crave for love,
 But more would prove
 This heart too little, that too great.

Oh! that I were all soul, that I might prove
 For you as fit a love,
 As you are for an angel; for I know
 None but pure spirits are fit loves for you.
 You are all etherial, there's in you no dross,
 Nor any part that's gross,
 Your courtiest part is like a curious lawn,
 The vestal relics for a covering drawn.

Your other parts, part of the purest fire
 That e'er heav'n did inspire;
 Make every thought that is refin'd by it,
 A quintessence of goodness and of wit.

Thus have your raptures reach'd to that degree
 In love's philosophy,
 That you can figure to yourself a fire
 Void of all heat, a love without desire.

Nor in divinity do you go less,
 You think, and you profess,
 That souls may have a plenitude of joy,
 Although their bodies meet not to employ.

But I must needs confess, I do not find
 The motions of my mind
 So purify'd as yet, but at the best
 My body claims in them an interest.

I hold that perfect joy makes all our parts
 As joyful as our hearts.
 Our senses tell us, if we please not them,
 Our love is but a dotage or a dream.

How shall we then agree? You may descend,
 But will not, to my end.
 I fain would tune my fancy to your key,
 But cannot reach to that obstructed way.

There rests but this, that whilst we sorrow here
 Our bodies may draw near:
 And when no more their joys they can extend,
 Then let our souls begin where they did end.

Profr's Love Rej. Act.

It is not four years ago,
 I offer'd forty crowns,
 To lie with her a night or so:
 She answer'd me in frowns.

Not two years since, she meeting me
 Did whisper in my ear,
 That she would at my service be,
 If I contented were.

I told her I was cold as snow,
 And had no great desire;
 But should be well content to go
 To twenty, but no higher.

Some three months since, or thereabout,
 She that so coy had been,

Bethought herself, and found me out,
 And was content to sin.

I smil'd at that, and told her, I
 Did think it something late:
 And that I'd not repentance buy,
 At above half the rate.

This present morning early she,
 Forsooth, came to my bed,
 And gratis there she offer'd me
 Her high-priz'd maiden-head.

I told her that I thought it then
 Far dearer than I did,
 When I at first the forty crowns
 For one night's lodging bid.

Disdain.

I.
 A quoy servent d'artifices
 Et serments aux vœux jettez,
 Si vos amours et vos services
 Me sont des importunités?

II.
 L'amour a d'autres vœux m'appelle,
 Entendez jamais rien de moy,
 Ne pensez nous rendre infidèle,
 A me tesmoignant vostre foy.

III.
 L'amant qui mon amour possède
 Est trop plein de perfection,
 Et doublement si vous excède
 De merit et d'affection.

IV.
 Je ne puis estre refroidie,
 Ni rompre un cordage si doux.
 Ni le rompre sans perdicie,
 En d'estre perfidie pour vous.

V.
 Vos attentes sont toutes en vain,
 Le vous dire est nous obliger,
 Pour vous faire epergner vos peines
 Du vous et du temps mesnager.

Engl'sh's thus:

I.
 To what end serve the promises
 And oaths lost in the air?
 Since all your proffer'd services
 To me but tortures are.

II.
 Another now enjoys my love,
 Set you your heart at rest:
 Think not me from my faith to move,
 Because you faith protest.

III.
 The man that does possess my heart,
 Has twice as much perdition,

And does excel you in desert,
As much as in affection.

IV.

I cannot break so sweet a bond,
Unless I prove untrue :
Nor can I ever be so fond,
To prove untrue for you.

V.

Your attempts are but in vain,
To tell you is a favour :
For things that may be, rack your brain ;
Then lose not thus your labour.

LUTEA ALLANSON.

Si sola es, nulla es.

THOUGH you, Diana-like, have liv'd still chaste,
Yet must you not, fair, die a maid at last ;
The rose on your cheeks were never made
To bleis the eye alone, and so to fade ;
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being
To please no other sense than that of seeing :
You were not made to look on, though that be
A bliss too great for poor mortality :
In that alone those rarer parts you have,
To better uses sure wife Nature gave,
Than that you put 'em to ; to love, to wed,
For Hymen's rights, and for the marriage-bed
You were ordain'd, and not to lie alone ;
One is no number, 'till that two be one.
To keep a maidenhead but 'till fifteen,
Is worse than murder, and a greater sin,
Than to have lost it in the lawful sheets,
With one that should want skill to reap those
sweet :

But not to lose't at all, by Venus, this,
And by her son, inexpiable is ;
And should each female guilty be o' th' crime,
The world would have its end before its time.

Perjury Excus'd.

ALAS it is too late ! I can no more
Love now, than I have lov'd before :
My Flora, 'tis my fate, not I ;
And what you call contempt, is destiny.
I am no monster sure, I cannot shew
Two hearts one I already owe :
And I have bound myself with oaths, and
vow'd
Often, I fear, then heaven has e'er allow'd,
That faces now should work no more on me,
Than if they could not charm, or I not see.
And shall I break 'em ? that I think you can
Love, if I could, so foul a perjur'd man ;
Oh no, 'tis equally impossible that I
Should love again, or you love perjury.

A S O N G.

HAST thou seen the down in the air,
When wanton blasts have tost it ?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crost it ?
Hast thou mark'd the crocodiles weeping,
Or the foxes sleeping ?
Or hast thou view'd the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride,
When he courts for his leachery ?
Oh ! so fickle, oh ! so vain, oh ! so false, so false
is she !

Upon T. C. bating the P.

TROTH, Tom, I must confess I much admire
Thy water should find passage through the fire :
For fire and water never could agree,
These now by nature have some sympathy :
Sure then his way he forces ; for all know
The French ne'er grants a passage to his foe :
If it be so, his valour I must praise,
That being the weaker, yet can force his ways ;
And wish, that to his valour he had strength,
That he might drive the fire quite out, at length :
For, troth, as yet the fire gets the day.
For evermore the water runs away

Upon the first sight of my LADY SEIMOUR.

WONDER not much if thus amaz'd I look,
Since I saw you, I have been planet-struck :
A beauty, and so rare I did descry,
As should I set her forth, you all, as I,
Would lose your hearts ; for he that can
Know her and live, he must be more than man.
An apparition of so sweet a creature,
That, credit me, she had not any feature
That did not speak her angel. But no more
Such heavenly things as these we must adore,
Nor prattle of ; lest when we do but touch,
Or strive to know, we wrong her too too much.

Upon L. M. Weeping.

WHOEVER was the cause your tears were shed,
May these my curses light upon his head :
May he be silt in love, and let it be
With a most known and black deformity,
Nay, far surpass all witches that have been
Since our first parents taught us how to sin !
Then let this hag be coy, and he run mad
For that which no man else would e'er have had :
And in this fit may he commit the thing
May him impenitent to th'allows bring !
Then might he for one tear his pardon have,
But want that single grief his life to save !

A Pedlar of Small Wares.

A PEDLAR I am, that take great care
And mickle pains for to sell small ware:
I had need so, when women do buy,
That in small wares trade so unwillingly.

L. W. A looking-glass, will please you much more,
buy,
A rare one 'tis indeed; for in it I
Can shew what all the world besides can't do,
A face like to your own, so fair, so true.

L. E. For you a girdle, madam; but I doubt me
Nature has order'd there's no waste about ye:
Pray therefore be not pleas'd to search my pack,
There's no ware that I have that you shall lack.

L. E. E. M. You ladies, want you pins? I
that you do,
I have those will enter, and that sissy too:
Its time you choose in troth, you will bemoan
Too late your tarrying, when my pack's once gone.

L. B. L. A. As for you ladies, there are those
behind
Whose ware perchance may better take your mind;
One cannot please ye all; the Pedlar will draw
back, [knack.
And wish against himself, that you may have the

An Answer to some Verses made in his Praise.

THE ancient poets, and their learned rhimes,
We still admire in these our latter times,
And celebrate their fames. Thus though they die,
Their names can never taste mortality:
Blind Homer's muse, and Virgil's stately verse,
While any live, shall never need a hearse.
Since then to these such praise was justly due
For what they did, what shall be said to you?
These had their helps; they write of Gods and

Kings,

Of temples, battles, and such gallant things:
But you of nothing; how could you have writ,
Had you but chose a subject to your wit?
To praise Achilles, or the Trojan crew,
Shew'd little art, for praise was but their due.
To say she's fair that's fair, this is no pains:
He shews himself most poet, that most feigns:
To find our virtues strangely hid in me;
Ay there's the art, and learned poetry!
To make one striding of a barbed steed,
Prancing a stately round: I use indeed
To ride Bat Jewel's jade; this is the skill,
This shews the poet wants not wit at will.

I must admire aloof, and for my part
Be well contented, since you do't with art.

Love's Burning-Glass.

WONDERING how long I could harmless see
Men gazing on those beams that fired me;

At last I found, it was the crystal love
Before my heart, that did the heat in
Which by contracting of those scatter'd
Into itself, did so produce my blaze.
Now lighted by my love, I see the same
Beam dazzle through; that we are wont
And now I bless my love, when I do this
By how much I had rather burn than
But how much happier were it thus to
If I had liberty to choose my urn?
But since those beams do procreate only
This flame shall purge me of the dross, &

The Miracle.

If thou be'st ice, I do admire
How thou could'st set my heart on fire;
Or how thy fire could kindle me,
Thou being ice, and not melt thee;
But even my flames, light at thy own,
Have hard'ned thee into a stone!
Wonder of love! that canst so fast,
Inverting nature thus, thy will;
Making ice one another burn,
While itself does harder turn.

Εἰ μὲν ἦν παρθεῖν
'Α δὲ πῦρ ἦν;
Καὶ μὴ παρθεῖν
Καλὸν ἦν εὖ μετῶν;
Εἰ δὲ δὴ πῦρ ἦν
'Α δὲ μετῶν;
Τὶ δὴ μετῶν
Χρὴ γὰρ παρθεῖν.

*Scire si liceret quæ debes scire,
Et non scire, pulchrum est si scire:
Sed si scire debet quæ debes scire,
Quorsum vis scire, nam debes scire.*

Englisht thus:

If man might know
The ill he must undergo,
And shun it so,
Then it were good to know:
But if he undergo it,
Though he know it,
What boots him know it?
He must undergo it.

A S O N G.

WHEN, dearest, I but think of thee,
Methinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delight'd;
For beauties that from worth arise,
Are like the grace of deities,
Still present with us, though unsight

Thus whilst I sit, and sigh the day
With all his borrow'd lights away,

Too soon : For, credit me, 'tis true,
Men most of all enjoy, when least they do.

A Candle.

THERE is a thing which in the light
Is seldom us'd, but in the night
It serves the maiden female crew,
The ladies, and the good wives too :
They use to take it in their hand,
And then it will uprightly stand ;
And to a hole they it apply,
Where by its good will it would die.
It spends, goes out, and still within
It leaves its moisture thick and thin.

The Metamorphosis.

THE little boy, to shew his might and pow'r,
Turn'd lo to a cow, Narcissus to a flow'r ;
Transform'd Apollo to a homely swain,
And Jove himself into a golden rain.
These shapes were tolerable, but by th' male
He's metamorphos'd me into an ass.

To B. C.

WHEN first, fair mistress, I did see your face,
I brought, but carried no eyes from the place :
And since that time god Cupid has me led,
In hope that once I shall enjoy your bed.
But I despair ; for now, alas, I find,
Too late for me, the blind does lead the blind.

*Upon Sir JOHN LAURENCE'S bringing Water over
the Hills to my Lord MIDDLESSEX'S House at
Witten.*

AND is the water come ? sure't cannot be ;
It runs too much against philosophy ;
For heavy bodies to the centre bend,
Light bodies only naturally ascend.
How comes this then to pass ? The good knight's
skill

COULD nothing do without the water's will :
Then 'twas the water's love that made it flow,
For love will creep where well it cannot go.

A Barber.

IAM a barber, and I'd have you know,
A shaver too, sometimes no mad one though,
The reason why you see me now thus bare,
Is 'cause I always trade against the hair ;

But yet I keep a state ; who comes to me,
Whoe'er he is, he must uncover'd be,
When I'm at work, I'm bound to find discourse
To no great purpose, of great Sweden's force,
Of Witel, and the burse, and what 'twill cost
To get that back which was this summer lost.
So fall to praising of his lordship's hair,
Ne'er so deform'd, I swear 'tis *fun* compare :
I tell him that the king's does sit no fuller,
And yet his is not half so good a colour :
Then reach a pleasing glass, that's made to lie
Like to its master, most notoriously :
And if he must his mistress see that day,
I with a powder send him straight away.

A Soldier.

IAM a man of war and might,
And know thus much, that I can fight,
Whether I am i' th' wrong or right,
Devoutly.

NO woman under heav'n I fear,
New oaths I can exactly swear,
And forty healths my brains will bear
Most stoutly.

I cannot speak, but I can do
As much as any of our crew ;
And if you doubt it, some of you
May prove me.

I dare be bold thus much to say,
If that my bullets do but play,
You would be hurt so night and day,
Yet love me.

To my Lady E. C. on her going out of England.

I MUST confess, when I did part from you,
I could not force an artificial dew
Upon my cheeks, nor with a gilded phrase
Express how many hundred several ways
My heart was tortur'd, nor with arms across
In discontented garbs set forth my loss :
Such loud expressions many times do come
From lightest hearts, great griefs are always dumb ;
The shallow rivers roar, the deep are still ;
Numbers of painted words may shew much skill ;
But little anguish and a cloudy face
Is oft put on, to serve both time and place :
The blazing wood may to the eye seem great,
But 'tis the fire rak'd up that has the heat,
And keeps it long : True sorrow's like to wine,
That which is good does never need a sign.
My eyes were channels far too small to be
Conveyers of such floods of misery :
And so pray think ; or if you'd entertain
A thought more charitable, suppose some strain
Of sad repentance had, not long before,
Quite empty'd for my sins, that wat'ry store.
So shall you him oblige that still will be
Your servant to his best ability.

C O N T E N T S.

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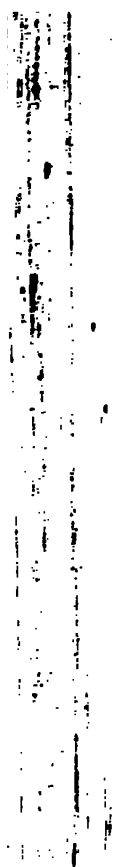
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